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JULY — DECEMBER 1974
Numbers 1490 — 1495

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HARPER'S MAGAZINE CO.
2 Park Avenue New York, N.Y. 10016

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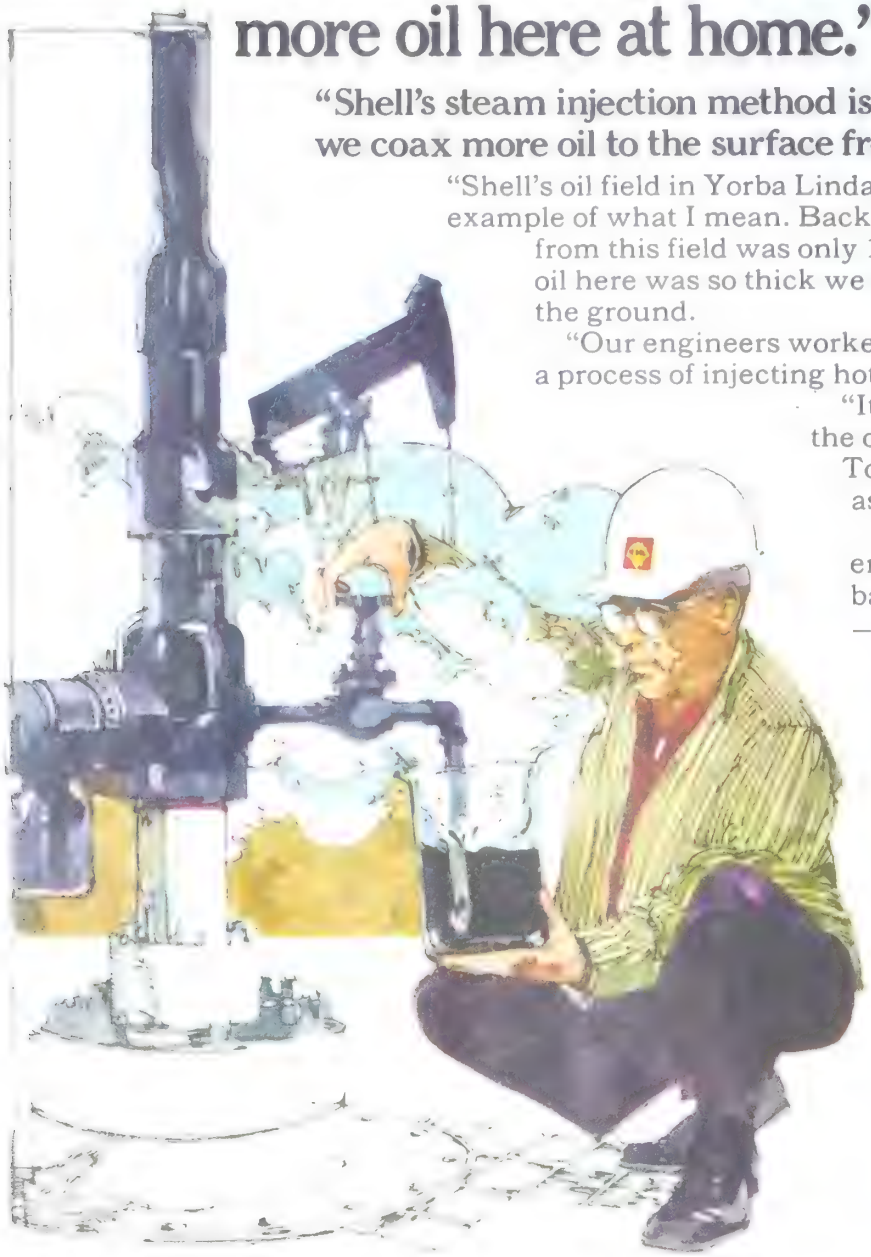
THE GULAG ARCHIPELAGO

INTERROGATION: The most terrifying chapter



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1 "Let me tell you one way Shell gets more oil here at home."



"Shell's steam injection method is one way we coax more oil to the surface from old oil wells."

"Shell's oil field in Yorba Linda, California, is a good example of what I mean. Back in 1961, Shell's production from this field was only 1500 barrels a day, because the oil here was so thick we could barely pump it out of the ground.

"Our engineers worked on this problem and developed a process of injecting hot steam underground.

"It's expensive, but the steam heat the oil so we can pump it out. Today, Shell produces six times as much oil here as we did in '61.

"This is hardly the answer to th energy shortage. But every extra barrel we can squeeze out helps."

—Hans Mathiesen,
Division Production Superintendent



2 "We can produce more energy by using less of it here at the Shell refinery."

—Bill Carpenter, Shell Refinery Superintendent

"We've been working all along to reduce the energy it takes to operate our refineries. We've been making good progress, too.

"At our Martinez, California, refinery, for example, four years ago we were using the energy equivalent of one barrel of crude oil for every eight barrels of crude intake. Today, with the same amount of energy, we're running nine barrels.

"But we're not happy yet—and won't be until we raise that to ten or eleven barrels."



3 **"That's my buddy Ben Visser, world's mileage champion. Now he's offering a booklet explaining how you can get better mileage."**

—Charlie Towne, Shell Research Engineer

"Every year, a group of Shell Research employees stage a Mileage Marathon—a driving contest to see who can squeeze the most out of a gallon of gasoline.

"The 1973 winner was Ben Visser, a Shell research engineer. Ben set a new world's record on a road along the Mississippi near St. Louis—376.59 miles per gallon!

"Incredible but true. Ben's feat was front page news in *The Wall Street Journal.*

"He did outlandish things you wouldn't dare do in regular driving. And to tell the truth, he coasted a lot.

"Ben reveals all in his booklet—including many ways you can save gasoline. It's called *Confessions of a Mileage Champion.* For a free copy, send a postal card to Shell Oil Company, Dept. MB-8A, P.O. Box 53083, Houston, Texas 77053."

SHELL

People working with energy

Harper's

JULY 1974 FOUNDED IN 1850/ VOL. 249, NO. 1490

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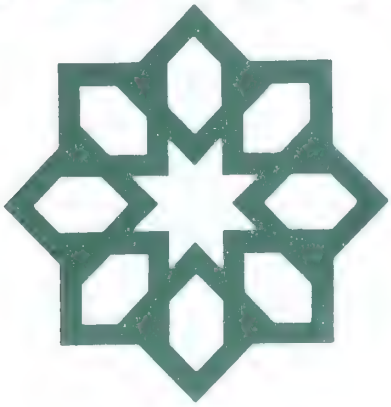
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WRAPAROUND



Contemplate this Sufi pattern for centering for thirty seconds or more. How many levels of organization within it do you perceive? How many can you see at once?

Knowing Your Place: Where You Are Is What You Are

Where are you right now?

The edge of the universe, as determined by radio astronomers, is about 18 billion light-years (one light-year equals 6,000,000,000 miles) from our present location. The remotest galaxy obeys the same force that is now affecting you and always has and always will. That force is gravity, and not much is known about it. Some say it creates the shape of space; others say it is responsible for our dreams of falling.

What is above you?

When the universe was small and the human race was younger, the cosmos was organized—so we gather from reports of present day "primitive" societies—along an axis. It went through the heavens, the earth, the village, the hearth, the person, aligning each individual with the whole.

Over the centuries, as the universe has expanded, linkages have been broken, and that alignment has been disturbed. The image, however, remains—in myth, symbol, and dream, in children's play—and it was recaptured in the astronaut's eye. The vision of the earth in space sums up an old intuition, which, at scientific, social, and political levels, represents the salvation of the earth. Dirty smoke from Detroit settles in Antarctica, sooner or later.

What is below you?

"The country was made without lines of demarcation, and it is no man's business to divide it," said Chief Joseph, a Nez Percé Indian, nearly a century ago. Organization of the world into territories, which are then owned and fought over, has been one of the most troublesome ways man has tried to deal with his sense of place—or his lack of it. The more "place" becomes an abstraction and the more your awareness of the spot you are occupying dwindles, the more vulnerable to harm it becomes. Whatever ideologies crisscross the country, the germ of each has surely been love of the land and the hope of bringing people into harmony with it.

What is between your feet and the earth?

We may believe in these demarcations, we wandering Americans, but they don't contain us for very long. Another Indian, Luther Standing Bear, remarked, "The white man . . . does not understand America. He is too far removed from its formative processes. The roots of his tree of life have not yet grasped the rock and soil." We seem to have to leave a place to understand it; other populations view us as perpetual exiles, never quite fitting in anywhere.

PERSONAL PLACES

Would you fight to protect Earth from alien invaders? What places would you fight to protect? We'd like to know. List them in order of increasing size.

Someone has defined hell as "a place where the motorists are French, the mechanics are Italian, the policemen are German, and the cooks are English." What's your idea of hell? Where is it?

What makes you feel that a place is yours? If you move to a new place, how do you make it your own?

Send your responses to WRAPAROUND, Harper's Magazine, Two Park Avenue, New York, N. Y. 10016.

What is to your right? Your left?

In our shifts from the farm to the town, from the town to the city, from the inner city to the suburbs, from the renewed heart of the city to the land—hoping all the while that by extending ourselves in space we can somehow extend ourselves in time—we retain the notion that ties to a place must be preserved. Witness, on the one hand, the popular nostalgia for the hometown, for the great good place, and, on the other, the construction of identical shopping malls thousands of miles apart, the exact copies of fast-food franchises set down in the most widely disparate landscapes imaginable.

How does the space around you feel on your body?

While our seminomadic ways lead us to make new discoveries, to search continually for some place better than the ones we've seen, they prevent us from paying close attention to how we feel—emotionally and viscerally—about the space we occupy at a given moment. Often the streets, buildings, and houses where we pass our lives seem to have been designed by totalitarian entities motivated by bare functionalism and financial abstractions—rather than human beings who know how to be alive in a particular place. Whenever an individual or a group awakens to the dispiriting effects of dead space, to the physical assaults of ugliness, noise, and pollution, and acts on that awareness, victory for a sense of place has been won.

What do you see, hear, touch, smell, feel around you?

Like it or not, we are always sensing what's around us. Most of the time we block this data from consciousness; it doesn't seem useful, it doesn't get the hay in, it doesn't pay off the mortgage. Most of us have stored away the idea of a place we will reach some day, and on that day we will allow ourselves to sense everything. Meanwhile, we risk losing the real estate right under our feet.

Imagine your home existing within your body. How does it feel?

Many disciplines involve discovery of one's center of gravity, the achieving of a balance which radiates from the center of the body. Dance, yoga, the martial arts, juggling, race-car driving, and many sports demand an immediate sense of where you are. Once this center is determined, and the appropriate training and practice are carried out, then the activity seems to happen of itself; an alignment between the self and the whole occurs.

Where is your center?

If you were falling gently toward earth, to which spot on it would your body be naturally drawn? How do you feel about that place? How do you link it to the places of others? Can you sense another person's place? When you extend your senses to the periphery of your place, does your picture of it alter? Does your image of yourself alter? True community is the interlinking of such places, and the goal of **WRAPAROUND** is to foster exactly that. We would like to know how it feels to be where you are, what your special place looks like. We welcome short essays and (nonreturnable) pictures showing the places that mean something to you.

—Gwyneth Cravens



Fifth Avenue at Forty-fourth Street, 1938



The same intersection today, with Fifth Avenue a one-way street.

NEW GROUND

It was a delicious feeling, to know that we were the first human beings to tread those mountains, where there existed no path, where there never had been a path, and where there was not a footprint visible, except those made by the hoof of yak, antelope, or kulan. It was a no man's land; rivers, lakes, and mountains were all nameless; their shores, banks, and snow-fields had never been seen by any traveller's eyes but mine: they were mine own kingdom of a day. It was delightful—it was a great thing, to cruise, like a vessel that leaves no track behind her, amongst those upswellings of the world's "high sea," to make our way over those gigantic mountain waves.

—Sven Hedin

Central Asia and Tibet: Toward the Holy City of Lhasa, 1903

Climbing

My God! the cherry orchard's mine! Come on, tell me I'm drunk, tell me I'm out of my mind, say I've imagined all this. . . . [*Stamps his foot.*] Don't laugh at me! If only my father and grandfather could rise from their graves and see everything that's happened . . . how their Yermolai, their much-beaten, half-literate Yermolai, the lad that used to run about with bare feet in the winter . . . how he's bought this estate, the most beautiful place on God's earth! Yes, I've bought the very estate where my father and grandfather were serfs, where they weren't even admitted to the kitchen! I must be asleep, I must be dreaming, I only think it's true.

—Anton Chekhov

The Cherry Orchard, 1903

No Loitering

Only occasionally does any sense of place intrude into the pages [of the edited transcripts of Presidential conversations], as when a secretary or a servant enters the room.

STEWARD: Yes, sir?

P: I will have some consommé.

—The *New York Times*
May 1, 1974

Richard Nixon described the week of the moon landing as the greatest week since Creation, but the success of Mr. Nixon's own space program has been more problematical. Mr. Nixon seems uncomfortable in space—in physical space, and in what some people call inner space. His solution—as exhausting and expensive for his countrymen as for himself—has been to keep moving. Wherever he is, he seems always to want to be elsewhere—nowhere in particular, just someplace else. With the powers and resources of the Presidency at his command, he has acted out his unease on an imperial scale.

One might chart the President's wanderings in a series of concentric circles. The largest comprehends the White House, Camp David, San Clemente, and Key Biscayne, with tangents to Moscow and Peking. When Key Biscayne palls in the course of a weekend, Mr. Abplanalp's island is a helicopter ride away. When claustrophobia sets in at San Clemente, the freeways lead to the Palm Springs estate of Mr. Annenberg. In the White House itself, the Oval Office—another circle—seems periodically to have an intimidating effect on Mr. Nixon, and he walks through a tunnel to the hideaway he caused to be built in the basement of the Executive Office Building next door. To outsiders, the Presidential peregrinations are a source of bewilderment, like the wrenching shifts of the Watergate coverup from executive privilege to Operation Candor to the principle of confidentiality to maximum edited disclosure and back again. But to Mr. Nixon restlessness seems a species of rest.

One of Mr. Nixon's tax dodges provides a metaphor for his relation to the places where he spends his time. It will be recalled that when Mr. Nixon sold his New York apartment, he omitted to pay a capital gai tax on the transaction on t ground that the money was be applied to the purchase of new "principal residence," S Clemente. On the other han Mr. Nixon did not pay his Ca ifornia income taxes, on t ground that he was a feder official living in Washingto On yet another hand, he vot in California. Many questio arise, including this one: Whe is Mr. Nixon's home? The co fusion is doubtless genuine, an no less to the point is Mr. Ni on's attempt to turn it to h pecuniary advantage.

The smallest of Mr. Nixon concentric circles is, of cours his own skin, and the mechan icalness of his bodily move ments—as if some tiny cran operator were sitting before console in his brain, pullin levers attached to arms and leg —suggests that he is uncomfort able there, too. Trapped insid his epidermal bag, he has re course to the third person. H begins to talk about someon whose name is "the President." The relations between these tw personages remain obscure be cause, while Mr. Nixon ofte talks about the President, th President almost never talk about Mr. Nixon. A visitor o a viewer can never be sur which of them he will meet looking for the one, he is apt t find the other. The oscillatio creates a blur. One is driven t say, as Gertrude Stein said o Oakland, there is no there there.

—Hendrik Hertzberg

Hendrik Hertzberg is a staff write for The New Yorker.

River Rocks

A friend of mine owns a house near the top of a mountain in northern New Hampshire seven miles from the nearest village. Close by, a fast-moving river tumbles down the mountain grades to thread its way through the valley below.

I first traveled the road along this river about six years ago, when I was taking an earth-science course in college, so I knew that the granite crags, the deciduous- and pine-covered slopes, and the wide, level spaces between had been building for several hundred million years. These mountains are part of the Appalachian range, a collection of "old" peaks according

UNDOWRAPAROUNDOW

**ns fret not at their con-
ent's narrow room;
hermits are contented with
eir cells."**
—William Wordsworth
(1770-1850)

he immense calendar moun-
s are measured by.
ince that trip, I have returned
ny times to my friend's
untain retreat. I like to sit
the bank of the river for two
three hours at a stretch.
en I return my friend wants
know what I've been doing
that time, but because I'm
aid it will sound silly I never
him. What I've been doing
neditating on a large boulder
t rests on a tiny island in the
ldle of the river.
stare at that boulder (it
st be ten feet in diameter)
ause I like to dwell on the
ought that it has been resting
exactly the same place, in
tty much the same condition,
r since the end of the Ice Age
ver ten thousand years ago.
by some miracle, a Baby-
ian had ever visited my spot,
would have seen that stone
t as I see it. The gashes on
s rock were made long be-
e a whip ever touched the
ck of Jesus.
Recently there has been a
eat deal written about "tran-
endence"; I am never sure
nat that means except when I
n sitting near the river, where
erything I see is beyond the
time span that has carved me. All the important events of my brief life are meaningless in the natural context of the river. The atom bomb disturbed nothing here, although it made my grade-school teachers tell us over and over that the world could blow up on our way home from school, and we had better be ready to face Judgment. No man with a college degree ever left a mark on the big boulder, although going to college and achieving "success" were my main ambitions for a long time. When I am at my spot near the river I can leave all the influences and limitations of my life behind, because they have made no impression there. I wish that giant stone in the river was a kernel in my heart.

—John Hahesy

John Hahesy is a former newspaperman who is now free-lancing.

Exile

A draft-induced, self-imposed exile of four years has brought me to the southern fringes of Quebec's vast muskeg, where winter is three times the length of any other season and the insects of spring can fell a full-grown moose. Locals question the sanity of new residents. Yet it is here, on a farm, far from "home" (Ohio), that I have truly begun to widen my sense of place. Exile is similar to going away to university or war. Rather than being islanded into rootless isolation, one confronts the paradox of having to be cut off in order to be broadened.

Before an assessment of place can begin to be made, before gaining any awareness of position at all, it is necessary, in some way, to leave that place, to stand back and look, to become an exile. We find exiles, the displaced, at all levels of life. Exiles from the political body, from the family, from the peer webs.

The various forms of exile are symbolic of one form shared in common by all men—the exile from self. The diaspora taking place within the individual is the source of the lost homeland. The recognition of man as a wanderer, a nomad, is the first step in the long journey home. We are surrounded by the ephemeral, a constant flux, a flow from place into place out of place. The play of seasons, the days, months and years, the waters of the unstill mind all mirror this shifting view of place.

And yet we can stop, for a moment, and say, "I am here," and know, too, that this time-bound "here" has changed with the slightest shifting of light. We have never seen the sun, for its rays reach us some minutes after leaving the source. Perhaps the function of growth has something to do with closing this and other lags.

The word "home" is cognate with the Sanskrit word *kayati*, which means, "He is lying down." When the labor is finished, when the journey is complete, when the foes are vanquished, or the guests fulfilled, the wanderer can at last rest, the warrior can afford to take up a defenseless position, be a child, be "at home."

Coming home is an evolution in one's state of mind—it involves the conscious healing of a vast wound. —Mark Frutkin

Mark Frutkin lives on a farm in northern Quebec.

Sensing the Shot

[Bill Bradley] tossed a ball over his shoulder and into the basket while he was talking and looking me in the eye. I retrieved the ball and handed it back to him. "When you have played basketball for a while, you don't need to look at the basket when you are in close like this," he said, throwing it over his shoulder again and right through the hoop. "You develop a sense of where you are." **—John McPhee**

A Sense of Where You Are
: 1965

"Through the years, a man peoples a space with images of provinces, kingdoms, mountains, bays, ships, islands, fishes, rooms, tools, stars, horses, and people. Shortly before his death, he discovers that the patient labyrinth of lines traces the image of his own face."
—Jorge Luis Borges (1899-)

ARTH WORKS

My friend Kid Scorpes had been out to the Great Serpent ound, and she told me about her experience there. The Great rpent Mound is a giant earthwork in Adams County, Ohio, aped like a snake with an egg in its mouth. Scorpes, an art hisry graduate student, said the monument extended a quarter of a ile, and had seven great coils and a spiral tail. The egg, which me archeologists think is a frog, is an oval mound, and you can and in the middle of it.

Kid Scorpes, who is not involved in the occult and does not ke psychedelic drugs, said she had had an amazing experience hen she stood in the egg. She had become very high—as if she ad smoked a lot of hashish. When she climbed out of the egg, ne high went away. Scorpes didn't understand it. She said the same ning happens when you stand in the tail coils.

This quality of the Great Serpent Mound may seem as mysterius to the reader as it did to Kid Scorpes. But think: if one were aken for the first time into a room with electric lights, it might eem very odd. Few people today understand the art of arranging pace in such a way that it affects subtle areas of human consciousess. This does not mean the heritage is entirely lost to man. To ind it yourself, turn the world upside down and start at the top.

—David C. K. McClelland

David McClelland is a free-lance writer, cartoonist, and calligrapher living in New York.



The omnibus terminal at the foot of Wall Street, near Trinity Church.



Traffic moving toward Trinity Church today.

WRAPAROUNDWRAP

Roots

Tonight grandma is sleeping in an Indiana rest home. Each morning she packs, telling the nurse she is going back to the farm. She says she is going down the road to the bus stop to catch the Greyhound out of Indianapolis back to Coatesville.

I asked her last spring if she was allowed to keep a bird in the nursing home, remembering the blue parakeet she kept in the farm kitchen.

"Oh, I reckon I can keep what I want," she said. "You know, I live out in the country and can do what I want."

She sits in the maple chair, thin and pale, still wearing a pink flowered dress, as she did when we trailed her into the barn. Her new companions, more than 100 geriatric patients, silently wait for the Jell-O to be served. Outside, the Indianapolis [illegible] factory smokestacks, and motels have replaced the grainfields. Grandma's hair is white, for winter settled into her mind a decade ago, but tucked in her wheelchair she believes it is a farm spring.

Down on the farm, she always kept a white crock in the pantry behind a blue porcelain dishpan. Come sundown, she would tie on a flowered sunbonnet and walk the stone path to the pasture. The animals knew the ritual and rooted in the ground as she heaved the crock of bones, potato peels, milk gravy, stewed tomatoes, gooseberry pie, and other scraps over the fence. Everything was recycled; there was no trash.

And when cousin Gaylord went into computer work in Indianapolis by day, keeping 400 hogs by night back on his own farm, sleeping in a house he had built with his own hands, the family understood the compromise. Other cousins drifted to the city and took jobs and apartments. One was working late in an Indianapolis store when a stranger walked in and shot him to death, and the family began to lose all understanding.

Thirty years ago they might have gathered to comfort each other. Great-aunt Bertha, who had had her own prayer tent and raised hell in her day, might have found a passage in the heavy, leather family Bible and read from Revelations about the healing of the nations that was to come on the Last Day. They might have wheeled grandpa in, crippled and blind, and asked for his counsel, for he had built and taught in one of the first schools in those parts. Together they would have circled each other in and healed.

But tonight that old clay has been tractored and divided to death and all that is left is an old woman in a wheelchair, miles from home. The cataracts have grown so over her eyes that they are milky white, as if they were almost in heaven, as if her dream of home would take her there by spring.

—Linda Parker Silverman

Linda Silverman won a first prize in poetry in the Hopwood contest at the University of Michigan

READERS

It's called "Hurley's" or "Kelly's" or "Joe's." It can be little more than a hole in the wall or as large as a supermarket; bright and brisk, or dimly lit and intimate. Except for those times when an overhead television broadcasts sporting events, the jukebox pulsates. Some of the older places still have dart boards, but in the newer bars winking electronic bowling machines have taken their place.

The customers are a mixture of casual visitors and regulars, the ones for whom the bartender sets up the usual when he spots them coming in.

Their hands are calloused, their clothes stained. They prefer the familiarity of shop talk to the snobbery of cocktail-hour commiseration. When these men speak of dollies, they mean hauling equipment.

On occasion, the bar turns into a political forum. Often the place is the neighborhood clearinghouse, doling out information on daily doubles and scores. Small loans may be transacted across the sticky Formica top. Problems are talked over in the cigarette haze.

The neighborhood bar is the only place in America where working people are the ruling class. Each customer can be a monarch: the bar can be his realm—and all for the price of a draught. **—Jean W. Becker**

Albany, N.Y.

"Let me sit wherever I will, that will still be the upper end."
—Miguel de Cervantes
Don Quixote, 1605

And On This Si

Leslie Stephen once said ther irritably that the t that chiefly struck him a places where great things happened was their close res blance to places where g things had not happened. E worse, of course, are the pl where great things were m to happen, but just found it possible to: consider that lorn trace of Edward III's tlement policy, the spot ca London in southwest Frai where three houses do their to maintain the dignity of name. Sometimes a name o ruin preserves some really s ous misapprehension. The W Indies and the Lachine Rap for example, obstinately ma tain the geographical delusi of early explorers.

But more haunting than stubborn persistences are breaks—lands lost to the s like the drowned country al the Cornish coast where sheepfolds can be seen runn under the ocean, or the fo in St. Michaels Bay which, exposed at low tide, or fabled sunken towns of Ly nesse, where the bells are r by the tides.

IMAGES

The post-tornado rubble in Xenia, Ohio, is punctuated by signs reading, SAVE THE SLAB. The homeless residents seem to be saying, "When the bulldozers come to push away our former homes, leave us our foundations on which to begin again."

The Xenia victims have experienced, in an extreme way, a problem that affects many of us: how can we retain a sense of belonging in an increasingly mobile, rootless culture? Though few of us are faced with the total destruction of our houses, many of us no longer have a "home," a specific place that anchors one's identity and satisfies one's need for orientation.

"Home" used to be amplified by its extensions—the local church, school, stores, the village or neighborhood that confirmed the feeling, "I belong here." Now, in an age when the average American family moves every five years and when we can span whole continents in hours, we need to find meaning in simpler things that exist wherever we travel by rediscovering certain universal spatial images. Those exemplified here—door, center, and stairs—show how such elements can give shape to human experience and thus help us find our way back home again. **—Jeffrey Weber**

Jeffrey Weber is a film producer director.



"The fire-place . . . has since ancient times been the very center of the dwelling, and the table was the place where the family joined to form a [illegible]"

"Only when man has defined what is inside and what is outside can we really say that he dwells."

"The vertical . . . has always be considered the sacred dimension space. It represents a path toward reality which may be higher or low than daily life, a reality which co quers gravity, that is earthly existen or succumbs to it."
—Christian Norberg-Schu (1926–

OUNDWRAPAROUND

The traces of great endeav-
that have gone down are
coldest of memento mori.
ıen Scipio the younger
ked upon the holocaust of
rthage, where the unspeak-
e horror of genocidal war
d combined with the terror
d helplessness of a great fire,
feared, in his triumph, that
s fate too must overtake
me. And Rome did fall, and
s uninhabited, and rose again,
d put forth a greater influ-
ce: "The ghost of the Roman
ıpire," says Hobbes, "sitting
ıwned on the grave thereof."
But if triumph is transient, so
ınguish, as witness Housman's
ro, standing over buried Uri-
nium in the wind which blew

. when Uricon the city stood
is the same wind, in the same anger
it then it threshed another wood . . .
ıe wind, it plies, the saplings double
blows so hard, 'twill soon be gone
ıday the Roman and his trouble
re ashes under Uricon.

—Timothy Dickinson

mothy Dickinson is a contributing itor of Harper's.

READERS

Twenty acres of ground in a California mountain town have a force that draws me and repels me. My father bought the land to fulfill a lifetime dream. It was his wish to return to the life he had known as a boy; the country way. With his life's savings in his pocket he searched for the right piece of property, found it, and bought it.

Then the waiting—waiting for the magic age of retirement. Waiting and working at a job he hated. His life centered on that piece of ground: how to irrigate, what kind of house, what kind of fencing material.

Finally some concrete planning could be done. There were only nine months to go. The whole family felt the excitement of the countdown. Building permits, county codes, material lists—the gears were in motion, and my father's eyes were shining. Until one cold February day, a car crossed over the white line and killed him, and my brother.

Now when I go to this land almost five years later, the loss hits me all over again. Then I begin to feel something that crystal streams and crisp skies always make me feel: hope. And above all of this, in the wind as it moves the tips of the trees, is the sense of the passing of time. None of us knows when our time will suddenly and cruelly run out. This piece of ground screams at me: Don't wait! Whatever it is your dream is, do it. *Now!*

—Toni Lynn
Antioch, Calif.

The Gypsies

When spring comes, the *drom* ("road") beckons all Roms, as the Gypsies call themselves. Whether they are nomads who have stopped for the winter or sedentary Gypsies living in cities, their hearts are awakened. They believe that all land under their feet is their own.

José, a Gypsy of Arles, in Provence, once told me about his youth before World War II, when he traveled with his large family in a horse-drawn caravan to Switzerland, Germany, the Netherlands, the west coast of France, through the Pyrenees, Montpelier, and then back to Arles again by autumn, making the same circuit year after year, selling horses and rugs and doing metalwork. "We went everywhere. We stopped in the fields, amused ourselves in the trees. If we wanted a fruit, we ate it. We were savage. We were free."

The Gypsies, it is thought, wandered out of Central Asia about 4,000 years ago. They have never stopped moving. They arrived in Europe in the late Middle Ages, and used the annual religious pilgrimages they found there as pretexts for large tribal gatherings, since they ordinarily traveled in small groups to avoid the authorities. At the gatherings, they conducted family business—baptisms, marriages, trials—and exchanged news.

This tradition continues today. Every May, Gypsies from all over Europe gather in the village of Les Saintes Maries-de-la-Mer, in the south of France, to venerate their patron saint, Sara-Kali. The campgrounds are filled with trailers, clotheslines, and cooking fires. Inside each caravan, the entire family sleeps crowded together on the floor under feather quilts. Although they live communally, Gypsies preserve their privacy through mutual respect and strict codes of behavior; they feel there is something wrong with a man who needs to hide behind walls.

The Gypsy is happiest in the natural world, where he can hear the rain at night on his caravan and smell the woods. He lives from day to day, and he likes uncertainty. He has known practically from infancy that sudden changes from comfort to discomfort are essential for a healthy life. As a result, he has a deep sense of self-reliance.

Today many Gypsies have moved into the cities (there are communities in Boston, New York, Newark, and Los Angeles) or have been forced into "settlements." But they paint their ceilings blue to remind themselves of the sky, and they cover their walls with rugs to bring back the feeling of a tent. "We don't like fancy houses," José says. "We like an old house with a fireplace for heat and cooking. We eat with the fingers—no need for forks or spoons. We are free like that, and it is because of this that the Romany will never change. We will always stay as we were born."

—Patricia Follmer

Patricia Follmer, a film director and producer, is completing a book about her life with the Gypsies in France and Spain.



'Every microcosm, every inhabited region, has what may be called a 'centre,' hat is to say, a place that is sacred all." —Mircea Eliade (1907-)



"If one were to give an account of all the doors one has closed and opened, of all the doors we would like to reopen, one would have to tell the story of one's entire life."
—Gaston Bachelard (1884-1962)

WRAPAROUNDWRAPA

DOWNTOWN

[illegible] Music Store [illegible] Carried [illegible] from [illegible]

Credit Dentist, Casa Blanca Restaurant, *Mexican American Food, Money to Loan, Hot Donuts*, Pat's Donuts,Hotel Cecil, *From Five Dollars*, Weekly Rates, Vacancy, Buy Modern Nudes, Toro Loans, *Girlie Movies and Films*, Jack's Bookshop, Early Bird Pawn Shop, State Loan and Jewelry Co., Volunteers for America, ***Bargains Galore for the Entire Family,*** Come in and Browse Around, ***Your Family Thrift Store,*** *Out of Pawn Sale, All Items Reduced, Restaurant Sandwiches*, For Rent, Office Space at Fifty Dollars a Month, G&L Speed Laundry, *Shoe Shine 35 cents, Safety Park 35 cents Each Half Hour, Utility Bills, Checks Cashed, Money Orders*, Greyhound Bus Ticket Office, *Tickets to all Points*, Stagecoach Coffee Shop, Continental Trailways Bus, Donut Express, Thrift Drug and Discount, *All Prescriptions Filled and Film Work* [illegible] *Street*, Bill's Southern Fried Chicken, Take Some Home, *Cocktails, Please Genuine Blue* White Diamond, Unredeemed Pledge, Money to Loan, Credit Jewellers , ***Internationally Famous*** *Cameras and Binoculars as low as $5.95, Special Watches as Low as $5.95*, Two Year Guarantee, ***Diamond Specialists,*** *We Buy Old Gold, Magic Dice, Tops and Bottoms, Burbank Films* **Best in Town, Wild Wooly Beaver, Adults Only,** *New Show Today*, Complete Change Tuesday, Friday, *Live Burlesque*, Continuous, **Beaverama Theater—***Curious Yellow, Hair, Fanny Hill*, Go See Them—Then Come See the Boldest of them All—Man and Wife, The Most Important Husband and Wife Film of our Time, **Adults or Marriage License,** *A New Theater for* [illegible] **Nudarama, The Most Action,** Coming Soon in Town, *Skin Color*, Now Playing.

Howell Hotel, *Tacos*, HG News, Roxy Arcade, Dreamland Dancing, Girls, Dancing Partners, Girls, **Girls, Girls,** *Closed Tonight but see our Girls at The Restaurant Roof*, Rick's Food Fair, *Two Pork Chops, Two Eggs, Nude Models Upstairs*, American Barer College, Learn Barbering, Army and Navy Department Store, **the West's Largest Tent and Trailer Display,** Shack Southern Ribs and Shrimp, Nero's Nooky Theater, Paris Arcade Games, *529 Movies*, ***No One Under 21 Allowed,*** *Hollywood Models*, Silver Hotel, All [illegible] **No One Allowed in Lobby or Upstairs for any Reason, Don't Even Ask,** Please Leave Keys in Door Before Leaving Hotel, Thank You, Weekly [illegible]

SOS Club, *Overexposed, Three Way Split*, Eagle Music Exchange, Eagle Loan Office, Royal Cafe, Servicemen Welcome, *Lucky Draft*, World Series on TV, Captain Jim, ***Master Tatoo Artist,*** *Artwork* [illegible] **Beaverama Sex Style,** *All Colors, Eight MM Movies, Santa Anita Selections Sold Here*, The Double M, *Twenty Years Handicapping on all Tracks*, Smitty's News, *Color Photos, Adult Art*, Roslyn Jewelry and Loan, *Out of Pawn Suits and Topcoats, Shotguns,* ***Money to Loan on Everything,*** Star Pants Manufacturers, Unused Shoe, Call Me Sol, Depot Candy.

Main Street Tacos, *Photostats While You Wait, Follies, Live Nude* [illegible] **Presenting Los Angeles' Biggest Bottomless Show, *Starring Brenda Starr, Stormy, Stacy, Melody West,*** Ladies Invited, Servicemen Discount, Liberty Cafe. . .

Jonathan Price has walked through thirteen cities across the U.S. reading into his tape-recorder every verbal thing he could see—street names, giant ads, penciled notices, warnings, placards, graffiti. When transcribed, this material sorted itself naturally into block-long paragraphs; the neighborhood gave the flow of words a coherence we associate with poetry. The style of the people as a whole is punchy, nonsyntactical, full of imperatives and labels, and short on complete sentences.

Joel Katz has taken this torrent of language, divided the text into functional categories, then assigned to each category an appropriate typeface and style within the constraints of the computer editing and photocomposition hardware available at Yale University. The column above, an intersection of concrete and visual poetry, is the first result, a verbal/visual documentation of one Los Angeles street fragment.

American Space, Chinese Place

Americans have a sense of space, not of place. Go to an American home in exurbia, and almost the first thing you do is drift toward the picture window. How curious that the first compliment you pay your host inside his house is to say how lovely it is outside his house! He is pleased that you should admire his vistas. The distant horizon is not merely a line separating earth from sky, it is a symbol of the future. The American is not rooted in his place, however lovely: his eyes are drawn by the expanding space to a point on the horizon, which is his future.

By contrast, consider the traditional Chinese home. Blank walls enclose it. Step behind the spirit wall and you are in a courtyard with perhaps a miniature garden around the corner. Once inside the private compound you are wrapped in an ambiance of calm beauty, an ordered world of buildings, pavement, rock, and decorative vegetation. But you have no distant view: nowhere does space open out before you. Raw nature in such a home is experienced only as weather, and the only open space is the sky above. The Chinese is rooted in his place. When he has to leave, it is not for the promised land on the terrestrial horizon, but for another world altogether along the vertical, religious axis of his imagination.

The Chinese tie to place is deeply felt. Wanderlust is an alien sentiment. The Taoist classic *Tao Te Ching* captures the ideal of rootedness in place with these words: "Though there may be another country in the neighborhood so close that they are within sight of each other and the crowing of cocks and barking of dogs in one place can be heard in the other, yet there is no traffic between them; and throughout their lives the two peoples have nothing to do with each other." In theory if not in practice, farmers have ranked high in Chinese society. The reason is not only that they are engaged in the "root" industry of producing food but that, unlike pecuniary merchants, they are tied to the land and do not abandon their country when it is in danger.

Nostalgia is a recurrent theme in Chinese poetry. An American reader of translated Chinese poems may well be taken aback—even put off—by the frequency, as well as the sentimentality, of the lament for home. To understand the strength of this sentiment, we need to know that the Chinese desire for stability and rootedness in place is prompted by the constant threat of war, exile, and the natural disasters of flood and drought. Forcible removal makes the Chinese keenly aware of their loss. By contrast, Americans move, for the most part, voluntarily. Their nostalgia for hometown is really longing for childhood to which they cannot return: in the meantime the future beckons and the future is "out there," in open space. When we criticize American rootlessness we tend to forget that it is a result of ideals we admire, namely, social mobility and optimism about the future. When we admire Chinese rootedness, we forget that the word "place" means both location in space and position in society: to be tied to place is also to be bound to one's station in life, with little hope of betterment. Space symbolizes hope; place, achievement and stability.

—Yi-Fu Tuan

Yi-Fu Tuan is a professor of geography at the University of Minnesota and the author of Topophilia *(Prentice-Hall).*

KEEP YOUR DISTANCE

An analysis of the handling of space during conversation shows the following: A U.S. male brought up in the Northeast stands 18 to 20 inches away when talking face to face to a man he does not know very well; talking to a woman under similar circumstances, he increases the distance about four inches. A distance of only eight to 13 inches between males is considered either very aggressive or indicative of a closeness of a type we do not ordinarily want to think about. Yet in many parts of Latin America and the Middle East distances which are almost sexual in connotation are the only ones at which people can talk comfortably.

—Edward T. Hall, Jr.

"The Anthropology of Manners," *Scientific American*, April 195[illegible]

EADERS

Father was a depot agent small town in South Dako One of the fringe benefits of job was a provision for free g quarters in the depot. We our hot water from the er of a locomotive, and our ide privy—the public facil- had a special section for agent's family. Aside from sandpile at the shady end of depot where I used to play in mer and, in winter, the bank on the north side of coal shed that served as a freeze for wild ducks, what member most is the unique iance of the waiting room quality that is perhaps gone ver from American life.

the small towns and in the ning areas around them, re most Americans lived quite recently, the local way stations were institu- s of prime importance. It through them that trade communication with the of the country were trans- d. The clickety-clack of the graph could be heard night day. The variety of person- es who passed through was urce of education and en- ainment for me, as well as the rest of the townspeople, frequented the depot as gh it were the town square. member watching a track ntenance laborer eat his h in the waiting room one He stood facing a large map of the railway system diligently tried to decipher name of a feature shown. t-B-a-k-e-r . . . *M. T. Baker!* 'd that ol' sumuvabitch git name on the map?"

here are no railways now in th Dakota, and across the most depots have been down, the telegraph is si- The railroads are few, and the super scroll has been painted by the automatic. The special crossroads feeling of the depot has, as far as I know, never been replaced.

—Robert F. Jones
Albuquerque, N. Mex.

When I was twenty I had a young tricolor collie. That year I got married and moved to a small house in the woods. The collie chased cars and sometimes got nicked by them; he also was the victim of stones and air guns aimed at him by country neighbors. As he got older I began to notice that he would go out of his way to miss particular spots in our yard or near the road, detouring around invisible barriers. I surmised that the places he avoided were places where he had been hurt, and I noted, with some sense of superiority, how illogical his actions were.

Later I got divorced, and we sold the house, and now I find myself avoiding the place sometimes even though I still live close to it. On a very few occasions I have gone out of my way, on a foggy night, to that special place associated with so much happiness and hurt. The dog is gone now, but I don't feel above him anymore.

—Mike Rutkans
Fairfax, Va.

As an actress and a teacher of acting, I find myself constantly emphasizing to my students the importance of daily concentrated work on, and attention to, the five senses. I remind them that only with the awakening of the dulled senses can they hope to develop sensitivity to place, to the physical, sensory "where" of the given room or outdoor environment. With this sensitivity, an actor or actress can freely become the "who" of the character, as he or she exists in that space. What behavioral and psychological changes, if any, occur when we move the character from a bedroom to a restaurant, or from the country to the city? What is the particular life of the given place, and how does it influence who we are? Taking this as basic to their work on a character, students can begin to develop totally alive human beings existing in, and coming from, definite places.

—Carole Oligario
New York, N.Y.

EAS

What happens to a person n he stops garnering finan- and/or emotional rewards n his skills? What happens to organization that has outlived purpose it was built to serve? APAROUND is interested ocial recycling. If you have rmation or ideas that can individuals and groups re- nnel their capabilities, please e to WRAPAROUND, Har- s Magazine, Two Park Ave- New York, N.Y. 10016.



A Question for Our Times

I'm used to the rootlessness that goes with my profession. But I would like people to be able to stay in one community for a lifetime, to travel away from it to see the world, but always to come home again. This is comforting. Whenever I go to Indianapolis now, a childish question nags at me, and I finally have to say it out loud: "Where is my bed?" I grew up there, and nearly 1,000,000 people live there now, but there is no place in that city where a bed is mine. So I ask, "Where is my bed?"—and then wind up in a Holiday Inn.

—Kurt Vonnegut, Jr.
"Playboy Interview," July 1973

SUPERSPACE

The stage on which the space of the universe moves is certainly not space itself. Nobody can be a stage for himself; he has to have a larger arena in which to move. The arena in which space does its changing is not even the space-time of Einstein, for space-time is the history of space changing with time. The arena must be a larger object: *superspace*. . . . It is not endowed with three or four dimensions—it's endowed with an *infinite* number of dimensions.

—John A. Wheeler
"A Call on Physicist John A. Wheeler," *University: A Princeton Quarterly*
Summer 1972

Somewhere v. Anywhere

Panic in the Streets with Richard Widmark is playing on Tchoupitoulas Street. . . . There is a scene which shows the very neighborhood of the theater. Kate gives me a look—it is understood that we do not speak during the movie.

Afterwards in the street, she looks around the neighborhood. "Yes, it is certified now."

She refers to a phenomenon of moviegoing which I have called certification. Nowadays when a person lives somewhere, in a neighborhood, the place is not certified for him. More than likely he will live there sadly and the emptiness which is inside him will expand until it evacuates the entire neighborhood. But if he sees a movie which shows his very neighborhood, it becomes possible for him to live, for a time at least, as a person who is Somewhere and not Anywhere.

—Walker Percy
The Moviegoer, 1961

WRAPAROUNDWRAP

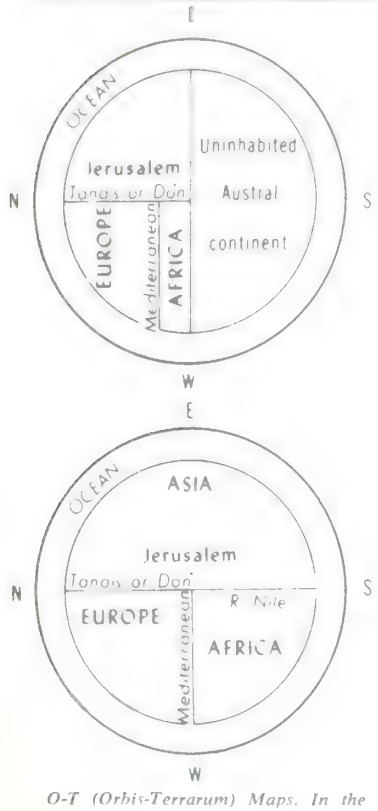
"For love, all love of other sights controls,
And makes one little room, an everywhere."
—John Donne (1572-1631)

The Changeable Crowd

When number of people remains constant while space decreases, members do not see each other as causes of their discomfort; rather they may perceive that they are all pawns to something greater than themselves, their physical environment. In contrast, where space remains constant while people increase, the new members are often seen as the cause for discomfort. **—Chalsa Loo**

Journal of Applied Social Psychology, Volume two number 4

"Home is the place where, when you have to go there,
They have to take you in."
—Robert Frost
"The Death of the Hired Man" 1914



O-T (Orbis-Terrarum) Maps. In the Middle Ages, these served as maps of the world, with Jerusalem at the center. Useless for navigation, they were more of an expression of a cultural outlook that influenced all of medieval life, from the cathedrals to the Crusades.

The Fiery Dominion

The Arabs of the Sahara are inclined to look on history as a record of families and tribes moving through time and space; to live permanently in one place is to be shackled. The oases are damp, enervating, and often malarial. The open desert is dry, challenging, healthy. This is the fiery dominion of sun, and one walks in it as both giant and dwarf, conscious only of the light-pinkish yellow spreading from the horizon into pale, then brilliant, blue. The tribes who walk here have a special gait that conserves moisture and energy. It is slow, imposing, an easy, deliberate step. It is exactly where the feet and legs are placed that gives each moment its electricity, its form, its place in time. As in dance, the distinctions between body and mind, between social life and expression of individuality, break down. The body is freed of its own weight and carves out its own space. In this world silence is not a negative concept; it is a positive present thing which wraps itself round like a cloak. All movement appears extroverted, exaggerated, and for this reason the sudden appearance of a traveler becomes a primal birth: a camel's chewing seems the destruction of all substance.

In an oasis, the village center, the market, is a chaotic carnival. But the excitement is that of people who join society infrequently and then without plan, always understanding the sheer luck of encounter and survival. This is the temporary seductive refuge.

The more fortunate will move on. The nomad's home and fate are inviolate in his rhythmic pace. They exist in the journey. They will face perils: bad weather, loss of bearings, exhaustion of supplies, even going down with all hands (under sand). And if they collapse, the immediate cause will nearly always be thirst. They will be desiccated before death, and before decomposition. Their bones will be picked dry by vultures. No mourning, no funeral, no grave. But the bones will be preserved by the desert conditions as arrowheads and flints have been over thousands of years. In such vastness, there is no room for inessentials.

—Valerie Brooks

Valerie Brooks is on the staff of Harper's.

"Patriotism is as fierce as fever, pitiless as the grave, blind as stone, and irrational as a headless hen." —Ambrose Bi (1842-?1

R.I.P.

Is modern man not a kind of existential nomad who addresses himself from afar, constantly gyrating outward in search of his center, destroying what he builds because building *per se* is his justification and his curse? He dreams of absolute form, all the while creating formlessness. City walls have been razed, but perhaps out of self-loss more than plenitude. Like Beckett's anti-heroes, we inhabit nowhere; only the dead, happily immured, enjoy *place*. **—Frederick Brown**

Pere-Lachaise: Elysium as Real Estate, 1973

DANGER!

His greatest uneasiness see to peep at him out of the sible impression that almost acceptance of Paris might one's authority away. It h before him this morning, vast bright Babylon, like s huge iridescent object, a je brilliant and hard, in wh parts were not to be disc inated nor differences comf ably marked. It twinkled trembled and melted toget and what seemed all surface moment seemed all depth next. **—Henry Ja**

The Ambassadors, 1

And La Haye Sainte was a quiet farm and the mile by it a q mile.
And Lexington was a place to work in like any one of a do dull, little places.
And they raised good crops at Blenheim till the soldiers came spoiled the crops for a while. **—Stephen Vincent Be**
"John Brown's Body," 19

Mysterious, Miraculous

All thought of destination was annihilated; we were purr smoothly over the undulating ground, advancing towards the v of pure sensation, and the dream, which was hallucinating, h suddenly become vivid and unbearably real. It was just as he v describing the strange sensation he had experienced of sudde discovering his own body lying prone on the bed, of balanc himself gingerly above it so as to slowly descend and fit hims into it again without the loss of an arm or a toe, that out of corner of my eye I caught the full devastating beauty of the gr plain of Thebes which we were approaching and, unable to c trol myself, I burst into tears. Why had no one prepared me this? I cried out. I begged the driver to stop a moment in order devour the scene with one full sweeping glance. We were not in the bed of the plain; we were amidst the low mounds and hu mocks which had been stunned motionless by the swift messeng of light. We were in the dead center of that soft silence whi absorbs even the breathing of the gods. Man had nothing to with this, nor even nature. In this realm nothing moves nor st nor breathes save the finger of mystery; this is the hush that c scends upon the world before the coming of a miraculous eve The event itself is not recorded here, only the passing of it, on the violet glow of its wake. This is an invisible corridor of time, vast, breathless parenthesis which swells like the uterus and ha ing bowelled forth its anguish relapses like a run-down clock.

—Henry Mill

The Colossus of Maroussi, 19

"All of Harlem is pervaded by a sense of congestion, rather li the insistent, maddening, claustrophobic pounding in the skull th comes from trying to breathe in a very small room with all t windows shut." —James Baldw

Notes of a Native Son, 19

WRAPAROUND CONTINUES ON PAGE



Your next can of beer may have been a Coors can that was a Falstaff can that was a Carling can.

The aluminum beer cans chilling in your cooler may have led other lives. Possibly as soft drink cans. Possibly as iced tea cans. Possibly as other beer cans. All because of aluminum's recyclability.

It's no secret that aluminum cans are popular with people. They like them because they're lightweight, chill quickly, open with a snap and are friendly to food. Unfortunately, some of these cans end up in places we'd prefer they didn't. Like streets, roads, woods and beaches. So, Alcoa's doing something.

Alcoa is supporting "Yes We Can" recycling programs in areas where there are enough aluminum cans to economically justify collection efforts. Cooperating recycling centers pay as much as 10 cents a pound for all-aluminum cans. People are picking them up. By the millions.

Through combined recycling center collections of the aluminum and beverage industries,



almost 3¾ billion cans have been recovered since 1970 and over 15 million dollars have been paid to collectors.

Although aluminum is the most abundant metallic element in the earth's crust, recycling aluminum cans is a sensible way to help conserve this natural resource. It requires only 5 percent as much energy to recycle the metal in an aluminum can as it takes to make the metal in the first place.

If you would like more information on aluminum can recycling and how one community established a reclamation program, please write for our free brochures. Aluminum Company of America, 346-G Alcoa Building, Pittsburgh, PA 15219.

The reasons for using aluminum are found in aluminum itself.

ALCOA

George P. Elliott

BURIED ENVY

The last dirty little secret



The Bettmann Archive

the rules have always said
if you stop believing in us
we inherit everything
—Lawrence Raab
"Voices Answering Back:
The Vampires"
in *Mysteries of the Horizon*

YOU HAVE SOMETHING I want and lack—riches, beauty, acclaim, new sneakers, enough to eat, children who love you, a reputation for goodness, goodness itself, top billing, a mother's sympathy, a Stutz Bearcat, the Presidency, a penis. You do something I would like to do and can't—bear a child, win the race, get your picture in the paper, command, catch a husband, stay married, star in a movie, vote, make love, sing beautifully, ask for your share, get your share, heal the sick, see.

How do I react?

Graced with a generous disposition, I rejoice with you; your good fortune gives me pleasure. If what you have came through luck, I am ready to accept what luck has in store for me, however much or little. If your accomplishment demands faculties I lack, I resolve to do as well as I can with what is available to me.

Not so graced, I can yet be disciplined enough to leave you undisturbed in the enjoyment of what you have. I keep my ugly feelings to myself, acknowledge them, regret them, but do not act on them.

But often I, being Everyman, am ungraceful, unconfident, and ill-controlled, and then your having what I lack becomes an evil to me. I neither want a good thing like the one you have nor strive for a real accomplishment of my own; instead, what I most want is to turn your joy into sadness. (The younger brother is given first choice. "Which do you want, the red one or the blue one?" He hesitates, then bursts into tears. "How can I tell until he chooses? I don't want either of them. I want *his*.") I may spoil your good thing for you, I may destroy it, I ma steal it, I may cause you to do a ba job. What I want is not the thing i self but your misery at losing it.

When your good becomes my evi and your evil my good, I am so ugl I can hardly bear to look at mysel

(I am not just Everyman. I ar also a writer and a male, sane, mid dle-class, Wasp, in which roles I hav had experience of envy both ways.

ENVY IS DEVOID of dignity an lacks the passion that makes rag at least awful. The tone of voice an the words may be those of outrag at injustice ("It isn't fair!"), but i a flick of the eyes, a twist of th mouth, a wince of the shoulders, th envy shows. Envy cannot, as treach ery can, gloat, "I am the worst o all"; it is only the next worst. It i petty, devious, septic, cold. It is th

George P. Elliott is writing a novel set in th ancient city of Byzantium.



Sun. A perfect day to relax amidst ...rious surroundings like Mercedes-Benz 280's.



Mon. The answer to getting in and out of traffic is to have the same type of steering system as the racing Ferrari.



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...hurs. A long business trip ahead. Thank good-...s the car gets 24 mpg*. That's ...ually the same as a VW.



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self dissatisfied. I am so ashamed of feeling it, I so despise myself for it, that after the first pangs, which surprise me into recognizing it for what it is, my impulse is to deny it. I would neither control nor purge it, but hide it.

But an evil that I hide in myself from myself does not go away; it rots and spreads, it shapes habits. Habitual envy confirms me in litigiousness and complaint. It spoils my pleasure; my suspicion that someone is enjoying himself more than I ensures that he is. It impairs my either accepting or exercising authority, and it pollutes both my admiring excellence and my accomplishing something excellent. If authority and excellence are yours, I hate you for having them; if they are mine, I anticipate your hating me, and this dread disturbs my peace. My safest course is to muddy authority unless I can avoid it and to ignore excellence unless I can spoil it. One protection against envying or being envied is mediocrity.

When free and equal America was young and full of enthusiasm, Tocqueville could already identify envy as one of our special hazards. Now the causes of our envying and being envied have multiplied and magnified: we Americans are rich and mighty, we talk louder than ever about freedom and equality, we can no longer effectively hide from ourselves our crimes of squandering and exploitation. Envy has become a pervasive affliction, yet it remains obscure. It can't be quantified; it can't be legislated against; it can't be denounced by public figures because the denunciation would be dismissible as a symptom of the ill it was meant to cure. Nevertheless, we must try to understand how our ideals and institutions have inflamed envy and to modify these ideals and institutions in such a way as to reduce it —not get rid of it, for it is here to stay, but try to make it manageable as now it is not. Time to name it.

LIKE SO MANY of the grand old pre-Enlightenment moral words, "envy" is too often used now for little, unclear things. The first event in the moral history of mankind, according to the Bible, resulted from Adam and Eve's disobedience, and the second from Cain's envy. For Dante, envy was the ugliest of the seven sins and next only to pride in gravity. I knew, and let us know, exactly w he suffered from when he said Cassio, "He hath a daily beauty his life/That makes me ugly"; yet the early nineteenth century the la "motiveless malignity" was attacl to Iago and stuck for generations as though envy were not a motive strong as vengeance or lust. Nov days when people say, "I envy yo they commonly mean something nocuous like "I admire what y have and wish I had some, to Johnson's Wax packages Envy the housewife, knowing that nothi very negative is attached to bei "the envy of your friends."

Trivializing a potent word kee one from looking at what it rea means. When envy was taught as deadly fact of life, people knew wh to look for and so could penetrate disguises and defend themselv against it to some degree. But in th age of behavioral sciences, emerge envy is scarcely even named, esp cially not in America. Helm Schoeck, an Austrian sociologist, his compendious *Envy: A Theory Social Behavior*, cites a 700-page bo entitled *Human Behavior: An Inve tory of Scientific Findings*, publishe in 1964 by two American behavior scientists. He quotes them: "O ambition in this book is to preser as fully and as accurately as possibl what the behavioral sciences no know about the behavior of huma beings: what we really know, wh we nearly know, what we think w know, what we claim to know." Bu according to Schoeck: "The subje index fails to mention either envy resentment. Jealousy is mentione once."

Envy has come to be inextricabl interwoven with advertising. Unt modern times, most of what mo people did was decided for them b custom. The Enlightenment, ident fying hope with change and suspec ing custom of being an enemy t change, promised people that, to th extent they got rid of custom, the could decide of their own free wi what to put in its place. This pro gressive belief spread, and peopl have ever-increasingly abandone custom. But the main thing that ha taken its place turns out to be propa ganda—a change, to be sure, but no for the better. In the United States the dominant form of propaganda i advertising.



Originally, advertising was a sort herald of progress: here are new ıys to make your life better. And fact technological progress did oduce the goods and the wealth th which people made their lives ıterially more comfortable. But the ɔre you have, the more sophisticat- your appetites become. The in- nious temptations of advertising ıet secondary and immoderate ap- ɛtites for many things which exist ıly to create those appetites. And ıat can whet artificial appetites bet- r than envy? "Our lotion will give ɔur skin the beauty it lacks." A ɔman contemplates another woman ho is beautiful with lotions or with- ıt, and her sense of inadequacy, tent in everyone but constantly ɣoked and magnified by advertising, flames in her an envious longing. his longing is then manipulated so ; to make her think it will be ap- ɛased by her using such-and-such a ɔtion; and so it is—for a while.

An overall effect of this chronic ad- ɛrtising is a restless insatiety which elds, among other ills, scorn of those ho are content with what they have.

When President Johnson said the ɛst of the world wants what we have nd we aren't going to let them have , he was gloating in such a manner s to provoke envy; he was taunting. great many freedoms were built ıto our Constitution by the Found- ıg Fathers, and with spectacular uccess. However, the conditions that ıade this success possible in rich, aw, Enlightened, Anglo-Protestant \merica have never recurred, never an recur. The power, wealth, and ıope, the spiritual energy released ɔy America's new free way of doing hings are among the wonders of the ıges; conversely, among the great langers of the world are the ugli- ıesses also released by this new free way which we have taught others to want. "If you were as free and equal ıs we are, you'd be rich too." Surely Sukarno was right when he said that he greatest revolutionary force in Indonesia was not Marxism but American movies: envy as an engine of rebelliousness.

Any great change for the better brings its own evil with it, and so one powerful consideration should always be alive in the back of our minds: if we release this good thing, what evil is likely to escape with it? We have asked this question about free speech and have pretty much de-



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cided to take the risk; about free sex we are not yet so sure. In the eighteenth century, when economic enterprise was freed from the old pre-Enlightenment restraints and powered with technology, first in England and then throughout the West, the dangers latent in liberal capitalism seemed far outweighed by the enormous riches it generated; we are now appalled by the consequences of the greed and waste which were also released, and in such movements as environmentalism and consumer protection we are working to restrain the habits of custodial irresponsibility which we, like all the free-enterprise world, have been practicing. As more and more egalitarian pressures for change arise, we must be careful each time to ask, How may this change affect the workings of envy? For any change in social attitudes or customs that is likely to increase envy is as suspect as any change that increases greed, and to identify envy is to loathe it. About that at least there is agreement among all mankind: envy is loathsome, and the envious man is everywhere recognized as a menace to the common good.*

NEAR THE HEART of the matter is equality/authority. Why should I look up to you? Why should I do as you say? Why should I serve you?

Before the Enlightenment, the answers to these questions were traditional: because I am poorer than you, because I am of lower class, because I am inferior. But, whatever the answer, somewhere in the offing, seldom mentioned yet always present, stood the hard threat: you are strong and I am weak, you will hurt me if I don't obey. Revulsion against this ugliness of hierarchy was a strong engine of the Enlightenment, which taught people the democratic challenge: I will look up to you, obey you, serve you only if I am persuaded that you are superior to me; prove it. It taught people to demand that social authority be vested, as it often is in science, only in those who are worthy of it and that those in office should retain their power only as they exercise it well. And who would argue against this as the ideal of authority in action?

The obvious trouble with this ideal is the false expectations it creates. In the social, moral world, the meritocratic ideal can seldom be fulfilled, and never for very long. A ruler may be strong, he may be wise, he may be so trained in the exercise of power that he is not corrupted by it; even so, he must constantly make decisions on insufficient evidence, he must err, he must antagonize some of those he rules, and he must disappoint idealists.

Now, if I do not like how I am ruled or those who rule me, one good course of action is for me to work to improve the ways in which I am ruled and to select better rulers. But, just as few of those with great power are in fact ideally worthy of their office, likewise few citizens in a huge democracy are, judged by the same ideal, good citizens. By trying to practice democracy's ideal of earned authority, we see to it that we are chronically disappointed both in our rulers and in ourselves as citizens. "He's no good; we elected him; to hell with the whole thing." Perhaps we have even acquired a sneaky taste for this sort of political self-cheat, for the candidate's "image" rather than for his political substance. Why else would we so often elect men blatantly impossible to admire or to obey gladly?

A better way is to give those in authority the benefit of the doubt, to undermine trust in them only as a last resort, and when you move against them to do it fast and hard —to make a clean distinction between granting them authority and leaving them undisturbed in the exercise of it. (On the scaffold, with the headsman holding the ax of the people's will over his head, Charles I of England said, "A subject and a sovereign are clean different things," and the ax fell.) We American citizens have done as badly by President Nixon as he has done by us. We elected him without, most of us, trusting him; because he served our greed well in the name of the public good, we overwhelmingly reelected him; we have treated him with even more suspicion and disrespect than we heap on most of our public officials; we have badly undercut him; yet we leave him there with more power at his fingertips than any other man in the world (have even, in the energy crisis, added to it), thou we fully expect that he will use t power badly, even dangerously. A the only rhetoric as high-minded his is ours. Have we not done a m job of it?

TO ARRANGE MATTERS so that y cannot revere but must desp those over you implies an atrophy the organs of admiration and an petite to be cheated. Disorder of t kind is to be found not just in p tics, but also in religion, enterta ment, education, art, love. In t ugliness envy is rampant.

An evil released by a good pollu that good itself. But because equal is so powerful an ideal and becau we have been so negligent in iden fying the envy which has been leased with it and generated by it, have not recognized the twin ugline es of egalitarianism. One is the disposition to elevate the mediocr the talentless, the boring (Andy W hol, camp, popular singers who ca sing true); the other is the zeal bring down the high, not just t rich and powerful like the Kenned but also the excellent and good. Ma tin Luther King was subjected fi to an assassin's bullet and then to now-it-can-be-told journalist's pe The moment we are threatened wi having a saint on our hands, we tu him into a celebrity and debunk hi

A great many people are bett than I am in a great many respect When I accept my station in life, see any disparity in gifts not as a injustice but as a part of reality, t way things are, and such envy as feel is my private sadness. When believe that all men are equal an that my station in life is either t high (in which case I feel guilty) too low (in which case I feel resen ful), I see any disparity in gifts a an injustice; and the sloppier my u derstanding of equality, of the ver few respects in which it makes sens to say, "All men are equal," the wi er my envy rampages, cloaked a outrage against injustice. Egalitaria radicalism provides an ideolog which sanctions criminal rage, as r cently with the Symbionese Libera tion Army, and envy uses equality a a device for bringing down the hig and a justification for bringing dow the good and the beautiful. Neve theless, one way or another, exce lence keeps manifesting itself, fo

* The first serious portrayal of Enlightenment envy was made by that apostle of the period who was wiser than he taught —Diderot, in his short novel *Rameau's Nephew.*

merica also encourages us to suc-ed, to stand out.*

ENVY IS A FAR DIRTIER little se-cret than sex or money; we are hamed to own up to it; looking at pains us. Moreover, a lot of people elieve man is perfectible, an opinion hich makes them very keen indeed ot to see us as stuck with envy no atter how hard we strive to progress, een not to see us as incapable of lim-less progress because we are stuck ith envy and the like. There are even ose who still, more or less overtly, elieve that liberating everything in s will cause us to be happy; these ee spirits, these pristine, unpene-ated minds, reason that prohibi-ons create evil rather than restrain , so envy is therefore a mere by-roduct of oppression. But the Noble avage brand, all ingredients guar-nteed good, always has put out the rettiest can of worms going.

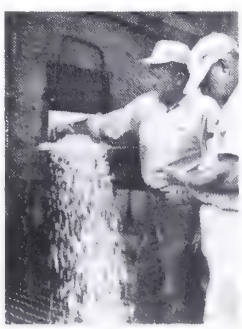
Envy has rotted and spread, filling s with a terrible anxiety whose ori-in we are ignorant of and are hence nfit to control. To fear envy and to eep from provoking it is sane nough, but dread generated by an nknown cause, especially one as eptic as envy, is literally madden-ng. It can, and in the case of egali-arianism does, stoke the very fire it ears. Our first obligation is to look t the envy both in us and also out here because of us, to name it, to race it, to meditate on what practi-al measures to take.

Consider our welfare system. Sure-y unadmitted fear of the resentful nvy of the poor, of the black poor specially, has far more to do with he way welfare has evolved than loes social justice, and surely the re-entful envy which welfare provokes n those not quite poor enough to get ny, and also in those who pay for it, s chief among the evils that nearly ancel the social good it does. Or onsider the competitive envy gen-rated by the way we decentralize authority over local public schools—just enough so that each neighbor-hood is spurred not only to do some-

*An extreme of egalitarian theory is to be found in *Inequality*, by Christopher Jencks and others. The authors' research and speculation were done at Harvard, that most elite of universities. Apparently, like the peculiar modesty for which some have made themselves famous, this equality can be excelled at, as in *Animal Farm*: "All animals are equal, but some animals are more equal than others."



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thing good in itself but even more to make sure you don't get something I don't. Or consider that the most important thing most women do or ever could do is to make a home and raise their children, and then think of how inferior and deprived the women's liberation movement tries to make them feel about their most rewarding occupation.

A seeming remedy to such dreadful uglinesses as these is total dictatorial egalitarianism, and many want it. After all, who are more equal and less burdened by authority and responsibility than totalitarian slaves? It is plain that the limits of technological power are in sight and that there is not and never will be enough for everyone to be rich, as progress led mankind to hope. In many, rage from this disappointment combines with envy of privilege and with fear of technocratic totalitarianism à la Nixon, Haldeman, Ehrlichman, and Co., until the only relief is total leveling and suppression of that individualism essential for the prospering of most human excellence above the level of Ping-Pong and moonwalks.

This remedy, however, leads to the ultimate disorder of equality. "I'm as good as the next fellow. Every man a king. No one can have authority over me. I acknowledge no superior." In a frenzy of blinding itself to some plain facts of existence, this egalitarianism bursts all bounds and rages not just against excellence but against difference itself. "Let's make this one unanimous, shall we?"

The Russians have long made a wooden doll which opens to reveal another doll inside it; in that doll is another one, and in the third, still another. The Soviet dolls-within-dolls have identical faces, although they are of different sizes. Before the revolution each had its own face.

Mao's socialism not only teaches you to excel at not excelling—in his China, everyone dresses alike; music is composed by committee; you spend years in prison being reeducated and pay with your very self for having ideas of your own.

Among us, the main form the rage against difference takes is the drive to obliterate values and hierarchies. It's all just a matter of opinion and mine's as good as yours. Don't discriminate against the low-ability student in favor of the gifted. The only differences between the sexes or the races are superficial. A recurring theme in recent science fiction is th each of us is entitled to his own re ity, one no better than another— valuelessness that is ingenious, b frivolous because of its ingenuity.

The crisis of identity: so far as can make out, the breakdown separateness and individuality, whic some psychotherapies currently a vocate and practice, has nothing do with the mystic's merging of t self with the One, or with Christ "He that loses his life for my sak shall find it," or with Cathy's pe fectly romantic cry, "I *am* Heat cliff." Rather, these therapies woul cure the ill of alienation by blurrin the difference between you and m

Art provides an example of suc homogenization which is not only e treme but vivid. Why does a painte offer you a canvas so covered wit random dots and splashes that th right side looks pretty much like th left and the top like the bottom Why does a poet offer you a page o which is printed a "grid" of noun connected only if and as you choos to connect them? Why does a com poser offer you a half hour of blip and zooms which are neither musica tones nor noises but something elec tronic in between, and which lacl every sort of harmonious, melodious or rhythmic pattern? An artist migh do such things out of theory or be cause it is fashionable to do so. A even better reason for him to d them, though, is lack of talent or in ability to use what talent he has. I he can blur the distinction not jus between good art and bad but alsc between art and non-art, and if he can then get people to buy and praise his easy frauds, he will then have a double satisfaction: contempt for the suckers and at least some revenge on those who can and do create things worth looking at, hearing, imagining.

As for the blurring of sexual distinctions—between man and woman, between pleasure and communion, between marriage and romantic love —there is more to be said than room to say it here. But as with all this rage against difference, the roots are fear of failing to do well and envy of those who succeed highly.

Better to take the risk of being human, envy and all. When your good becomes my evil and your evil my good, then more than ever should I look straight at myself, however painful it is to do so. I must know my envy if I am to be myself. □



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Lucian K. Truscott IV

NOTES ON A BROKEN PROMISE

An assessment of the volunteer Army

THE FACES OF SOLDIERS always got to me when I was an infantry platoon leader five years ago at Fort Carson, Colorado. Less than a year out of West Point, as green as a young lieutenant could be, I found myself at the mercy of the faces of my men. Words were unnecessary, for no matter how smoothly things might go on the surface, the men's judgment always appeared in their eyes, watching and measuring.

Soldiers have an unnervingly keen feeling for each other, for their leaders, for the spirit of the Army itself. This was not something we were taught at the Military Academy. Nor was it something I learned from my father, an infantry colonel, or from my grandfather, a general and a World War II division, corps, and Army commander. No, the secrets of the ways men live and work together were left for us to discover from one another. This uncanny facility—to read men the way one reads a book—has marked great military leaders for centuries.

As we shall see, I never quite made it as a lieutenant. The feeling between me and my men was, at best, a fleeting and temporary thing; finally it disappeared altogether. I felt a sickness of the spirit as an officer in the United States Army, and I have always asked myself, was the sickness my own, or was it the Army's? When I accepted a magazine assignment to assess the new "volunteer Army," I also turned that assessment into a search for an answer to that old question. I went looking for the keen-eyed judgment of the men. I wanted their instinctive feeling about the health of the Army. At the same time, I would accept that judgment as a criticism of myself.

I began at Fort Ord, California, just north of the Monterey Peninsula. The combination of the climate, the ocean, and its closeness to San Francisco would make Ord a fat duty assignment except that Ord also is the locus of a major Army training center, and training is the most harrowing duty known to man. I went to Fort Ord to spend some time with new volunteers in the first few weeks of their training, but I ended up spending more time with their officers. This was partly due to circumstance, and partly because I admired the extraordinary quality of Capt. Carlos Boswell, a basic-training company commander. But first, the new troops.

THE PROFILE of the volunteer entering the Army today is quite different from the profile of the draftee of several years ago. This is how he differs: he is younger—eighteen or nineteen years old, as opposed to the average draftee's age of twenty or twenty-one; he is less likely to be married; he has less education—about 50 percent of today's volunteers have not completed high school; he is, by 3 to 5 percentage points, more likely to be black or brown.

But statistics don't say much about the Army volunteer. The question that must be asked and answered affirmatively if the no-draft system is to survive is this: can the new A volunteer become a good soldier, spite many apparent deficiencie his background? Practically every has an opinion on this matter, nobody claims to have the ans Few of the officers I spoke wit Fort Ord were optimistic.

Maj. J. D. Coleman, informat officer for Fort Ord: "How do teach a guy to fight, to be a godda soldier, when the whole emph now is on learning a speciali trade? Fully one-half of each cro citizens that becomes eligible military service each year has a tudes which are directly oppos hostile, to the military. The Army vertisements claim, 'We can te you this, and we can teach you th But what we've really got to te these guys is how to kill somebod Capt. Glen Meyers, company c mander of B/1/1 Basic Train Company: "This company has s enty non-high-school grads out 190. Forty blacks, six Indians, sev teen Spanish. A lot of these guys young kids who never finished a thing they started. Many of the n grads don't intend to use the Army get a trade, or to get their high-sch equivalency diploma, qualify for GI bill, and eventually go to colle For half of them, this is just more place they've drifted to.

"I've talked at some length to ei of the nine I've considered reco mending for discharge. Every one them was just knocking around, ing off the land, and a couple of th were literally hungry the day they listed. They wanted a meal, a roof

Lucian K. Truscott IV is a reporter for The Village Voice.

: on their backs. Most of them something like this: 'Here I am, ed up for three years, and I never ght about it. The most I've ever ght ahead in my life is two days, when those days came, I never ed back.' This also applies to e of the jobless young marrieds, were looking for a way to feed a and kids. I'd say there's a whole eration out there right now, the drifters, almost like the bums ng the Depression, except they're nger, they've got long hair. But 're just as uneducated, just as ke, just as hungry."

Capt. Carlos Boswell, company mander, B/1/3 Basic Training pany: "This is my second tour as asic training CO. I was here in 8, during the Vietnam buildup, n they were drafting pretty much body. How do these guys com- e? We had the same number of blems in '68—it's just that now y're a different kind. We've got re young soldier problems, espe- lly homesickness.

'When I heard the Army was go- all volunteer, I was halfway pan- y. Now I've cycled through sev- l companies of volunteers, and I nk it's going to work out okay. 've had to change some of our ining methods to reach the guy o just plain isn't as smart as the rage draftee, but these guys will ke good troops. All they need is nebody as good as they are to d them."

There was something indefinable out Captain Boswell that marked n as a leader of men and set him art from most other officers I had er met. He was thirty-one years l, short in stature, his face prema- ely lined. He had served seven ars as an enlisted man, gone ough Officer Candidate School, d served eight more as an officer. spent an afternoon with him while s company completed bayonet ining. As the captain wandered ound the training area, he smiled d talked about the company. The en were his for only two weeks, but knew all their names, and they re- onded to him, not warmly, not fectionately, but directly, like men no appreciated a good CO. He rec- nized one man, discussed an in- red hand; spoke with another about problem with his parents; urged yet nother to attack an obstacle in the yonet course with more enthusi-

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asm. "Like this," said Captain Boswell, and he showed how he wanted it done. The man gave out a savage yell and vaulted over a four-foot wall.

IN AN EARLIER TIME Captain Boswell would have been a professional fighting man—a Spartan, a crusader, a cossack. Not that he is some unthinking robot, barely able to control a violent urge to kill. Quite the contrary, Boswell possesses the very different qualities that a truly great warrior must have: the ability to give more of himself than he asks from his men; the peculiar attraction that makes men want to follow him; a precise feeling for their mood, their spirit, their limits, and just how far he can push them. Taken together, all these qualities enable a leader to transfer his power to his men, to give them strength they don't know they have.

Much of this may sound romantic and silly. But it is not. Those are simply the qualities Boswell has, and he displays them as naturally as he breathes. The Army used to have many men like Boswell. I remember my father and other officers, friends of his, when I was growing up in the Army. They were men you could look up to, men who made you want to be like them.

Fort Ord gave me hope that there was really something afoot in the new volunteer Army. The commanding General, Maj. Gen. Robert Gard, is a fine, hardworking man who appears to know and care for his men. Almost everywhere I went on the post, someone would say, "General Gard came through, and he wanted it done *this* way, and that's the way we do it." It's a great feeling knowing one has a commander like Gard —a man who knows what he wants done and how he wants it done. The men I spoke to had a real sense of security and togetherness, and they liked it.

So I had a hope that what I would next find at Fort Carson, in my old battalion, would confirm the progress and esprit I had seen at Fort Ord. My first day at Fort Carson was gray and cold. Outside the window of my old company mess hall, troops moved with shoulders hunched and heads bent against the wind, just as they had four years before. Across the table from me sat ten soldiers, most of them eighteen or nineteen, only one a twenty-two-year-old veteran Vietnam. All were volunteers; o the veteran had entered the Ar under the draft. The faces looked miliar: black, brown, chalk wh one face pockmarked by acne, dra and hard from the Kentucky hi On my left an American Indian, skin the color of fine mahoga smiled with pearly teeth.

I identified myself as a form lieutenant from the same battali but before I could tell the troops the mess hall exactly what I was lo ing for, a PFC spoke up. His fi words were shocking.

"The Army's changed a lot sir you been in, sir," he said, picking words slowly. The others nodded agreement. "There's no discipli anymore. This Army is shit. Th come out with this VOLAR [the ronym for the Army's "volunte Army" program of a few years back First they give you freedom, th they turn around and take it awa No explanations. No nothing.

"Privates like us are telling s geants and lieutenants where to g off. Nothing happens. They just ta it. Nobody does anything about Nobody cares.

"You were a platoon leader, si Well, there's no such thing as a pl toon leader anymore. It's just a gu who stands out in front of a form tion, then disappears. We never s them. They don't know who's he and who's not. Hell, on my flo alone we got four guys AWOL. Ha the time they're carried present f duty on the morning report so t unit can pass the strength report The officers don't go into the ba racks to check up on us anymor There's just no discipline. It's a falling apart."

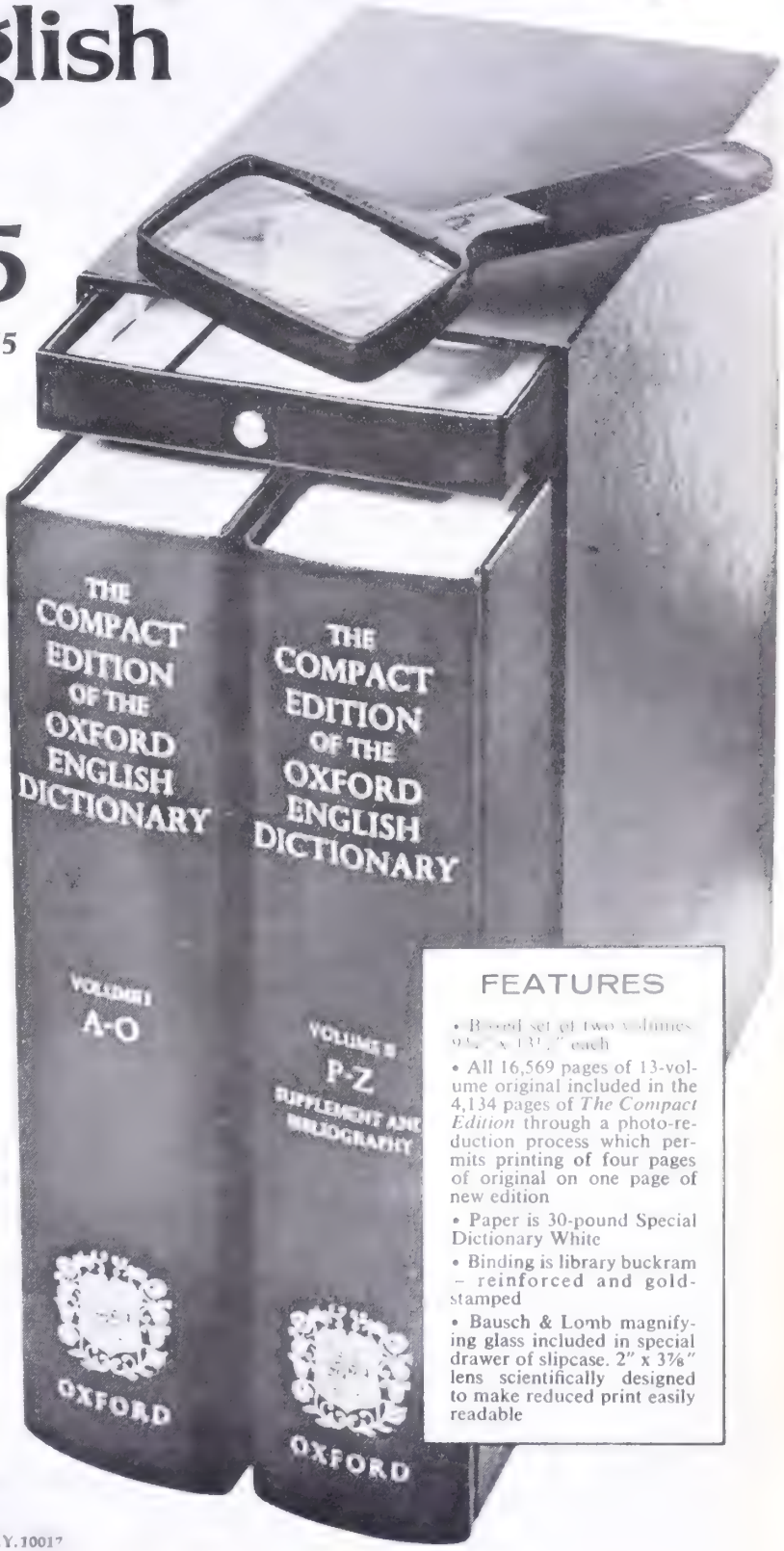
I WAS THUNDERSTRUCK at the idea c a nineteen-year-old private, just b ginning to sprout a fuzzy moustache telling me about the need for disci pline. I expected to hear that from a aging sergeant, longing for the day when an order was an order, no ques tions asked. But here was a group o young soldiers, all of them volun teers, only one old enough to hav been drafted, complaining that n one cared anymore about waxe floors and clean barracks and accu rate morning reports. What they were saying was that no one cared enough to lead them. "How would you ex

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plain this behavior?" I asked no one in particular. There was a silence; the men looked at one another, and then the same soldier spoke again.

"Most of your combat-experienced officers are the better ones, but even that doesn't always hold true. Some are assholes who still wander around talking about blowing away gooks. Crazies. Other guys, the new lieutenants, they come in and do things strictly by the book. But it just doesn't work that way. The book is fine. It's dandy. Like Communism looks good on paper, but it doesn't work in the real world."

How do you explain officers and noncoms who don't give a damn? The Vietnam vet, who had remained silent and expressionless, spoke.

"VOLAR did it. When they brought in that volunteer Army shit. They think they're gonna get an Army by paying more money. They tell a guy he's gonna get a $2,500 bonus for going combat arms, and he says, 'Where do I sign? Yeah, man.' But you've got to have guys who want to soldier for other reasons than money."

In my old platoon's barracks, I talked to a sergeant E-5 with five years in, and two tours of duty in Vietnam under his belt.

"We need a better goddamn Army, sir. Look at this place. There ain't nothing right here." Indeed, what was once a platoon bay with neat rows of bunk beds and stacked foot lockers had become a *Life* magazine vision of the new, volunteer Army. The bay had been divided into four-man rooms with a narrow aisle down the middle. The rooms were comfortable, hung with curtains and posters. Had it still been my platoon, I would have been proud of the layout, and glad for the new comforts that eased the enlisted man's hard life.

But the barracks stank. The latrine was slimy with a week's growth of old razor blades and toothpaste droppings. Several toilets didn't work. The hallway was muddy. The rooms were a mess. There was no pride in the barracks, something my platoon had had, even if only in small amounts. And the lack of pride, the filth, all of it hurt.

"See what I mean?" the sergeant asked. There was sadness in his eyes. "I'm going to join the Australian army when I get out. I already got my paperwork in. I seen them when I was over in the Nam. I'm getting out of this Army. There's nothing here for anybody who wants to be a soldier."

"Everybody's talking about professionalism now," said another man. "But that's all it is, talk. You check out C Company commander, and *then* tell me about professionalism."

"We had a dud CO in 1970," I said. "What's so special about this guy?"

"Downrange on a field exercise somebody tried to do him in. Picked up an entrenching tool, and a bunch of them chased him off in the boonies one night and hit him in the mouth. Beat the shit out of him. He's had to grow a moustache to hide the scar. You think anybody did anything? Hell, no. He's afraid of his own men. Afraid to court-martial the ones who beat him up. Afraid to even go in his own barracks. The whole company hates him."

"And he's still company commander, after all that?"

"He just slinks in and out of his office each day, signs his name a bunch of times. Some army, huh?"

WHEN I GOT MY introduction to the Army of the 1970s, I was living in a rented trailer off post in Columbus, Georgia, while I attended the Infantry Officer Basic Course. I made a phone call one night from a booth across the road from the trailer. A car carrying four men pulled up, blocking the door. I turned around. The door opened. A white T-shirt moved, a fist wearing a large gold ring crashed into my face. I was beaten down to the floor of the booth. I was pulled out by the legs. All four of them fell on me, kicking and pounding my face and chest. I curled up and tried to protect myself, screaming at them to stop. All I heard was, "You white motherfucker. You white motherfucker."

Suddenly, car headlights appeared down the road, and someone yelled. Three of the men ran back to the car, but the biggest one, the one with the ring, continued to beat me as I tried to get away. Finally he, too, ran for the car, and they were gone. Both my eyes were swollen shut, and I was bruised and bloody to the waist.

They were four GIs from an engineer battalion on the post. Later that night, they picked up a white hitchhiker, a fellow GI, pulled him into an empty parking lot and completely disfigured him, nearly killing him. They were caught by the local poli in the process of beating yet anoth victim late that night. The next mo ing, by prying one eye open with fingers, I was able to identify t guy with the ring, whom I had se up close. I made a statement. Th were charged with assault with tent to kill. Apparently, the poli had been trying to catch them several weeks.

No one at Fort Benning was pa ticularly surprised. My battalion co mander said it was too bad, but was just one of those things that ha pened these days. No one ever spo to me about the beating, except the abstract. It was blamed on t "race problem." And the "race pro lem" was dealt with in the abstra

In 1970, first at Fort Carson, th on an Armywide basis, the brass dered "racial seminars," "race cou cils," classes in "race relations Meanwhile, down in the units, t problem persisted. Blacks beat whites. Whites beat up blacks. The was racial separatism within uni There were arrests on both sides, post and off post. The lives of you men were scarred and ruined. A attitudes, which policy was suppos to change, continued to be set in t concrete of hatred and reveng There were, too, the makings of serious drug problem, which t Army refused to face until it becan a scandal, not just a problem. A entire galaxy of problems faced t returning Vietnam veteran, and Fort Carson in 1970 they had co bined to produce an atmosphere volatile as coal dust.

On my recent visits to Fort Carso and Fort Ord, I was glad to see th all these problems had been reduce One measure of the change is that green recruit in the volunteer Arm earns more than my base pay as second lieutenant in the draft Arm In my platoon in 1969, I had me with three years' service and thre rows of combat ribbons who coul not adequately support their familie They lived on food stamps (for whic 50 percent of the platoon was elig ble) or stole excess food from th mess hall. Sheer necessity forced m to supervise such theft—to ensur equal distribution of the excess foo —rather than prosecute it as a crime

How did a lieutenant tell a ma who could not afford to feed his fam ily that he had a duty to his coun try? How did a lieutenant tell th

e man that the "computer wed up" when he was incorrectly l for the third month in a row, arrangements could not be made orrect the error in time for his payment, which meant that his would be repossessed?

was no accident that good men ed to booze or drugs or both, or t AWOL, or waded into melees lowntown bars and ended up in or walked into the office of the pany commander in a blind rage told him to get fucked. But these yday problems were symptoms . deeper infection. In the faces of men I saw a more profound prob-, one that depressed all of us like less rain on a tin roof.

t was a problem I cannot remem- talking about with anyone but best friend. Even today I have iculty expressing myself, which is bably why I have shied away from ting about the Army. But I have ays known that I would have to front this formless feeling of loss l emptiness.

That feeling surely underlay the fusion of my battalion. Marijuana ge was conservatively put at great- than 80 percent by anyone who w what he was talking about. attalion, brigade, or division head- rters would have called it negligi- .) In fact, nearly everyone smoked ss, which made for an us/them ation that produced two distinct e effects.

The first was a feeling of esprit t previously had been lacking. ce the liaison of potheads was nly established, that feeling seeped ough the company like laughing s. We devised ways of working und the company commander ne of "them"). Fraternization ong officers, noncoms, and enlist- men became commonplace. One ttoon leader's apartment became a t of crash pad for men in the mpany who needed a place to stay weekends, or who might be hav- g problems with the old lady, or o just wanted to drink, hang out, d smoke some dope in what the n laughingly called "the new ac- n Army."

The other side effect was a yearn- g for the comforting predictability Army life; the regularity of receiv- g orders, carrying them out, and ing rewarded. We longed, secretly, r the "good old days" we had never perienced.



THE PROBLEMS not only persisted, they got worse. They had their roots, of course, in the society from which all of us entered the Army. That was a fine, easy excuse which neatly explained race problems, drugs, drinking, crime—the whole mess. It was often cited by commanders who were bewildered at the state of their units.

What was wrong with the Army, though, was precisely the confusion of those commanders. At West Point, we were drilled in the axiom, "As a leader, you are responsible for everything your unit does or fails to do." *Everything.* But in practice—in the real world, as the saying went—nobody ended up being directly responsible for anything.

All problems were sloughed off into the abstract area of problems with a capital *P*. There was official Concern, Analysis, and Study—all of which eventually resulted in Policy. Meanwhile, a platoon leader was not held responsible for racial tension among his men, for drug use within the platoon, or even for his AWOLs. And this failure to take responsibility was true on up the line, from platoon leaders to division commanders.

One morning at reveille, one of my sergeants asked me if I had seen the division commander on television the night before. I said no. "Well, they asked him what was the biggest problem he had at Fort Carson, and he thought for a minute and said, 'Haircuts.'"

"Haircuts? You're kidding me."

"No sir, I'm not. Haircuts. Guess that means we're in pretty good shape, huh?"

These were the facts: AWOL rates were juggled so they didn't look as bad as they really were. Strength and readiness reports (which established the unit's overall readiness category—a critical matter in a war emergency) were falsified, too. Drug usage was simply ignored.

The war in Vietnam produced a generation of commanders weaned on the infamous "body count," and by 1970 lying in the Army had become standard operating procedure. Covering up deficiencies, falsifying reports, falsely certifying inspections, stealing, cheating, and deceiving to pass command maintenance inspections—all of it went on as a matter of course. The West Point motto, "Duty, Honor, Country," had become a shell game at a two-bit carnival, and one never knew which shell the pea was under, or if it was there at all. Before we had been lieutenants a year, most of us had been forced to redefine honor as it was practiced in the Army. A major asked one of my classmates to take a college validation test for him so the major could be exempted from a Bachelor of Science requirement for four years of math. When my classmate declined, he was ordered. When he refused the order, the major said: "You can be sure this disloyalty will be reflected on your efficiency report."

The My Lai massacre and coverup were imprinted on the collective military psyche much more indelibly than was popularly supposed. Their resolution convinced many that anything was allowed, so long as you got away with it. Adding to the My Lai effect were the other scandals that embarrassed the military command: the case of Maj. Gen. Carl C. Turner, the Army's chief law-enforcement officer, who unlawfully obtained surplus weapons from the Chicago Police Department (the Army refused to try him, but he eventually pleaded guilty to a thirteen-count federal indictment); the case of Sgt. Maj. of the Army William O. Woodridge, who was involved in the service club scandal; and, more recently, the Lavelle secret bombing and the Pentagon spy ring in the National Security Council, involving Adm. Thomas H. Moorer, Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, the highest-ranking military man in America. Each of these scandals was a fist in the gut of the Army, and each developed the old idea that rank has its privileges into something far more ominous and dispiriting. *The brass is beyond the law.* The conclusion was inescapable, and it filtered down through the ranks like a thick fog.

I FELL VICTIM TO THAT FOG, and I looked for means to fight my way out of it, for things to rebel against: moral wrongs, superiors I didn't respect, the war in Vietnam—it really didn't matter. When I found them, my way of rebelling was to write articles in *The Village Voice*, mimeographed fliers and newsletters, anything that could be held in one's hands and read. All of it infuriated the brass. Here was this lieutenant, the scion of a great Army family running amok. They were enrag and I was delighted.

Over a short period of time, ho ever, I fell apart as a leader and as man. I began drinking heavily a eating huge quantities of mescali and methamphetamine. I guess I h problems with authority figures my life, and in the Army, the pro lems got worse, not better. At twent two, it was beyond my means to u derstand what was happening to m The examples of my father a grandfather hung over me like great cloud, a stifling weirdness could feel but not see.

I didn't make it. I just wasn't c out to be the leader Captain Boswe is, that my father and my grandf ther were. In April 1970, less than year after I had graduated from We Point, administrative discharge pr cedures were initiated against m and in July I was discharged. waived all my rights to hearings a appeals.

But many others I knew at We Point and elsewhere in the Arm were cut from the Boswell mold, an it is with these men my concern lie Let us accept, for the sake of arg ment, Boswell's idea that "a troop a troop," and, further, that "all the need is somebody as good as they a to lead them." If we accept thes premises, what becomes most impo tant about a volunteer Army is n the volunteer but his leaders.

My concern has this at its heart the best men I knew in the Arm have resigned, are in the process resigning, or will resign sometime i the near future. The despair that felt in 1969 and 1970, which onl served to add to my personal pro lems, apparently continues in mor subtle forms.

When I was at Fort Carson la fall, I spoke with two officers wh had been classmates at West Poin I had known one of them when w were kids. His father was an office too. The other man and I had bee in the same company at West Poin for two years. Both resigned in Jun

"The guys who are getting out," one of them explained, "are the me you would want to serve with if yo were going to stay in." Then he re cited a familiar litany. "Remembe Jones? He's getting out. Smith, too Everyone I can think of who's worth damn—they're all resigning in June If not this year, next year. And yo can just imagine who's staying in

emember Thomas?" he asked. names are changed here on his st.) "He was in an air-defense in Germany. Remember how ho he was? Well, that's changed. rted out slow with him. Falsify ittle arms-room check sheet, that report. Then they were telling o take the total amount of mon- nated to the United Fund and e it by the number of guys in attery, so it would come to 100 nt participation. Then it was keying with strength and readi- reports. Finally Thomas said he 't going to have any more of it, refused to falsify any more doc- nts. He found himself in one big of trouble—got moved around job to job. He isn't gung ho nore. He'll be getting out this , too."

ne man he described was one of four regimental commanders in class at West Point and was ex- ed to make General one day. I think of a list of men as long as rest of this page who were top- h military men, each in his own , but who have resigned from the y: Josiah Bunting III, major, des scholar, author, former first ain at Virginia Military Institute; Gardner, first lieutenant, pla- leader, one of the finest Army ers I ever knew; Gary Israelson, tain, West Point 1966; Martin sidy, captain, number two in st Point 1967; Gary Moyer and h Hubshman, captains, also West nt 1967; Jim Hedrick, captain, een years in the Army, ten of n enlisted, a grass-roots, from- gut soldier like Boswell, and one a dying breed.

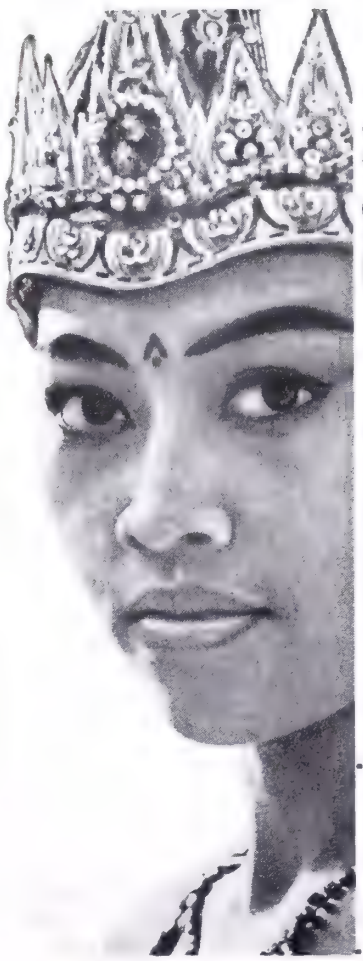
WE HAVE BROKEN a promise, those of us who have left an ny in disrepair. I have broken it haps most profoundly, but the mise was the same. Ours was the mise of leadership. Ours was the mise of command with under- nding and a sense of responsibil- and purpose. Ours was the prom- of discipline tempered with jus- e, a sense of evenness and fairness. rs was the promise of patriotism asured with care.

It turns out that ours was an im- rfect promise, and nothing shows t more clearly than our desertion the Army. We broke a promise to country, but more than this, we broke our promise to the men who served with us, and to the men who would serve in the future. To match their obligation with our obligation, their dedication with our dedication, their loyalty with our loyalty, their honor with our honor. We let them down, and, worse, none of all this seems possible anymore. Why?

Despite my rebellion against authority, despite the sense of doom I felt following in the footsteps of my father and my grandfather, despite the terrible feeling of loving and respecting them yet all the time living in their shadow and hating them for it—despite all of this, I could have served out my time. If I did not exactly serve with distinction, at least I would not have let my men down. I could have done it somehow. It would have meant pulling punches, compromising a little too close for comfort, fighting in a war that turned my stomach politically and morally. Yet inexorably 1974 would have come along, and I, too, would now be a civilian.

Consider these statistics: 36 percent of the West Point class of 1965 are now in civilian life; so are 31 percent of the class of 1966 and 33 percent of the class of 1967. (Figures on the class of 1968 are not yet complete.) I suspect that over a third of my classmates will have resigned by a year from now. Among them will be four conscientious objectors and several who were discharged for political reasons, but the great majority will be men who couldn't take it any longer. They will be men who have a bad taste in their mouths after having served their country as officers in the United States Army.

Why? Why must we go on breaking the promise of leadership that West Point has traditionally held out to the rest of the Army? Why must this promise be broken by other young leaders, just as able, just as dedicated, and just as disgusted as the West Pointers? I've asked myself this question for years, and I'm damned if I have an answer. I've spoken to many of those who have resigned, including my father and others of his generation who have left the Army in disgust. And they don't have any answer. There is a sickness somewhere, a corruption eating away at the guts of the Army, as my father once put it. For this, no one yet has a cure. □



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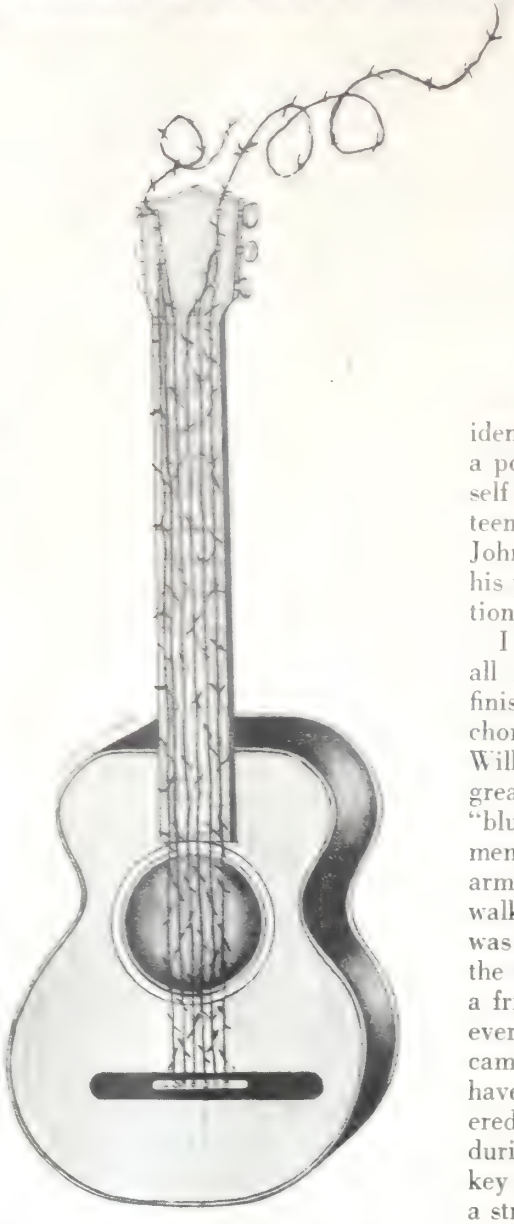
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RED NECKS, WHITE SOCKS, AND BLUE RIBBON FEAR

The Nashville sound of discontent

by Florence King



NASHVILLE HAS NOT YET written "The Ballad of Richard Nixon," but chances are that it will, and the song will go something like this:

From out of California
This grocer's son did come
To rise up by his bootstraps
In the light of freedom's sun.
He married him a red-haired gal
From out Nevada way.
She stuck with him through thick and thin
Through the godless enemy's fray.

(Chorus)
Here's the church and here's the steeple!
The son and daughter of the people!

Now that Richard Nixon has spun a Yo-Yo on the stage of the Grand Ole Opry, we can stop laughing at the picture of Calvin Coolidge in an Indian war bonnet. There is a difference between these two examples of Presidential whimsy, however: Coolidge had a sense of humor, but Nixon's appearance in Nashville was as deadly serious as he himself is. In his speech, he waggled his lapel and said, "The peace of the world . . . is going to depend on our character, our belief in ourselves, our love of our country, our willingness to not only wear the flag but to stand up for the flag, and country music does that!" Another Nixonian either-or was forged, and the audience cheered wildly, as the White House strategists who cooked up the trip knew it would.

The mind of the country music fan tends to pounce on anything that resembles a good old-fashioned reductio ad absurdum. The Nashville audience translated the President's words thus: he who does not like country music does not stand up for the flag and, therefore, is not a good American.

POLARIZATION is as American as apple pie; it does not need to be encouraged because it flourishes like the green bay tree anyway, particularly among the rural Southerners and urban working people who make up country music audiences. In his visit to the Grand Ole Opry, President Nixon laid his imprimatur on a polarization that country music itself instigated and encouraged fifteen years ago, when the policies of John F. Kennedy—combined with his polished urbanity and sophistication—drove the South up the wall.

I have listened to country music all my life. My grandmother, who finished the fifth grade between chores on a tobacco farm in Prince William County, Virginia, was a great fan of what is correctly called "bluegrass" music. One of my earliest memories is of being held in her arms while she danced the cakewalk to "Down Yonder." My father was a professional banjo player in the dance bands of the Twenties and a friend of Eddie Peabody's. Whenever Peabody was in Washington, he came by, and he and my father would have a session of "picking." I hovered near them in awe, and one night during a rousing rendition of "Turkey in the Straw," my father broke a string. It flew back and came within a hair of hitting me in the eye.

I also remember the World War II radio broadcasts of the Grand Ole Opry. My family would not dream of missing them, and we particularly loved Cousin Minnie Pearl because she reminded us of several cousins of our own. At this time, the music was good-naturedly called "hillbilly," a term that now rouses aficionados to defensive rage.

Even during the war years, I hear only one patriotic song in the country repertoire—"There's a Star Spangled Banner Waving Somewhere"—but it was a very mild-mannered lyric with nothing of the love-it-or-leave paranoia exemplified in the tune

Florence King, author of thirty-seven erotic novels, writes the column "Advice to the Lovelorn" for Viva *magazine.*

reats issued by Merle Haggard to-
y. The Grand Ole Opry usually
ayed well within the goodbye-l'il-
rlin' range popularized by Gene
utry. The songs were more West-
n than Southern; the latter were
ken care of by the bluegrass rep-
toire. In either case, the trademark
as geniality and tolerance; the most
olent song around was "The Wreck
the Old '97."

After the war and during the Fif-
es, the genre was taken over by
ank Williams and Eddy Arnold.
Villiams infused some wry humor
to his songs, and gave an authentic
ajun touch to "Jambalaya." Arnold
ontributed some interesting things
musical history by reviving an
373 song called "Molly Darling,"
y all-time favorite, and a nineteenth-
entury ballad, "The Letter Edged
i Black." During this period, many
ountry music hits such as "I Love
ou Because" proved good enough
enter the popular music field.

THE TURNING POINT in country music came around 1960. A truculent true-blue note crept into it in reaction to the hippie/civil-rights movements, and we began to hear the first of those now-famous talking records of the whatever-happened-to-Nathan-Hale school, in which the recitation is backed by patriotic music, usually "America, the Beautiful," played in last-post time.

Because the Kennedys personified grace, glamour, elegance, and Harvard intellect, and because Mrs. Jacqueline Kennedy especially fell somewhat short of being just plain home folks, country music struck back with a feisty pride in commonness that was quite different in tone and intent from the lighthearted hayseed humor of Cousin Minnie Pearl, whose routine was merely the reverse side of George M. Cohan's teasing jabs at the Reubens of New Rochelle. One suspects that Cousin Minnie and Cohan would have liked each other, but the rural-conservative country music fan hated Kennedys and Kennedy urbanity with a visceral passion. Country music fans started picking up on the idea that sophistication was the mark of *all* "nigger-lovin' Communists," and we began to hear songs attacking city-dwellers. This theme has always been present in country music, but in the Sixties it became more prevalent and more acrimonious. A favorite target was New York, home of freedom riders and worse. The first anti-city song I remember, from about 1962, was harmless and hilarious, but the seeds of polarization were there. It was a ballad about Lizzie Borden called "You Can't Chop Your Papa Up in Massachusetts 'Cause Massachusetts Isn't Little Old New York." A few years later came "I Wouldn't Live in New York City (If They Gave Me the Whole Dang Town)," which had a background of hectoring street noises, sirens, and explosions.

I continued to enjoy country music until around 1968, when the Chicago imbroglio, the election of Nixon, and the advent of the women's liberation movement seemed to make even greater changes in the genre and I began to be repelled, offended, and occasionally frightened by the music I had loved all my life.

I now listen to my local country music station in a spirit of compulsive masochistic curiosity, wondering for whom the bell would toll if the spirit of some of these songs should someday become flesh.

The typical radio station now sounds like an armed camp. In addition to the songs themselves, there are regular features such as Arthur Kennedy's *Profile of a Patriot* series, and a Georgetown University legal advice series called *Law for Laymen*, which defines things like the search-and-seizure rule, and which occasionally achieves a tone of "It's us against the world." These productions are educational, but the undercurrent that flows through them bears a striking similarity to the famous fighting side of Merle Haggard. As Clifton Webb, playing Mr. Belvedere, asked a child in a toy store, "Little boy, do you expect to be attacked?"

MANY OF TODAY'S country music songs are hymns to the fear of change that is dividing America along strict political, social, and sexual lines, and encouraging all working people to emulate and identify with the very worst sort of Southern reactionaries. There is now a calculated psychology to country music, a "message" that promotes alienation and a spirit of testy readiness that is disturbing to hear.

A recent song that particularly sticks in my mind goes: "So when you pass me by with your head up high/ You ain't no better than me./ When the facts are known you're just flesh and bone./ You ain't no better than me." This is one of the now-vast category of Inferiority songs. More famous is "Born to Lose," written in 1944 but revived in the Sixties. Its renaissance was disturbing because I noticed that a number of the rougher sort of Southern men had affixed the title to their arms in homemade tattoos. When Richard Speck was arrested, he was found to be similarly decorated.

There is a grim pride in these loser songs, and a note of fond self-pity illustrated by the prevalence of the "Poor Lonesome" theme. We have had "Poor Lonesome Me," "The Last Word in Lonesome is *Me*," and "Little Ole Wine-Drinker, Me." The most recent contribution to the category is "What Made Milwaukee Famous Made a Loser Out of Me."

The sullen defensiveness aroused in listeners by Inferiority songs becomes social dynamite when combined with the aggression inherent in songs of the Down-Home Patriotism category. The newest of these is "Red Necks, White Socks, and Blue Ribbon Beer," a truculent hymn to the twice-turned jockstrap that could someday become America's "Horst Wessel." This song goes far beyond the 1960 elevation of mere commonness in exalting roughnecks.

The two most famous patriotic songs are both by Merle Haggard: "The Fightin' Side of Me," which speaks of squirrely draft-dodgers who don't believe in fighting, and "Okie from Muskogee," which recommends leather boots instead of Roman sandals for manly footwear.

Racist Southerners objected to protest folk songs of the Sixties because they felt such songs contained implicit threats. "If I Had a Hammer" was made up of nothing but conditional verbs, and "Blowin' in the Wind" was a collection of rhetorical questions. Understandably, this provoked rage and fear in certain Southern circles. These same circles are now relishing the fiats of patriotism, Nashville style.

There are also talking records, which have come a long way from the Green Beret sentimentality of the Sixties. The latest hit of this type is "Americans," by Byron MacGregor, a Canadian who declaims that he is sick of hearing America criticized. In boosterish

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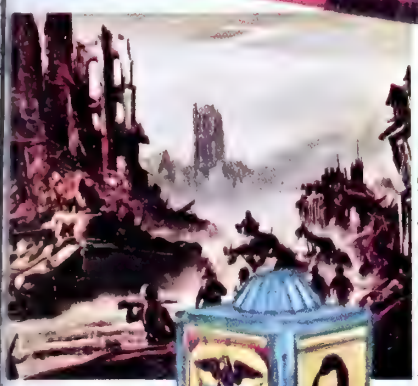
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rhetoric he says that we are still the biggest, the kindest, and the best country in the world, the one that rushes to the aid of others in need. During the San Francisco earthquake, he says, not one foreign nation offered to help us. This is all very stirring to someone saturated in Milwaukee's finest, but the only trouble is, it's not true. All the major foreign governments offered help to San Francisco, but Theodore Roosevelt, obsessed, as usual, with *machismo*, declined their aid, saying that America was strong enough to take care of her own house.

Loudly trumpeted supermasculinity is now a trademark of many country songs. It was not always so; Gene Autry made a very mild-mannered Marlboro man when he sang "Back in the Saddle Again," and Roy Rogers refused to shoot anyone on screen. In World War II, "Praise the Lord and Pass the Ammunition" told the story of a man who tried his best *not* to resort to "manly" solutions. He was a chaplain who was prohibited from picking up a gun, and only under extreme duress did he finally consent to do so.

Supermasculinity has currently been combined with those old chestnuts, mother songs, to encourage a myth dear to the heart of the average country music fan: men are fighting stags, and women submissive does. In "Mama Tried," a man brags he "turned twenty-one in prison doin' life without parole." "No one could steer me right but Mama tried," i.e., no female can tame a real man.

The mother figure in recent country music is very much like the long-suffering Irish mother. Each matriarch is honored but ignored, and it is always implied that although she is the salt of the earth and the rock upon which the family is built, she can do nothing to stop male violence except huddle in her shawl and pray. The mother in "Don't Take Your Guns to Town" pleads with her fine and uncontrollable sons, but the dominant male refuses to listen and returns home on a slab, his pride intact. How different these mother songs are from that Grand Ole Opry radio hit of thirty years ago, "Mama Don't Allow." That mother was ignored, too, but her sons were merely mischievous when they broke her rules about smoking and dancing. Even so, she was a strong-minded, warpath type who called to mind nothing less than Marjorie Main playing Queen Boadicea, not a helpless biddy terrified of maleness.

It was inevitable that the women's liberation movement would threaten male country music fans, so it is not surprising that Tammy Wynette's "Don't Liberate Me (Love Me)" became a big hit. Country music believes that men are men and women are women, and God help anybody who suggests that this twain should meet. At this writing, the number-one hit on the country music circuit is "Country Bumpkin." It tells of a lanky hayseed who goes into a bar and meets a barmaid with "hard and knowing eyes" who makes fun of his countrified manner. In the second verse, the with-it heroine is found "in a bed of joyful tears and death-like pain," giving birth to another country bumpkin who is proudly described as a "boy-child." In the third verse, "forty years of hard work later," the former barmaid is dying in the same bed, with her husband and grown son, both apparently healthy, in worshipful attendance. Innate male purity and righteousness have triumphed over innate female wickedness; she was saved by the love of a good man who married her, soiled dove though she was, and made an honest woman of her.

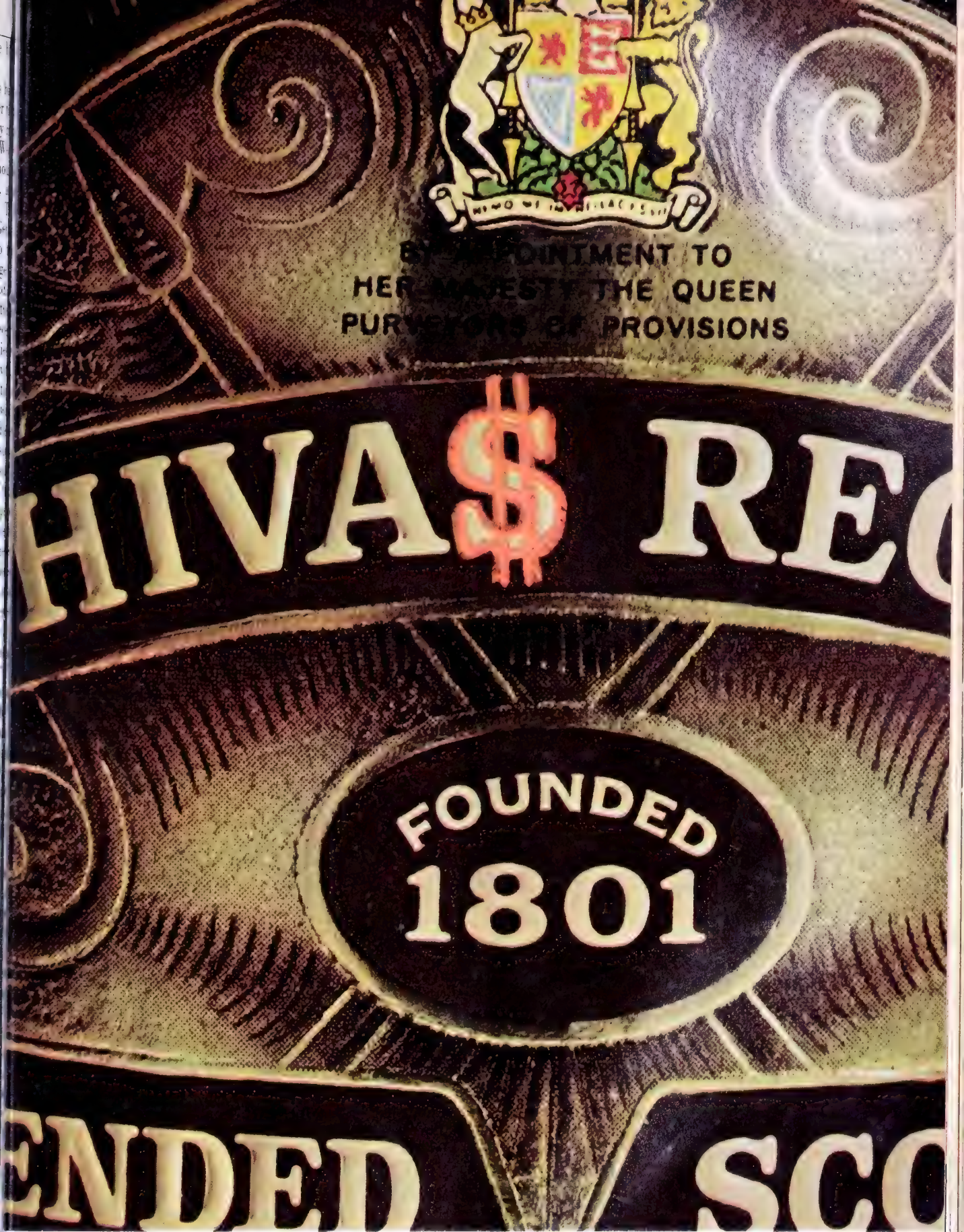
As Betty MacDonald said in *The Egg and I:* "The more I was shown of that side of the life of a farmer's good wife, the more I saw in the life of an old-fashioned mistress. . . . I luxuriated in breaking the old mountain tradition that a decent woman is in bed only between the hours of 7:00 P.M. and 4:00 A.M. unless she is in labor or dead."

MEN AND WOMEN don't get along very well in country music. For every song like "The Happiest Girl in the Whole U.S.A." there are hundreds that describe doomed, guilt-ridden relationships that barrel on in a rondo of attempted serial monogamy like a sexual house that Jack built. She's nobody's darlin' but mine, yet she's down at the honky-tonk tavern with Big Bad John, who brought along his guns, who robs other men's castles, who's sorry he made her cry, because she walked the floor and left tears on her pillow after somebody stole her darlin' when they played "The Tennessee Waltz," while she was slippin' around with me down at the honky-tonk tavern on the [illegible] side of town.

Such a disruptive sex life is h[illegible] on the nerves, so it is no wonder t[illegible] one of the most popular country [illegible] sic categories is Escape From W[illegible] en. In these songs, the Greyho[illegible] bus stars as deus ex machina, [illegible] the lyrics read like timetables. [illegible] popularity of "By the Time I Ge[illegible] Phoenix" is directly related to [illegible] average country music fan's urg[illegible] flee and become king of the road[illegible]

Many of them tried to prove th[illegible] kingship of the road in the rec[illegible] truck drivers' strike. Next to die[illegible] fuel, the truck driver's most v[illegible] requirement is his country music t[illegible] deck. These men are saturated w[illegible] country music for mile after endl[illegible] mile. The inevitable tedium of su[illegible] work increases the feelings of isc[illegible] tion and alienation prompted by [illegible] Poor-Lonesome-Me songs; the Sup[illegible] stud and Patriotic songs keep th[illegible] by turns stirred up, challeng[illegible] threatened, angry, and over-confid[illegible] in a cocky, defensive way. The H[illegible] ky-Tonk Angel songs make th[illegible] wonder about the wives they leave[illegible] home for such long periods of tim[illegible] and the Inferiority songs such as [illegible] I Had Johnny's Cash, Charley's Pr[illegible] and You" provide them with pain[illegible] reminders that the American Drea[illegible] which they have long cherished h[illegible] ceased to exist—except, ironical[illegible] for a country music star like Lore[illegible] Lynn, who has made an enormo[illegible] fortune even though she can bare[illegible] read and write.

Hard as it may be to believe, I a[illegible] not an intellectual snob, nor even [illegible] intellectual. Except for literature, m[illegible] tastes are thoroughly music-hall an[illegible] unfortunately, I love beer. Now th[illegible] I can no longer enjoy country mus[illegible] I tend toward *larme dans la voix* Iri[illegible] tenors at their most mawkish—Joh[illegible] McCormack's rendition of "Swe[illegible] Jessie, the Flower o' Dunblane," f[illegible] instance. I am concerned with th[illegible] subject of country music not out [illegible] a quest for some arbitrary standar[illegible] of loftiness but out of concern fo[illegible] domestic tranquillity. It is not too fa[illegible] fetched to say that the violence of th[illegible] truckers' strike was fired in part b[illegible] the provocations of the Nashvil[illegible] sound. If this music is creating, en[illegible] couraging, and isolating a rootless proletariat, that ought to give paus[illegible] to the composers and artists in th[illegible] field who claim to love America s[illegible] much more than the rest of us.



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SOLZHENITSYN'S EXCRUCIATING EXPOSÉ

A white paper on a black history
by Strobe Talbott

ALEXANDER SOLZHENITSYN started writing about e Soviet penal system more than two decades ago. He s then a recent ex-convict living in Central Asian exile, obscure schoolteacher and an unpublished author. His st probes into the institutionalized terror of the Sta- ist period were fictional: novels, short stories, and ays. In 1958, still an unknown writer, he began a multi- lume documentary history of the jails and camps. Its le, *The GULag Archipelago*, refers to the domain of e Chief Administration of Corrective Labor Camps— own in bureaucratic jargon by the acronym GULag* which Solzhenitsyn saw as a vast archipelago of island ison colonies superimposed upon Soviet Eurasia.

When the first volume of *GULag* was finally printed t months ago in Paris, Solzhenitsyn was a Nobel laure- e largely on the strength of three novels. *GULag* is his st major work of nonfiction. It is also his most ambi- ous book—and the most galling to the Soviet regime.

February, shortly after the Russian-language edition peared in émigré bookstores in the West, the Kremlin dered the KGB to arrest Solzhenitsyn and hustle him oard an Aeroflot flight out of the country. He now lives Switzerland. The international cause célèbre touched by Solzhenitsyn's deportation has made him, for a hile at least, the best-known (though surely not the most idely read) novelist in the world.

Whether Solzhenitsyn ultimately occupies a place in literary history comparable to his current prominence in the headlines may depend on how future critics judge *The GULag Archipelago*. In scope and density it is worthy of its subject, which is nothing less than the most massive and systematic repression of a people by its leaders that the world has ever known. The Bolsheviks inherited prison camps from the Romanov monarchy they overthrew, but what had been a purely punitive institution under the tsars became an economic one as well under the commissars. Slave labor attained its apotheosis under Joseph Stalin and his last police chief, Lavrenti Beria. The GULag was largely, but by no means completely, dismantled during the de-Stalinization campaign that Nikita Khrushchev launched in the 1950s. Solzhenitsyn dates his history of the camps from 1918, the year after the revolution (and also the year of his birth), to 1956, the year of his—and many others'—full rehabilitation. For those thirty-eight years, the GULag archipelago was a country within a country, with a cumulative population running into the scores of millions. Many convicts lived out their lives in the camps. Thousands were condemned to incarceration for no reason except that their parents were "enemies of the people." Virtually entire professions, economic classes, and nationality groups were swept up by the purges and by dragnets conducted to meet arrest quotas.

For "disrespectful remarks" about Stalin in 1945, Solzhenitsyn inhabited the GULag for eight years. He

*The acronym is formed from the Russian for "Chief Administration of Camps"—*G*lavnoye *U*pravleniye *Lag*erei.

Illustrations by Burt Silverman

learned what is usually called "camp slang"—actually a language within a language, by which his fellow prisoners communicated with each other. Out of a feeling of obligation, he decided to chronicle the oral tradition by which the inhabitants of the GULag tried to keep their story alive for history. After Stalin's death and Beria's execution in 1953, Solzhenitsyn and ten million others were released from the camps. He began to set down his own experiences, collect the tales of other former inmates, interview the relatives and acquaintances of those who did not survive; later he pored over official publications and underground literature, as well as the foreign press and émigré accounts. He assembled and synthesized material on many aspects of the purges, the police, and the camps. He reviewed the obscurantist legalisms of the criminal code and the endless catalogue of offenses against the state, which ranged from an interest in Esperanto to "contacts leading to suspicion of espionage." He conducted his own inquiry into individual cases, such as that of a plumber who had a habit of switching off the radio speaker in his room every time a paean to Stalin was broadcast (a neighbor informed on him, and the plumber served eight years as a "Socially Dangerous Element"), or that of a woman who drew a ten-year sentence for writing two lines of poetry:

You can pray freely
But just so God alone can hear.

Solzhenitsyn scrutinized the fate of the victims and the role of the authorities, from the anonymous to the notorious. He concluded that both Stalin's predecessor, Lenin, and his successors (including some still in power) must share the blame for the crimes of the Stalin era, and that the enormity of the Stalinist evil mitigated the actions of Soviet soldiers and civilians who collaborated with the Germans during World War II. These verdicts infuriated the present Russian rulers more than anything else Solzhenitsyn has written.

GULag is subtitled "An Experiment in Literary Investigation." The phrase suggests that the author's methodology was scholarly and the contents of the book are factual but that the form is novelistic; the style is—in Solzhenitsyn's highly idiosyncratic way—literary, and the judgments are as bold and absolute as those of an Old Testament prophet.

Readers of Solzhenitsyn in English should know that he is an extraordinarily difficult writer to translate and that *GULag* is the most problematic work he has yet produced. Rendering *GULag* into English must have been an unusually agonizing job for Thomas P. Whitney, the translator of the Harper & Row edition. As in his 1962 short novel, *One Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovich*, Solzhenitsyn makes extensive use of camp argot. Since language depends upon shared experience for meaning and since there is no counterpart in America to the political prisons of Russia, there is often no English equivalent, nor even an adequate approximation, of Solzhenitsyn's idiom. In fact, the vocabulary of *GULag* sometimes perplexes Russians. One European translator of the b was stumped by a word he had never seen before had to ask half a dozen Russians before he found who had been in the camps and who knew what the w meant. Another difficulty in translating Solzhenitsyn his linguistic chauvinism: he seeks in his writing to co teract the "contamination" of Russian by foreign in ences; he goes out of his way to find words which Slavic in etymology. He often resorts to archaisms a sometimes even to neologisms. A well-known scholar commented that *GULag* is the only contemporary w that needs to be read with a four-volume nineteen century Russian dictionary close at hand. Solzhenitsy penchant for esoteric and antiquated—but very Russi —words gives his style a philological distinctiveness the original that is nearly impossible to reproduce in o own much more hybrid language.

There are other problems, too: Solzhenitsyn's use Soviet bureaucratese, especially the tongue-twisting a ronyms and alien-sounding portmanteau words of t state security apparatus, and his reliance on prolific it ics, capitalization, exclamation marks, and other typ graphical devices for emphasis give *GULag* a superficial pamphletlike quality.

But despite these difficulties, the information whi Solzhenitsyn imparts is conveyed across the language ba rier. So are the conviction, the authority, and the a with which he reconstructs events and passes judgmen

GULag is appearing at a controversial time in th career of its author. On one hand, his prestige has nev been higher. On the other, since he began his life in exil some of his staunchest admirers have felt compelled t criticize him privately and even in public. No longe persecuted daily by the KGB and therefore no longe automatically the darling of liberals everywhere, Solzh nitsyn has flaunted his romantic Great Russian nationa ism, his disapproval of "democracy run riot" in the Unite States, his contempt for Daniel Ellsberg, and his visio of benevolent, theocratic (presumably neotsarist) au thoritarianism as what's best for the Russians. These an other views have elicited sharp rebuttals from admirer like the physicist Andrei Sakharov. Solzhenitsyn was dissenter in the U.S.S.R. Ever since this passionate, some times extravagant, patriot was evicted from his homeland he has been a dissenter in the West as well, probably t the satisfaction of his enemies in the Kremlin and cer tainly to the chagrin of some friends in the Soviet human rights movement. A typical comment comes from another Russian living in exile, a fellow dissident intellectual an former convict who prefers to remain anonymous whe criticizing someone he still calls "the great man":

"Solzhenitsyn has recently talked some nonsense, but he has written magnificent books. At the very worst, perhaps his works will be judged even greater than the man who wrote them."

The GULag Archipelago is Solzhenitsyn's greatest work to date. The excerpt which follows is the most compelling and excruciating chapter.

Strobe Talbott, a correspondent for Time *magazine, is the translator and editor of two volumes of memoirs by Nikita Khrushchev.*

Alexander Solzhenitsyn
THE GULAG ARCHIPELAGO

Translated by Thomas P. Whitney

INTERROGATION

F THE INTELLECTUALS in the plays of Chekhov who nt all their time guessing what would happen in enty, thirty, or forty years had been told that in forty rs interrogation by torture would be practiced in ssia; that prisoners would have their skulls squeezed hin iron rings; that a human being would be lowered o an acid bath; that they would be trussed up naked to bitten by ants and bedbugs; that a ramrod heated over primus stove would be thrust up their anal canal (the ecret brand"); that a man's genitals would be slowly ished beneath the toe a jackboot; and that, the luckiest possible cumstances, prisoners uld be tortured by ing kept from sleeping a week, by thirst, d by being beaten to a ody pulp, not one of ekhov's plays would ve gotten to its end cause all the heroes uld have gone off to sane asylums.



Yes, not only Chehov's heroes, but what rmal Russian at the ginning of the century, cluding any member of e Russian Social Demratic Workers' Party, uld have believed, ould have tolerated, ich a slander against ie bright future? What ad been acceptable under Tsar Aleksei Mikailovich in the seventeenth century, what had lready been regarded as arbarism under Peter ne Great, what might ave been used against en or twenty people in ll during the time of Biron in the mid-eighteenth century, what had already become totally impossible under Catherine the Great, was all being practiced during the flowering of the glorious twentieth century—in a society based on socialist principles, and at a time when airplanes were flying and the radio and talking films had already appeared—not by one scoundrel alone in one secret place only, but by tens of thousands of specially trained human beasts standing over millions of defenseless victims.

Was it only that explosion of atavism which is now evasively called "the cult of personality" that was so horrible? Or was it even more horrible that during those same years, in 1937 itself, we celebrated Pushkin's centennial? And that we shamelessly continued to stage those self-same Chekhov plays, even though the answers to them had already come in? Is it not still more dreadful that we are now being told, thirty years later, "Don't talk about it!"? If we start to recall the sufferings of millions, we are told it will distort the historical perspective! If we doggedly seek out the essence of our morality, we are told it will darken our material progress! Let's think rather about the blast furnaces, the rolling mills that were built, the canals that were dug . . . no, better not talk about the canals. . . . Then maybe about the gold of the Kolyma? No, maybe we ought not to talk about that either.

he GULag Archipelago 1918-1956: An Experiment in Literary Investigation. Copyright © 1973 by Alexander Solzhenitsyn. English-language ranslation copyright © 1973, 1974 by Harper & Row, Publishers, Inc. This excerpt is adapted from chapter three, "The Interrogation."

. . . Well, we can talk about anything, so long as we do it adroitly, so long as we glorify it. . . .

It is really hard to see why we condemn the Inquisition. Wasn't it true that beside the autos-da-fé, magnificent services were offered the Almighty? It is hard to see why we are so down on serfdom. After all, no one forbade the peasants to work every day. And they could sing carols at Christmas too. And for Trinity Day the girls wove wreaths. . . .

IF BEFORE 1938 SOME KIND OF formal documentation was required as a preliminary to torture, as well as specific permission for each case under investigation (even though such permission was easy to obtain), then in the years 1937-1938, in view of the extraordinary situation prevailing (the specified millions of admissions to the Archipelago had to be ground through the apparatus of individual interrogation in specified, limited periods, something which had simply not happened in the mass waves of kulaks and nationalities), interrogators were allowed to use violence and torture on an unlimited basis, at their own discretion, and in accordance with the demands of their work quotas and the amount of time they were given. The types of torture used were not regulated, and every kind of ingenuity was permitted, no matter what.

In 1939 such indiscriminate authorization was withdrawn, and once again written permission was required for torture, and perhaps it may not have been so easily granted. (Of course, simple threats, blackmail, deception, exhaustion through enforced sleeplessness, and punishment cells were never prohibited.) Then, from the end of the war and throughout the postwar years, certain *categories* of prisoners were established by decree for whom a broad range of torture was automatically permitted. Among these were nationalists, particularly the Ukrainians and the Lithuanians, especially in those cases where an underground organization existed (or was suspected) that had to be completely uncovered, which meant obtaining the names of everyone involved from those already arrested. For example, there were about fifty Lithuanians in the group of Romualdas Skyrius, the son of Pranus. In 1945 they were charged with posting anti-Soviet leaflets. Because there weren't enough prisons in Lithuania at the time, they sent them to a camp near Velsk in Archangel Province. There some were tortured and others simply couldn't endure the double regime of work plus interrogation, with the result that all fifty, to the very last one, *confessed*. After a short time news came from Lithuania that the real culprits responsible for the leaflets had been discovered, *and none of the first group had been involved at all!* In 1950, at the Kuibyshev Transit Prison, I encountered a Ukrainian from Dnepropetrovsk who had been tortured many different ways in an effort to squeeze "contacts" and names out of him. Among the tortures to which he had been subjected was a punishment cell in which there was room only to stand. They shoved a pole inside for him to hold on to so that he could sleep—for fo hours a day. After the war, they tortured Correspondi Member of the Academy of Sciences Levina because s and the Alliluyevs had acquaintances in common.

It would also be incorrect to ascribe to 1937 the "d covery" that the personal confession of an accused pers was more important than any other kind of proof or fac This concept had already been formulated in the Twentie And 1937 was just the year when the brilliant teaching [Andrei] Vyshinsky [chief prosecutor in the show tria of the late 1930s] came into its own. Incidentally, even that time, his teaching was transmitted only to interrog tors and prosecutors—for the sake of their morale a steadfastness. The rest of us only learned about it twen years later—when it had already come into disfavor through subordinate clauses and minor paragraphs newspaper articles, which treated the subject as if it ha long been widely known to all.

It turns out that in that terrible year Andrei Yanuary vich (one longs to blurt out, "Jaguaryevich") Vyshinsk availing himself of the most flexible dialectics (of a so nowadays not permitted either Soviet citizens or electro ic calculators, since to them *yes* is *yes* and *no* is *no* pointed out in a report which became famous in certai circles that it is never possible for mortal men to establis absolute truth, but relative truth only. He then proceede to a further step, which jurists of the last two thousan years had not been willing to take: that the truth estab lished by interrogation and trial could not be absolut but only, so to speak, relative. Therefore, when we sign sentence ordering someone to be shot we can never b *absolutely* certain, but only approximately, in view c certain hypotheses, and in a certain sense, that we ar punishing a *guilty person*. Thence arose the most practica conclusion: that it was useless to seek absolute evidenc —for evidence is always relative—or unchallengeabl witnesses—for they can say different things at differen times. The proofs of guilt were *relative*, approximate, an the interrogator could find them, even when there was n evidence and no witness, without leaving his office, "bas ing his conclusions not only on his own intellect but als on his Party sensitivity, his *moral forces*" (in other words the superiority of someone who has slept well, has bee well fed, and has not been beaten up) "and on his *charac ter*" (in other words, his willingness to apply cruelty!).

In only one respect did Vyshinsky fail to be consisten and retreat from dialectical logic: for some reason, th executioner's *bullet* which he allowed was not relative bu *absolute*. . . .

THUS IT WAS that the conclusions of advanced Soviet jurisprudence, proceeding in a spiral, returned to bar baric or medieval standards. Like medieval torturers, our interrogators, prosecutors, and judges agreed to accept the confession of the accused as the chief proof of guilt.

However, the simple-minded Middle Ages used dramat ic and picturesque methods to squeeze out the desired

fessions: the rack, the wheel, the bed of nails, impale-
t, hot coals, etc. In the twentieth century, taking ad-
tage of our more highly developed medical knowledge
extensive prison experience (and someone seriously
nded a doctoral dissertation on this theme), people
ie to realize that the accumulation of such impressive
aratus was superfluous and that, on a mass scale, it
also cumbersome. And in addition. . .

n addition, there was evidently one other circumstance.
always, Stalin did not pronounce that final word, and
subordinates had to guess what he wanted. Thus, like
ckal, he left himself an escape hole, so that he could,
ie wanted, beat a retreat and write about "dizziness
n success." After all, for the first time in human history
calculated torture of millions was being undertaken,
l. even with all his strength and power, Stalin could not
absolutely sure of success. In dealing with such an
rmous mass of material, the effects of the experiment
ght differ from those obtained from a smaller sample.
unforeseen explosion might take place, a slippage in
eological fault, or even worldwide disclosure. In any
e, Stalin had to remain innocent, his sacred vestments
gelically pure.

We are therefore forced to conclude that no list of tor-
es and torments existed in printed form for the guid-
ce of interrogators! Instead, all that was required was
every Interrogation Department to supply the tribunal
hin a specified period with a stipulated number of rab-
s who had confessed everything. *And it was simply*
ted, orally but often, that any measures and means em-
oyed were good, since they were being used for a lofty
rpose; that no interrogator would be made to answer
the death of an accused; and that the prison doctor
ould interfere as little as possible with the course of the
vestigation. In all probability, they exchanged experi-
ces in comradely fashion; "they learned from the most
ccessful workers." Then, too, "material rewards" were
fered—higher pay for night work, bonus pay for fast
ork—and there were also definite warnings that inter-
gators who could not cope with their tasks. . . Even the
ief of some provincial NKVD administration, if some
rt of mess developed, could show Stalin his hands were
ean: he had issued no direct instructions to use torture!
ut at the same time he had ensured that torture would be
ed!

Understanding that their superiors were taking precau-
ons for self-protection, some of the rank-and-file inter-
gators—not, however, those who drank like maniacs—
ied to start off with milder methods, and even when they
tensified them, they tried to avoid those that left obvious
arks: an eye gouged out, an ear torn off, a backbone
roken, even bruises all over the body.

That is why in 1937 we observe no general consistency
f methods—except for enforced sleeplessness—in the
dministrations of the various provinces, or for that mat-
er among the different interrogators of a single adminis-
ation.

What they did have in common, however, was that they
ave precedence to the so-called *light* methods (we will
ee what they were immediately). This way was sure. In-



deed, the actual boundaries of human equilibrium are very narrow, and it is not really necessary to use a rack or hot coals to drive the average human being out of his mind.

Let us try to list some of the simplest methods which break the will and the character of the prisoner without leaving marks on his body.

Let us begin with *psychological* methods. These methods have enormous and even annihilating impact on rabbits who have never been prepared for prison suffering. And it isn't easy even for a person who holds strong convictions.

1. First of all: *night.* Why is it that all the main work of breaking down human souls went on at *night?* Why, from their very earliest years, did the *Organs* [state agencies, often used as an ironic euphemism for the secret police] select the *night?* Because at night, the prisoner, torn from sleep, even though he has not yet been tortured by sleeplessness, lacks his normal daytime equanimity and common sense. He is more vulnerable.

2. *Persuasion* in a sincere tone is the very simplest method. Why play at cat and mouse, so to speak? After all, having spent some time among others undergoing interrogation, the prisoner has come to see what the situation is. And so the interrogator says to him in a lazily friendly way: "Look, you're going to get a prison term whatever happens. But if you resist, *you'll croak* right here in prison, you'll lose your health. But if you go to camp, you'll have fresh air and sunlight. . . . So why not sign right now?" Very logical. And those who agree and sign are smart, if . . . if the matter concerns only themselves! But that's rarely so. A struggle is inevitable.

Another variant of persuasion is particularly appropriate to the Party member. "If there are shortages and even famine in the country, then you as a Bolshevik have to make up your mind: can you admit that the whole Party is to blame? Or the whole Soviet government?" "No, of course not!" the director of the flax depot hastened to reply. "Then be brave, and shoulder the blame yourself!" And he did!

3. *Foul language* is not a clever method, but it can have a powerful impact on people who are well brought up, refined, delicate. I know of two cases involving priests who capitulated to foul language alone. One of them, in the Butyrki in 1944, was being interrogated by a woman. At first when he'd come back to our cell he couldn't say often enough how polite she was. But once he came back very despondent, and for a long time he refused to tell us how, with her legs crossed high, she had begun to *curse.* (I regret that I cannot cite one of her little phrases here.)

4. *Psychological contrast* was sometimes effective: sudden reversals of tone, for example. For a whole or part of the interrogation period, the interrogator would be extremely friendly, addressing the prisoner formally by first name and patronymic, and promising everything. Suddenly he would brandish a paperweight and shout: "Foo, you rat! I'll put nine grams of lead in your skull!" And he would advance on the accused, clutching hands outstretched as if to grab him by the hair, fingernails like needles. (This worked very, very well with women prisoners.)

Or as a variation on this: two interrogators would take turns. One would shout and bully. The other would be friendly, almost gentle. Each time the accused entered the office he would tremble—which would it be? He wanted to do everything to please the gentle one because of his different manner, even to the point of signing and confessing to things that had never happened.

5. Preliminary *humiliation* was another approach. In the famous cellars of the Rostov-on-the-Don GPU (House 33), which were lit by lenslike insets of thick glass in the sidewalk above the former storage basement, prisoners awaiting interrogation were made to lie face down for several hours in the main corridor and forbidden to raise their heads or make a sound. They lay this way, like Moslems at prayer, until the guard touched a shoulder and took them off to interrogation. Another case: at the Lubyanka [prison in Moscow], Aleksandra O——va refused to give the testimony demanded of her. She was transferred to Lefortovo. In the admitting office, a woman jailer ordered her to undress, allegedly for a medical examination, took away her clothes, and locked her in a "box" naked. At that point the men jailers began to peer through the peephole and to appraise her female attributes with loud laughs. If one were systematically to question former prisoners, many more such examples would certainly emerge. They all had but a single purpose: to dishearten and humiliate.

6. Any method of inducing extreme *confusion* in the accused might be employed. Here is how F.I.V. from Krasnogorsk, Moscow Province, was interrogated. (This was reported by I. A. P—ev.) During the interrogation, the interrogator, a woman, undressed in front of him by stages (a striptease!), all the time continuing the interrogation as if nothing were going on. She walked about the room and came close to him and tried to get him to give in. Perhaps this satisfied some personal quirk in her, but it may also have been cold-blooded calculation, an attempt to get the accused so muddled that he would sign. And she was in no danger. She had her pistol, and she had her alarm bell.

7. *Intimidation* was very widely used and very varied. It was often accompanied by *enticement* and by *promises* which were, of course, false. In 1924: "If you don't confess, you'll go to the Solovetsky Islands. Anybody who confesses is turned loose." In 1944: "Which camp you'll be sent to depends on us. Camps are different. We've got hard-labor camps now. If you confess, you'll go to an easy camp. If you're stubborn, you'll get twenty-five years in handcuffs in the mines!" Another form of intimidation was threatening a prisoner with a prison worse than the one he was in. "If you keep on being stubborn, we'll send you to Lefortovo" (if you are in the Lubyanka), "to Sukhanovka" (if you are at Lefortovo). "They'll find another way to talk to you there." You have already gotten used to things where you are: the regimen seems to be *not so bad;* and what kind of torments await you *elsewhere*? Yes, and you also have to be transported there. . . . Should you give in?

Intimidation worked beautifully on those who had not yet been arrested but had simply received an official sum-



ons to the Bolshoi Dom—the Big House. He (or she) ll had a lot to lose. He (or she) was frightened of every- ing—that they wouldn't let him (or her) out today, that ey would confiscate his (or her) belongings or apart- ent. He would be ready to give all kinds of testimony id make all kinds of concessions in order to avoid these ngers. She, of course, would be ignorant of the Crim- al Code, and, at the very least, at the start of the ques- oning they would push a sheet of paper in front of her ith a fake citation from the Code: "I have been warned at for giving false testimony . . . five years of imprison- ent." (In actual fact, under Article 95, it is two years.) For refusal to give testimony—five years . . ." (In actual ct, under Article 92, it is up to three months.) Here, en, one more of the interrogator's basic methods has tered the picture and will continue to reenter it.

8. The *lie*. We lambs were forbidden to lie, but the in- rrogator could tell all the lies he felt like. Those articles f the law did not apply to him. We had even lost the ardstick with which to gauge: What does he get for ly- g? He could confront us with as many documents as e chose, bearing the forged signatures of our kinfolk and iends—and it would be just a skillful interrogation tech- ique.

Intimidation through enticement and lies was the fun- amental method for bringing pressure on the *relatives* of ne arrested person when they were called in to give tes- mony. "If you don't tell us such and such" (whatever as being asked), "it's going to be the worse for *him*. . . You'll be destroying him completely." (How hard for mother to hear that!) "Signing this paper" (pushed in ront of the relatives) "is the only way you can save him" destroy him).

9. *Playing on one's affection* for those one loved was a ame that worked beautifully on the accused as well. It was the most effective of all methods of intimidation. One could break even a totally fearless person through his concern for those he loved. (Oh, how foresighted was the saying: "A man's family are his enemies.") Remember the Tatar who bore his sufferings—his own and those of his wife—but could not endure his daughter's! In 1930, Rimalis, a woman interrogator, used to threaten: "We'll arrest your daughter and lock her in a cell with syphilitics!" And that was a woman!

They would threaten to arrest everyone you loved. Sometimes this would be done with sound effects: Your wife has already been arrested, but her further fate depends on you. They are questioning her in the next room —just listen! And through the wall you can actually hear a woman weeping and screaming. (After all, they all sound alike; you're hearing it through a wall; and you're under terrific strain and not in a state to play the expert on voice identification. Sometimes they simply play a recording of the voice of a "typical wife"—soprano or contralto—a labor-saving device suggested by some inventive genius.) And then, without fakery, they actually show her to you through a glass door, as she walks along in silence, her head bent in grief. Yes! Your own wife in the corridors of State Security! You have destroyed her by your stubbornness! She has already been arrested! (In actual fact, she has simply been summoned in connection with some insignificant procedural question and sent into the corridor at just the right moment, after being told: "Don't raise your head, or you'll be kept here!") Or they give you a letter to read, and the handwriting is exactly like hers: "I renounce you! After the filth they have told me about you, I don't need you anymore!" (And since such wives do exist in our country, and such letters as well, you are left to ponder in your heart: Is that the kind of wife she really is?)

The interrogator Goldman (in 1944) was trying to extort testimony against other people from V. A. Korneyeva with the threat: "We'll confiscate your house and toss your old women into the street." A woman of deep convictions, and firm in her faith, Korneyeva had no fear whatever for herself. She was prepared to suffer. But, given our laws, Goldman's threats were all too real, and she was in torment over the fate of her loved ones. When, by morning, after a night of tearing up rejected depositions, Goldman began to write a fourth version accusing Korneyeva alone, she signed it happily and with a feeling of spiritual victory. We fail to hang onto the basic human instinct to prove our innocence when falsely accused. How can we there? We were even glad when we succeeded in taking all the guilt on our own shoulders.

JUST AS THERE IS no classification in nature with rigid boundaries, it is impossible rigidly to separate psychological methods from *physical* ones. Where, for example, should we classify the following amusement?

10. *Sound effects*. The accused is made to stand twenty to twenty-five feet away and is then forced to speak more

and more loudly and to repeat everything. This is not easy for someone already weakened to the point of exhaustion. Or, two megaphones are constructed of rolled-up cardboard, and two interrogators, coming close to the prisoner, bellow in both ears: "Confess, you rat!" The prisoner is deafened; sometimes he actually loses his sense of hearing. But this method is uneconomical. The fact is that the interrogators like some diversion in their monotonous work, and so they vie in thinking up new ideas.

11. *Tickling.* This is also a diversion. The prisoner's arms and legs are bound or held down, and then the inside of his nose is tickled with a feather. The prisoner writhes; it feels as though someone were drilling into his brain.

12. *A cigarette is put out* on the accused's skin.

13. *Light effects* involve the use of an extremely bright electric light in the small, white-walled cell or "box" in which the accused is being held—a light which is never extinguished. (The electricity saved by the economies of schoolchildren and housewives!) Your eyelids become inflamed, which is very painful. And then in the interrogation room searchlights are again directed into your eyes.

14. Here is another imaginative trick: on the eve of May 1, 1933, in the Khabarovsk GPU, for *twelve* hours —all night—Chebotaryev was not interrogated, no, but was simply kept in a continual state of being *led to* interrogation. "Hey, you—hands behind your back!" They led him out of the cell, up the stairs quickly, into the interrogator's office. The guard left. But the interrogator, without asking one single question, and sometimes without even allowing Chebotaryev to sit down, would pick up the telephone: "Take away the prisoner from 107!" And so they came to get him and took him back to his cell. No sooner had he lain down on his board bunk than the lock rattled: "Chebotaryev! To interrogation. Hands behind your back!" And when he got there: "Take away the prisoner from 107!"

For that matter, the methods of bringing pressure to bear can begin a long time before the interrogator's office.

15. Prison begins with the *box*, in other words, what amounts to a closet or packing case. The human being who has just been taken from freedom, still in a state of inner turmoil, ready to explain, to argue, to struggle, is, when he first sets foot in prison, clapped into a "box," which sometimes has a lamp and a place where he can sit down, but which sometimes is dark and constructed in such a way that he can only stand up and even then is squeezed against the door. And he is held there for several hours, or for half a day, or a day. During those hours he knows absolutely nothing! Will he perhaps be confined there all his life? He has never in his life encountered anything like this, and he cannot guess at the outcome. Those first hours are passing when everything inside him is still ablaze from the unstilled storm in his heart. Some become despondent—and that's the time to subject them to their first interrogation. Others become angry—and that, too, is all to the good, for they may insult the interrogator right at the start or make a slip, and it will be all the easier to cook up their case.

16. When boxes were in short supply, they used to hav another method. In the Novocherkassk NKVD, Yelen Strutinskaya was forced to remain seated on a stool i the corridor for six days in such a way that she did no lean against anything, did not sleep, did not fall off, an did not get up from it. Six days! Just try to sit that wa for six hours!

Then again, as a variation, the prisoner can be force to sit on a tall chair, of the kind used in laboratories, s that his feet do not reach the floor. They become ver numb in this position. He is left sitting that way from eigh to ten hours.

Or else, during the interrogation itself, when the pris oner is out in plain view, he can be forced to sit in thi way: as far forward as possible on the front edge ("Mov further forward! Further still!") of the chair so that he i under painful pressure during the entire interrogation. H is not allowed to stir for several hours. Is that all? Yes that's all. Just try it yourself!

17. Depending on local conditions, a *divisional pit* can be substituted for the box, as was done in the Gorokhovets army camps during World War II. The prisoner was pushed into such a pit, ten feet in depth, six and a half feet in diameter; and beneath the open sky, rain or shine, this pit was for several days both his cell and his latrine. And ten and a half ounces of bread, and water, were lowered to him on a cord. Imagine yourself in this situation just after you've been arrested, when you're all in a boil.

Either identical orders to all Special Branches of the Red Army or else the similarities of their situations in the field led to broad use of this method. Thus, in the 36th Motorized Infantry Division, a unit which took part in the battle of KhalkhinGol, and which was encamped in the Mongolian desert in 1941, a newly arrested prisoner was, without explanation, given a spade by Chief of the Special Branch Samulyev and ordered to dig a pit the exact dimensions of a *grave.* (Here is a hybridization of physical and psychological methods.) When the prisoner had dug deeper than his own waist, they ordered him to stop and sit down on the bottom: his head was no longer visible. One guard kept watch over several such pits and it was as though he were surrounded by empty space. They kept the accused in this desert with no protection from the Mongolian sun and with no warm clothing against the cold of the night, but no tortures—why waste effort on tortures? The ration they gave was *three and a half ounces of bread* per day and *one glass of water.* Lieutenant Chulpenyev, a giant, a boxer, twenty-one years old, spent *a month* imprisoned this way. Within ten days he was swarming with lice. After fifteen days he was summoned to interrogation for the first time.

18. The accused could be compelled *to stand on his knees*—not in some figurative sense, but literally: on his knees, without sitting back on his heels, and with his back upright. People could be compelled to kneel in the interrogator's office or the corridor for twelve, or even twenty-four or forty-eight hours. (The interrogator himself could go home, sleep, amuse himself in one way or another—this was an organized system; watch was kept over the kneeling prisoner, and the guards worked in shifts.) What

l of prisoner was most vulnerable to such treatment? already broken, already inclined to surrender. It was a good method to use with women. Ivanov-Razumnik orts a variation of it: having set young Lordkipanidze his knees, the interrogator urinated in his face! And t happened? Unbroken by anything else, Lordkipaze was broken by this. Which shows that the method worked well on proud people. . . .

9. Then there is the method of simply compelling a soner to *stand there.* This can be arranged so that the used stands only while being interrogated—because t, too, exhausts and breaks a person down. It can be up in another way—so that the prisoner sits down durinterrogation but is forced to stand up between interations. (A watch is set over him, and the guards see t that he doesn't lean against the wall, and if he goes sleep and falls over he is given a kick and straightened) Sometimes even one day of standing is enough to rive a person of all his strength and to force him to *ify* to *anything at all.*

20. During all these tortures which involved standing three, four, and five days, they ordinarily *deprived a son of water.*

THE MOST NATURAL THING OF ALL is to *combine* psychological and physical methods. It is also natural combine all the preceding methods with:

21. *Sleeplessness,* which they quite failed to appreciate medieval times. They did not understand how narrow the limits within which a human being can preserve personality intact. Sleeplessness (yes, combined with nding, thirst, bright light, terror, and the unknown—at other tortures are needed!?) befogs the reason, unrmines the will, and the human being ceases to be himlf, to be his own "I." (As in Chekhov's "I Want to eep," but there it was much easier, for there the girl uld lie down and slip into lapses of consciousness, which en in just a minute would revive and refresh the brain.) person deprived of sleep acts half-unconsciously or algether unconsciously, so that his testimony cannot be ld against him.

They used to say: "You are *not truthful* in your testiony, and *therefore* you will not be allowed to sleep!" metimes, as a refinement, instead of making the prisner stand up, they made him *sit down* on a *soft* sofa, hich made him want to sleep all the more. (The jailer duty sat next to him on the same sofa and kicked him very time his eyes began to shut.) Here is how one vicm—who had just sat out days in a box infested with edbugs—describes his feelings after this torture: "Chill om great loss of blood. Irises of the eyes dried out as if meone were holding a red-hot iron in front of them. ongue swollen from thirst and prickling as from a hedgeog at the slightest movement. Throat racked by spasms f swallowing."

Sleeplessness was a great form of torture: it left no isible marks and could not provide grounds for complaint even if an inspection—something unheard of anyway—were to strike on the morrow.

"They didn't let you sleep? Well, after all, this is not supposed to be a *vacation resort.* The security officials were awake too!" (They would catch up on their sleep during the day.) One can say that sleeplessness became the universal method in the *Organs.* From being one among many tortures, it became *an integral part of the system* of State Security; it was the cheapest possible method and did not require the posting of sentries. (In all the interrogation prisons the prisoners were forbidden to sleep even one minute from reveille till taps. (In Sukhanovka and several other prisons used specifically for interrogation, the cot was folded into the wall during the day; in others, the prisoners were simply forbidden to lie down, and even to close their eyes while seated.) Since the major interrogations were all conducted at night, it was automatic: whoever was undergoing interrogation got no sleep for at least five days and nights. (Saturday and Sunday nights, the interrogators themselves tried to get some rest.)

22. The above method was further implemented by *an assembly line of interrogators.* Not only were you not allowed to sleep, but for three or four days *shifts of interrogators kept up a continuous interrogation.*





23. *The bedbug-infested box* has already been mentioned. In the dark closet made of wooden planks, there were hundreds, maybe even thousands of bedbugs, which had been allowed to multiply. The guards removed the prisoner's jacket or field shirt, and immediately the hungry bedbugs assaulted him, crawling onto him from the walls or falling off the ceiling. At first he waged war with them strenuously, crushing them on his body and on the walls, suffocated by their stink. But after several hours he weakened and without a murmur let them drink his blood.

24. *Punishment cells.* No matter how hard it was in the ordinary cell, the punishment cells were always worse. And on return from there the ordinary cell always seemed like paradise. In the punishment cell a human being was systematically worn down by starvation and also, usually, by *cold.* (In Sukhanovka Prison there were also *hot* punishment cells.) For example, the Lefortovo punishment cells were entirely unheated. There were radiators in the corridor only, and in this "heated" corridor the guards on duty *walked* in felt boots and padded jackets. The prisoner was forced to undress down to his underwear, and sometimes to his undershorts, and he was forced to spend from three to five days in the punishment cell without moving (since it was so confining). He received hot gruel on the third day only. For the first few minutes you were convinced you'd not be able to last an hour. But, by some miracle, a human being would indeed sit out his five days, perhaps acquiring in the course of it an illness that would last him the rest of his life.

There were various aspects to punishment cells—for instance, dampness and water. In the Chernovtsy Prison after the war, Masha G. was kept barefooted for two hours *and up to her ankles* in icy water—confess! (She was eighteen years old, and how she feared for her feet! She was going to have to live with them a long time.)

25. Should one consider it a variation of the punishment cell when a prisoner was *locked in an alcove?* As long ago as 1933 this was one of the ways they tortured S. A. Chebotaryev in the Khabarovsk GPU. They locked him naked in a concrete alcove in such a way that he could neither bend his knees, nor straighten up and change the position of his arms, nor turn his head. And that was not all! They began to drip cold water onto his scalp—a classic torture—which then ran down his body in rivulets. They did not inform him, of course, that this would go on for only twenty-four hours. It was awful enough at any rate for him to lose consciousness, and he was discovered the next day apparently dead. He came to on a hospital cot. They had brought him out of his faint with spirits of ammonia, caffeine, and body massage. At first he had no recollection of where he had been, or what had happened. For a whole month he was useless even for interrogation. (We may be so bold as to assume that this alcove and dripping device had not been devised for Chebotaryev alone. In 1949 my Dnepropetrovsk acquaintance had been similarly confined without the dripping attachment, however. On a line joining Khabarovsk and Dnepropetrovsk, and over a period of sixteen years, were there not other such points as well?)

26. *Starvation* has already been mentioned in combination with other methods. Nor was it an unusual method: to starve the prisoner into confession. Actually, the starvation technique, like interrogation at night, was an integral element in the entire system of coercion. The miserly prison bread ration, amounting to ten and a half ounces in the peacetime year of 1933, and to one pound in 1945 in the Lubyanka, and permitting or prohibiting food parcels from one's family and access to the prison store, were universally applied to everyone. But there was also the technique of intensified hunger: for example, Chulpenyev was kept for a month on three and a half ounces of bread, after which—when he had just been brought in from the pit—the interrogator Sokol placed in front of him a pot of thick borscht and half a loaf of white bread sliced diagonally. (What does it matter, one might ask, how it was sliced? But Chulpenyev even today will insist that it was really sliced very attractively.) However, he was not given a thing to eat. How ancient it all is, how medieval, how primitive! The only thing new about it was that it was applied in a socialist society! Others, too, tell about such tricks. They were often tried. But we are going to cite another case

olving Chebotaryev because it combined so many hods. They put him in the interrogator's office for enty-two hours, and the only thing he was allowed to be taken to the toilet. For the rest, they allowed neither food nor drink—even though there was wa- in a carafe right next to him. Nor was he permitted sleep. Throughout there were three interrogators in office, working in shifts. One kept writing something ilently, without disturbing the prisoner. The second t on the sofa, and the third walked around the room, as soon as Chebotaryev fell asleep, beat him instant- Then they switched roles. (Maybe they themselves e being punished for failure to deliver.) And then, of a sudden, they brought Chebotaryev a meal: fat rainian borscht, a chop, fried potatoes, and red wine a crystal carafe. But because Chebotaryev had had aversion to alcohol all his life, he refused to drink wine, and the interrogator couldn't go too far in cing him to, because that would have spoiled the ole game. After he had eaten, they said to him: "Now e's what you have *testified to in the presence of two nesses.* Sign here." In other words, he was to sign what d been silently composed by one interrogator in the sence of another, who had been asleep, and a third, o had been actively working. On the very first page ebotaryev learned he had been on intimate terms with the leading Japanese generals and that he had re- ived espionage assignments from all of them. He be- n to cross out whole pages. They beat him up and rew him out. Blaginin, another Chinese Eastern Rail- ad man, arrested with him, was put through the same ing; but he drank the wine and, in a state of pleasant toxication, signed the confession—and was shot. (Even e tiny glass can have an enormous effect on a famished an—and that was a whole carafe.)

27. *Beatings*—of a kind that leaves no marks. They use bber truncheons, and they use wooden mallets and all sandbags. It is very, very painful when they hit a ne—for example, an interrogator's jackboot on the shin, here the bone lies just beneath the skin. They beat rigade Commander Karpunich-Braven for twenty-one ays in a row. And today he says: "Even after thirty ears all my bones ache—and my head, too." In recol- cting his own experience and the stories of others, he unts up to fifty-two methods of torture. Here is one: they rip the hand in a special vise so that the prisoner's palm es flat on the desk—and then they hit the joints with e thin edge of a ruler. And one screams! Should we ngle out particularly the technique by which teeth are nocked out? They knocked out eight of Karpunich's.

As everyone knows, a blow of the fist in the solar lexus, catching the victim in the middle of a breath, eaves no mark whatever. The Lefortovo Colonel Sidorov, the postwar period, used to take a "penalty kick" ith his overshoes at the dangling genitals of male pris- ners. Soccer players who at one time or another have een hit in the groin by a ball know what that kind of low is like. There is no pain comparable to it, and or- inarily the recipient loses consciousness.

28. In the Novorossisk NKVD they invented a machine for squeezing fingernails. As a result it could be observed later at transit prisons that many of those from Novorossisk had lost their fingernails.

29. And what about the *straitjacket?*

30. And *breaking the prisoner's back?* (As in that same Khabarovsk GPU in 1933.)

31. Or *bridling* (also known as "the swan dive")? This was a Sukhanovka method—also used in Archangel, where the interrogator Ivkov applied it in 1940. A long piece of rough toweling was inserted between the prisoner's jaws like a bridle; the ends were then pulled back over his shoulders and tied to his heels. Just try lying on your stomach like a wheel, with your spine breaking—and without water and food for two days!

Is it necessary to go on with the list? Is there much left to enumerate? What won't idle, well-fed, unfeeling people invent?

Brother mine! Do not condemn those who, finding themselves in such a situation, turned out to be weak and confessed to more than they should have. . . . Do not be the first to cast a stone at them.

BUT HERE'S THE POINT! Neither these methods nor even the "lightest" methods of all are needed to wring testimony from the majority . . . for iron jaws to grip lambs who are unprepared and longing to return to their warm hearths. The relationship of forces to situations is too unequal.

Oh, in how new a light does our past life appear when reexamined in the interrogator's office: abounding in dangers, like an African jungle. And we had considered it so simple!

You, A, and your friend, B, have known each other for years and have complete faith in one another. When you met, you spoke out boldly about political matters large and small. No one else was present. There was no one who could have overheard you. And you have not denounced each other—not at all.

But at this point, for some reason, you, A, have been marked, hauled out of the herd by the ears, and arrested. And for some reason—well, maybe not without a denunciation on somebody's part, and not without your apprehensions as to the fate of your loved ones, and not without a certain lack of sleep, and not without a bit of punishment cell—you have decided to write yourself off but at the same time not to betray anyone else at any price.

You have therefore confessed in four depositions, and signed them—declaring yourself to be a sworn enemy of Soviet power—because you used to tell jokes about the Leader, because you thought there should be a choice of candidates at elections, because you went into the voting booth only in order to cross out the name of the only candidate and would have done so except there was no ink in the inkwell, and because there was a sixteen-meter band on your radio on which you tried to catch parts of Western broadcasts through the jamming. Your

own *tenner* has been assured, yet your ribs have remained whole, and so far you have not caught pneumonia. You have not sold anyone out; and it seems to you that you have worked things out sensibly. You have already informed your cellmates that in your opinion your interrogation is probably coming to an end.

But lo and behold! Admiring his own handwriting, and with deliberation, the interrogator begins to fill out deposition No. 5. Question: Were you friendly with B? Answer: Yes. Question: Were you frank with him about politics? Answer: No, no, I did not trust him. Question: But you met often? Answer: Not very. Question: What does that mean, not very? According to testimony from your neighbors, he was at your house on such and such a day, and on such and such, and on such and such just in the past month. Was he? Answer: Maybe. Question: And it was observed that on these occasions, as always, you did not drink, you did not make any noise, you spoke very quietly, and you couldn't be overheard even in the corridor? (Well, friends, drink up! Break bottles. Curse at the top of your lungs! On that basis you will be considered reliable.) Answer: Well, what of it? Question: And you used to visit him too. And you said to him on the phone, for example: "We spent such an interesting evening." Then they saw you on the street at an intersection. You were standing there together in the cold for half an hour, and you both had gloomy faces and dissatisfied expressions; in fact, they even took photographs of you during that meeting. (The technological resources of agents, my friends, the technology of agents!) *So what did you talk about* during these meetings?

What about? That's a leading question! Your first idea is to say that you've forgotten what you talked about. Are you really obliged to remember? So! You've forgotten your first conversation. And the second one, too? And the third? And even your interesting evening? And that time at the intersection? And your conversations with C? And your conversations with D? No, you think: "I forgot" is not the way out; you will be unable to maintain that position. And your mind, still shocked by your arrest, in the grip of fear, muddled by sleeplessness and hunger, seeks a way out: how to play it shrewdly in a manner that will have some verisimilitude and outsmart the interrogator.

What about? It is fine if you talked about hockey—that, friends, is in all cases the least troublesome! Or about women, or even about science. Then you can repeat what was said. (Science is not too far removed from hockey, but in our time everything to do with science is classified information and they may get you for a violation of the Decree on Revealing State Secrets.) But what if you did in actual fact talk about the latest arrests in the city? Or about the collective farms? (Of course, critically—for who has anything good to say about them?) Or about reducing the rate of pay for piecework? The fact remains that you frowned for half an hour at the intersection—what were you talking about there?

Maybe B has already been arrested. The interrogator assures you that he has been, and that he has already given evidence against you, and that they are about to bring him in for a confrontation with you. Maybe he is sitting home very calmly and quietly, but they might very well bring him in for questioning and then they will find out from him what you were frowning about for half an hour at that intersection.

At this point, too late, you have come to understand that, because of the way life is, you and he ought to have reached an agreement every time you parted and remembered clearly *what you were going to say if you were asked what you had talked about that day*. Then, regardless of interrogations, your testimony and his would agree. But you had not made any such agreement. You had unfortunately not understood what kind of a jungle you lived in.

Should you say that you were talking about going on a fishing trip? But then B might say that there was never any discussion of fishing, that you talked about correspondence school courses. In that case, instead of causing the investigation to ease up a bit, you would only tie the noose tighter: what about, what about, what about?

And the idea flashes through your mind—is it a brilliant or a fatal one?—that you ought to come as close as you can to the truth of what was actually said—of course rounding off the sharp edges and skipping the dangerous parts. After all, people say that when you lie you should always stay as close to the truth as possible. And maybe B will guess what's up and say approximately the same thing and then your testimony will coincide in some respects and they will leave you in peace.

Many years later you will come to understand that this was not really a wise idea, and that it is much smarter to play the role of someone so improbably imbecile that he can't remember one single day of his life even at the risk of being beaten. But you have been kept awake for three days. You have hardly strength enough to follow the course of your own thoughts and to maintain an imperturbable expression. And you don't have even a minute to think things over. Suddenly two interrogators—for they enjoy visiting one another—are at you: what were you talking about? What about? What about?

And you testify: we were talking about collective farms—to the effect that not everything had as yet been set to rights on them but it soon would be. We talked about the lowering of piece rates. . . . And what in particular did you say about them? That you were delighted they had been reduced? But that wasn't the way people normally talked—it was too implausible. And so as to make it seem an altogether believable conversation, you concede that you complained just a little that they were putting on the squeeze a bit with piece rates.

The interrogator writes down the deposition himself, translating it into *his own* language: At this meeting we slandered Party and government policy in the field of wages.

And someday B is going to accuse you: "Oh, you blabbermouth, and I said we were making plans to go fishing."

But you tried to outsmart your interrogator! You have

ick, abstruse mind. You are an intellectual! And you narted yourself. . . .

Crime and Punishment, Porfiri Petrovich makes a risingly astute remark to Raskolnikov, to the effect he could have been found out only by someone who himself gone through that same cat-and-mouse game plying, so to speak: "I don't even have to construct own version with you intellectuals. You will put it ther yourselves and bring it to me all wrapped up." that's so! An intellectual cannot reply with the de- ful incoherence of Chekhov's "Malefactor." He is nd to try to build up in logical form the whole story s being accused of, no matter how much falsehood ontains.

But the interrogator-butcher isn't interested in logic; he just wants to catch two or three phrases. He knows what he wants. And as for us—we are totally unprepared for anything.

FROM CHILDHOOD ON we are educated and trained —for our own profession; for our civil duties; for military service; to take care of our bodily needs; to behave well; even to appreciate beauty (well, this last not really all that much!). But neither our education, nor our upbringing, nor our experience prepares us in the



slightest for the greatest trial of our lives: being arrested for nothing and interrogated about nothing. Novels, plays, films (their authors should themselves be forced to drink the cup of GULag to the bottom!) depict the types one meets in the offices of interrogators as chivalrous guardians of truth and humanitarianism, as our loving fathers. We are exposed to lectures on everything under the sun—and are even herded in to listen to them. But no one is going to lecture to us about the true and extended significance of the Criminal Code; and the codes themselves are not on open shelves in our libraries, nor sold at newsstands; nor do they fall into the hands of the heedless young.

It seems a virtual fairy tale that somewhere, at the ends of the earth, an accused person can avail himself of a lawyer's help. This means having beside you in the most difficult moment of your life a clear-minded ally who knows the law.

The principle of our interrogation consists further in depriving the accused of even a knowledge of the law.

An indictment is presented. And here, incidentally, is how it's presented: "Sign it." "It's not true." "Sign." "But I'm not guilty of anything!" It turns out that you are being indicted under the provisions of Articles 58-10, Part 2, and 58-11 of the Criminal Code of the Russian Republic. "Sign!" "But what do these sections say? Let me read the Code!" "I don't have it." "Well, get it from your department head!" "He doesn't have it either. Sign!" "But I want to see it." "You are not supposed to see it. It isn't written for you but for us. You don't need it. I'll tell you what it says: these sections spell out exactly what you are guilty of. And anyway, at this point your signature doesn't mean that you agree with the indictment but that you've read it, that it's been presented to you."

All of a sudden, a new combination of letters, UPK, flashes by on one of the pieces of paper. Your sense of caution is aroused. What's the difference between the UPK and the UK—the Criminal Code? If you've been lucky enough to catch the interrogator when he is in a good mood, he will explain it to you: the UPK is the Code of Criminal Procedure. What? This means that there are two distinct codes, not just one, of whose contents you are completely ignorant even as you are being trampled under their provisions.

Since that time ten years have passed; then fifteen. The grass has grown thick over the grave of my youth. I served out my term and even "eternal exile" as well. And nowhere—neither in the "cultural education" sections of the camps, nor in district libraries, nor even in medium-sized cities, have I seen with my own eyes, held in my own hands, been able to buy, obtain, or even *ask for* the Code of Soviet law!

And of the hundreds of prisoners I knew who had gone through interrogation and trial, and more than once, too, who had served sentences in camp and in exile, none had ever seen the Code or held it in his hand!

It was only when both codes were thirty-five years old and on the point of being replaced by new ones that I saw them, two little paperback brothers, the UK or Criminal Code, and the UPK or Code of Criminal Procedu on a newsstand in the Moscow subway (because they we outdated, it had been decided to release them for ge eral circulation).

I read them today touched with emotion. For exa ple, the UPK—the Code of Criminal Procedure:

"Article 136. The interrogator does not have the rig to extract testimony or a confession from an accused b means of compulsion and threats." (It was as thou they had foreseen it!)

"Article 111: The interrogator is obliged to establis clearly all the relevant facts, both those tending towa acquittal and any which might lessen the accused's mea sure of guilt."

But it was I who helped establish Soviet power in O tober! It was I who shot Kolchak! I took part in the di possession of the kulaks! I saved the state ten millio rubles in lowered production costs! I was wounded twic in the war! I have three orders and decorations.

"*You're not being tried for that!*" History . . . the bare teeth of the interrogator: "Whatever good you may hav done has nothing to do with the case."

"Article 139: The accused has the right to set fort his testimony in his own hand, and to demand the righ to make corrections in the deposition written by the in terrogator."

Oh, if we had only known that in time! But what should say is: if that were only the way it really was We were always vainly imploring the interrogator not t write "my repulsive, slanderous fabrications" instead o "my mistaken statements," or not to write "our under ground weapons arsenal" instead of "my rusty Finnish knife."

If only the defendants had first been taught some pris on science! If only interrogation had been run through first in rehearsal, and only afterward for real. . . . They didn't, after all, play that interrogation game with the *second-termers* of 1948: it would have gotten them nowhere. But *newcomers* had no experience, no knowledge! And there was no one from whom to seek advice.

THE LONELINESS OF THE ACCUSED! That was one more factor in the success of unjust interrogation! The entire apparatus threw its full weight on one lonely and inhibited will. From the moment of his arrest and throughout the entire *shock* period of the interrogation the prisoner was, ideally, to be kept entirely alone. In his cell, in the corridor, on the stairs, in the offices, he was not supposed to encounter others like himself, in order to avoid the risk of his gleaning a bit of sympathy, advice, support from someone's smile or glance. The *Organs* did everything to blot out for him his future and distort his present: to lead him to believe that his friends and family had all been arrested and that material proof of his guilt had been found. It was their habit to exaggerate their power to destroy him and those he loved as well as their authority to pardon (which the *Organs*

dn't even have). They pretended that there was some nnection between the sincerity of a prisoner's "repennce" and a reduction in his sentence or an easing of e camp regime. (No such connection ever existed.) hile the prisoner was still in a state of shock and torent and totally beside himself, they tried to get from m very quickly as many irreparably damaging items of idence as possible and to implicate with him as many tally innocent persons as possible. Some defendants came so depressed in these circumstances that they en asked not to have the depositions read to them. hey could not stand hearing them. They asked merely be allowed to sign them, just to sign and get it over ith. Only after all this was over would the prisoner be leased from solitary into a large cell, where, in belated esperation, he would discover and count over his miskes one by one.

How was it possible not to make mistakes in such a uel? Who could have failed to make a mistake?

We said that "ideally he was to be kept alone." Howver, in the overcrowded prisons of 1937, and, for that natter, of 1945 as well, this ideal of solitary confinement or a newly arrested defendant could not be attained. lmost from his first hours, the prisoner was in fact in terribly overcrowded common cell.

But there were virtues to this arrangement, too, which nore than made up for its flaws. The overcrowding of ne cells not only took the place of the tightly confined olitary "box" but also assumed the character of a firstlass *torture* in itself . . . one that was particularly useful ecause it continued for whole days and weeks—with o effort on the part of the interrogators. The prisoners ortured the prisoners! The jailers pushed so many prisners into the cell that not everyone had even a piece f floor; some were sitting on others' feet, and people alked on people and even couldn't move about at all. hus, in the Kishinev KPZ's—Cells for Preliminary Dention—in 1945, they pushed *eighteen* prisoners into a ell designed for the solitary confinement of one person; n Lugansk in 1937 it was *fifteen*. And in 1938 Ivanov-Razumnik found *one hundred forty* prisoners in a standard Butyrki cell intended for twenty-five—with toilets o overburdened that prisoners were taken to the toilet nly once a day, sometimes at night; and the same thing vas true of their outdoor walk as well. It was Ivanov-Razumnik who in the Lubyanka reception "kennel" calulated that for weeks at a time there were *three* persons or each square yard of floor space (just as an experiment, try to fit three people into that space!). In this "kennel" there was neither ventilation nor a window, and he prisoners' body heat and breathing raised the temperature to 40 or 45 degrees Centigrade—104 to 113 degrees Fahrenheit—and everyone sat there in undershorts with their winter clothing piled beneath them. Their naked bodies were pressed against one another, and they got eczema from one another's sweat. They sat ike that for *weeks at a time*, and were given neither fresh air nor water—except for gruel and tea in the morning.

And if at the same time the latrine bucket replaced all other types of toilet (or if, on the other hand, there



was no latrine bucket for use between trips to an outside toilet, as was the case in several Siberian prisons); and if four people ate from one bowl, sitting on each other's knees; and if someone was hauled out for interrogation, and then someone else was pushed in beaten up, sleepless, and broken; and if the appearance of such broken men was more persuasive than any threats on the part of the interrogators; and if, by then, death and any camp whatever seemed easier to a prisoner who had been left unsummoned for months than his tormented current situation—perhaps this really did replace the theoretically ideal isolation in solitary. And you could not always decide in such a porridge of people with whom to be forthright; and you could not always find someone from whom

to seek advice. And you would believe in the tortures and beatings not when the interrogator threatened you with them but when you saw their results on other prisoners.

You could learn from those who had suffered that they could give you a salt-water douche in the throat and then leave you in a box for a day tormented by thirst (Karpunich). Or that they might scrape the skin off a man's back with a grater till it bled and then oil it with turpentine. (Brigade Commander Rudolf Pintsov underwent both treatments. In addition, they pushed needles under his nails, and poured water into him to the bursting point —demanding that he confess to having *wanted* to turn his brigade of tanks against the government during the November parade.) And from Aleksandrov, the former head of the Arts Section of the All-Union Society for Cultural Relations with Foreign Countries, who has a broken spinal column which tilts to one side, and who cannot control his tear ducts and thus cannot stop crying, one can learn how *Abakumov* himself could beat—in 1948.

Yes, yes, Minister of State Security [Victor S.] Abakumov himself did not by any means spurn such menial labor. (A Suvorov at the head of his troops!) He was not averse to taking a rubber truncheon in his hands every once in a while. And his deputy [Mikhail D.] Ryumin was even more willing. He did this at Sukhanovka in the "Generals" interrogation office. The office had imitation-walnut paneling on the walls, silk portieres at the windows and doors, and a great Persian carpet on the floor. In order not to spoil all this beauty, a dirty runner bespattered with blood was rolled out on top of the carpet when a prisoner was being beaten. When Ryumin was doing the beating, he was assisted not by some ordinary guard but by a colonel. "And so," said Ryumin politely, stroking his rubber truncheon, which was four centimeters—an inch and a half—thick, "you have survived trial by sleeplessness with honor." (Alexander D. had cleverly managed to last a month "without sleep" by sleeping while he was standing up.) "So now we will try the club. Prisoners can't take more than two or three sessions of this. Let down your trousers and lie down on the runner." The colonel sat down on the prisoner's back. Alexander D. was going to *count* the blows. He didn't yet know about a blow from a rubber truncheon on the sciatic nerve when the buttocks have disappeared as a consequence of prolonged starvation. The effect is not felt in the place where the blow is delivered—it explodes inside the head. After the first blow the victim was mad with pain and broke his nails on the carpet. Ryumin beat away, trying to hit accurately. The colonel pressed down on Alexander D.'s torso—this was just the right sort of work for three big shoulder-board stars, assisting the all-powerful Ryumin! (After the beating the prisoner could not walk and, of course, was not carried. They just dragged him along the floor. What was left of his buttocks was soon so swollen that he could not button his trousers, and yet there were practically no scars. He was hit by a violent case of diarrhea, and, sitting there on the latrine bucket in solitary, he guffawed. He went through a second and a third session, and his skin cracked, and Ryumin wei wild, and started to beat him on the stomach, breakin through the intestinal wall and creating an enormou hernia through which his intestines protruded. Th prisoner was taken off to the Butyrki hospital with a cas of peritonitis, and for the time being their attempts t compel him to commit a foul deed were suspended.)

That is how they can torture you, too! After that could seem a simple fatherly caress when the Kishine interrogator Danilov beat Father Viktor Shipovalniko across the back of the head with a poker and pulled hi by his long hair. (It is very convenient to drag a prie around in that fashion; ordinary laymen can be dragge by the beard from one corner of the office to the othe And Richard Ohola—a Finnish Red Guard, and a pa ticipant in the capture of British agent Sidney Reilly and commander of a company during the suppression o the Kronstadt revolt—was lifted up with pliers first b one end of his great mustaches and then by the othe and held for ten minutes with his feet off the floor.)

But the most awful thing they can do with you is this undress you from the waist down, place you on your bac on the floor, pull your legs apart, seat assistants on the (from the glorious corps of sergeants!) who also hol down your arms; and then the interrogator (and wome interrogators have not shrunk from this) stands betwee your legs and with the toe of his boot (or of her shoe gradually, steadily, and with ever greater pressure crushe against the floor those organs which once made you man. He looks into your eyes and repeats and repeat his questions or the betrayal he is urging on you. If h does not press down too quickly or just a shade too pow erfully, you still have fifteen seconds left in which t scream that you will confess to everything, that you ar ready to see arrested all twenty of those people he's bee demanding of you, or that you will slander in the news papers everything you hold holy. . . .

And may you be judged by God, but not by people. . .

"There is no way out! You have to confess to every thing!" whisper the stoolies who have been planted i the cell.

"It's a simple question: hang onto your health!" sa people with common sense.

"You can't get new teeth," those who have alread lost them nod at you.

"They are going to convict you in any case, whethe you confess or whether you don't," conclude those wh have got to the bottom of things.

"Those who don't sign get shot!" prophesies someon else in the corner. "Out of vengeance! So as not to risk any leaks about how they conduct interrogations."

"And if you die in the interrogator's office, they'll tel your relatives you've been sentenced to camp withou the right of correspondence. And then just let them look for you."

If you are an orthodox Communist, then another or thodox Communist will sidle up to you, peering abou with hostile suspicion, and he'll begin to whisper in you ear so that the uninitiated cannot overhear:

"It's our duty to support Soviet interrogation. It's a

at situation. We ourselves are to blame. We were ofthearted; and now look at all the rot that has mul- d in the country. There is a vicious secret war go- on. Even here we are surrounded by enemies. Just to what they are saying! The Party is not obliged count for what it does to every single one of us—to in the whys and wherefores. If they ask us to, that is we should sign."

nd another orthodox Communist sidles up:

signed denunciations against thirty-five people, ist all my acquaintances. And I advise you, too: Drag g as many names as you can in your wake, as many ou can. That way it will become obvious that the e thing is an absurdity and they'll let everyone out!"

it that is precisely what the *Organs* need. The con- tiousness of the orthodox Communist and the pur- of the NKVD naturally coincide. Indeed, the NKVD s just that arched fan of names, that fat multiplica- of them. That is the mark of quality of their work, these are also new patches of woods in which to set snares. "Your accomplices, accomplices! Others who e your views!" That is what they keep pressing to e out of everyone. They say that R. Ralov named linal Richelieu as one of his accomplices and that Cardinal was in fact so listed in his depositions— no one was astonished by this until Ralov was ques- ed about it at his rehabilitation proceedings in 1956.

APROPOS OF THE ORTHODOX Communists, Stalin necessary, for such a *purge* as that, yes, but a Party that was necessary, too: the majority of those in pow- up to the very moment of their own arrest, were piti- in arresting others, obediently destroyed their peers ccordance with those same instructions, and handed r to retribution any friend or comrade-in-arms of yes- terday. And all the big Bolsheviks, who now wear mar- tyrs' halos, managed to be the executioners of other Bolsheviks (not even taking into account how *all of them* in the first place had been the executioners of non-Com- munists). Perhaps 1937 was *needed* in order to show how little their whole ideology was worth—that *ideology* of which they boasted so enthusiastically, turning Russia upside down, destroying its foundations, trampling [illegible] thing it held sacred underfoot, that Russia where [illegible] *themselves* had never been threatened by *such* retribu- tion. The victims of the Bolsheviks from 1918 to 1946 never conducted themselves so despicably as the leading Bolsheviks when the lightning struck them. If you study in detail the whole history of the arrests and trials of 1936 to 1938, the principal revulsion you feel is not against Stalin and his accomplices, but against the hu- miliatingly repulsive defendants—nausea at their spiri- tual baseness after their former pride and implacability.

So what is the answer? How can you stand your ground when you are weak and sensitive to pain, when people you love are still alive, when you are unprepared?

What do you need to make you stronger than the in- terrogator and the whole trap?

From the moment you go to prison you must put your cozy past firmly behind you. At the very threshold, you must say to yourself: "My life is over, a little early to be sure, but there's nothing to be done about it. I shall never return to freedom. I am condemned to die—now or a little later. But later on, in truth, it will be even harder, and so the sooner the better. I no longer have any property whatsoever. For me those I love have died, and for them I have died. From today on, my body is use- less and alien to me. Only my spirit and my conscience remain precious and important to me."

Confronted by such a prisoner, the interrogation will tremble.

Only the man who has renounced everything can win that victory. □



Arthur Koestler

ORDER FROM DISORDE

The penumbra between science and parascience grows smaller all the time

At Oxford in 1967, two British researchers, Robert Harvie and Sir Alister Hardy, conducted a mass experiment in telepathic communication among more than two hundred people. While many "senders" successfully conveyed mental messages, an unexpected result was that subjects designated as "receivers" seemed to achieve telepathic communication with each other. Harvie and Hardy then designed a control experiment which proved that chance alone could produce similar results; they were thus led to question the meaning of chance and of probability theory, which is foundation of modern science.

Intrigued by their findings, Arthur Koestler, had explored some of the riddles that parapsyc ogy shares with subatomic physics, joined the searchers in writing a new book, The Challeng Chance.

In the following excerpt, Mr. Koestler ref on, among other matters, "the need for s additional hypothesis to account for the spont ous emergence of order from disorder."

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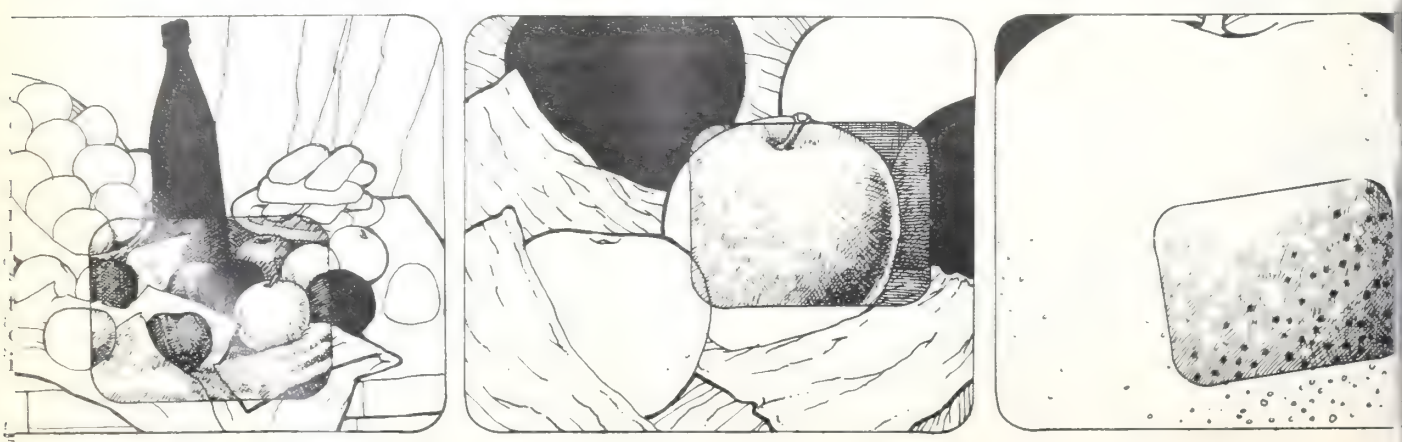
IN *The Roots of Coincidence* I tried to make the point that the phenomena of parapsychology appear somewhat less preposterous in the light of the unthinkable propositions of modern quantum physics. This argument is not new, and enlightened physicists are quite willing to concede it; but it has not yet penetrated the consciousness of the wider public, simply because quantum physics is a discipline beyond the grasp of the educated layman.

The argument can also be extended into the past and applied to classical textbook physics. To mention an obvious example: from the point of view of naive common sense, the type of action-at-a-distance that we call telepathy appears no more mysterious (and perhaps even less so) than the other action-at-a-distance that we call gravitational attraction. Galileo dismissed the notion of universal gravity as pure mysticism and contrary to the laws of nature—which required that a body which acts on another body must be in physical contact with it. Newton wrote that he vehemently rejected the con of gravity unless there was some interste medium through which gravity was transmitt

> *That one body may act upon another, at distance, through a vacuum, without th mediation of anything else by and throug which their action and force may be con veyed from one to another, is to me so grea an absurdity that no man who has . . . competent faculty of thinking can ever fal into it.*

This tortured passage reminds me of a scie editor's remark to me: "ESP is a pain in neck. I would be happier without it; but i there." Newton must have felt the same pai the thought of gravity pulling immense ste objects with ubiquitous ghostly fingers. If no longer feel that pain, it is only because use the term mindlessly.

Even classical physics could make prog only at the price of insulting common sense operating with concepts previously conside



ientific. Twentieth-century physics had to at both offenses in even more brutal ways. the first, magical decades of this century, stein, de Broglie, and Schrödinger among dematerialized matter like the conjurer makes the lady vanish from the curtained on the stage. Heisenberg replaced deterism by the principle of indeterminacy, and sality by probability. Dirac postulated holes pace stuffed with electrons of *negative mass.* mson made a single particle go through two s in a screen at the same time. Photons—kets of light—devoid of mass were observed he process of giving virgin birth to twin ticles endowed with solid mass; Feynman le time flow backward on his diagrams. To aphrase an old saying, inside the atom is re things happen that don't.

Mathematics and mysticism

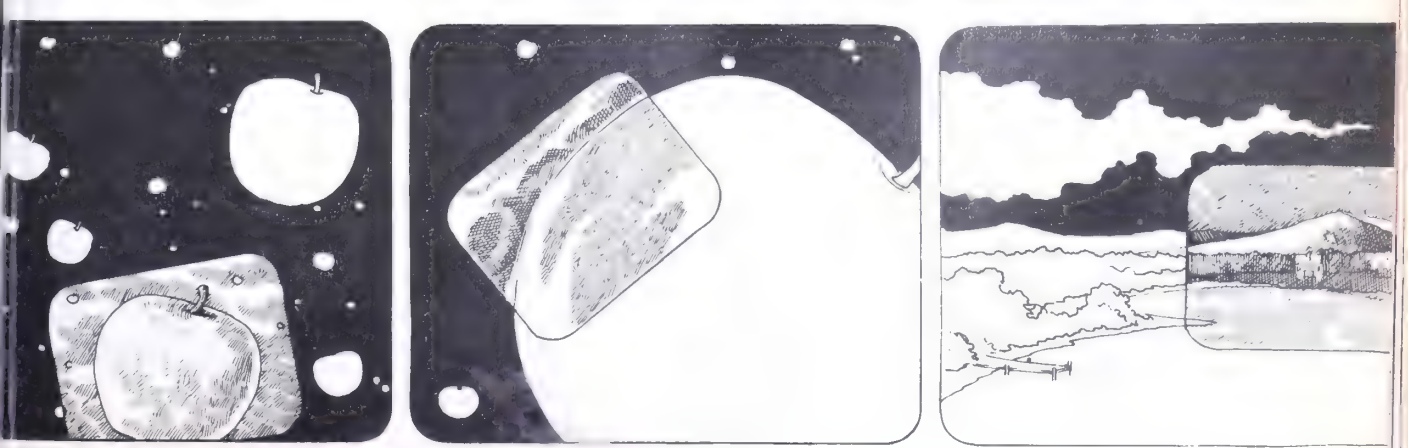
OLOGY, TOO, is in the process of discovering that the mind-body continuum, which conutes the inner universe of living organisms, nifests some very odd phenomena. Twenty rs ago, Sir John Eccles created quite a stir en he proposed that the exercise of conscious ition could, by affecting a single neuron, gger changes of activity in large areas of the tical network. Since then, other researchers ve shown that mental volition, assisted by ious types of biofeedback apparatus, can luence the activities of the autonomic ner- s system, and bring on the alpha rhythm of brain. As a side effect of the philosophical heaval these revolutionary trends in modern ence have caused, one can observe a curious- reciprocal development in the "exact" sci- ces on the one hand, and in parapsychology the other. For the past fifty years, our lead- g physicists have been engaged in ruthlessly scarding previously sacrosanct "laws of na- re" (or "rules of logic"), and replacing them th obscure mental constructs whose quasi- ystical implications are hidden in technical gon and mathematical formalism. If Galileo re alive, he would certainly accuse them of "dabbling in occult fancies." At the same time, he might have looked with a benevolent eye at the parapsychologists' increasing reliance on statistical method, rigorous controls, mechanical gadgets, and electronic computers.

There may be some significance in these convergent trends, yet one must be careful in drawing conclusions. The time for physics and parapsychology to fall happily into each other's arms is not yet. What they have in common are the negative attributes I mentioned earlier on: both defy common sense, and both defy laws previously considered sacrosanct. Both are provocative and iconoclastic.

A number of eminent physicists, from Einstein on, have shown an inclination to flirt with parapsychology—as witnessed by the list of past presidents of the British Society for Psychical Research; and, as in other subversive movements, the number of fellow-travelers exceeds by far that of card-carrying members. Thus, for instance, the discoverer of the electron, Sir Joseph J. Thomson, was one of the earliest members of the society. Why should physicists in particular be disposed to infection by the ESP virus? The answer is hinted at in the autobiographical writings and metaphysical speculations of some of the greatest among them. The dominant chord that echoes through them is a pervasive feeling of frustration, caused by realizing that science can elucidate only certain aspects, or levels, of reality, while the ultimate questions remain elusive, vanishing into infinity like images reflected in a hall of mirrors.

We are now asking for something more definite—for data and theories that would point the way to the ultimate fusion of science and parascience. There has been no shortage of such theories. The earlier ones were crude efforts to provide physical explanations for telepathy by radio waves or other known forms of radiation. With the advent of modern quantum theory, however, these efforts became considerably more sophisticated. They were inspired by the discovery of types of elementary particles and types of processes never dreamed of before. Thus the discovery of the elusive subatomic particle called the neutrino inspired astrono-

"The universe has acquired a new look, which seems to reflect some ancient, archetypal intuitions of unity-in-diversity, on a higher turn of the spiral."



rtin Avillez

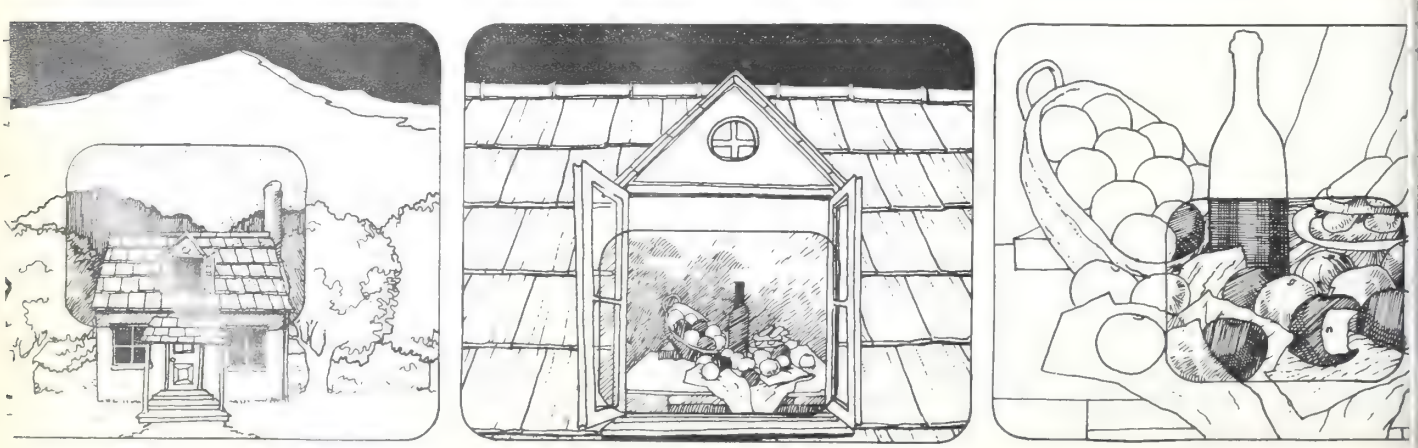
mers, mathematicians, and physicists to propose hypothetical explanations for parapsychological phenomena. Neutrinos are particles of cosmic origin, devoid of physical attributes (mass, weight, charge, magnetic field) traversing the earth (and our bodies) in swarms of billions at the speed of light. Because of this lack of attributes they are not stopped by other particles except in the rare case of a direct collision—the reason it took so long to detect their existence. This led the late Adrian Dobbs, a brilliant mathematician, to put forward an elaborate theory in which hypothetical "psytrons" with properties somewhat similar to the neutrinos', were regarded as the carriers of ESP phenomena, capable of impinging directly on neurons in the percipient's brain. Other examples are the theory of the physicist Martin Ruderfer, postulating a neutrino sea interacting with the nervous system, and the astronomer Axel Firsoff's suggestion of extrasensory communication by *mindons*, neutrinolike particles of an all-pervasive "mind-stuff." These theories were of great ingenuity, but they could be neither proved nor disproved. Like many similar efforts, they give the impression of improvised bridges across an abyss, supported by ad hoc hypotheses. One cannot help feeling that these imaginative constructions are stimulating but premature, and that they are marred by what Whitehead called "misplaced concreteness."

A MORE MODEST yet promising approach is to be on the alert for new developments in the "official" sciences that point to certain affinities with parapsychological research. These pointers may be implicit rather than explicit, mere hints indicating analogies of limited applicability—convergent trends rather than premature shortcuts—but they are worth a brief discussion. In the first place, the phenomena of parapsychology imply that in certain circumstances mind has control over matter—an assertion nineteenth-century science regarded as nonsense. Today, even conservative biologists can no longer afford that rigid attitude; they have to at least acknowledge the evidence that hypnotic suggestion and biofeedback can cause physiological changes.

Surprisingly, it is again quantum physics th has led to a revolutionary reappraisal of t mind-body problem. Sir James Jeans's o quoted epigram, "The universe begins to lo more like a great thought than a great machine was not inspired by mysticism, but by one the fundamental principles of quantum theo the Principle of Complementarity. Put in plain language, this states that the elementa constituents of the universe, such as electro and photons, are Janus-faced entities which u der certain conditions behave like hard grai of matter, and under other conditions beha like waves in a nonmaterial medium. These t descriptions are mutally contradictory, yet t physicist needs them both, and is thus forced treat them as if they were complementary, peaceful coexistence. Heisenberg was appare ly the first to realize that the complementari of graininess and waviness provided a "ve neat" analogy to the Cartesian dualism of m ter and mind. "Atoms are not *things*," he wr in his autobiography. "When we get down the atomic level, the objective world in spa and time no longer exists." *Mutatis mutand* the contents of mental experience—ideas, i ages, memories—also exist outside the objecti framework of space, time, and substance, yet a somehow linked to the material brain—as t wave-character of the photon is somehow link to its graininess.

Eugene Wigner, the Nobel laureate, carri the analogy a step further. He pointed out th a century ago it was regarded as dogma th matter can influence the motion of light b light cannot directly influence the motion matter. Today we know better: witness the a tomatic opening and shutting of doors operat by photoelectric cells at airports. Similarl Wigner says, some scientists hold that

> *the motion of matter (in the broadest sense of the word) is not influenced by consciousness, even though consciousness is obviously influenced by the motion of matter. . . . It seems more likely, however, that this view is incorrect, and that living matter is actually*



nfluenced by what it influences: consciousess. The description of this phenomenon learly needs incorporation into our laws of ature of concepts which are foreign to the resent laws of physics.

ewhere he argues even more radically that nsciousness modifies the usual laws of physs" since "we do not know of any phenomenon which one object is influenced by another hout exerting influence thereupon."

One of the difficulties that bedeviled quantum ory from its beginnings was the inevitable rference of the observer with the process erved, which led into insoluble paradoxes. n von Neumann, the greatest of modern thematicians, thought that these could be reved only by regarding any definite statement ut the process observed as valid only for observer who made it: "The conception of ective reality . . . has thus evaporated." To k about what the electron was "really doing" hout stating what the observer was doing bene meaningless, for the electron's doings were leterminate and thus could not be objectivedefined, only approximately described. But s description had to include the observer; othvise it became empty. Commenting on these velopments, Ludwik Bass recently wrote: "The epest philosophical implications of quantum ory are concerned with the need for the excit introduction of events occurring in the nsciousness of an observer into the descripn of the . . . process."

Now this, as many leading physicists are are, is an attitude with certain similarities Vedantism, which teaches that the object perived cannot be separated from the mind of e perceiver; that the observer and the thing served constitute a single, fluid reality.

A second analogy between recent developents in science and parascience is provided the increasingly holistic trend in the former -based on the insight that the whole is as necsary for the understanding of its parts as the rt is for the understanding of the whole. In ology this trend is again obvious; in physics is fairly recent and fraught with revolutiony implications.

The physicist Dr. F. Capra has remarked, "What we call an isolated particle is in reality the product of its interaction with its surroundings. It is therefore impossible to separate any part of the universe from the rest." This statement can be applied not only to the microworld of quantum physics but also to the familiar large objects of everyday life. The inertia of all terrestrial objects is, according to Mach's principle, determined by the total mass of the universe around us.

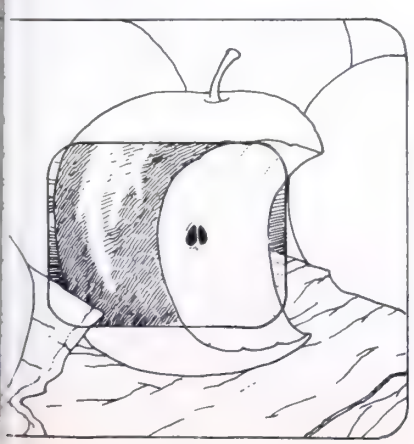
"The ultimate questions of reality remain elusive, vanishing into infinity like images reflected in a hall of mirrors."

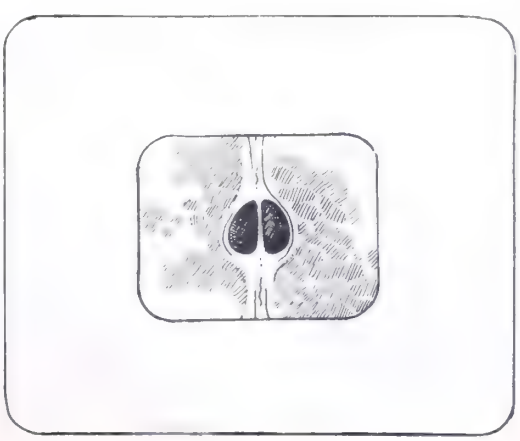
Degrees of truth

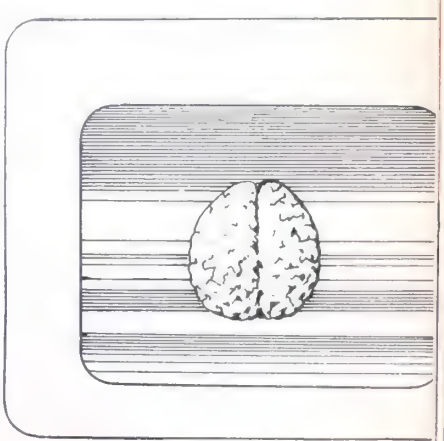
THREE EXAMPLES from quantum lore—the Einstein-Podolski-Rosen (EPR) paradox, the paradox of Schrödinger's cat, and the paradox of the Pauli exclusion principle—may illustrate the situation more clearly.

The first has often been compared to telepathy or psychokinesis in the quantum realm, but it is rather involved, so I must describe it in a simplified way. We bounce two electrons off each other; they will fly away in different directions. But because of their previous interaction, observing electron A enables me to make precise statements about electron B *without interfering with it,* and even to influence its behavior within the limits of its indeterminacy. The controversy about the interpretation of the EPR paradox is, happily, still continuing in the technical journals.

"Schrödinger's cat" needs a word of introduction. Classical logic was ruled by the principle of *tertium non datur*—the excluded third (or excluded middle). If a statement has any meaning at all, it must either be true or its negation must be true. "The chair is here" or "the chair is not here" excludes a third possibility. But in quantum theory (and in new types of symbolic logic), this is no longer the case. Heisenberg gives the example of an atom that may be in the left half of a box or in the right half of the box in a state of indecision: "But the term 'not decided' is by no means equivalent to the term 'not known.' 'Not known' would mean that the atom is 'really' left or right, only







we do not know where it is. But 'not decided' indicates a different situation." This "different situation" arises as a consequence of the atom's indeterminateness, and can be described only by a multileveled logic, which accepts "degrees of truth" and readmits the excluded third. But supposing we have a cat in a cage with a vial of cyanide. So long as the atom stays in the right half of the box, all is well. But when it enters the left half of the box it will trigger a sensitive mechanism which breaks the vial and thus kills the cat.

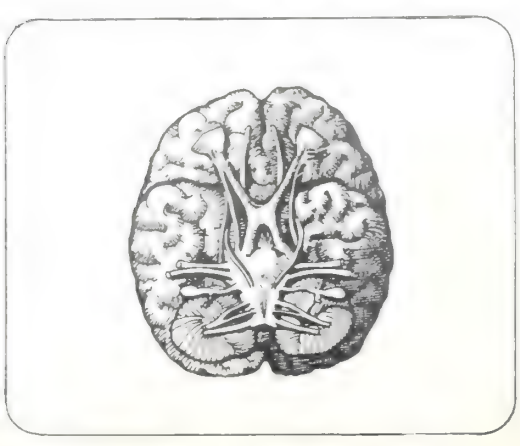
After this experiment has continued for a while, is the cat dead or alive?

> *It must be one or the other—or so we would think. But according to a standard . . . interpretation of the mathematics of quantum mechanics, the cat at the end of the hour is in a limbo state, with a fifty-fifty chance of being alive and a fifty-fifty chance of being dead.*

The cat's existence or nonexistence is not subject to multitiered logic. The paradox's value as an analogy lies in showing how acausal microevents ruled—or rather, set free—by the indeterminacy principle could trigger dramatic events in our own macroworld.

The Pauli exclusion principle says, roughly speaking, that any one of the "planetary orbits" inside an atom can be occupied by only one electron at a time. If it were not so, chaos would result: but why is it so? The answer—or rather, absence of an answer—is best described in a passage (condensed) from Prof. Henry Margenau:

> *Most of the organising actions that occur in nature are brought about by the Pauli Principle, which is simply a principle of symmetry, a formal mathematical characteristic of the equations which in the end regulate phenomena in nature. Almost miraculously it calls into being the forces which bind atoms into molecules and molecules into crystals. The impenetrability of matter, its very stability, can be directly traced to the Pauli Exclusion Principle. Now, this principle has no dynamic aspect to it at all. It acts like a force though it is not a force. We cannot speak of it as doing anything by mechanical action. No, it is a very general and elusive thing; a mathematical symmetry imposed upon the basic equations of nature.*



A German proverb says, "*Alle Vergleiche h*
ken"—all analogies limp. One must bear t
warning in mind whenever the temptation ari
to regard an analogy as a proof—to jump to t
conclusion that if neutrinos exist, then gho
must exist.

On the other hand, it seems perfectly legi
mate, and even imperative, to assimilate in
our habits of thought the lessons that mode
physics has taught us, and to incorporate the
into our world view. Relativity and quantu
theory are transforming man's image of the u
verse around him radically, but the dogmas
nineteenth-century science still dominate t
habits of thought of the average educated p
son who prides himself on a "rational" outloo

Let us now take another look at the ma
categories of parapsychological research in t
light of modern physics. The most common ES
phenomena, both in folklore and in the labor
tory, are telepathy and clairvoyance. Both imp
action-at-a-distance, "without the mediation
anything else." We remember Newton's word
dismissing the concept as an absurdity; and I
would no doubt reject as an even greater a
surdity the modern interpretation of gravity
a result of curved and warped space. The ana
ogy limps, of course, because gravity, whatev
it is, can be quantified, and works in a reliab
and predictable way—which telepathy does no
But the basic conceptual difficulty is shared b
both, and is further shared by the notion of ele
tromagnetic waves traveling through a vacuun
without any substance to carry them—ripple
that spread not in water, nor in air, but in notl
ingness. The anthropomorphic notion of "forces
has now been replaced by the more noncon
mittal term "fields"—electromagnetic field
gravitational fields, etc. This does not help i
the least our efforts at comprehending wha
"really" happens; yet the semantic sleight-o
hand is justified because, once more, the the
ries *work*—reliably, predictably, repeatedl
There is nothing to prevent the parapsychol
gist from postulating his own psi-field, or "psy
cho-magnetic" field. He cannot provide his ow
equivalents of Maxwell's and Einstein's fiel
equations, nor any guarantee that his field wi
do what is expected of it. But a priori he is quit
entitled to create his field, and cultivate it a
best he can, for there is sufficient evidence t
justify his belief that the phenomena are wort
investigating.

Another category of classic ESP phenomena
precognition, seems to have an even higher de
gree of incredibility than telepathy and clair
voyance; yet the physicist's concept of *time* i
radically different today from what it was a cen
tury ago. As Fred Hoyle, England's leading
astronomer, puts it:

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You're stuck with a grotesque and absurd illusion . . . the idea of time as an ever-rolling stream. . . . There's one thing quite certain in this business: the idea of time as a steady progression from past to future is wrong. I know very well we feel this way about it subjectively. But we're the victims of a confidence trick.

On the macrocosmic scale of very large distances and high speeds, the paradoxes of relativity play havoc with our earthly notions of time. On the microcosmic scale they do the same. Feynman's positrons are pellets of antimatter which are assumed to travel for short distances backward in time, yet leave tracks observable on photographic plates. At present it is an open question whether there exist galaxies composed entirely of antimatter, and whether in such galaxies time would flow in a direction opposite to ours. In some laboratories an active search is going on for hypothetical "tachyons" —particles of cosmic origin which are supposed to fly faster than light and consequently, according to orthodox relativity theory, in a reversed time direction. They would thus carry information from the future into our present, as light and X rays from distant galaxies carry information from the remote past of the universe into our now and here. In the light of these developments, we can no longer exclude on a priori grounds the theoretical possibility of precognitive phenomena. The logical paradox that predicting a future event may prevent or distort it is circumvented by the probabilistic nature of all forecasts.

THE SITUATION IS DIFFERENT, however, when we turn to the fourth category of parapsychological phenomena, psychokinesis (PK). Helmut Schmidt's experiments* could still be accommodated within the framework of quantum physics, because that PK influence, whatever it is, would operate on the microscale of the atomic world, triggering a process which in itself is undetermined—one unknown entity impinging on another. But when we move up to the macroscale —e.g., dice-throwing experiments—the energies required to make the dice roll in a given direction or show a preselected face are of a much higher order of magnitude, where quantum indeterminism no longer applies. And when we get to poltergeist-type phenomena and other "convergence effects," analogies with

* Schmidt conducted an experiment in which nine lamps, connected to a generator, were arranged in a circle. One lamp would be lit; the light would then move, one step at a time, in a clockwise or counterclockwise direction. The subjects were asked to try to mentally force the light to continue moving clockwise. A strong negative tendency was observed: the light moved significantly more often in a counterclockwise direction. The odds against this deviation being the result of chance are more than 1,000 to 1.

specific aspects of modern physics can longer be found; but we still have those eral affinities which have been discussed in vious pages. Why should we shrink ment from Jung-Pauli's synchronicity concept a "acausal connecting principle" when physi calmly accept the same Pauli's acausal ex sion principle as a cornerstone of modern ence? Why should we be shocked by Ju claim that acausal connections might be equal importance in the universe to phys causation," when the laws of probability wh lend order to that universe are the prime ample of such acausal connections? And co it be that telepathy, clairvoyance, precognit psychokinesis, and meaningful coincidences merely *different manifestations, under diffe conditions, of the same universal principle?* " incidence is the simultaneous occurrence causally unconnected events," Schopenha wrote. "If we visualize each causal chain p gressing in time as a meridian on the globe, t we may represent simultaneous events by parallel circles of latitude. . . . All the events a man's life would accordingly stand in t fundamentally different connections."

And the Austrian biologist Paul Kamme published in 1919 his concept of seriality, wh referred to the recurrence of meaningfully, not causally, connected events. He, too, like Ju kept a logbook of coincidences—he regarc them as the tips of the icebergs which happer to catch our eyes among the ubiquitous ma festations of seriality. And he, too, compa the acausal factor to universal gravity—althou the latter acts indiscriminately on matter, whe as the hypothetical factor correlates by affini or a kind of selective resonance. "We thus rive," he wrote, "at the image of a world mos or cosmic kaleidoscope, which, in spite of c stant shufflings and rearrangements, also tal care of bringing like and like together." T doctrine that everything in the universe har together, partly by mechanical causes but ma ly by hidden affinities which also account apparent coincidences, was not only the foun tion of primitive magic, of astrology and alcl my; it runs as a leitmotif through the teachin of Pythagoras (the harmony of the spheres of Taoism, of the Neoplatonists, and of the p losophers of the early Renaissance.

The scientific revolution of the seventeen century put a temporary end to this holistic vi and proclaimed mechanical causality as the a solute ruler of matter and mind. Now we a witnessing a swing of the pendulum in the o posite direction. The twin tyranny of mecha ical causality and strict determinism has co to an end; the universe has acquired a new loo which seems to reflect some ancient, archetyp intuitions of unity-in-diversity, on a higher tu of the spiral. Mach's principle has become

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integral part of modern physics, even though it has an odor of mysticism. As Whitehead has put it, rather dramatically, "Any local agitation shakes the whole universe. The distant effects are minute, but they are there. . . . There is no possibility of a detached, self-contained existence." In biology, too, there is a search for new principles—or, perhaps, a revival of earlier insights—which would provide a more satisfactory approach to the creative aspects of evolution than Neo-Darwinism, for all its historical merits, has been able to provide. The claim that chance mutations preserved by natural selection provide the *complete* explanation of the emergence of higher forms of life and its complex, purposive forms of behavior may turn out to be the swan song of a presumptuous generation of biologists. There is today a growing number of eminent biologists who have come to realize that chance mutations may provide part of the explanation, but not the whole explanation, and perhaps not even an important part of it.

This discontent with the mechanistic interpretation of evolution is indirectly connected with the progressive emancipation of biology from the stranglehold of certain principles of classical physics, epitomized in the famous Second Law of Thermodynamics. Enunciated by the German physicist Clausius in 1850, it said: "Heat cannot of itself pass from a colder to a hotter body." This statement was to have momentous repercussions in physics, cosmology, and philosophy. For it seemed to imply that the universe is runing down like a mechanical clock which must eventually come to a stop because its energy is being slowly but inexorably dissipated through friction into heat and thus into the random motion of molecules; by this process, the universe, too, must finally dissolve into a single, amorphous bubble of gas of uniform temperature. Only during the past few decades have biologists begun to realize that the Second Law applies only to "closed systems" which are perfectly isolated from their environment. But no completely isolated systems are known even in inanimate nature; and all living organisms are "open systems" which absorb energy and matter from their environment. The living organism is constantly "building up" more complex chemical structures from the substances on which it feeds, more complex patterns of energy from the energies it absorbs, and more complex forms of knowledge and behavior from the information conveyed by its senses.

A similar "building up" tendency is manifested in the evolution of organisms toward an optimal realization of the potentials of living matter and living minds—a universal tendency toward "spontaneously developing states of greater heterogeneity and complexity." Evolution proceeds from unity to diversity, and thence to higher forms of unity-in-diversity, creating order out of disorder, designing terns where none existed before. This ub tous creative principle is as fundamental tc as its antagonist, the Second Law of The dynamics, is to inanimate matter. The Ger biologist Woltereck coined the term "ana phosis" for nature's tendency to create hi forms of life; von Bertalanaffy, one of th oneers of this modern revival, adopted the as a contrast to "morpholysis"—the disinte tion of an organic matter; L. L. Whyte c it the "morphic principle," or "the fundam principle of the development of pattern." related to Schrödinger's concept of "neg entropy" (the reversal of the dissipation o ergy), which in its turn is related to what I called the "Integrative Tendency."

WHAT ALL THESE TENTATIVE formulat have in common is that they regard morphic, or formative, or Integrative Tende nature's striving toward creating order ou disorder, cosmos out of chaos, as an ultimate irreducible principle, to be considered as e in importance to mechanical causation, and *plementary to it in the sense that wave-func and particle-effect are complementary in q tum theory*. The phenomena of parapsychol including the convergence or clustering eff would then appear as the highest manifesta of the Integrative Tendency, although modus operandi is at present unknown, and or may not be beyond the faculties of com hension of our species. It looks as if the s ulations I have outlined could be summe in a single sentence, paraphrasing Spin nature abhors randomness.

The principle such speculations point to is, as we are well aware, a contemporary statement of a conception that can be tr all the way back to the Pythagoreans. Ho works we do not know; but we know th cannot work within the frame of mecha causality any more than the quantum phen ena can be fitted into it. It could be that related to the physicist's causality gaps; it c be that the roots of coincidence sprout f those gaps. It could also be that an explana lies altogether beyond our traditional categ of thought and the language into which we ject them. Our leading physicists keep poin out that words like "time," "space," "matt "energy," "causality" have changed their m ing and become snares for thought—langu can stand as a screen between the mind reality. As John Weightman wrote in a diffe context but reflecting our own perplexities: understand that I don't really understand w I have the illusion of understanding, since language is no more than a mirage of com hensibility above a sea of unknowing."


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Sonny Kleinfield

SPEED KILLS

Is it a sausage? A garbage can? No, it's the world's fastest car!

ACROSS THE NORTHWESTERN corner of Utah lies a vast white carpet, a seemingly limitless desert of salt. The Bonneville Salt Flats are so empty, so denuded of vegetation, that one can look in any direction and clearly discern the curvature of the earth. In winter torrential rainstorms coat the flats with a film of water that takes days to evaporate. In summer the burning sun bakes them to a parched, marble-hard surface. Such is the fittingly surreal void where, sometime in the next year or so, an engaging monomaniac named Gary Gabelich will wedge himself into the cockpit of a bizarre vehicle that looks like a thirty-eight-foot sausage, and, with a mighty whoosh, streak flat-out across the salt. If he is lucky, he will hit a speed of about 740 miles per hour—enough to break the sound barrier. If he is unlucky, he and his car will be scattered for miles around. Whatever fate befalls Gabelich, the world will little note nor long remember him.

To reach this moment on the salt, Gabelich, a thirty-three-year-old racer from Long Beach, California, will have spent nearly $1 million to develop his car, most of it drawn from the coffers of big business. He will have invested many of the waking hours of his life. He will have placed himself heavily in debt, having toiled night and day to build a car he hopes will be capable not only of exceeding the speed of sound but of swooping down the salt at a terrifying 1,000 miles per hour. Yet Gabelich is not intent on supplanting a rival; he *already* holds the world's land speed record, having whistled down the salt flats at 622.407 miles per hour in a rocket-engine-powered car on October 23, 1970, the last time any attention was paid to the quest for the ultimate land speed.

Sonny Kleinfield is a staff writer for The Wall Street Journal.

Speed freak

THE FIRST LAND SPEED RECORD was set on December 18, 1898, by a Frenchman, Count Gaston de Chasseloup-Laubat. A French motoring journal, *La France Automobile,* hatched the notion of staging a speed test over a 2,000-meter stretch of smooth road in Achères, a town north of Paris. Chasseloup-Laubat zipped his electric car down the course at a heady 39.24 miles per hour and was proclaimed the holder of the world's land speed record.

Chasseloup-Laubat had no idea what madness he had wrought. Within a month, Belgian inventor Camille Jenatzy wheeled his torpedo-shaped electric out to the park and cracked the record

a run of 41.42 miles per hour. Six times n a four-month period, the two shuffled the d back and forth, Jenatzy eventually raised to 65.79 miles per hour. From there, the d climbed past 100 miles per hour in 1904, ssed 200 in 1927, topped 300 in 1935, ex-ed 400 in 1964, and so on up to the cur-622. Thirty-five men have held the record its inception, one (Arthur Macdonald) ess than a day, another (John Cobb) for en years. At least as many more have tried and failed.

ne most renowned figure to succeed was olm Campbell, an intrepid little Englishman from 1924 to 1935, beat the land speed d nine times (more often than anyone else) the less-coveted water speed record three s. After he broke the land record a fifth , he was knighted by a grateful King George Campbell was a remarkably eccentric per-lity who, when not stalking speed records, d search for buried pirate treasure. He used plain that what excited him about the speed were the funny tunes the wind would play e swooped down the course.

uring these years and on into the early Os, the British poured millions of pounds man-hours into pursuit of the land and water rds, apparently chagrined that they had dwarfed in all else by the Americans and sians. This manic obsession ultimately en-ered the world's most expensive lemon. As colm Campbell grew older, he passed his rmination to break records on to his son ald. Some ninety British firms, between 1955 1960, put up some $6 million to launch a speed record attempt for him. Of this, an edible $4 million went for a sleek, turbine-pelled car called *Bluebird*. But although *Blue-* took the record for conventional cars, it soon beaten by jet-powered vehicles. Dis-raged, Donald Campbell abandoned the car and turned to the water record. In 1967, as he streaked down England's Lake Coniston, his boat soared out of the water, flipped over, and disintegrated. No traces of Campbell's body were ever found. After that, Britain repudiated further speed attempts.

THE MEN WHO CHASE the land speed record devote themselves to fanatical pursuit of a statistic. A record holder enjoys neither celebrity nor riches; his only rewards are a certificate, a line of agate in record books, and whatever ego-boosting he derives from the knowledge that he is the fastest man on wheels. A land speed record attempt is a lonely affair, too wide-ranging to stage in the Houston Astrodome, too dull to cover on live television. It is often played out before no more than several dozen spectators, sometimes none at all, on a desolate stretch of salt fifteen miles from civilization. It is unlikely to rouse as much publicity as a lacrosse match.

Racing car drivers are among those who view the entire land speed game with, among other things, amusement. Land speed drivers usually have never competed in even the lowest levels of motor racing, and, no doubt, would fail miserably if they did. For a racing driver, who must blend marvelous eye and hand controls to fight both a twisting circuit and competing drivers at the same time, a land speed attempt, where the course is absurdly elementary and there are no other cars congesting the way, would be an utter bore. After all, it takes no skill or brains to stomp on an accelerator and guide a car in a straight line down a flat expanse of salt. Anyone could do it. You or I could do it. A gorilla, sufficiently trained, could do it. Onlookers may be momentarily unnerved, but they could never be fascinated by the runs. The speed with which a record-breaking trial is made also takes the activity out of the class of spectator

"Anyone could drive a land speed car. You or I could do it. A gorilla, sufficiently trained, could do it."



Sonny Kleinfield

SPEED KILLS

sport. A car moving at the speed of sound will take five seconds to hurtle down the mile course. If a bullet were fired from a .22 rifle at the instant the car started, the car would handily beat the bullet to the other end.

On top of the avalanchine sums of money it consumes in exchange for little tangible reward, the land speed record is a hobby involving risks that grow all the more prohibitive as the speeds inch higher. For instance, no one knows for sure what will happen when a car smashes the sound barrier; calculations and wind tunnel tests can provide only some of the answers. With a plane, the shock waves created dissipate into the air. With a car, they might flick off and pepper the ground. It would not be unreasonable to suppose that some would bounce back and inflict damage on the car. Even if they don't, it is certain they wouldn't do the track any good. One driver suspects that a car, on breaking the barrier, might bolt for the sky like a bird. What of the danger? "You could get killed in the bathtub," he says.

The record has already claimed at least four lives, the last time in 1962, when Glenn Leasher's jet-powered car exploded at more than 400 miles per hour, distributing car and driver over a square mile of Bonneville salt. And the record has nearly killed virtually everyone who has fooled with it. Craig Breedlove, a Torrance, California, real-estate salesman and former record holder, must often ask himself why he is alive today. In 1964, after he pushed the record to more than 526 miles per hour, both the braking chutes and disk brakes on his car malfunctioned. Traveling at 540 miles per hour with nothing to stop it, the car yawed crazily down the course. In a few terrible seconds, it screamed off the firm speed strip and onto adjacent mucky ground. The car struck and splintered a telephone pole, shot up an incline, flew over a ten-foot dike, and finally porpoised, three miles off course, into a canal of salt water eighteen feet deep. Somehow, Breedlove escaped unharmed. As he struggled away from the car, he said, "I kept thinking that if I have to go, I might as well have the record."

ART ARFONS MUST BE the luckiest man alive. In 1964 and 1965, he drove to new land speed records three times in his appropriately named Green Monster, a car resembling an elongated, disfigured garbage truck, that was widely acclaimed as the ugliest contraption ever built. Twice he narrowly escaped death when a rear tire blew out and the car jackrabbited out of control. In 1966, having relinquished the record to Breedlove, Arfons made another run. He whipped his car down the course at 589 miles per hour when, inexplicably, it jerked giddily to the right and took off like a plane. As it pirouetted end over end, it deposited twisted l of metal over a mile. A tire was later found o four miles away. After sliding along the salt more than a mile, the car finally came to a h its bulbous frame a dismembered glob of sc metal. No one watching could imagine the p sibility of Arfons surviving. Chopped out of heap with an ax, blood running down his fa Arfons miraculously escaped with only mi cuts and bruises. Firestone, his sponsor, sw off the land speed business for good.

The pursuers of the record devote themsel to it with a fidelity and an expenditure of ene that can obscure almost everything else in th lives. They believe in the record, and they p heavily for it. Craig Breedlove has paid with t divorces and heavy debts. When he was you speed became a preoccupation that grew to an obsession. Instead of going to college, he p formed menial labor which allowed him to bu fast cars and race them. His women could ne understand his dream, and they divorced hi By hawking tires on television, he made so money from the record, and he spent it. Deep debt for a time, he recently returned to solve through shrewd real-estate dealings. Now thir seven, he lives alone and swears no more wom will bear his name. Art Arfons, a miller's s who has held the record three separate tim is now, at forty-eight, a mechanic in Akr Ohio. Always a loner, he too made speed opium as a youngster. He, too, forwent forr education for a garage. Arfons says he is t ashamed to reveal his present financial c dition. What has the record brought hi "Nothing." Gary Gabelich, a fisherman's s who hit the drag strips at seventeen, advanc to a good job as a manager's assistant at No American Rockwell. Disturbed by the dang the company instructed him in 1968 to aband his weekend drag racing or find other wo Gabelich became an ironworker, and now str gles to live off racing. Two years ago, a seric drag-strip mishap landed him in the hospit Most of the bills are still unpaid.

Why do these men continue to chase su a hazardous goal? Over the years, a numb of weighty theories have been advanced: ma inherent wish to court death, the mythical h to conquer speed. Gary Gabelich has this say: "When you break the record, you f something like a lion tamer. You're bringi under control something that shouldn't brought under control. You're sort of every m in the world when you speed down the sa Once you complete the run, the world seems little less mysterious than it did before." A Arfons phrases it more poetically: "The recor like a woman you can't live with, yet as soon you leave her you can't live without her. Y get out on the salt and you hate it. I get si before every run, I'm so terrified. But once y



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leave, you can't wait to get back. The record's like a cancer that eats away at you. Either you beat it, or it kills you." What does the record mean? "How do you mean, what does it mean? I don't know that it means anything. It's not going to mow a lawn or feed a kid or something. It's just there." Perhaps it can best be said that these men pursue the record simply because they have discovered something that they can do better than anyone else—or, at least, better than anyone willing to try.

Onward and upward

SOME OF THE MORE SOBER-MINDED adherents of the land speed record are given to high-flown arguments about the record's role in "improving the automotive breed." They maintain that the record advances industrial and technological developments, that it fosters important precursors of a better automobile. Clinging most resolutely to this view are the big tire and oil companies—Goodyear, Mobil, Shell—whose philanthropy usually pays for the cars. In return, these firms gain whatever commercial benefits can be wrung from announcing that one's tires or fuel helped produce a land speed record. No one, however, has ever suitably answered the question of what practical application there is for a better automobile that employs a rocket engine, can run at a top speed of 1,000 miles per hour and a coasting speed of 400, handles not nearly so well as a moving van, is incapable of backing up, and would fit in no garage known to man.

Indeed, though the record evolved as a method to test how fast automobiles could travel, in recent times cars—or, at least, cars as we have come to know them—are no longer being used to beat it. Immense technological contrivances charading as cars are being used instead. *Webster's* defines an automobile as a "vehicle designed for transportation on streets and roadways." No land speed vehicle remotely fits that description. Gary Gabelich's new car, as an example, will have a shell molded out of aluminum, except for a Fiberglas nose. It will probably ride on wheels cast out of aluminum, the first of their kind. For propulsion, a rocket engine generating between 18,000 and 22,000 pounds of thrust will be mounted in the rear. Four parachutes, two of them spares, will be installed for braking purposes. Its fuel will consist of a blend of liquefied natural gas and hydrogen peroxide. A tiny, enclosed cockpit will be mounted in the rear. The car will be steerable only ten degrees to port or starboard, and there will be no reverse. It will measure about thirty-eight feet long, three feet wide, and three feet high. It will weigh about three and a half tons. It will look something like the world's biggest ball-point pen. What ordinary roads could a beast travel on?

The Paris-based Fédération Internationale de l'Automobile (FIA), which oversees all land speed record attempts, has never furnished an answer to this question. As far as it is concerned, any vehicle that rides on four wheels, stays on the ground, and is steered by a driver on board can try for the record. It could be powered by a piston engine, a jet engine, a rocket engine, or a rubber band. Broad-minded record-book custodians (but not the FIA) have long credited the record to Lt. Col. John Stapp, a U.S. Air Force physician—and why not? One mad day in 1954, Stapp rode a rocket sled across New Mexico's flat plains at an astonishing 632 miles per hour, ten miles per hour faster than Gabelich has yet clocked. Stapp, however, had no control over his sled. What's more, the sled technically never rode on land but was mounted on a steel rail. It was stopped at the end of the line by scoops underneath it that smacked into a water trough—a stop so abrupt that one of Stapp's eyeballs bulged out. It should be noted here that the tire and oil companies typically remain silent in altercations over what constitutes a car. If someone devised roller skates that could move at 1,000 miles per hour, he would probably find a sponsor.

Gabelich's speed king predecessor, Craig Breedlove, is also courting big business for funds to finance a rocket-powered land speed car of his own. For six years Art Arfons has had a jet-powered car ready and waiting, and he thinks he may soon find the money to put it on the salt. Under a tight cloak of secrecy, Japan and the Soviet Union are reportedly building elaborate rocket-engined cars in hopes of snatching the record away from the United States. And Australia is said to be plowing more than $1 million into a monster that will contain thirty-six rocket engines, the Australians presumably thinking that the more engines one fits into a vehicle, the faster it will go.

Perhaps the most unusual man hooked on the record is Tony Fox, the fifty-one-year-old president of a Minneapolis trash-compactor firm. A self-made millionaire, Fox is blessed with an inventive mind and has fifty-four patents on engines and related mechanical devices to attest to it. Although he has never driven a car competitively—"It would scare the living hell out of me"—Fox is so avid to see his engines travel fast that he pays Verne Anderson $75,000 a year to race his creations at drag strips. Recently Fox completed his first land speed car, and he intends to go after the record in August. Built by two men who spent a year and a half at the job, his car is propelled by a 10,000-pound-thrust rocket engine; ideally, the car will hit a top speed of 750 miles per hour in nine seconds. The engine is enclosed in a twenty-eight-foot



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long slender aluminum frame shaped like a gigantic wedge, similar to a dragster's. It tips the scales at a phenomenally light 740 pounds. Its most controversial feature is an open cockpit. Fox intends to pressurize Anderson's driving suit, and perhaps his helmet as well, since no one knows what breaking the sound barrier in an open-cockpit car will do to the driver. Gabelich, among others, thinks that it will blow a man's mind apart. Once he has captured the record, Fox will go to work on a car shaped like a forty-six-foot-long pipe with a 100,000-pound-thrust rocket engine, which he claims can attain a speed of 1,480 miles per hour.

OFFICIAL LAND SPEED RECORD attempts must be conducted across a measured mile. For a speed to count, two runs must be made within an hour of each other, in opposite directions, to cancel the impact of wind and slope. The average of the two speeds becomes the official result. Attempts are permitted wherever there is enough space (almost nowhere), and many used to be held on the sand at Daytona Beach, Florida. In the past forty years, most attempts have been conducted on the Bonneville Salt Flats, owing to their magnitude (the measured mile is centered on an eleven-mile-long strip), the almost complete absence of wind (winds of more than five miles per hour make a run overly risky), the thin air (the altitude is 4,218 feet), and the smoothness of the salt. The preferred months are August and September, when the salt is hardest and allows maximum traction. All official runs must be sanctioned by the FIA, and, in this country, by its American representative, the United States Auto Club (USAC). The sanctioning fees are about $1,500 per day.

The USAC religiously ensures the precision of the speed measurements. The mile course is marked by a registered engineer with a 100-foot-long steel tape certified accurate by the U.S. Bureau of Standards. The tape must be tensioned to the same amount of pull each time it is stretched out along the course, and a temperature correction is made to account for any expansion or contraction. Once measured, the distance is true to within an inch. To record speeds at various distances, three light beams are shone across the course into photoelectric cells which are connected by cable to a central timing apparatus of the type used to clock the speeds of missiles. Whenever a car interrupts a light beam, the timer marks its speed in thousandths of a second on a paper tape. Once every two years, the timer is shipped to Hewlett-Packard in San Jose, California, where its accuracy is checked against an atomic clock.

When a driver is ready to begin a speed trial, he starts at a point some two miles from the beginning of the measured mile. An official downs his arm, the car slowly taxis forwar and then, with a screech of tires and a volcan roar of engines, it spurts forward like a co popped from an immense champagne bottle. a moment the car becomes a speck, then va ishes entirely from sight, seemingly swallow up by the orange sun that droops low ov the horizon. "A run will just about shake yo teeth out." Gabelich says. Shortly after the c vrooms through the last timing trap, the bra ing parachute is sprung from the rear, a billo ing mushroom. At this point, the sudden dec eration exerts about ten gravities on the driv momentarily blurring his vision and causi the earth to appear vertical—creating the i pression that he is tumbling down a mine sha Once the car has slowed to about 150 miles p hour, wheel disk brakes are applied. Even so, normally takes a car three to five miles befo it peters to a stop. "Watching one of them cre tures is like seeing something from anoth world," says Earl Heath, a garage and mo owner in Wendover, Utah, who has seen virtual every attempt since 1937—mostly, he says, b cause he has had nothing better to do.

If the record is broken, official timer Da Petrali drives over to the car and notifies t driver of his speed. Later the driver is mail an eight-by-ten certificate confirming the spe and certifying that it is the official world's la speed record.

THERE USED TO BE as many as ten attempts year to break the land speed record, but the were none from 1966 to 1970, when Ga Gabelich beat it, and there has been none sinc Cars capable of such preposterous speeds ha become more and more difficult to engineer tricky factors like the sound barrier ent the equation for the first time. The price ta of course, keeps rising. As danger becomes greater concern, investors thinking of bankro ing an attempt must resolve both a practical a a moral question. Is the record worth a milli bucks and a man's life? Is it worth anythin Still, Gabelich and his compeers expect to fi enough people who will answer yes to these que tions to put them on the salt in the next yea If they find themselves there, perhaps no o will look on. Even veteran attempt-watcher Ea Heath won't be there. "A car breaking the sou barrier, I think, is something I'd rather re about in the papers," he says. "I'm too frigh ened for those boys' lives to watch it myself

Will attempts to break the land speed reco never stop? "As long as people are alive, I thi men will keep after the record," says Art Arfor "One of the first guys to hold the record sai 'Man will never go faster than a mile a minut because he couldn't survive at any faster spee Of course, that sounds pretty foolish now."

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Sir Thomas Dewar became famous for his terse comments, among them, "Do right and fear no man, don't write and fear no woman."

Certain fine whiskies from the hills and glens of Scotland are blended into every drop of Dewar's "White Label." Before blending, every one of these selected whiskies is rested and matured in its own snug vat. Then, one by one, they're brought together by the skilled hand of the master blender of Perth.



Dewar's never varies.

e facts in this advertisement have been authenticated by the management of John Dewar & Sons, Ltd., Perth, Scotland

photographer: marty evans



The real

Our election laws and traditions reflect the country as it was decades ago. The time has come to ask some basic questions.

How long should elected officials serve?
Is there still a need for the electoral college?
Should taxpayers foot the bill for election campaigns?
Does our present system truly provide one vote for each person?
Is our political structure so big that officials are too far from those who elect them?



artist: per vollquartz "government: triangle and people"

The ideal

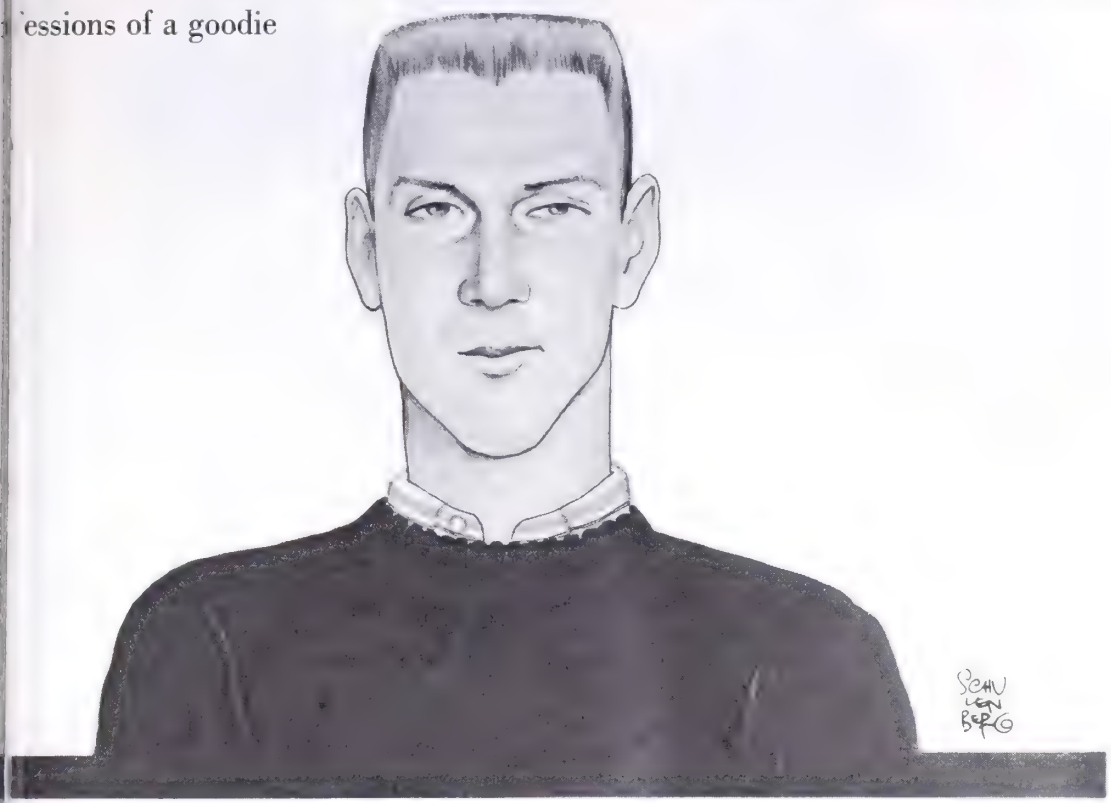
A nation in which those elected truly represent the w of those who elected them– for the good of all.

AtlanticRichfieldCompany

P. Somers, Jr.

JNGREASE

essions of a goodie



's GET SOMETHING straight, right now; this sn't one of those saddle-shoe-ducktail-white-es the Brylcreem lobby has been foisting nto a sentimental public. This tale is an rnished, real-guts admission of niceness, e the hero doesn't face the villain, and n't get the girl or the horse or anybody in nd.

om the current revival of the Fifties, some-who wasn't an adolescent then would think he teen-agers were greasers from Black-d Jungle High, and that after school they e out to the cliffs and watched the chicken then returned home and argued with their nts. Next they went out with friends of n their parents disapproved and cruised the -ins in souped-up hot rods or stolen cars. e they picked up or were picked up by bers of the opposite sex hitherto unknown em, the occupations of whose fathers they not attempt to learn, and went someplace rk and make out until it was nearly dawn, bly even going all the way. At this time, stopped by home for another confrontation parents who had been waiting up all night, ed to eat breakfast, and sulked out into the ning, ready for another day at Blackboard Jungle High. This was apparently the schedule for weekdays, with Saturdays and Sundays being devoted to rumbles between rival gangs.

Before you get misty-eyed about greasers, all you nostalgia buffs, you white bucks, you rebels with savings accounts, ask yourselves a question: how many of you were *really* mean motor scooters and bad go-getters? I'll bet there aren't more than three, four hundred, tops, genuine hard-nosed ex-bad-asses reading this.

How many of you aging *American Bandstand* graduates—those of you who took the TV extension course—how many of you cats and kittens actually wore your collars turned up? And ducktails, or D.A. haircuts? How many of you studs wore your hair like that? Admit it, didn't you have a crew cut or a flattop like the good Lord intended? Weren't you just a little bit of an angel when you were a teen?

I know I never, ever combed my hair into a D.A. I used butch wax on my flattop, but it certainly wasn't greasy. I rolled up my sleeves, but I didn't have any Camels, or even Kools, to stash there. And I'll tell you something else: my mother bought me my first two Elvis Presley records. That's right, I was thirteen when she brought home "Mystery Train." She and

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Dad had gone to the shopping center while I stayed home to study, and as usual I was washing my hands when they got back. Granted, it was no "Shboom" by the Crewcuts, but it was okay. I liked "Heartbreak Hotel" when she brought it home, too, but by then Elvis was a national sensation, and I had to face the fact he was a greaser. I dug his music, but I couldn't escape the knowledge that his sneer was the die from which were stamped the sneers of all the hoods I hated and feared.

Pat Boone was my man. Given a choice between blue suede shoes and white bucks, I had to take the latter. But even going to lily-white Worthington High School, near Columbus, Ohio, and buying Pat Boone records, I still couldn't avoid greasers.

I WAS A GOODIE, which for one thing meant that I was a Nice Boy, the kind that teachers and other grown-ups like; I smiled a lot, answered politely when spoken to and never mouthed off to teachers, not even Mr. Wonders, the teeny-weeny chemistry teacher.

Being a goodie also meant that I didn't get into fights. As a matter of fact, I was so, shall we say, *prudent*, that in four years of high school, not only did I never get into a fight, but I never even had to back down from one. Well,



maybe once, after the senior class trip, I s of had to do some fancy footwork.

But that was with Vince LaSpina, who something else. He was the biggest greaser the whole school, and he would have been the top ten in anybody's school. He was eve thing a hood should be: big—200 pounds, o six feet tall; mean—he'd ride his Harley cl up into somebody's yard, just to run over a or a little dog; and greasy—once he coml his D.A. on Monday, he didn't need to co it again all week, not even when he got up.

You might think that I, who was neither mean, nor greasy, would have had enough se to stay out of his way, and I did, except for time, on the senior trip. At that, Vince di go, but his girlfriend Cookie did, and th how I nearly became a teen angel.

Do you remember the golden, prechem days when high-school senior classes took t together—on buses and trains, that is? And kids earned the money by selling potato ch giving spaghetti dinners, and washing Eds In 1960 our class went to Jamestown, W ington, D.C., and on to New York City. The c attraction was the all-night train ride to W ington, with New York and its eighteen-y old drinking age being second. The overni voyage from Norfolk, Virginia, to New Y providing as it seemed numerous opportuni for furtive sex in obscure corners of the b further contributed to the anticipation.

For a month before the departure, the att tion of the class trippers was focused on seating chart for the train. The idea of assi ing seats for necking, a decadent mixture bureaucracy and license, was deliriously ex ing. Those going steady had no trouble w arrangements, but the rest of us scramb around, wheeling and dealing according to various styles and abilities. I was set to sit w my good chum and laughing buddy, Li Leonard, but my friend Gene decided he in love with her, and I agreed, for a wid publicized dollar, to let him sit with her. S signed on with Jenny Lovett, who wasn't many laughs as Linda but was suppose more action.

LAST, ONE THROBBING NIGHT in May, the ,train pulled out of Columbus, counting ng its freight three carsful of horny, hys- al high-school seniors and their cheerfully ehensive chaperones, a handful of veteran ners and parents determined to preserve record of never having lost a student, her by desertion, arrest, or drowning in apeake Bay. They were uneasily aware, ever, that this was the class which, during our of the Ohio State Capitol, had kept two ially assigned janitors busy sweeping up ut shells and cigarette butts.

here we were, in freshly ironed pastel or ras shirts and blouses, which, by the time eached Washington, would look like gorillas mated in them. When the train began to gh itself into motion, and the last parent had goodbyed, certain irresponsible elements m to yell, "Cut the lights!" and, "Let's !" The yellers, of course, were the guys who n't signed up to sit with a girl, and were ing forward to a long night of watching /or trying to spoil other people's necking.

hese unpaired boys and girls were mostly e who hadn't been dating at home, either ugh lack of interest in the opposite sex, or e likely, through the opposite sex's lack of in- st in them. Others nursed a secret crush on e inaccessible dream lover, while still oth- had a steady at home who went to another ol, or something. Now, Cookie Warner, or e's Cookie, as she was known, had Vince ome. Vince, of course, wouldn't have been ght dead washing cars and all that crap, just ide on a train with a bunch of goodies. Be- s, even though he was nineteen, he was only nior—not that any of us would have men- ed it to him.

/hen he showed up at the station to say dbye, he looked around at all the guys very ly, as if taking names. With his stream- d blue-black hair and black leather jacket, tood out like an obscene gesture among the nmies and daddies waving goodbye. Vince n't wave, of course; he just sneered a little der and hooked his thumbs into his half- black belt, which supported his Levi's at a low level that the guys hoped the lack irculation would make him sterile.

nyway, Jenny and I were getting along t, and when the lights finally went out, we ted to neck. Now, I was a goodie, but I w how to make out: you put your arm nd her, and if she rested her head on your lder you reached over, and placing the sec- knuckle of your index finger under her , tilted her face up gently, ever so gently tidily kissed her slightly parted lips.

/ell, you can do that for only so long be- it starts to get old, or at least that's what seemed to think. After three hours of lip-bruising, we both had hip-pointers from straining against the arm of the seat. The car was quiet, except for an occasional giggle (the chaperones at the rear of the car saw to it that there weren't any moans), as everybody was either sleeping or necking heavily.

Jenny and I were still embracing halfheartedly when Cookie Warner sat down in the empty seat facing us. (An unruly few were violating the seating chart.) "I can't get any sleep up there with all that shit goin' on," she explained. You see, Cookie was *tough*. I don't just mean cool tough, but tough tough, like hard tough. Riding around straddling Vince LaSpina's Harley has got to affect a girl's outlook on life.

She slammed her eyelids shut and then shifted and fidgeted for at least a minute, while I watched her big, pointed breasts shift and fidget under her tight red sweater. My concentration was broken by a large, bracelet-like object dangling between those Maidenform points. That object, padded with enough angora fur to clothe two large cats, was Vince's ring.

Then Jenny interrupted me by leaning across the arm of the seat, wrapping both arms around me, and running her fingers through or, rather, *over* my well-waxed flattop. Some minutes later, my hand accidentally (I'm telling this straight —it *was* an accident) found itself perched on one of her modest breasts. I could feel the seams of her bra under the thin, smooth cotton of her blouse. (I was twenty-two before I learned that girls' breasts don't have seams.) I certainly hadn't intended this to happen, but, since it had, I let my hand rest there, not daring to stir a finger. Since the move had been accidental, therefore it wasn't really my fault. To my dismay, Jenny took three quick, deep breaths, pressed her face into my throat, and said:

"Don't, you'll get me all excited."

Well, I can tell you right now that I certainly moved my hand right that instant. I didn't want to be responsible for getting a young lady

"Vince was the biggest greaser in the school. Once he combed his D.A. on Monday, he didn't need to comb it again all week, not even when he got up."



excited against her will. Necking was fine with me, but we were obviously getting into petting, and weren't Ann Landers, Jesus, and Pat Boone all against petting?

"Yeah," I said, disentangling myself. "It's almost three o'clock—we better get some sleep." As I settled back and tried to soothe my erect nerves so I could sleep, I looked over at Cookie, an arm's length away. Eyes half open, she was shaking her head slowly and smiling with one side of her mouth.

THE SIGHTSEEING in Washington and Jamestown went smoothly, although I wasn't with Jenny much. The only public excitement came during the voyage to New York, when some joker roused everybody in the middle of the night with a scream that would make your madras bleed, and the chaperones had to count noses or whatever to see if anybody had fallen overboard. A million laughs.

In New York, I succumbed to temptation and tasted demon rum or, I should say, demon beer. When one of the guys brought a six-pack up to our hotel room, I forgot about the temperance oath we had all signed before leaving and drank two cans of Schlitz—with a water chaser for each medicinal sip. After all, I needed something to help me forget that Jenny was out with Dick Marks, the unapprehended midnight screamer. By that time I had also figured out where she had been on the boat—out groping around in the fog.

When it finally came time for the night train ride home, it developed that some of the original seating arrangements were being renegotiated, mine and Miss Lovett's included. Dick had apparently stolen her affection with a dazzling display of charm and God knows what.

So I ended up sitting with Betty Gruner, mostly because her friends, who took sort of a maternal interest in me, thought we would make a cute couple. Betty was a nice girl, but somehow I could never forget that as late as the ninth grade she had been bigger and stronger than me.

ABOUT MIDNIGHT, when the lights were out and nearly everybody except the hardest of hard-core neckers was trying to sleep, Betty went to talk to one of her friends. While her seat was still warm, who should come and sit down beside me but Cookie. She had been with her friend Patty on the train, as well as for most of the trip. It must have been weird for them, because they were the only hoods, male or female, on the whole trip. The snobbishness of the goodie girls made the isolation of the greaser girls more complete than that of the greaser guys. Well, that wasn't the whole story; when somebody as big and bad as Vince wanted to make a little small talk, not even a football player would be in any hurry to tell him to shove off. So Cookie was far from her own turf, surrounded by all those car washers and potato chip salesmen, since the girls wouldn't have much to do with her and the boys were afraid to

"What happened to your girlfriend?" Cookie teased.

"What girlfriend?"

"You know who I mean." I did know, because I had passed through the neckers' car earlier and had seen Jenny making out with Dick and it looked like if he didn't take it easy, he was going to get her Excited. "That's the way the cookie crumbles," I cracked, as the gentle pressure of her leg against mine began to weaken my instinct for self-preservation. She giggled and I said, "I like your perfume." It did smell nice, and you didn't have to ask her what she had on perfume, either.

"Thanks."

People were beginning to stare at us as they trooped past to go to the rest room or to confess to one of the long-suffering chaperones that they had broken the temperance oath. I retreated to the corner of the seat, but she leaned over her shoulder pressing my upper arm. Firmly placing her hand on the inside of my thigh, halfway between my knee and parts of my anatomy I was at that moment envisioning suspended from a tree, she looked up from under her straight blond bangs, her penciled eyebrows raised, her breast crushed up against my arm. "Whatsa matter, don't you like me, or something?"

My voice had long since finished changing, but it did squeak at that moment. "I like you a lot." I crossed both arms upon my chest, looked down at the front of my pants and then casually refolded them in my lap. There was a hard object between her soft breast and my self-consciously flexed bicep: Vince's ring. "Hey," I implored, as she and I began to attract still more attention, "what about Vince?"

"What about him?" she challenged, giving me a Tuesday Weld pout.

"This *is* his ring isn't it?" I turned toward her and reached for the bracelet-ring in question, to emphasize my point. As I was fumbling, red-faced, around the sizable erogenous zone at the front of her wrinkled blouse, groping for the elusive brass ring while she giggled softly, someone stopped by our seat and gasped loudly.

"Cookie Warner! What are you *doing*?" It was her outraged friend Patty, standing there accusingly as I sat paralyzed by terror.

Cookie jumped up. "I'll be goddamned if I'm gonna sit by *him* anymore." And Virtue and Chastity stormed indignantly down the aisle. I sat there, my stomach spinning at 45 rpm and the car buzzing around me, while some wise-ass blew taps for me through cupped hands.



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Paul P. Somers, Jr.

UNGREASE

WHEN WE REACHED COLUMBUS the next morning, I was still cowering in the corner of the seat, having spent all night singing to myself the Kingston Trio hit, "Hang down your head, Tom Dooley./ Poor boy, you're bound to die." My mother and father were there to meet me, along with scores of other parents, and, just as I had feared, Vince. School was in session, but he didn't worry about that; about the only thing he was taking was industrial arts, where the greasers learned to sharpen screwdrivers and make zip guns.

I was the first to get my bags, and I practically ran my folks back to the car. But I did get a glimpse of Cookie and Patty talking to Vince, while he looked in my direction. When my mother commented on how tired I looked, I managed to talk her and Dad into letting me skip school that afternoon, since it was sort of optional. Mostly, kids just went to show off the stuff they'd bought in New York.

That evening after supper, my best friend Steve called. "Is this the late Buddy Somers?" he asked merrily. (While I was presenting my ungreaser credentials, I forgot to mention that my nickname was "Buddy.")

"Ha ha," I retorted. "You're about as funny as a rubber crutch."

"Shit! When big Vince gets done with you, you won't even be able to *use* a rubber crutch."

"Nice! What kind of friend laughs when his best buddy is about to get killed?"

"I can't help it, man! Just think of the irony of it all: in the two years Vince has been in this school, *nobody* has gotten on his bad side, not Walton, not Meyers, not even Smitty the Monster. Two years he's been lookin' for somebody's ass to kick, and he finally gets a perfect excuse. Some skinny little dipshit feels up his woman on the train in front of thirty witnesses. Jesus, man! I at least figured you for some brains."

"Listen, I was framed. I wasn't doin' anything to that chick."

"Tell that to the judge, man."

That night, after praying sincerely and at considerable length, I lay there in the dark trying to figure my chances. After all, I was a goodie, but I wasn't a twinkie. I'd been on the wrestling team for three years, and I probably would have made first string my senior year if I'd gone out. I hadn't, though, because I needed to study more. Well, the truth was that I was afraid I really might make varsity and would then have to wrestle defending state champ Jerry Josephson at least five times during the season. I just couldn't handle the idea of having my face permanently disfigured by mat burns.

But I was still in fairly good shape, and, of course, I didn't smoke. There was a chance I could put some wrestling moves on him. Maybe I could get him with a double-leg takedown. That's right, and when I dropped to my kne to lock my hands behind his knees, using th point of contact as a fulcrum to topple him sid ways with the strength of my neck applied to h waist—he would kick me in the balls and ston my face in.

Boxing was out, because I had already h plastic surgery on my nose to correct a bas ball miscalculation involving. a high, insi (very inside) fast ball two years ago. Maybe still could wrestle him—let him take a couple swings at me (I rolled over and pulled t sweat-soaked sheet out from the foot of t bed), then close with him and slip around h hind and trip him forward, turn him over a pin him. Yes, and the referee would raise n hand and Vince would have to let me alo forever. No, while I was pinning him, he wou bite my ear until I let go, then he would g up, kick me in the balls, and stomp my face i

A knife! That's it, I could pull a knife on hi Then he would take it away from me, cut my ears, kick me in the balls, and stomp n face in. The whole night went like that, and was nearly daybreak before I fell asleep a dreamed Vince was chasing me down the ais of an interminable railroad car on his Harle while from each seat, a mocking cheeseca Cookie tried to trip me.

THE NEXT DAY, I reached school just befo the last bell, not wanting to hang around a let Vince find me. Of course, he didn't usual bother with morning classes, anyway, but didn't want to take a chance. A couple of ki glanced back at me as I slipped into homeroo then quickly looked away.

I made it through the morning without seei Vince. Some of the greasers smirked at me the halls, assuring me happily that my ass w grass, and Steve played taps for me by n locker. At lunch, I managed to choke down h of one sloppy joe and almost all of a cher cobbler. I furtively punched myself in the sto ach to see how that part of my doomed anaton could take it. Fine—as long as I was the o doing the slugging.

After lunch I had twenty minutes before a vanced biology class. As I left the cafeteri Steve passed me on his way in from the parki lot. "Vince is here, and he's lookin' for y man." He wasn't laughing or smarting off anything, just concerned for a good friend wh soon would be no more. "And he's *pissed*" Steve added.

"Thanks," I turned in to the rest room.

"Good luck."

"I'll need it."

I had just taken my toothbrush out of i plastic case and was squeezing fluoride toot paste onto it when the rest room door opene

ıd in stalked Vince, hair greased back and ady to kick ass.

"Well, look at that," he jeered. "It's Bucky eaver. Brusha, brusha, brusha." His shadows, illie McIntyre and Rick Venable, slipped in hind him and laughed derisively.

"Yeah," echoed Willie, a miniature of Vince, ilt to three-quarter scale. "Brusha, brusha, usha."

I put the toothbrush down on the ledge and rned to face them.

"If you want to wait about two minutes, odie," Vince took two slow steps toward me. You can brush them teeth one at a time. After ou pick 'em up off the floor."

"Yeah," Willie and Rick sneered in unison. ick, who wasn't as big as Vince but who still ıd a few pounds on me, worked a pack of ımels—forbidden on school premises—out of e front pocket of his skin-tight Levi's. When ne was lit, he flipped the still-burning match at e, glaring at me through narrowed eyes.

The door opened, and a freshman started in. This rest room is closed, kid," Vince told him.

"Scram!" said Willie and Rick, and he did.

"Ya know, worm," Vince cracked his knuck- s in preparation. "You been askin' for it for long time, now."

"Yeah," agreed Willie. "You fuckin' goodie."

"Hey, listen, Vince," I reasoned—well, eaded, "I didn't do anything to Cookie."

"Well, then, what the fuck was you doin' with our hand in the front of her blouse, then? ayin' doctor?" That was apparently the fun- est thing Willie and Rick had ever heard.

"No," I was quite sure this could be reasoned it if I explained it properly. "I was just reach- g for your ring."

"Ho-lee shit!" My argument was apparently ot taking. "It ain't bad enough you try to feel my girl, but you turn out to be a thief, too."

"No, no." My fear was struggling with a owing desire to kick Vince in the balls and omp his face in. "See, she was tellin' me what great guy you are, and I just wanted to look the ring."

"Bullshit!" He stepped closer and grabbed the ont of my favorite shirt, popping two buttons f. It was the red one with golden threads oven in vertically and a little belt with a tiny ickle on the back of the collar.

"Punch him out, Vince. The lyin' creep."

He loomed above me like Bluto in a Popeye cartoon. His sneer had hardened to a snarl ıd a bluish, three-day stubble covered his chin. etween my fear and the stink of his sweat and tten, nicotinous breath, I could scarcely eathe. The long sleeves of his purple-and- ack-striped shirt were rolled up two turns, ring his thick, muscular wrists.

"C'mon, now," he drew back his fist, which featured a large ring with a wickedly irregular facing. "Quit shittin' me."

He was so far within my guard that all I could hit him with would be my elbow, like I had seen Chester do once on *Gunsmoke*. Or I could stick my thumbs in his eyes, but, my God, if I made him really mad, he'd kill me for sure.

"I'm tryin' to tell ya, Vince." My dignity had popped off with my shirt buttons. "Cookie was just tryin' to cheer me up because that bitch Jenny Lovett dumped on me and was puttin' out for Dick Marks."

"Yeah?" He let go of my shirt thoughtfully.

Releasing my long-held breath, I retreated a couple of steps toward the window, clanging into the radiator. "Yeah," I pursued. "That was *real* of her, you know? You sure got a good thing goin' there."

"Yeah, that's right, I do." Still suspicious, he tilted his head slightly to one side. "I s'pose fiddlin' with her titties cheered ya up a lot, huh?"

"Honest, Vince, I was just lookin' at the *ring*."

"How come Cookie didn't tell that to *me*?"

" 'Cause she was scared you wouldn't believe her, what with Patty shootin' off her mouth and everybody on the train gettin' the wrong idea and all."

He just looked at me, and I kept talking, fast. "Yeah, you're lucky to have a *real* girl like her. She's not like those snotty bitches in the goodie cliques."

"Shit," he agreed, "them cock-teasers ain't even worth the time of day."

"You said it," the rest of us agreed, more or less in unison.

"How'd you find her, anyway?" I asked, eager to receive his words of wisdom.

Experimentally, he drove his steel-plated boot heel into the speckled floor tile. Willie then tested another spot. "It ain't so much findin' 'em, it's knowin' how to handle 'em."

"Yeah, I guess it is."

He started toward the door, then paused and pointed a nicotine-stained finger at me. "And I'll tell ya somethin' else," he confided with raised eyebrows. "If I was you, I'd punch out that cocksucker Marks."

"Yeah," I said. "Maybe you got something there."

He stomped out, Willie and Rick falling into step behind him.

I took a well-deserved leak, waited a minute or two, then packed up my toothbrush and left. For the rest of the day, my friends and even my enemies treated me like someone returned from the dead. I was very careful not to appear triumphant. Right before last period, I passed Cookie upstairs and risked a glance at her. She shook her head slowly, smiling that tough, lopsided smile as she walked on by. □

"Necking was fine with me, but we were obviously getting into petting, and weren't Ann Landers, Jesus, and Pat Boone all against petting?"

BOOKS



THE WRITER AS CULTURE HERO, THE FATHER AS SON

by Josephine Hendin

KURT VONNEGUT, JR., gave the latest fatherly advice when he told a group of graduates Shakespeare was wrong to say, "The smallest worm will turn, being trodden on": "I have to tell you that a worm can be stepped on in such a way that it can't possibly turn after you remove your foot." Vonnegut's authority derives from exactly this sense of total vulnerability. His fiction is really one voice from under the cosmic heel. He is the writer who takes charge of wormhood, who speaks for the ground-down man.

Vonnegut is the hero of the American male under seige. How else to explain the coexistence in his work of the uneventful dreariness of the average man and the wildest flights through space and time? Vonnegut is a double-threat hero who provides an accurate statement of both the trivial surface of American life and the charged innards of male fantasy. He uses science fiction as the vehicle for emotional truth, for the large frustrations contained in the small cliché, the pain canned in the aluminum-sided house.

Vonnegut is the one writer who is an instinctive pop artist. What people require is not more social criticism, but reassurance, truth in a better wrapper than reality. In irresistible tales, he packages the downs of the average man. With brilliant tenderness he reproduces the talk of car dealers, salesmen, beauticians, optometrists, whose astonishing verbal flatness is their strength. Through such simplicity Vonnegut builds characters who are American Everymen, whose sheer banality is what saves them. Vonnegut makes out of their trivia a necessary burden, an anchor that keeps them from flipping out from the force of their unhappiness. He is our hero because he has made a monument out of insecurity and turned the crushed, ground-down man into an unmistakable model of masculinity.

Vonnegut's art resonates with the leveling process now rampant in America, the egalitarianism that is the result not so much of realized opportunities as that of decreasing possibilities, shared emotional and economic limitations. Hard work, intelligence, perseverance do not guarantee anything in an America oversaturated with college graduates. And, like the middle-aged Pontiac dealer in *Breakfast of Champions* who despairs for years over his homosexual son, who comes home to find his wife has committed suicide, everybody knows that being a devoted husband and father does not guarantee satisfaction. Vonnegut's hardcover sales—which rose from only 20,000 copies of *Cat's Cradle* to over 155,000 for *Slaughterhouse-Five*, to over 500,000 for *Breakfast of Champions*—indicate that he is being bought not only by the young, whose paperback purchases also continue to soar, but by people as old as his heroes. His insight transcends generations in its statement of the shared helplessness of fathers and sons. This powerlessness is the pot in which many male hopes for power and control melt down to the same frustration. *E pluribus unum!*

Josephine Hendin is the author of The World of Flannery O'Connor *and a member of the faculty of the New School for Social Research.*

Wampeters, Foma, and Granfalloons, Vonnegut is nothing less than voice of the many who are one th their limitations. In this collecn of fascinating odds and ends—iews, speeches, fiction, interviews he is totally open and marvelously ifty at giving everything that hapns to him or the world the force of good one-liner. His peremptory le, his folksy cracks are geared to ence. That style permits no delopment after the laugh, the snort recognition, the encapsulating ché. Vonnegut can administer his ths in doses that stop thought. He a master of the instant defense, immediate retreat, the phrase at simultaneously expresses his int and blocks your disagreement. is the new man considering what can count on.

Political change? "This is a conrvative nation," Vonnegut tells heaton College students. "It conues to do what it has always done, good or evil. It will continue to at nonwhite people badly. It has ways done that. It's lazy about ange. I'm lucky to be the color I and to do what I do. This is the ice for me."

Cleverness? "One of my favorite rtoons shows a couple of guys ained to an eighteen-foot cell wall, ng by their wrists. Their ankles e chained, too. Above them is a y barred window that a mouse uldn't crawl through. And one of e guys is saying to the other, 'Now re's my plan. . . .' It strikes me gruesome and comical that in our ture we have an expectation that nan can always solve his problems. is is so untrue it makes me want to ugh—or cry."

His parents? Vonnegut tells us grew up in "a big brick dreamuse designed by my architect fa-er, where nobody was home for ng periods of time, except for me d Ida Young," a black cook. He s revealed that his mother comtted suicide, but he does not say en or why.

Love? "If somebody says, 'I love u' to me, I feel as though I had a stol pointed at my head."

Solitary equanimity? Vonnegut ls into depressions. When he does, says he can sleep eight hours at ght and nap from 1:00 to 5:00 in afternoon. "Until recently, I blew y cork about every twenty days. hought for a long time that I had perfectly good reasons for these periodic blowups. But only recently have I realized that this has been happening regularly since I was six years old. There wasn't much the people around me could do about it." Ritalin helped him out of his depression. "I was so interested that my mood could be changed by a pill." Non-Freudian doctors are helping him deal with his anger, which, Vonnegut feels, has to do with his internal chemistry. "You know, we don't give a shit about the characters' childhoods or what happened to them yesterday—we just want to know the state of their bloodstreams."

The conversation of friends? *Playboy* interviewer: "You mean you want to be with people who live nearby and think exactly as you do?" Vonnegut: "No. That's not primitive enough. I want to be with people who don't think at all, so I won't have to think either."

What goes on in the mind of the man who is such a great talker that he knows how to be quiet even while he speaks? To find out, you have to get beyond his opinions, beyond his funny, impenetrable voice. Situations are Vonnegut's subvocal speech. It is only as fabulist, as creator of the startling imaginative predicaments of science fiction that Vonnegut captures the waking emotions, the fantasies too painful to name, the human problems he seems to find insoluble.

Fortitude is a screenplay parable riveted in a male conflict over submission and control. Young Dr. Frankenstein, shattered by the death of his mother from "cancer of the everything," devotes himself to medical technology. He spends years developing ways to hook people up to mechanical kidneys, pancreases, hearts. He finally meets his one and only patient: a beautiful older woman who looks exactly like his mother and is dying. He saves her until she is nothing but a beautiful head in a beautiful room hooked up to a basement full of mechanical devices through which he controls all her moods. Her arms are specially made so that she cannot point a gun at her head or bring poison to her lips. There is no way this woman can leave him. He has not only fixed it so that she can live 500 years, he has also arranged it so that he can be

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spliced into her mechanical organs. "Your kidney will be my kidney!" "Your heart will be my heart!" He gets his wish when she shoots him after discovering she cannot shoot herself. He wakes up smiling next to her, another head attached to machines, the man who lost his body and mind to supply a woman with life and himself with a mother who cannot die, the ultimate no-risk lover.

This play is as strong as it is not because it is a funny, macabre attack on medical technology, or on the madness of the scientist, but because it opens up a Pandora's box of male impulses. There is the sick underbelly of the urge to control, the fear of loss so intense that it overpowers any concern for the "beloved." There is the demon fear that the craving for total dominance is at heart a hunger to be totally dominated, controlled, engulfed by a woman, to be simply, mindlessly nurtured by an umbilical flow of air and food. There is the vision of the horror marriage: the endless connection to a woman who cannot be pleased, whose wish to die ultimately kills her man. Like Winston Niles Rumfoord, the rich man in *Sirens of Titan* who goes off in his spaceship to escape his troubles only to encounter a strange force that reduces him to a string of molecules waving between the sun and Betelgeuse, Dr. Frankenstein discovers escape from his loss in the fragmentation of his body. Rumfoord can materialize on Earth as a man only once in a couple of months. Frankenstein as lover is half machine. Is it that hard to be a man? Is the only enduring connection the gravitational pull of stars, the mechanical junction beyond life? Where does this kind of pessimis n start?

IN *Cat's Cradle* hopelessness is a parental gift. Vonnegut's vision of the human family radiates from two earthbound families, one white, one black, both bound together in coldness, in limitless emptiness, in a child's perception that his parents have nothing to give but ice. In the Hoenikker family, the mother died bearing her third child but was so depressed during the lives of the first two that she might as well have been dead. The father, Felix, is the father of the A-bomb. He turns his children into walking bombs when he leaves them his last discovery, ice- a permutation of water molecul that, dropped in the ocean, can tu the world's waters to ice; touched the lips, it can freeze the body stone unmeltable below 114 degre Hoenikker's kids have the destructi potential of chips off the old bloc

Bokonon, Hoenikker's black cou terpart, restacks peoples' emotio the way Hoenikker restacks mo cules. What makes people one is th brokenness. Bokonon juggles feelin —worthlessness, depression—into system of phony moral opposit based on a muscle-building metho dynamic tension. Good and evil c tone your self-esteem! The strur out masses worship Bokonon a their own shared fragmentatio "God made mud," they chant. "A I was some of the mud that got to up and look around. Lucky n lucky mud."

When the world freezes over, B konon advises his flock to becor ice-9 suicides: "God is trying to k you. Have the good manners to die What he gives his daughter is t capacity to smile upon the dead, sa "It's all so simple. It solves so mu for so many," laugh, and kill herse

If Vonnegut's fictional children ways inherit killing coldness, it because detachment and numbne to life are their alternatives to bas betrayal. Betrayal twists the hea of these motherless children. The s in *Cat's Cradle* loses its usual conn tations of life and generation wh it becomes the agent of death. B the frozen sea is Vonnegut's ima for mother, for the mother that dead, or so uninvolved she might well be. The mother dead before child's life begins, the love lost at t beginning of time, runs through Vo negut's work, spilling into his ma images of destruction and coldne

SEPARATION AND WAR are the tw points of *Mother Night*. What fa cinates Vonnegut in the German ar American spirit is articulated Goethe's Mephistopheles, whom quotes declaring: "I am part of t part that first was all, part of t darkness that gave birth to light ar now disputes with Mother Night h ancient rank and sway." In his wo everyone is a bright angel dimm finally by his own origins, by t Mother Night that is the void le by a human parent's withdraw

SOLZHENITSYN

I think that few people having read this book would be the same as when they opened its first page. In this respect, it seems to me that nothing in Russian or world literature can compare with it."
—Roy Medvedev

The GULAG Archipelago

Translated by Thomas P. Whitney

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rkness is the maternal presence culiarly sought by Vonnegut's beguered characters. Once the irreceable woman has been lost, evyone else seems interchangeable. ce the irreplaceable wholeness is ne, fragmentation is all.

Howard Campbell, the hero of *other Night*, loved the wife who ed before the novel begins. Their sion in sex, the lost erotic Eden he lled the "nation of two," is ended war. War is the largest possible rce for fragmentation. "The crazy m of modern history" splits peoe into factions; the swastika, the ar of David, the hammer and sickle, e Stars and Stripes, each offers, for nnegut, the "chance to go crazy in way people find irresistible." Moreer, everyone in this novel betrays mself and the people he says he ves. Against these bitter truths of paration, loss, and betrayal is a arning for wholeness, for fusion th the love they dream existed bere the war of life began. The will to ole simplicity runs through the vel, culminating in the hero's desion to hang himself. Vonnegut beves in the *Liebestod*, the death that nnects, the Mother, Night.

War as the sweeping force for sepation and loss, war as the analogue the violence wreaked by parents children, war as the fusion road, aches a peak in *Slaughterhouseve, or The Children's Crusade.* Sci-ce fiction and realism coalesce, pub- and private horrors flow into each her in Vonnegut's vision of wars natural and impersonal as glaciers. the Dresden firebombing in 1945, nnegut and other POWs spent the ght in a meat locker far beneath e earth and survived the fire storm at exploded above them. This real ent is also the perfect symbol for e way many of Vonnegut's charters survive by burying themselves. lly Pilgrim's Great War began in e YMCA, where his father "told m he would learn to swim by the ethod of sink or swim." He sinks. lly never gets angry at his father r throwing him in, or for taking him t. He fights brutality by shutting out of mind, burying himself at e bottom of the pool, bottom of the rth, bottom of the universe. He es not fight back in World War II ther; he gets unstuck in time and ace and lets his mind float free.

Vonnegut's orchestration of World ar II with science fiction flights to Tralfamadore juggles outer space with spacing out, public catastrophe with personal anguish as it develops a working defense system against pain in all its intensities. What barricade against a city's destruction? When the guards emerge from the meat locker and see their incinerated city, Vonnegut has them draw together "like a silent film of a barbershop quartet." Vonnegut writes them dumb. And dumbness is precisely Vonnegut's solution. Like Bokonon, he sends you to the ice death, tells you to go dead to the fact that the past is the destruction you have known, the present the violence you see, and the future the holocaust to come.

Spacing out is Vonnegut's answer to death, war, human glaciers. When Billy space-times out to Tralfamadore, he finds detachment from human life and emotion great enough to let him shrug and say, when he hears of anyone's death, "So it goes."

VONNEGUT CARES ABOUT how hard it is for the average man to feel alive and warm. Having been thrown off the deep end as a kid, Pilgrim grows up to fade away from caring deeply about his life; he stays in the shallows of emotion. He marries a 200-pound girl "no one in his right mind would look at" because his family thinks she is a good catch—her father has money. He space-times out to Tralfamadore, where he is cozily caged with Mona Wildhack, a gorgeous porno movie star. On Earth he is a middle-aged optometrist, patiently fitting glasses on a mongoloid —like Vonnegut he is trying to make us idiots see better. What Vonnegut makes you see are the fantasies of the ordinary man replete in his dissatisfactions, his sense of having gotten little in the past and having nothing to look forward to.

The disaster people in all Vonnegut's fiction are programmed for is not death but life. Against its power to wound, what defense? Passivity. Acceptance. Resignation. Denial. Looking the other way. Vonnegut celebrates the maneuvers of the average man caught in the marriage, the situation, the job he cannot change. His answer to life on the American rust fields, to the suffocation at the bottom of the YMCA pool, to the incineration of Dresden is to can whatever pain they gen-



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BRITISH MAPS of COLONIAL AMERICA
William P. Cumming

This beautiful collection of maps—many published here for the first time—illustrates the great period of English mapmaking in North America, culminating in the brilliant cartography of the Revolutionary War years.

Of particular importance are Earl Percy's maps of the American Revolution, the maps of Sir Francis Bernard who was royal governor of Massachusetts, and the headquarters maps of Lord Jeffrey Amherst

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The first two sections of the book explore the expanding knowledge of the Southern and Northern British Colonies; the third follows the charting of the coast from simple beginnings to professional accomplishment; the fourth is concerned with the "cartography of conflict," maps relating to the French and Indian War, and the Revolution. A bibliographic essay provides sources of further information on this fascinating subject.

Published for the Herman Dunlap Smith Center for the History of Cartography, the Newberry Library. $10.95

Illustration: Fragment from *A New Map of the Country of Carolina*, Joel Gascoyne. Courtesy Yale University Library

The University of Chicago Press
Chicago 60637

erate, to label it in clear, pure American colors. Vonnegut packages spaciness, resignation, and denial as labels on pop graves! He writes as an epitaph for a friend shot amid the ruins of Dresden for taking a teapot: "EVERYTHING WAS BEAUTIFUL AND NOTHING HURT." He invents a death rite wherein the healthy man and the dying man sit facing each other shouting, "I loved everything I saw." And Vonnegut is full of tenderness for the benumbed man who kills his nerves so as not to kill himself.

Ordinariness, sameness, the sheer mindlessness of heroes who are poor slobs like the rest of us, is one pole of Vonnegut's fiction. Fragmentation in space, the easy collapse of body and mind into a universal molecular flow or the mud of Earth is the other. Both meet in Vonnegut's belief in the step beyond personality, the disappearance into stereotype or chemical process. Vonnegut gives up on people getting together, on synchronizing the different cravings of even one mind. He sees wholeness and satisfaction as inconceivable in purely human terms. But as the walking mud people are in *Cat's Cradle*, or the fragments they become in *Sirens of Titan* or *Slaughterhouse-Five*, they can connect through their common chemistry, their shared anonymity, the mutual restackability of their minds and bodies, their reducibility to movable objects.

A culture creates its heroes even as its heroes create novels. Vonnegut's ideas of fusion reflect a male flight from frustration, the greatest possible withdrawal from taking charge. They reflect a widespread will to get beyond the confines of individual responsibility and out of the single, beleaguered self. Vonnegut's ability to be that ravaged figure has made him one of the most beloved writers in America. His novels arouse not only our admiration but our protectiveness. His least works are praised along with his best. He offers an unthreatening, instantly recognizable portrait of man ground under the heel of American expectations. What Vonnegut pleads for in his weird, alien images is the end of damaging hope, the end of those hierarchies of moral and aesthetic worth, of status, money, and intelligence that divide men from each other and make them adversaries. Physical and psychic coalescence means the end of differences. In the recognition of shared hardship die the self-assertive urge, the adversary seeking competitive life. You ar your enemy and he is you. You'r both walking mud.

Vonnegut is a culture hero becaus he *celebrates* male vulnerability. H is the father who reassures peop adrift in standard American loss. H recognition is that what most me achieve is not satisfaction—the lo ing wife, the status job, the son t be proud of—but resignation an perseverance in a numbing and drai ing condition. And for these h breaks out in praise. Vonnegut' message is that beyond bleakne and muddiness of mind is som thing worse: knowledge of how ba your life is. The pain beyond e durance. The delusion that there i something better. Men who believe i something, who try to take charge their lives, become, in Vonnegut' fiction, the true buffoons, the nut the Dr. Frankensteins, the moralist Like the noble high-school teache in *Slaughterhouse-Five* who speak against hate to a Nazi propagandis but who gets shot for taking a tea pot amid the ruins of Dresden, th hopeful not only do not survive, the are killed by other "absurd" mora standards. Only fools and crazies l themselves care, let themselves di tinguish between one kind of mad ness and another. What Vonnegu prescribes is not the freedom to b yourself, but the freedom to be notl ing. This is the rightness of layin down the burden of individuality, th troublesome spark of love for a va ue, a woman, a cause.

Vonnegut's antidote is dullness. H true hero is the man slightly cracke by his own frustrations but holdin himself together with his triviality—his aluminum siding, his humdru marriage, his empty job, the bore dom that keeps him from thinkin or feeling. Vonnegut is the champio of the average American who space out of his heart and mind so as no to have to hurt. He writes about me of today, ordinary astronauts! Nei Armstrong, in trouble, as Norma Mailer said, "talked computerese." Buzz Aldrin, asked about steppin out onto the moon, replied, "Th touchdown itself will be the ultimat test on the landing gear and the var ious systems that are in the space craft." But not on the man, the mind Vonnegut is the writer who has be come our star moon man, who show

way anyone can dump his mind heart, and space out to an orbit re, whatever happens, it really -OK. □

IE DEATH ' VENUS

Jack Richardson

uction and Betrayal, by Eliz- h Hardwick. Random House, 5.

WOULD HAVE been enough if izabeth Hardwick had written ing more than a detached, crit- evaluation of women as creators, creatures, of our literature and history. Her knowledge and in- gence would have produced a that, in tone and judgment, ided an alternative to the tra- ment practiced by the followers Millett and Greer. Double grati- is therefore due Miss Hardwick having not only achieved in *Se- ion and Betrayal* the critical ex- nce expected of her, but also for sing this collection of literary ies with a vital sense of life that s her subjects—as disparate as othy Wordsworth and Zelda gerald—into wonderfully fine raits of the feminine experience. oman as literary character and tor, woman as muse and depen- of the creative man, is the social spiritual subject of the book. Hardwick's approach to the ntë sisters and to Hedda Gabler ws the same method of inquiry, ethod less interested in distinc- s of fact and fiction than in the ged details of their lives and in cultural psychology they mani- Thus Charlotte Brontë and her ines become a fused example of female intelligence for which ety provided no firm domicile, intelligence of the cultivated gov- ss whose imagination is tempered oth the reality of her precarious tion in the world and her ability ing something finer into a house- than the commonplace, mori- l affections one generally finds e. The dark enigma of Ibsen's da Gabler, rather than the prac- tical revolt of his Nora, is seen as the true prophecy of the female soul's restlessness. For the destructive mass of ignorant, albeit intelligent, human energy that makes Hedda so frightening and puzzling, Miss Hardwick hints, is the deep cry of cultural resentment that needed finally Sylvia Plath to give it an accepted articulation. The chapter in the book that deals with Plath's poetry and its concern with the duality of death and domesticity is the best study yet written about this poet and her work, a blend of textual criticism and human awareness that leaves far behind the usual facile psychological polemics the author of *Ariel* and *Winter Trees* so often incites.

Seduction and Betrayal is a critical odyssey of the female consciousness in our literature of the past two hundred years. It is exhilarating to read, but harrowing also, for in the essay that gives the book its title, Miss Hardwick analyzes the heroism of the undone woman—Tess in *Tess of the D'Urbervilles*, Clarissa Harlowe, Hester Prynne, Katyusha Maslova of Tolstoy's *Resurrection*—who accepts as a natural fate the tragic consequences of having given love where only plea sure was wanted, or needed. Miss Hardwick points out to us that, as a result of our culture's depreciation of the sexual moment, this type of heroine, so rich in endowments of literary depth and nobility, is now extinct. She puts no judgment on this fact, but one is jolted by the finality of her conclusion. She ends her book with one of literature's most brutal descriptions of sensual decay:

> *At the end of* Nana, *the beautiful, harassed courtesan's death mingles with the agitated beginning of the Franco-Prussian War.* "à Berlin! à Berlin! à Berlin!" *we hear outside. In her coffin, fouled by smallpox, passion and sensuality are reduced to a "bubbling purulence," a "reddish crust." It is more than that. It is the death of sex as a tragic, exalted theme. As Zola says, "Venus was rotting."*

Few critics have written books that earn the right to such a broad conclusion about an artistic and human tradition. Miss Hardwick, through the literary details of her studies and her informed sympathy for the real and imagined women she has chosen for her subjects, makes such a right seem natural and inevitable. □

Richardson is the drama critic for nentary *magazine.*

THE FAILURE OF THE THERAPEUTIC

by Charles Newman

My Life as a Man, by Philip Roth. Holt, Rinehart and Winston, $8.95.

ALMOST ALL THE GOOD prose writers of this generation are graduate-school dropouts, and while their books appear to have been written by people from different planets, the single thing they hold in common is a decision, taken early in their careers, to leave criticism to the creeps—the consequences of which choice are just beginning to become clear. And so it is not surprising that criticism as a judgmental enterprise, as a naming game, as attitudinizing, has become the subject of their fiction. As Roth shouts at his psychoanalyst in this new novel:

> *A poet and novelist have about as much in common as a jockey and a diesel driver. . . . Poems and novels arise out of radically different sensibilities . . . and you cannot begin to make sense about "creativity" or "the artist" or Narcissism if you are going to be so insensitive to fundamental distinctions. . . . And if I may, sir—his self is to many a novelist what his own physiognomy is to a painter of portraits: the closest subject at hand to demand his scrutiny, a problem for his art to solve. . . . He is not looking in the mirror because he is transfixed by what he sees. Rather, the artist's success depends as much as anything on his powers of detachment, on* denarcissing *himself. That's where the excitement comes in!*

It might be said that such intense protest is an evasion of sorts, but the general problem has been compounded in Roth's case by his considerable popularity, and also because his mode of tragicomedy is not one that has been critically recognized as an American writer's prerogative. To put it another way, he is employing realist conventions in an age when antirealism is in vogue with academics, traditional character analysis in a time of fragmented confessional,

Charles Newman's latest book is A Child's History of America *(Swallow Press).*

American speech against ventriloquial voice, and traditional satire in the wake of the most surreal black humor. The older generation of critics tends not to take his "content" seriously; the new generation of critics finds his narrative technique dated. Overpraised for his slightest work (*Goodbye, Columbus; Our Gang*), generally ignored for his most ambitious (*Letting Go, When She Was Good*), Roth has been attacked by Jews as bad for their image, by Wasps for not knowing his subject (women's lib will have a field day with this one), and has had *Portnoy's Complaint* praised as "the funniest book since *Huckleberry Finn*" which is rather odd, since both books strike me as not only sad but ultimately terrifying.

Roth's most notorious venture in providing a critical context for his own work was his article in *Commentary* some years ago in which he made the modest point that American reality was so unbelievable that it was difficult to fictionalize, and he has been whipped with that *aperçu* whenever some critic thought he was getting too "solipsistic." The author quickly gets lost in the adjectival category. Clearly, part of the "pent-up rage" that Roth diagnoses in himself is the result of such facile pigeonholing, literary and otherwise.

At any rate, Roth has returned here to his eternal battle with that unendangered species, the "fucked-up shicksa," and I confess that part of my regard for his work is that I keep rooting for all those Wasp chicks who make such a mess of his life.

PETER TARNOPOL,* imagined author, collects his most recent work in "Useful Fictions" (two stories, "Salad Days" and "Courting Disaster") and then appends a purportedly autobiographical piece taking its form from women's magazine fiction: "My True Story." Whether "My True Story" contains the "real facts" of Philip Roth's ménage I'm not the man to say, but his point is that this is not the point at all. What Roth is insisting on is his right to make fictions; that is, to transform personal experience—because it is so limited and redundant—into stories. "My True Story" is beyond autobiography, but it is a gloss and commentary on Roth's own work, a meditation on the creative act itself. Along the way, he takes the opportunity to confront the charges that critics and reviewers have brought against him, by having the various characters respond critically to the two stories and allowing them to choke on their own rhetorical categories—Jewish writer, *artiste*, misogynist, sex maniac, etc. Roth admits that, yes, he's got only one story—that central marital trauma—but when you consider his entire work, then the virtuoso variations on the theme, the revised and contradictory histories, the wealth of different characters and associations which that one dumb liaison has apparently produced seem all the more remarkable.

> *Or maybe I mean that as far as I can see there is no conquering or exorcizing the past with words—words born either of the imagination or forthrightness—as there seems to be (for me) no forgetting. Maybe I am just learning what a past is. At any rate, all I can do with my story is tell it. And tell it. And tell it. And that's the truth. And you, what do you do to pass the time?*

THIS IS NOT just "Philip's problem." The theme of language as prison is central to our decade. But what has been overlooked and/or disparaged is that, unlike most of his contemporaries, Roth is writing about a particular time and place, and attempting to come to terms with contemporary history. His subject, it seems to me, is the disintegration of American liberalism—not the Trillingian brand, obviously. Rather, it is the liberalism fostered by middle-class families after the war in those young men who were not only the first to go to college, but who also carried their businessmen fathers' values of discipline, hard work, and duty into the humanities and reform politics, only to ultimately confuse aesthetic with political strategies, and to find the talents so carefully nurtured in the Fifties to be tangential at best to the chaos of the Sixties.

All of Roth's male protago are victims of this upbringing, their predicament can hardly be to be uniquely Jewish: indeed, literary and psychological an dents here are the earnest y men of Henry James. This vie experience—a relatively happy c hood, parents with achieved id ties, American optimism and up mobility refined by an *education timentale*, Enlightenment ideali and the romanticism of ninetee century fiction—meets continual feat at the hands of a series of la whose unhappy lives exemplify the banal bourgeois egotism of pity and self-righteous eman tion, which trivializes even their genuine alienation. The liberal p confronts the blackmailing de dent, helplessly, since he never k whether he is acting out of guil charity; all his reason and resp bility are unable to come to t with everything he is not; "I w ed," Roth intones, "to be humar manly, a man."

If you want to take it a little ther, the traits of Tarnopol's women are precisely those which liberal must bring together to a consensus, to take power; M reen, with her lower-middle-clas piration and repressed energy, without grace or goodwill; and Su with position, money, and genero but without toughness or ene When Roth speculates that he c in contact with "two of the r virulent strains of a virus to w only a few women among us are mune," he begins an analysis b more on class than gender.

What poisons Peter Tarnop that the obsessions of his pers life hermetically seal him from larger struggles of his culture (st gles which in his younger day believed he might chronicle), the only metaphor he can offer is of his own chaotic erotic life. H calls, for example, his father wee uncontrollably at President R velt's death, and rues the fact tha has been so benumbed by his do tic chaos that he cannot even af himself grief at Kennedy's assas tion.

TARNOPOL SURVIVES his womer cause, essentially, he is his fath son—a made self, based not on modestly successful career, but o

* While the name is that of a town in Russia, it is also Middle English in origin, referring to a mountain-bound lake without tributaries—a meaning that will engage generations of graduate students in allusions to isolation, reflection, fastness, etc. Of course, spelled backward, it gives us "loponrat" (!), an anagram that must have occurred at least phonetically to his studious wife, Maureen.

owledge that he is neither typical r exemplary. His is the special vic-ization of Henry James's Lambert ether, Daisy Miller, and Christo-er Newman, an incarnation of the a that only those who survive can called victims.

The cost of such survival is also ar, for Tarnopol's strength is suffi-nt only unto itself—he can "trust" y his own writing, his personal onstitution of the world; he can-relate to history except by de-ing it with gross satire; he cannot tect those he loves any more than can kill his enemies.

This seems to me to constitute h the poignance and importance Roth's unremitting story—that all therapy, meliorism, exorcism, all se clichés of "self-realization, per-ssiveness, spontaneous role-play-, being open about one's prob-s," cannot deal with the irra-nal forces of our time. It is no ac-ent that the analyst who had com-x functions in *Portnoy's Com-int* is reduced here to a straight n, just another foolish literary ic *manqué*. No accident that Mau-n's last grasp at self-justification roup therapy, that *collective* so-ism which presumably is the an-r to Tarnopol's personalized vari-The implication is clear; Roth ns to be saying, "Okay, so I'm psistic, but it's the real thing, not ght off the rack, an actual sick-s and not just a phenomenon of age."

Whatever reservations one might e about Roth's work—and he es you to have reservations—we ld recognize that he is dealing n extremely serious issues for the temporary state of mind and their ary embodiments. Literature, af-all, is concerned not only with king metaphors but with trashing le ones, and it takes some cour-to point out false analogies (par-larly at one's own expense) and eject that most contemporary of s: the desperate equation of s personal life with the disparate ory of one's time.

n fact, excepting Tarnopol, all of n's characters in his latest work e one trait: they misconstrue function and process of literary To the extent that Tarnopol be-es "a man," it is due to his grad-reluctance to impose literary pat-s upon life beyond his fictions. yet, paradoxically, it is precise-ly through his own fiction, rather than through his daily suffering, that he comes to that most practical understanding.

There is a passage in Alberto Moravia's *The Lie* that may clarify the point. A writer is walking along a beach and sees a sheep's carcass which serves as an analogy to his inert and corrupt mistress. But upon reflection he rejects the comparison, and by doing so is able to reorient himself and his work:

> *I was ashamed of having thought they resembled one another; and I was grateful to my project of writing a novel, which had served me as a conscience and had awakened this sense of shame in my mind.* □

FLOATING MONEY

by Alfred L. Malabre, Jr.

The Great Wheel: The World Monetary System—A Reinterpretation, by Sidney E. Rolfe and James L. Burtle. Quadrangle, $9.95.

FEW TOPICS are so important, and yet so generally obscure, as the monetary arrangements that more or less bind the major industrial economies. Changes in a currency's value in terms of other currencies can massively influence our living standards. Areas affected range from the availability of jobs to the consumer price level to the cost of bank loans.

Sri Aurobindo

discourses absorbingly on the romance of the spirit.

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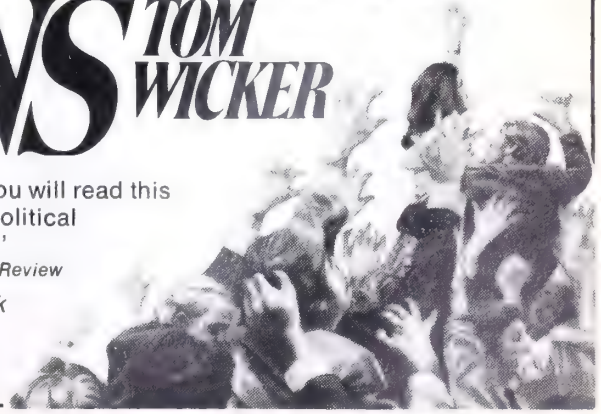
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FACING THE LIONS TOM WICKER



"One of the best novels you will read this year and one of the best political novels you will ever read."
—*The New York Times Book Review*

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All this eludes public understanding, largely because precious little has been put down intelligently about the subject in books aimed at a broad audience. Still, the appetite is there. Witness, for instance, the remarkable success of Harry Browne's *You Can Profit from a Monetary Crisis*. Whether his readers can, in fact, profit from such a crisis, there is little question that Mr. Browne has turned that trick himself. His book, a simplistic analysis devoid of bona fide scholarship, stands week after week near the top of the best-seller lists.

Fortunately, one can find much better books about the international monetary situation that impart a far more basic understanding of today's troubled scene and whose ideas can be grasped by readers who may not know a regression equation from Regulation Q. The book under review is one I enthusiastically recommend—with reservations. The authors have excellent credentials. Sidney E. Rolfe is a successful investor and an economic researcher at the Center for International Studies at MIT. James L. Burtle is vice-president for economics at W. R. Grace & Company, a large, diversified New York corporation whose activities span the globe.

The book, whose title derives from Adam Smith's description of the monetary system as a wheel that organizes trade and investment relations between nations, painstakingly explains the deepening difficulties that have beset international monetary matters in recent years. The authors' prescription for today's mess derives in large measure from their highly unusual interpretation of what occurred in the Thirties, a reading of the era that I, too, have long held. It is, simply, that the economic distress of the Thirties stemmed not from the generally accepted causes—the breaking down of fixed relationships between currencies and subsequent competitive devaluations—but from prior efforts to maintain fixed currency relationships by tactics that tended to stifle economic growth.

Accordingly, the authors urge that today's policy makers resist any temptation to return to fixed currency relationships of the sort that prevailed just before the 1930s—or, for that matter, from the end of World War II to 1971, when the Bretton Woods system finally collapsed.

It seems eminently sensible advice. And it is encouraging to note in the daily press that planners in such capitals as Washington and London appear a good deal more receptive to the idea of permanently flexible rates now than, say, five years ago. As the authors observe, despite widespread fears, "world trade has not been adversely affected by the reappearance of floating, or at least more flexible, exchange rates."

DESPITE SUCH CONVINCING advocacy of flexibility, however, the authors' case contains what appears to be a major incongruity. For they strangely couple their plea for flexible rates with a recommendation that a large and lasting role should also be assigned to special drawing rights, or SDRs, the monetary units that members of the International Monetary Fund have agreed periodically to issue among themselves, in the authors' words, "to provide additional liquidity in the monetary system and lessen the world's reliance on both gold and dollars as the major reserves."

To Rolfe and Burtle, SDRs constitute a key means by which monetary cooperation between the major countries can be smoothly maintained in coming years. They sanguinely regard SDRs as a monetary device by which international business activity can effectively be regulated to expand at a healthy, sustainable pace. The units "offer the best hope for a base for a future monetary system without economic warfare," the authors assert.

The argument may prove exceedingly naive. A friend once told me that he would believe in the efficacy of SDRs when he could present his wife with a bracelet made out of them. My skepticism is not that great. The SDR idea may turn out to be more practical than we suppose. International cooperation may eventually achieve an arrangement wh by the IMF units will be wisely tributed at appropriate interval appropriate governments for us settling international obligations

But why? Why is such an e necessary? Why should the ener of monetary reformers not be centrated entirely on the task of tablishing an international arra ment in which currency values freely in response to the fundame forces of supply and demand in world marketplace? A dollar is a lar is a dollar. If you want one b enough, you will pay enough pou or francs or whatever to obtain Aren't international monetary ters tangled enough? Do we re need to worry about SDRs?

I would not belabor this critic of an otherwise fine book that sh be read by anyone wishing to c away some of the obscurity beck ing international money matters. book's virtues—and there are m —cannot be detailed in full here; I would especially cite its first- discussion of how changes in a ticular currency's values may be ticipated and hedged against w out undue financial damage.

On a practical level, for anyon unfortunate as to have to attemp cope with today's monetary un tainties, the authors even provic special section that illustrates admirable lucidity how corporat and others may employ compu based technology to determine direction and magnitude of incip monetary trends.

A final virtue of the book, part larly for persons seeking a gre familiarity with international m tary matters, is its comprehen bibliography. Among suggested umes it is especially good to see all too seldom recalled nowadays, late Ragnar Nurkse's *Internati Currency Experience*. The Nu book remains the most impres analysis to be written of the y between the two world wars. R and Burtle draw extensively f Nurkse, who was economic advise the League of Nations, in their excellent discussion of the 1930

In sum, *The Great Wheel* may be on the best-seller lists. But it is best general book I have seen i long while about a topic that is important to be left just to the c room, the board room, or the sm filled room.

Alfred L. Malabre, Jr., is a news editor of The Wall Street Journal.

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The '74 Dodge Colt. As you can see, for a little car, it is a lot of car.

Here're just a few of the features standard on Dodge Colts.

- **Thrifty four-cylinder engine.**
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- **Four-speed transmission.**
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- **Hidden radio antenna (except wagons).**

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NETWORKS

Networks exist among people who share an idea, problem, experience, attitude, involvement, or hope. They define nongeographic communities of interest that are maintained informally, mostly by word of mouth, telephone, letter, and occasional publication. Networks are invariably light on structure and heavy on the principle of equal access, which allows any member of the net to draw on the resources of the whole.

This new section in Harper's *is a sort of bulletin board for networking, a service designed to help in the process by which people connect with one another. The following kinds of material will appear here:*

QUERIES *from individuals or groups who want to hook up with others who think similarly, or who are curious about finding out where to learn about something that concerns them;*

STRATEGIES *recounting specific experiences of how networks have been set up and what they've accomplished, with special attention to the practicalities of network operation;*

OPPORTUNITIES *providing information about various instruments of networks—periodicals, catalogues, people—that are easily available but not generally known, and that will welcome more people.*

To contribute to this section, write Networks, Harper's Magazine, Two Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016. Because of space limitations, we have special regard for brevity and crispness, and we reserve the right to edit accordingly.

OPPORTUNITY
Relieving Boredom

This letter comes from Norma Conyngham in Nashua, New Hampshire, where she is director of the Retired Senior Volunteer Program (RSVP):

"Through RSVP tens of thousands of retired people are finding useful and meaningful things to do to fill their time and to ease their boredom. In the Arts and Science Center Regional RSVP here, which covers a portion of southern New Hampshire, there are currently eighty volunteers who are enrolled and who are finding new and different things to do. The volunteers are covered by accident insurance and are given reimbursement for their meals and transportation to and from their volunteer jobs. Some are presently working in schools, libraries, and nursing homes, and others are knitting lap robes, working on mailings, doing office work for the Elderly Services Program of Southern New Hampshire."

For more information about your local RSVP, contact ACTION, 806 Connecticut Avenue, NW, Washington, D.C. 20525. Phone (800) 424-8580.

QUERY
Career Planning for Women

Lynne Francis, associate director of a local career planning service run by women for women, says her group is especially interested in sharing information with similar organizations. She describes the Los Angeles Career Planning Center as "a nonprofit community service providing a full range of vocational services for women at no charge or minimal fees. Services include free job referrals, career planning seminars, job search workshops, résumé preparation help, and group or private vocational counseling." Career Planning Center, 1623 South LaCienega Boulevard, Los Angeles, California 90035. Phone (213) 273-6633.

OPPORTUNITY
Purple Submariners

We received the following announcement, and a clutch of handbills, packaged with a four-page tabloid called *The Storefront Classroom*:

"Dear Colleague, Our commune would like to trade energies with you. We believe that people feel good when they trade; we have established a membership organization called the Utopian Society of America [illegible] the first formal step in the creat[illegible] of a viable communications netw[illegible] in which people can trade ideas ab[illegible] group living. Here's our propo[illegible] if you become a member and ag[illegible] to an annual assessment of $5 [illegible] cover costs of printing, mailing, e[illegible] we'll send you bimonthly arti[illegible] mailings about our plan to buil[illegible] model village commune system."

The "we" apparently means f[illegible] people who call themselves The I[illegible] ple Submarine, Utopian Test Pil[illegible] at 500 Eighth Avenue, San Fran[illegible] co, California 94118. Phone (4[illegible] 752-0773. A sample of the mater[illegible] enclosed: "A person who is recep[illegible] to the ideas of utopian spiritualis[illegible] a person that has been blessed by[illegible] higher forces of the cosmos."

STRATEGY
Lighting the Light

Irv Thomas, who edits a small n[illegible] azine called *Black Bart Brigade* San Francisco, describes his own [illegible] perience starting a local comm[illegible] ty network:

"We participated in a church-sp[illegible] sored alternatives festival in Be[illegible] ley called "The Possible Dream.[illegible] hundred and fifty people came, [illegible] it lasted from a Friday evening to[illegible] following Saturday night, [illegible] greased with shared meals, mean[illegible] ful raps, playtime on the lawns, [illegible] Sufi dancing together on our f[illegible] night—a cross-fertilizing of m[illegible] different kinds of people. Our [illegible] Joe Cooney took on the resource [illegible] change as his own personal proj[illegible] He ran off two kinds of fill-in she[illegible] one for people to list their wants, [illegible] sires, and fantasies, and one for th[illegible] to list the "things" (material, in[illegible] mational, or inspirational) that t[illegible] wanted to share with other peo[illegible] The people had grouped into s[illegible] clusters of ten or twelve to start w[illegible] and each cluster was color-identi[illegible] so that the questionnaires could[illegible] easily referenced as Bob-green[illegible] Paula-yellow. In that way, Joe c[illegible] do his match-up and then send

ows back to that group, and so
h. With two volunteers, he did a
-day job of indexing and cross-
ching, and (to the great surprise
everyone) he was able to put
ıething together for fully two-
ds of the people there, from the
ɔurces that were available right
e in that group. This included
ı diverse things as house repairs,
ıg lessons, and a traveling part-
for a trip to Honduras.

I have described for you only the
nework of what took place that
. What really made it work was
's own vision and the way in
ch he conveyed it to the people
attended the festival. Through
own enthusiasm, Joe managed to
it through the heads of those 150
ple that every single thing they
w, did, owned, or had access to
a resource that might be shared
ı someone else. On the other side
the equation, he asked them to
asize about what they really, in
r hearts, would like to do, learn,
e done for them, or find someone
hare an experience with. Thus, a
dred people were gratified that
in some way that they had never
ected to be, and a whole lot of
ht lights went on in people's
ds about resources they never
ı realized they possessed, and
ut the potential of the sharing
ɔess. But more important, a net-
k may have begun that day, for a
leus group has continued to meet,
the strength of that turn-on hap-
ing.

Here, then, are the elements I
ld stress for those who want to
in building a support network in
r own community.

Design it as a kind of "packaged
appening" for any kind of medi-
m-size or large group you can
ain access to: conferences, festi-
als, or even more permanently or-
anized local groups. They are al-
ays seeking program ideas.

Make sure there will be enough
me for input, classifying, match-
ıg, and redistribution—all be-
ɔre the group disperses for the
ıst time.

Stimulate their imaginations—that
s the key! Make sure they have
feeling for what is going on: con-
uct an experiment (a game, if
ou must) to discover how many
mmediate needs, or remote fan-
asies, can be satisfied through the
eople within that very group. En-
courage them to scour their minds for whatever things or skills they have and would be willing to share with others.

4. Keep it simple. Use broad categories for your filing system, such as space, land, transportation, and keep your eyes open for less obvious matches (for instance: gardening and yard space and outdoor activity). Have the system well defined before you begin.
5. Have everything explained on the forms, but make sure that someone talks to everyone in the group, to convey the enthusiasm and answer questions.
6. Try and arrange it so that after it's all done, the sheets can be plastered across the walls, to give everyone a full sense of the variety of things people are into, and the amount of actual match-up that has been done. What I've described above is a kind of spontaneous-combustion thing, but there are other ways that networks can begin. The local Black Bart network began as the outflow of raps and workshops. In Sonoma, two of us circulated and posted a hand-lettered leaflet, *Let's Get TOGETHER*, briefly noting all the kinds of collective trips that a group of concerned neighbors could put together for themselves, by themselves. It brought together a group of more than a dozen people who made life easier for each other.
7. Make it as clear as you can (and be clear on it yourself) that a network is an original, organic, leaderless phenomenon. It begins, survives, and finds its direction from the people who are in it, and it is effective only to the extent that enough of the participants take an active part in its development.
8. A network does not survive in a vacuum. Until continuing bonds are developed, it must be stimulated and reinforced by such things as newsletters, potlucks, rap meetings, and continual efforts to link people up with one another in directions that are meaningful to them.
9. Patience. Old habits are not easily broken. We will all come together as the need to do so becomes more apparent and pressing. Provide fertile soil and the flowers will eventually grow, and then begin to reseed themselves."



PAINT BY SHUTTER

Couple your imagination to a Honeywell Pentax Spotmatic F. This is the 35mm camera that lets you express yourself on film, and paint by shutter. The Spotmatic F doesn't give you a lot of gimmicks to worry about. It's just pure camera, from the classic Pentax mold. So go ahead. Let your creativity and your imagination soar. Discover what millions of Pentax owners have already learned—how easy it is to create great photographs. Ask for a demonstration of the Spotmatic F at your Honeywell Photo dealer or write us for FREE literature: Honeywell Photographic, Dept. 126-494, P.O. Box 22083, Denver, CO. 80222. In Canada, McQueen Sales, Ltd., a Honeywell subsidiary.



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LETTERS

IBM on trial

I read with interest William Rodgers' article ["IBM on Trial," May] and found it to be interesting and informative. It is a straightforward presentation of how a business can be overly successful to a point where it may ignore the law of the land and ultimately retard the growth of the economy.

The staff of *Harper's Magazine* is to be complimented on their willingness to present this informative and accurate article.

ROGER M. WHEELER
Chairman of the Board
The Telex Corp.
Tulsa, Okla.

Harper's has made a substantial contribution to American business in bringing forth the facts of the IBM antitrust matter with such great comprehensiveness and accuracy. The William Rodgers article was fair, accurate, and uncompromising in setting forth information so important to the information-processing industry, which is becoming an increasingly large part of national business.

WALTER F. BAUER
President
Informatics Inc.
Canoga Park, Calif.

I want to tell you how impressed I was with the accurate reporting of this vital issue. I guess I speak for all peripheral-equipment manufacturers by saying congratulations and thanks for your efforts.

JEAN N. TARIOT
President
Incoterm Corporation
Natick, Mass.

As the computer increasingly impacts on the general public in all segments of society, the future of competition within the industry calls increasingly for public scrutiny. *Harper's* and William Rodgers have done a public service by focusing attention on that issue.

JEFF BOGART
New York, N. Y.

Goodbye, Colorado

Regarding Hugh Gardner's article, "Goodbye, Colorado" [April], I wish to respond not only as a native Coloradan, but as a state legislator sponsoring major land-use legislation.

Mr. Gardner's bias obviously stems from inadequate knowledge of the problems facing Colorado and of the responsible land-use legislation which has previously been passed by the Colorado General Assembly. In 1971 the legislature created the Division of Planning. Concurrent with the creation of the division was a requirement that every county create a County Planning Commission, and that every commission develop, and the Board of County Commissioners adopt and enforce, subdivision regulations for all land within the unincorporated areas of the county no later than July 1, 1972.

In 1972 the legislature adopted an act concerning the division of land into sites, tracks, or lots, and providing for the regulation thereof a system of reporting to and requiring involvement from school districts, local municipalities, and local utilities.

In view of the above legislation which has been passed by Colorado relating to land use, it is apparent that Colorado is virtually leading the nation. The General Assembly is in the process of passing additional legislation in the areas of mountain development, flood plain, oil shale, airports, construction of major new sewage-treatment systems. What Mr. Gardner failed to understand is that the legislative leaders have been aware of Colorado's problems.

There still exists in our Constitution the recognition of the property right which must not be abrogated by a government without due process. The right of private ownership must not be diminished by "land control." In Colorado, where water is a most precious resource, the water right is a property right. Above all, Colorado must protect its water so that agriculture, which is a major factor in the economy, will not suffer. The legislature has responsibly recognized how Colorado has tremendous growth pains and is conscientiously working toward conserving its beauty without destroying its economy.

Colorado is not "gone" and will continue to generate strong leadership in order that its citizens may continue to enjoy and utilize its unparalleled beauty.

REP. BETTY ANN DITTEMORE
House of Representatives
Denver, Colo.

HUGH GARDNER REPLIES:

The trouble with local land-use planning in Colorado is that there are no checks on local "planning" decisions, no matter how parochial they may be, from the standpoint of the state's welfare as a whole. In the modern Colorado economy, development proposals overlap local jurisdictions, but planning doesn't. If "responsible land-use legislation" was already on the books, as Miss Dittemore suggests, I doubt if a majority of her own House of Representatives would have supported statewide land-use controls in 1973 and again this year. One reason they did so was that the ironclad right to private property in water and land is often at odds with the general public's desire for a sane place to live. Like a number of other Colorado politicians who stick their heads in the sand while piously calling themselves, "responsible," Miss Dittemore is part of the problem.

UNDWRAPAROUNDW

ositions, Please

The swizzle sticks and confet- had scarcely come to rest af- the 1968 election when Rose ary Woods and H. R. Halde- an began wrestling over the fice directly connected to Mr. ixon's. Haldeman rose victori- is, winning not only the seat it the prestige and power in- rently vested in whoever was ysically next to the President. ose Mary Woods moved only wn the hall, but with every or and desk and chair sepa- ting her from the President, r influence diminished.

Rose Mary's slippage isn't un- mmon. When people form oups, their natural tendency to structure a society and en to adopt roles appropriate their places in its hierarchy. ie closer an individual is to a cognized source of power, the ore powerful he is apt to con- ler himself.

It's a pattern easily recogniz- le in daily life. Think of the nstant battling among siblings r the chair next to father at nner, and the squabbles over no gets to ride in the front at of the car.

In school, we played a so- isticated game of go-to-the- ad-of-the-class, of intellectual apfrogging to the coveted ont rows where the teacher's ts were pampered with patient tention; the slow-witted or out- aneuvered sulked at the back the room, catapulting spit- lls at inflated front-row egos. This childish competition ac- mpanied me through college, d, to my amazement, into my ofessional life when I took first job. I began to notice at this game of seating places played everywhere. At the *w York Times* the cub re- rters sit in the last row of sks in the vast city room; as ey prove themselves, they ove up row by row. Begin- ng reporters who unknowingly at a vacant desk a row or o up from the back are po- ely but firmly told where they long. In the Senate chamber, e majority and minority lead- s and their whips have front- w, center-aisle seats at the hub the semicircle; from there the ner Senators fan out and away order of diminishing impor- nce. Perhaps the classic exam- e occurs on the May Day pa- de reviewing stands in Com- unist countries, where the dis- tance of each functionary from the top leader is analyzed with all the nuance that theologians once applied to the study of the number of angels able to dance on the head of a pin.

Everywhere I look—at the theater, restaurants, press luncheons—people scheme for the seats near someone important. One day I found myself rejoicing because I'd sat just behind Clive Barnes, the *Times* drama critic, at the opening of a play, and because I was moving to a new job with a bigger desk that was near a window and just outside the boss's office. And wishing I had a spitball.

—Kim Foltz

Kim Foltz is an associate editor of Gentlemen's Quarterly *magazine.*

"I believe we were the first city in America to omit the sherry with the soup course."

—Mrs. George Roberts of Philadelphia, quoted in *The Right People* by Stephen Birmingham, 1968

ON THE MAP

The Department of the Interior and the Geological Survey offer numerous publications and maps at very reasonable prices to help you find out where you'd like to go or learn about where you are and have been. Maps covering any given portion of the United States and its territories may be obtained from the National Cartography Information Center, Stop 507, U.S. Geological Survey National Center, 12201 Sunrise Valley Drive, Reston, Virginia 22092. Ask for a copy of their most recent index, and then place your order from it.

Also available from the NCIC is "Popular Publications of the United States Geological Survey"—the booklet that lists all the titles of their nontechnical pamphlets currently on sale. Among our favorite are pamphlets explaining how to read topographic maps, prepare for earthquakes, locate the best fishing spots, prospect with modern techniques, and start your own mineral collection.

To send for books mentioned on this page, please follow the directions for ordering that appear in Tools for Living on page 99.

How Can You Be in Two Places at Once When You're Really Nowhere at All?

Inquiries into the way we relate to place and space have been fairly limited. However, we've turned up a few pertinent texts: *Topophilia,* by Yi-Fu Tuan (Prentice-Hall, $4.95), is a thorough examination of how place affects people—topophilia means "love of place." The study of environmental perception, attitudes, and values is, of course, very complex, but Tuan, in a style that is entertaining and concise, manages to convey a great deal about the way we sense the environment, organize it culturally, travel through it, and create images—cities, landscapes—to try to bring ourselves into harmony with it.

The Hidden Dimension, by Edward T. Hall (Doubleday-Anchor, $1.95), discusses the space we maintain around ourselves as a key factor in personal and societal relations. Many studies show that people like to keep a certain distance from other people and things. When the invisible barriers are breached, behavior is deeply affected. By becoming more aware of this phenomenon, Hall feels, we can better equip ourselves to survive in modern society and also mitigate some of the forces of alienation that are perpetrated by architects.

The Roots of Civilization, by Alexander Marshack (McGraw-Hill, $17.50), is about the dawn of culture and some of the places man first occupied and changed—the European caves of Ice Age hunters and gatherers. Marshack has assembled impressive evidence (through microscopic study of cave paintings and notations etched on bone) suggesting that about 35,000 years ago a revolution in human thought and culture occurred. The caves, visited repeatedly by Paleolithic nomads over thousands of years, supply a fragmentary record of how man began to extend his sense of territoriality—in space, in time, and in the realm of myth and symbol. The book has caused much excitement in the scientific community; it is beautifully written, with many photographs and illustrations.

Touch the Earth, compiled by T. C. McLuhan (Pocket Books, $2.95), is a collection of statements, many of them very moving, by American Indians from the eighteenth century to the present. Their feelings about the land, and their anguish over the loss of "the Great Mother" are expressed with great eloquence, and one is reminded of what it is like to touch the earth with all your senses.

A few other books to help you think about where you are: *The Image of the City,* by Kevin Lynch (MIT Press, $2.95), talks about paths and edges, districts, and landmarks as elements that are essential in creating a livable city with a vivid visual image. For an interesting interpretation of the origin and nature of the city, see Lewis Mumford's *The City in History* (Harcourt, Brace & World, $4.95). According to Christian Norberg-Schulz in *Existence, Space and Architecture* (Praeger, $3.95), architecture can be seen as the concretion of images basic to our orientation in the world; he draws on the thinking of philosophers, psychologists, and sociologists to develop his theory.

We all remember special corners, drawers, and rooms in our childhood homes. In *The Poetics of Space* (Beacon Press, $3.95), Gaston Bachelard explores the meanings of such household images in our thoughts, memories, and dreams. *The Sacred and the Profane* (Harvest, $1.75), by Mircea Eliade, a historian of religion, examines the primitive orientation toward the center of the world as a sacred space and traces manifestations of this in myth, symbol, and ritual.

EXPERIENCE EARTH

Once in his life a man ought to concentrate his mind upon the remembered earth, I believe. He ought to give himself up to a particular landscape in his experience, to look at it from as many angles as he can, to wonder about it, to dwell upon it. He ought to imagine that he touches it with his hands at every season and listens to the sounds that are made upon it. He ought to imagine the creatures there and all the faintest motions of the wind. He ought to recollect the glare of noon and all the colors of the dawn and dusk. **—N. Scott Momaday**

The Way to Rainy Mountain 1969

RAPAROUND CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10

READERS WRAPAROU

Power From the People

In March of this year, our Lines to Power" WRAP-AROUND [illegible] tion. We asked readers to submit evidence for or against the theory that "the power rippling outward from concerned and active individuals is the power to watch and encourage." Scores of people responded thoughtfully and with considerable spirit. Though we have room for only a few of your contributions, we're delighted to be able to present the selections below.

I've discovered a method for wringing on-the-spot compliance from reluctant bureaucrats. The approach triumphs over all kinds of bureaucracies but only when your cause is just, i.e., when the bureaucrat is putting you to considerable *pointless* trouble. One of my recent victories illustrates how it works.

Late one afternoon last winter, I arrived at the supermarket checkout counter with two full wagons of groceries. It was time to be home beginning dinner. At that point I discovered I was out of checks and money. Now I had a choice. Either drive the ten miles home and back over snow-rutted roads for a fresh checkbook, inconveniencing the entire hungry family with a late dinner, or forget the food—which meant returning tomorrow to collect two wagonsful of everything all over again.

Desperation made me inventive. My department-store charge plate in hand, I hurried next door to a branch of a nationwide chain. The clerk knew her rules. "We cannot charge cash. There's absolutely nothing we can do for you."

"Which of these office doors is the manager's?" I asked

"There. But it won't do you any good. I told you if you don't have a blank check of your own, we can't give you cash."

I knocked on the door and explained the problem to the credit manager. And off we went, through my method's prescribed cycle: (1) Concede the rule: "The store does not charge cash." (2) State the human dimensions of the problem: "Right this minute my ice cream and pizzas are melting in the grocery wagons It's 4:30, too late to drive home and back before dinner." (3) Bring them through your good-natured staying power to the realization that you are not going to accept the official answer and go away. (4) Emphasize your willingness to follow their rules; offer alternatives. "There's probably a blank check somewhere in the store. We could take one of your store checks and write the name of my bank in. You could call my bank to verify my account." (5) At long last they realize that since you are trying so strenuously to cooperate with their rule, the problem is *theirs*. Only they can solve it.

We arrived at the moment when it was fitting for the manager and me to become overt allies. "We pay our bills promptly every month. Look it up," I suggested. "After all these years, if once I ask the store for a little special service, shouldn't they try to provide it for me? Within the rules, how can we get me my $45?"

The manager stopped talking. Her manner indicated she now understood that *she* must solve the problem. After all, she had rejected all my solutions! She sat there and visibly thought. After a long three minutes, she got up. We returned to the haughty clerk. "Sell this woman a $45 gift certificate on her charge and then cash it," the manager said. She smiled and left. She seemed genuinely satisfied with herself for having solved "our" problem.

—Shirley Sloan Fader
Paramus, N.J.

It has been my experience that each faceless, immovable bureaucracy has its own peculiar Achilles heel. I've found, for example, that First National City Bank of New York is best dealt with through a sober letter to the president. On the other hand, a letter to the Commissioner of Motor Vehicles in New York is unlikely to get you anything but a polite form reply. I've gotten my best results with the Department of Motor Vehicles by going to the local office, refusing even to discuss the matter with the woman at the window, demanding instead to see her employer, and then threatening to take off my clothes and scream if I don't get proper results. Not only does this approach get fast action, it accords great vicarious satisfaction to the other DMV victims.

—Richard J. McCormack
Bethel, Vt.

How is power generated? An athlete generates power through discipline, a discipline involving diet, practice, exercise. A scholar generates it through disciplined study, inquiry, thought. The organizational equivalent of this is good management involving such corporate disciplines as planning, evaluation, and so on. So organizational discipline is one source of power in a system.

Another is organization itself: the union, the community organization. A structure giving form and shape or expressing purpose or a cause is creative and generates power.

Other sources of power: the new idea which attracts resources, the vision of what can be which excites and attracts people.

—Charles R. Wilson
Lebanon, N.J.

I have found that insurance companies are likely to try to avoid paying on just claims. The small-claims courts give the individual a powerful weapon against them. For the average person a night at small-claims court is generally more amusing than television, but it can be costly for a corporation that must send a lawyer to defend itself.

Thus, when a rightful claimant decides to bring suit, the company is apt to press for a fair out-of-court settlement.

—David Kahn
New York, N.Y.

Last fall I asked a law-stud[ent] friend about pleading not gu[ilty] to some unfair parking tick[et]. "Don't bother," he said. "Pl[ead] guilty with an explanation, a[nd] you'll beat most of the fin[es]." (He was right.) Why, I wan[ted] to know, shouldn't I avail m[y]self of my rights under la[w]? "Look," he replied, "rights [are] for the most part illusory. So [we] we'll never use: nobody [will] ever deny me freedom of spee[ch]; nobody cares that much wha[t I] say.

"The protection of other rig[hts] simply fails before the w[ide] discretionary powers of [the] policeman and the judge." [My] friend might well have ad[ded] administrative bureaucracies [to] his list of those whose abuse [of] power negates theoretical righ[ts]. The sheer inertia of size a[nd] the force of the bureaucra[tic] will for self-preservation c[an] easily smother an individual.

—Jesse Kar[z]
Los Angeles, Ca[l.]

Donald Lenderman is a se[lf]-employed engineer who lives [in] Seattle, Washington. Recent[ly] after becoming thoroughly f[ed] up with a number of things, [he] sat down and wrote a citize[n's] letter to Sen. Henry Jackso[n] telling him how he felt abo[ut] what the government was doi[ng].

Some of his friends saw t[he] letter. It struck a nerve. Th[ey] asked for copies of it. Soon t[he] letter had been reprinted, sign[ed] and sent in by hundreds of pe[o]ple in the area.

The local newspaper publish[ed] excerpts from it. The Lend[e]rmans began to get calls fr[om] people asking for copies.

Two printers called Lend[e]

"Even in the religious realm, the belief that 'God moves t[he] world only by love' is a sentimentality. Persons who are of th[is] opinion forget that the first word of the General Confession is 'A[l]mighty,' and the Lord's prayer ends with 'for Thine is the *pow*[er] and the glory forever.' Often the Beatitudes are similarly misinte[r]preted—'Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth'—as well as the story of Jesus saying, when He is offered all pow[er] over the earth: 'Get thee behind me, Satan.' But we need to tal[ke] into consideration that Christianity was born in a period in whic[h] the Roman army occupied the whole known world; and any kin[d] of political power or lack of meekness would have meant that o[ne] would get himself quickly executed. Our problem is now differen[t]: we stand in a world dominated by giant technology, and men ar[e] women must be able to assert the power of their consciousness [if] they are to survive at all."

—Rollo Ma[y]
Power and Innocence, 19[7]
Contributed by Mike Bever, Claremont, Cal.

IDWRAPAROUNDWRA

n to say they would print as ny copies as he needed. Since n, copies of the letter have n sent all over the United tes.

n its two single-spaced pages, nderman's letter covers a myr- of complaints about Water- e, the oil shortage, misuse of blic funds, the President's in- ne-tax payment, inflation, l our giveaway program ughout the world. Lender- n concludes by stating, "Nev- in the past history of the ited States have so many ple supposedly been duped so few, and we the under- ed citizens are tired of it." enderman doesn't know at, if anything, the letter will omplish. But he believes that o one tries to do something, hing will be changed.

—Marguerite R. Ahola
Seattle, Wash.

ate one Saturday evening in y 1973, two malevolent black uds shadowed the ridges on west border of Fort Payne, bama, my hometown. I n't live there anymore, but a n who saw it happen said the uds converged, convulsed, spawned a hellish funnel feet across and nearly half mile long. Other witnesses, ted by the noise, saw the nado as it tore across the ley floor, then lacerated the of Lookout Mountain on city's east border. Along its , it damaged 172 buildings l destroyed 45 others, includ- frame houses, mobile homes, l a church. Nobody was hurt, to quote one longtime resi- nt, "A lot of people were just lookin'."

Now, a tornado like that is lly something. But the most resting thing about it, at st to some of the local res- nts, was the way it demon- ated the power of prayer.

We Prayed." That was the nt-page headline carried by town's semiweekly news- er in its first edition after tornado. The lead paragraph l those two words "described actions taken last Saturday ht as residents of Fort Payne d to escape the black funnel t ripped its way through the theast section of De Kalb unty's largest city." The news- er went on to report that od answered the prayers of eral hundred as the storm left no deaths, but several injuries and damage that will most likely top the million dollar mark."

Aside from the question raised by the writer's syntax (which of the several hundred prayed for over a million dollars' worth of injuries and damage?), you have to wonder why the reporter didn't tell us more of his interview with God. Later in the story the newspaper reported without comment that a local church was totally demolished.

Tornadoes are caused by a combination of slowly rotating air and thunderstorms in a region where a layer of warm air overlies moist air. The funnel cloud is caused by condensation of moisture through cooling and lifting of air in the vortex. But this particular tornado, according to a Fort Payne believer, was the result of God's wrath over men going to the moon and upsetting its balance by taking rocks away.

Another "God in his wisdom" theory about the tornado was stated by the pastor of the First Baptist Church. He wrote a letter to the editor of the paper that began, "Disaster can be a blessing in disguise." He continued, "As a citizen of this lovely city and county, let me try in my feeble way to express gratitude to Almighty God for such wonderful friends and neighbors. How grateful, too, we should all feel toward the utility personnel for their dedicated work, day and night, to restore badly needed electrical and telephone service to our area."

A tornado is a blessing in the skies indeed. It brings friends and neighbors together, it makes people pray who never prayed before, it gives an editor and a minister a chance to communicate with God through the newspaper, and it proves there are no atheists in a vortex.

Not everyone in Fort Payne is convinced of the power of prayer on tornadoes. "The paper said no one was killed in the tornado because God answered prayers for survival," I said to one old cynic, and then asked, "What do you think of the Power of Prayer now?"

"Why hell," he said, after a thought or two, "what about the people who prayed there wouldn't be a tornado in the first place?"

—Tom Jester
Concord, Tenn.

"It is remarkable how much influence one has to accomplish anything in France that is if you never expect anybody who is important to do anything for you. We found that out during the war. A general is no good he can only listen to you and make speeches to you he has no power to do anything for you because if he did every one would know about it and then everything would be all over, so the person to do it for you is a pleasant female clerk or an amiable sergeant. They can get anything done for you from extra essence to a decoration if you want it." **—Gertrude Stein**
Everybody's Autobiography, 1937

Contributed by Janet Davis, San Francisco, Calif.

When I was living in Queens, New York City, the telephone company inaugurated a policy of charging for calls to Information. I learned later that this section of Queens and another section of New York were being used as tests, to see the public reaction. I wrote to the company, complaining, and I sent a copy of the letter to the FCC, as well as to a local paper. The telephone company sent a representative to see me and to explain how much money they saved by not granting this service gratis. When I pointed out that this curtailment of service followed close on the heels of an increase in phone rates, the reply was, "We are sorry you don't see it our way." My letter in the newspaper started a flood of similar letters to the paper, and the result was a reestablishment of the free service.

Don't get me wrong. I am not a chronic complainer. When there is courteous service, I have in the past written to the official heading a bureau to praise its employees.

—Lillian A. Schenker
Colonia Anzures, Mexico

The state NOW group in Michigan is using a button that reads, "SHARE POWER NOW" as a fund raiser. We feel many other groups would be interested in wearing the button. It is our belief that sharing power is the whole concept of democracy.

—Ruth Marcus
Whitehall, Mich.

A few years ago, when I was writing a column for an inner-city weekly newspaper, I read John Fischer's column in *Harper's* about a community which was enjoying a business boom because aggressive townspeople had attracted new firms and jobs.

I was jealous. My adopted hometown had an unemployment rate of 16.5 percent, and it appeared that it would just drift along with the economic tides so long as no one made any waves.

I made waves by pointing out the city's lack of economic opportunity and loss of population while noting that its potential was probably greater than that of comparable cities. The response was less than overwhelming. Yet I had found my subject matter. I wrote on various aspects of the same theme for a number of years.

To provide solid facts and knowledge of what other cities were doing in the same field, I went through nineteen newspapers each week and dozens of specialized magazines, and in every instance I checked the help-wanted ads, for I reasoned that these ads are the first to reflect an economic upswing or downturn.

Eventually there were results. About three years after the first column lamenting the city's economic decline, a local TV station produced a documentary series about it, and local interests organized a nonprofit firm to bring industry to the city.

The nonprofit firm successfully attracted industry, which brought thousands of jobs, and their success created two new area organizations with similar goals. Later, I wrote about my observations on help-wanted ads, and some time after that an index of help-wanted ads as a prime economic indicator appeared. There were several national awards earned by the column along the way.

The main point is that John Fischer was the catalyst and *Harper's* the vehicle. I, too, was a catalyst, and the paper the vehicle. And the chain reaction has been highly beneficial to thousands of people.

—James F. Fagan
Pittsburgh, Pa.

WRAPAROUNDWRAP

"We cannot avoid
Using power,
Cannot escape the compulsion
To afflict the world,
So let us, cautious in diction
And mighty in contradiction,
Love powerfully."

—Martin Buber
A Believing Humanism: My Testament, 1902-1965

Contributed by Ellen M. Hunt
[illegible]

We were told last year that thirty kids going into ninth grade—within bicycling distance of our local high school—would be moved across town to another high school. If this were being done to achieve racial balance, I don't think we would have said a word. (We have no racial problems here, luckily; the move was planned to help balance size.)

We felt the school board could come up with a more creative solution, and they ultimately did. This took, first, a meeting of neighbors with our school principals and a member of the school board. After this, a meeting of our elementary-school parents. Following this, a survey of all 1,200 parents involved.

We made sure that someone was at every school board meeting to keep the pressure on. We also bombarded the board with letters from business groups in our unincorporated town. At last we won our fight—the board is allowing open enrollment from our high school to the other one. **—Jean Clemens**
Redding, Calif.

It started one night when a radio commentator mentioned how few people it actually takes to change things. In fact, the commentator went on to say, sometimes only thirty calls to a radio or TV station or a Congressman's office can carry quite a lot of clout, if not alter the course of history. Could this possibly be true? Visions of power started dancing through my little average citizen's head.

No sooner had I gotten out my legal pad and felt-tip pen when I heard Gordon Hammett, a radio talk-show host on NBC, say something about going off the air. I enjoy many of Mr. Hammett's shows, and, while I didn't jot down his exact words, I got the distinct impression that he thought he might be ousted because of the conservative stance he frequently takes—i.e., he supports the death penalty, defends the President, and can make an interview with a homosexual sound like the Rosenberg trial. I don't often agree with Gordon (as we listeners prefer to call him). However, I do find radio talk show hosts in my area of the country (New York) predominantly liberal, or at least nonconservative, and I like variety in my media. So . . .

9:30 A.M.: "Hello, NBC, I wanted to know if and why Gordon Hammett is going off the air. Call back at 10:30 when that department opens?"

10:30: "Hello, NBC, I wanted . . . You say it's not true, that it's just a rumor? Well, it's from the horse's mouth—pardon the expression—Gordon himself. You still say it's a rumor, huh? Well, look, could you please make a note that I called? No, just put down an average listener. Thanks."

The nice part about the thirty people power test is that you can easily work on several complaints at once. By 10:30 I was already hot on the trail of two others. The first of these was occasioned by an article in the *Daily News* which described Sarah McClendon, the newspaper correspondent, as acting like an "outraged housewife" at the Presidential press conference on February 25. Would a male reporter have been described as an outraged husband? I proceeded to phone the *News,* five friends, NOW, and *Ms.* magazine.

My next issue was another bisexual one. I didn't catch the whole story since I was so busy complaining I hadn't been able to finish reading the paper or listening to the news. But I did hear something about a ban on taxis cruising in midtown Manhattan, and I know I'm against it. I called City Hall, the Taxi Commission (who told me they only license cabs), the City Council, and the Transportation Administration (which directed me back to my old friend, the Taxi Commission).

Where do I go from here? Well, if I ignore my work schedule and my telephone message-unit budget, I suppose I could start over again tomorrow. I found out, however, that despite thousands of letters to the Air Force and Congress to stop their experiments on beagle puppies, the experiments are still going on. Also, even though the *Ladies' Home Journal* received many letters criticizing its plans to print an excerpt from Spiro Agnew's novel, it printed the excerpt anyway. To top it off, Gordon *has* gone off the air. And although he claims political views have nothing to do with it, scores of fans have said they're calling and writing NBC in protest. (It's a call-in talk show, so one knows these things.)

Now, I hate to be the one to pass judgment on this thirty-people business. But if it doesn't turn out right, I look at it this way. It never did seem quite fair for thirty people to have all that power anyway.

—Dary Ingham Derchin
New York, N.Y.

In tackling the powers that be, I have had a very good track record. I believe, however, that dramatic demonstrations are less effective, over the long haul, than a simple day-to-day insistence on satisfaction. I generally expect a decent table and properly prepared food in restaurants, not to assert my masculinity but to justify the generally outrageous prices. People tend, I find, to fold up under the withering glance of a maître d' or the nonchalant take-it-or-leave-it explanation of a waiter or clerk. They will allow themselves to be fobbed off by underlings rather than insisting on complaining to someone who controls quality or policy.

If people were acquainted with even the most elementary laws concerning the services and products they are entitled to, and if they would insist upon receiving their fair share, the quality of services and products would improve dramatically.

—Michael E. Peterson
Denver, Colo.

For the past year I have admired the work and energy of two women, Lola Taylor and Kitty Shaffer, who started a senior citizens' club called Cayucos People Helping People. Within two months, the club had an office and a bus bought with the aid of the Economic Opportunity Commission (EOC) and with money they had raised. Fifteen volunteers drove all citizens fifty-five years old or older to town. Potluck dinners and community singing got the elderly people out of their houses to make friends and enjoy and help one another.

After attending their [illegible] anniversary potluck dinner I decided to organize a senior citizens' club in Cayucos. I prepared 500 flyers that I left in all places of business in Cayucos, sent notices of a scheduled organization meeting to local TV and radio stations and newspapers. I asked everyone I met if he or she were fifty-five or older.

As the meeting date approached, my sister warned, "Florence, don't be disappointed if only a few people come."

But the people came. They filled the hall; they joined the club.

Now, three months later, we have 120 members, and we expect 500 by next year. We meet each Wednesday at the Veterans Building. The second Wednesday of each month is our potluck dinner at noon followed by a general meeting and local entertainment.

Through EOC and with the help of our district supervisor Elton Kidwell, we expect a grant of $4,000 toward a mini-bus for free rides for all Cayucos citizens fifty-five years of age or older whether or not they belong to the club. We have $900 in our treasury from dues of $2 a year and from the sale of rummage, crafts, and baked goods.

—Florence Thomas Kyle
Cayucos, Calif.

"It's hardly an accident that Robert Frost coupled poetry and power. For he saw poetry as the means of saving power from itself. When power leads man toward arrogance, poetry reminds him of his limitations. When power narrows the areas of man's concern, poetry reminds him of the richness and diversity of his existence. When power corrupts, poetry cleanses."

From the address of President John F. Kennedy at the dedication of the Robert Frost Library, Amherst College, October 26, 1963

Contributed by Marcia S. Pullin, Edwardsville, Ill.

TOOLS FOR LIVING

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IF I HAD A HAMMER

Wood Frame House Construction, a publication of the Department of Agriculture, has been one of Tools for Living's all-time best-sellers. Now we've found two other excellent books on the same subject. Graham Blackburn's *Illustrated Housebuilding* (Overlook Press, $10), resembles *WFHC* in providing step-by-step instructions. With love, care, and over 400 line drawings, Blackburn discusses tools, carpentry, choosing a site, and even financing. He has a witty sense of history and a fund of building lore.

Handmade Houses: A Guide to the Woodbutcher's Art, by Art Boericke and Barry Shapiro (Scrimshaw Press, $12.95), will inspire you to use what you have learned from construction manuals to create a home that fits your life-style. This is a book of few words. Rather, it is a collection of lavish color photos of private, wooden, owner-made houses in the United States. Color, light, and warmth glow from each page. The houses don't look showroom perfect. They are places of living beauty.

ABES

In this issue of Tools the emphasis is on finding your place and making it up to make it even more yours than it already is. Because environments are constantly in flux as family and friends grow and leave, and homes and neighborhoods age, you may want to preserve special places with photographs (see our review of *Old Glory,* below). Obviously, they also make wonderful gifts for friends and relatives who have moved away. —**Mel Wathen**

SWAN LAKE

Besides being aesthetic delights, swan make marvelous pond cleaners and caretakers. (Swan, it so happens, is the plural of swan.) According to Ross D. Van Deusen, a wildlife specialist at Michigan State University, small shallow bodies of water like stock tanks or fish ponds are very efficient factories for the production of plant life during their early years. Unless controlled, advanced stages of plant growth will turn ponds into marshes.

A pair of swan can control plants on about one-half to one acre of pond surface. Voracious vegetarians, they thrive on surface scum and the submerged aquatic plants that often choke ponds. They gobble up invading weeds and plankton, thus making it unnecessary to use expensive chemicals, mechanical harvesters, or other control measures against aquatic weeds. Since the birds have been known to live for nearly thirty years in the U.S., they are an investment offering a good return and much pleasure. A pair will raise three to seven cygnets each year. Clumsy by nature on land, they spend most of their time in the water, so they're not the threat to yard and garden vegetation that grazing geese are. In fact, they'll serve to protect your property; they raise quite a fuss when strangers approach. For further information on pond and wetland management on your place, write to Mr. Van Deusen at Michigan State University, Kellogg Bird Sanctuary, Augusta, Michigan 49012.

OUR TOWNS

Old Glory, edited by James Robertson (Warner, $4.95), is one of the happy results of the Rediscover America Program sponsored by the America the Beautiful Fund. It's a "pictorial report on the Grass Roots History Movement and The First Hometown History Primer." On the assumption that your sense of identity depends on your knowledge of the place you come from, the editors have assembled reports on towns all across the country. The book provides 100 ways to get in touch with your own history and the history around you; it includes a directory of hometown history projects and advice on how you can start one, and it lists sources you can go to for help.

DARK DAYS FALL ON SOLAR OVEN

The manufacturer of the Sunflower Solar Oven featured in our June issue has notified us that, due to a shortage of materials, he will not be able to supply these ovens. If they become available, we will let you know.

RED-FACED, BUT NOT FROM SUNBURN

The mysterious diagram on page 104 of our June issue does not illustrate the solar still described in the text.

It was meant to illustrate instructions for making a sundial, which were dropped because of space limitations.

EAST IS EAST AND WEST IS WEST

If you want to be sure of knowing your place, carry a compass. The one that knowledgeable friends have found to be easiest to read and most accurate is the Polaris by Silva.

It's made a of tough, see-through plastic. When you're plotting a course, you can see right through the compass to a map placed beneath it. Because the Polaris has a liquid-filled housing, its needle stops from a full swing in just four seconds. Its transparent protractor plate (complete with inches and millimeter scales) and its housing combine compass and protractor in one instrument.

The Polaris is available in many sporting-goods stores or may be bought from us, with complete instructions, for $5.10, plus 60 cents postage and handling.

MORE AND MOWER

It's summer and the grass is as high as an elephant's eye. Scythe it down? Get goats to graze upon it? No. Read Tom Cuthbertson's book, *My Lawnmower Hates Me* (Ten Speed Press, $3.95).

Cuthbertson (who won fame teaching bicycle mechanics at the University of California) explains the how-tos of standard hand mowers, power reel mowers, rotary mowers, and gas engines, and offers practical advice and information on lawn-mowing accessories; he also lists local parts distributors. The illustrations will aid do-it-yourself repairs, and the text will amuse as well as instruct.

SWING SUPINE

"Here, in my African chief's hammock (an elaborate affair woven of raffia straw) gently swaying, supine, I find it difficult to imagine doing anything that involves being upright," writes Martine Lotti of Austin, Texas. "Upright people in need of a change of direction should consult *How to Make Your Own Hammock & Lie in It,* by Denison Andrews (Workman, $2.45), a small book that provides cheerful encouragement, instructions for making four different kinds of hammocks, a short history of hammocks, and a chapter on installation.

"Andrews pays tribute to the wonderful Mayan hammocks but he notes that describing how to make them would be impossibly complicated."

Since the Mayan hammocks are difficult to construct, you may want to buy one. Made of bright fine cotton string, these sturdy hammocks are delightfully comfortable in hot weather; any breeze blows not only around them but through them. The hammocks come in two sizes, single (wide enough for several to sit on and comfortable for one adult to sleep in) and matrimonial (stretching to twelve feet across, this one can sleep two adults in two completely separate pockets). The single is $30 and the matrimonial $60. When ordering from us, please add $2.75 postage and handling for each hammock you order.

DWRAPARO INFORMA

READER'S RIGHT

Ted Otto of Carbondale, Illinois, was quick to reply to our description of the rain cape in the May issue. To spur your own comments, we pass on his:

"Americans have long held the attitude that all useful and worthwhile articles were invented by Americans, or soon will be. Even the superior craftsmanship and value of imported autos and cameras hasn't been able to force us to see our position as only one part of the world's complete system of technology.

I would think that anyone claiming to be a 'professional bicycle engineer' would keep abreast of the state of the art in his field to avoid reinventing something already existing in an efficient and even more advanced state.

"The place to look for this advanced technology is where the bicycle has long been an important mode of serious transportation—for example, Germany, Belgium, or the Netherlands. For years the weather-wary European rider has been able to purchase, for five or six dollars, a pair of rainproof leg protectors complete with shoe-top coverings which fasten with elastic straps, much like the protective chaps worn by American cowboys. The $6 version includes a capelike jacket with a visored hood* and hand loops to keep the cape from riding up the cyclist's arms. This outfit comes in all sizes, even children's, and is available in department and sports stores. Nearly everyone who depends on a bicycle for daily transportation owns one of these efficient and inexpensive rain suits.

"It's also possible for a European parent to buy a rain cape for the baby's buggy. The cape fits the frame of the vehicle and has a hooded opening for the tot's face. Maybe someone here should reinvent that."

**Editor's note:* The hooded cape is not as safe as the cape with hat. Hoods prevent riders from seeing traffic behind them when they turn their heads.



BE IT EVER SO HUMBLE

Cross-stitching, one of the oldest and simplest American handicrafts, has always been the first embroidery technique taught to children, yet its beauty also makes it a favorite of accomplished needleworkers. Young girls and ladies of the seventeenth, eighteenth, and nineteenth centuries sat over their samplers a few hours daily, producing the graceful, charming, primitive stitchery pictures that today are prized by collectors of Americana. The aims of this activity were both practical and moral: the embroiderers gained skill, and developed character by seeing a task through.

You need to know only one stitch to be able to make this sampler. Our kit consists of fine linen stamped with a timeless legend, seven colors of cotton floss, and directions. It is available from us for $4.95, plus 50 cents postage and handling.

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GAME

AVORITE FORERUNNERS by Lillian Koslover, Redondo Beach, Calif.

We readily take for granted that our lives are constantly ing improved by new gadgets, machines, and appliances, ch adding, we assume, to the greater ease and freedom our daily living. In this age of technological advances, t us suppose that the old, which we quickly discard with e first advertisement of an improved version, was de-loped and touted after the new—that the radio was vented after television: that horses rather than cars ere the newly acclaimed form of popular transportation; at a new fabric made of cotton was found to be sturdier d more versatile than polyester. We might find an item tomorrow's paper proclaiming:

RADIO OFFERS NEW FREEDOMS

Home audiences will no longer need to confine themselves to one room or even one seat while enjoying their favorite programs! Science's latest development, called Radio, allows listeners to move about freely, in fully lighted rooms, with hands and eyes free for active participation in sewing, reading, crafts, and other duties or pleasures.

This month we invite readers to return nostalgically to the triumphs of the past and write a news release (in 75 words or less) that praises one of them as if it were an improvement over its newer version.

Send your entry to "Favorite Forerunners," Harper's Magazine, Two Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016, no later than July 8. Winning entries will be published in the September issue. Entries become the property of *Harper's Magazine*. Decision of the editors is final.

First Prize: A Luxo lamp

Runners-up: A Bookworm

inners of "Pertinent Poetry," e May game that asked readers to eate their own updated poetry about ew York and other cities, are:

irst Prize

director's chair:

y eyes tear up when I behold the
smoke-filled city sky.
o was it, once progress began;
o is it now, for urban man:
o will it be when we grow old,
Or, breathing, die.
ure greed is father of the smog,
nd I beseech mankind to be
nselfish, ecologically.

—Elaine Stallworth
Willow Grove, Pa.

unners-up

Harper's denim tote bag:

ne day the postman left with me
A note that brought an awful chill;
our computer had spun so wildly
free—
Alas, Con Ed, I can't pay your bill.

—Sylvia Baron
Forest Hills, N.Y.

'e were very tired, and not very
merry—
iding to Manhattan on the Staten
Island Ferry.

he air around us was filled with soot
and fog.
he sun rose dripping, a bucketful of
smog.

We met a mugger on the IRT stairs,
Gave him all our money, even subway
fares.

—Mary T. Armat
Washington, D.C.

The sirens' screams proclaim the
parting day.
All mothers grab their children up in
scores,
Impatient now to make their getaway
And leave the parks to muggers, pimps,
and whores.

—J. E. Brown, Jr.
New Orleans, La.

D'ye ken Con Ed's pneumatic drill?
D'ye ken that eardrum-shatt'ring thrill?
D'ye ken it's only 5:00 A.M.
When Con Ed and his merry men
Converge to prove the axiom:
Man's work may go from sun to sun,
But Con Ed's work is never done.

—Jane Carpenter
Denver, Colo.

Once upon a midnight dreary,
While I pondered, although weary,
some unsolicited pornographic lore,
Suddenly there came a knocking:
Features covered with a stocking,
Junkie working on unlocking
My secure apartment door.
"Outa luck," I smiled, then swore:
Twitching, pitching, sniffing, scratching,
He succeeded in unlatching
Every lock, just like before!

—Nancy Davenport
Los Angeles, Calif.

We sleep, perchance we dream: ay,
there's the rub.
For while we sleep, crime, pestilence,
and neglect
Threaten the city's very life, as if
To shuffle off its mortal coil.
For what city can bear the whips and
scorns of time,
Unless we stay and do not flee.

—Gertrude Kelsey
St. Paul, Minn.

I wandered lonely as a cloud
Down Sixth and Seventh Avenue,
When all at once I saw a crowd,
And did exactly what you'd do.
I turned and left it unresolved
Oh, God forbid I get involved.

—Mary Alice Preston
Truro, Mass.

When I was one-and-twenty
I heard a wise man say,
"Give watches, rings, and money
To a mugger right away
Give pearls away and rubies,
Or he will injure you."
Now I am two-and-twenty
And—ow!—'tis true, 'tis true.

—Gloria Rosenthal
Valley Stream, N.Y.

The smog comes
On factory heels.
It spreads, smothering
Harbor and city
With its sooty breath
And never moves on.

—Kathryn Yandle
Clemson, S.C.

UTURE GAMES: Readers are invited to submit their own suggestions for games.
hose who invent games eventually published in the magazine will receive credit lines and prizes.

Opel. It doesn't need a lot of gas to be exciting.

The Germans are demanding people. They expect performance from most things—themselves, their work, the appliances and of course, the automobiles they drive. And more often than not, they get it. Or at least come close.

From the country that gave you the Gullwing and the economy import

It's not surprising, therefore, that some of the fastest, most powerful cars in history have come from Germany. It is also not surprising that some of the most frugal, gas-pinching cars are likewise German in origin.

The optimum compromise: economy *and* spirit

It is equally logical that a proven best seller in such a nation must embody a combination of both. Performance *and* economy. Emotion *and* frugality. Art *and* Science.

The Opel Manta Rallye is such a blend. Its precision 1.9 liter, cam-in-head 4-cylinder engine and 4-speed transmission allow it to cope handily with the rigors of the German Autobahn. And for urban situations, there's an automatic transmission available. But in either case, the powerplant is fundamentally rugged and simple. Hence, maintenance and fuel consumption are held to practical minimums.

Old World practicality

Virtually everywhere you look, Manta Rallye is an exercise in sound, no-nonsense thinking. The hood is painted a businesslike flat-black, for efficiency as well as looks. The instrumentation is as sensuous to the eye as it is plentiful to watch. A large tachometer checks engine speed, and there are warning lights and gauges for amps and oil pressure. The front seats, in best German fashion, recline individually at the twist of a knob. And the steering wheel carries a skin of soft vinyl.

It works

The total effect is that of function. The car looks like it works. And it does work. It works because of things like front and rear stabilizer bars in the suspension and an efficient forced-air ventilation system. It works because of power front disc brakes and dozens of other things, little and big, that help make it a genuine pleasure to drive. It works because, well, it *has* to, to be a proven best seller in Germany.

And the price?

The price of an Opel Manta Rallye in America is $3,584.22,* including road wheels, special instrumentation, and radio.

The standard Manta Coupe is priced at $3,298.50,* the Manta Luxus and Opel Sportwagon at $3,535.50* and $3,521.50,* respectively.

See and drive one at any of more than 2,200 Buick/Opel dealers throughout America.

BUICK OPEL GM

*Manufacturer's Suggested Retail Price, including dealer's new vehicle preparation charges, other optional equipment, state and local taxes and transportation charges from Port of Entry are additional.

Opel. A proven best seller in Germany.





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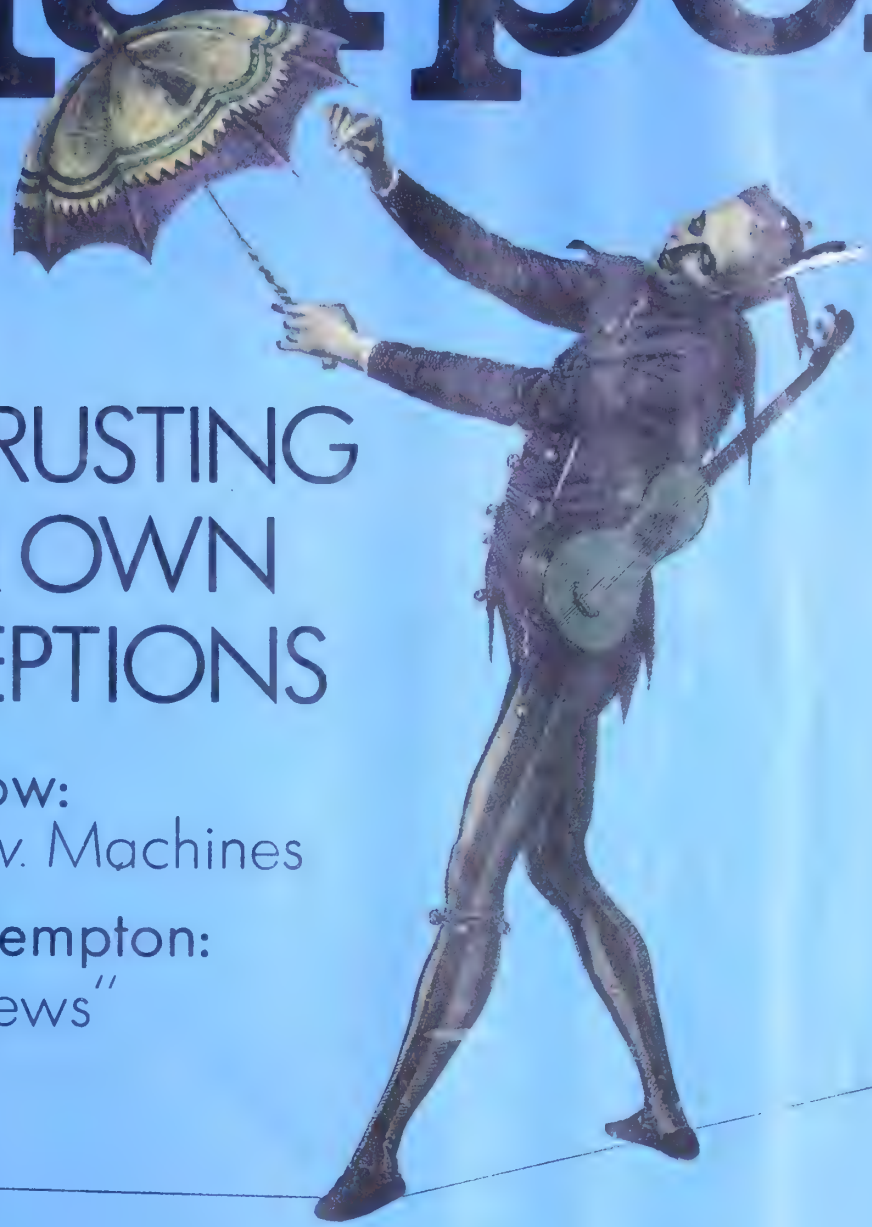
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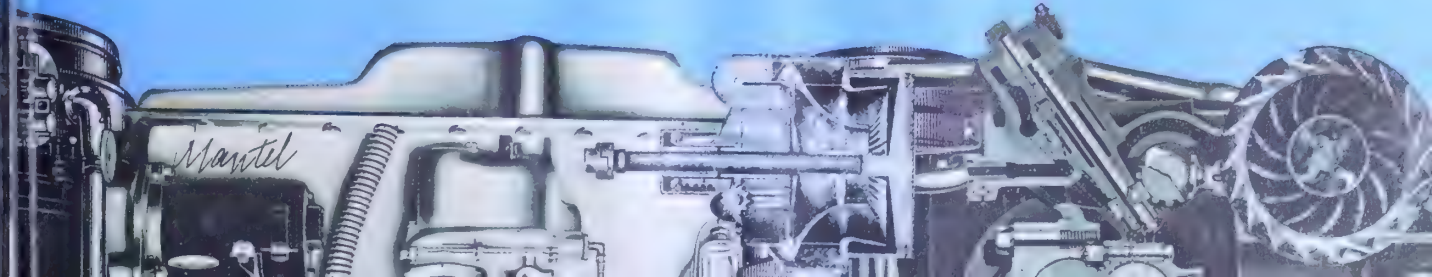
Magazine



ON TRUSTING
OUR OWN
ERCEPTIONS

ul Bellow:
instrels v. Machines

urray Kempton:
th v. "News"



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WRAPAROUND

ishing: What's the Catch?

fishing is divisible into
parts:
Preparation, which calls for
reful, informed, and—if
ole—inspired selection of
ime, the place, and the

Encounter, in which a fish
happen along, swim within
ptual range of your bait,
ake a fancy to it. Where it
s from, why it has shown
that particular moment,
it will go if you don't get
way—these things are mys-
s and, for present pur-
irrelevant. What sort of
ou've hooked is mysterious,
ou can't know what size
or what it might be good
ntil you've landed it, which
us to

Disposition. With skill, te-
, and luck, you will net
reature who came out of
mewhere to nibble on the
f your line. Once you've
him in, you can decide
er to throw him back,
him up, or have him
d to be hung on the wall.

WRAPAROUNDs are di-
into three parts:

Preparation, which calls
careful, informed, and—
sible—inspired selection of
n and visual materials of-
different perspectives on
me broad central theme.

Encounter, in which an indi-
—reading here and there,
ing, sampling—suddenly
a nibble at his conscious-
Summoned perhaps by the
osition of complementary
ntradictory) approaches to
ven subject, a new notion
ysteriously appeared and
swims just below the sur-
f the mind, indistinct and
to escape entirely.

Disposition. Working an in-
perception up out of the
murk to a point where
an see its contours and ex-
the implications is the
tep. Then there are deci-
sions to be made: is this the sort of catch worth developing intellectually? Can it be used to spur some practical changes in your life? Or should you throw it back and try for another one?

The supply is limitless, no license is required, and the best catch goes to the anglers with no fancier equipment than the right mental set.

Imagine yourself on the riverbank, your rod in your hands. The sun is warm on your skin, the breeze is soft in the trees, and birdcalls and rustling leaves are the loudest sounds you hear. Let your mind roam free. **WRAPAROUND** asks of you just this sort of relaxation, this lazy, open receptivity. Unlike other printed materials, which generally require paying strict attention to a developing theme, these pages invite you to conduct random explorations. The moment that you stumble on something worth following up, it is time to act with all the verve of a fisherman who thinks he's got a big one.

Each month, lines lead out from **WRAPAROUND** to hook up with major areas of human concern: religion, for instance, or public *v.* private action, or perception, or systems of social organization. Which territory you enter and what you do once you get to it is up to you. The examples below, which pertain to this issue's topic, sketch only two—out of an infinite number—of scenarios.



Suppose, for instance, you have a practical bent. You are tempted to try the recipe culled from *The Compleat Angler*. Since you're cooking something special, why not invite friends in to share it with you? And while you've got them all together, why not try to interest them in contributing to the neighborhood crafts center you've been thinking of organizing? And if they're interested . . .

Suppose, on the other hand, you're inclined to be contemplative. Starting with the same recipe, you can form conceptual designs of your own choosing: think of seventeenth-century cookery; compare it with another time, another culture; now it's anthropology you're thinking about—mores...artifacts... relics . . . fossils . . . fish. This small circle has the virtues of simplicity and neatness; larger and more elegant ones can be constructed, and so can some pretty wild free-form shapes.

It is possible to create more complex designs by starting with any two (or three or four or more) different subjects. Take, as examples, the topics of the past three **WRAPAROUND**s: Love, Solar Energy, and Knowing Your Place. Add Fishing to the group and spin each of the subjects out (as above). Watch the unfolding patterns.

Do you notice that they have a marked tendency to intersect with one another?

Does that tendency hint, perhaps, at a universe in which each element possesses the miraculous power to conjure up a vision of the whole?

Where do you go from there?

—Judith Appelbaum





Magnum

VERY LIKE A WHALE

Abercrombie & Fitch sells the following wet and dry flies:

Quill Gordon, Red Quill, Royal Coachman, Brown Mayfly, Floating Sedge, Minute Black Ant, Stone Fly, Grey Mayfly, Green Mayfly, Carpenter Ant, Honey Ant, Cinnamon Ant, Red Ant, Yellow Mayfly, Grizzly, White, Irresistible, Brown Charm, Grey Wulff, Royal Wulff, White Wulff, Rat-Faced MacDonald, Yellow Charm, Shaggy Rat, Blue Charm, Durham Ranger, Dusty Miller, Black Dove, Green Highlander, Jock Scott, Night Hawk, Beaverkill Female, Black Gnat, Blue Dun, Blue Quill, Brown Hackle, Cahill, Light Cahill, Cowdung, Ginger Quill, Gray Hackle, Grizzly King, Caddis, Cream, Dark Hendrickson, Dark Olive, Gordon Quill, Partridge, Grey Fox, Hare's Ear, Leadwing Coachman, Light Olive, Little Marryat, Little May, March Brown, Montana, Pheasant Tail, Strawman, Tups Indispensible, Black Ghost, Green Ghost, Silver Shiner, Supervisor, White Maribou, Parma Belle, Montreal, Grey Mouse, Dark Tiger, Light Tiger, Professor, Black Nose Dace, Mickey Finn, Muddler Minnow, Mosquito, Iron Blue Dun, McGinty Bee, Rio Grand King.

Among spin-cast lures, used for both fresh- and saltwater fish, are:

Rooster Tail, Tarantula, Swinger, Shyster, FlexoLure, Mepp's Killer, Creek Chub, Fred Arbogast's Jitter Bug, Fred Arbogast's Hula Popper, Fred Arbogast's Arbogaster, Tiny Runt, Flatfish, MirroLure, Lazy Ike, Dardevle, Wob-L-Rite, Phoebe, Double Jig, Red-Eye, Wooley Worm, Fat Dart, Crazy Cracker, Buggtail, Wiggle Jig, Shorty, Rebel, Rapala, No-Eql, Shorty, Fabulous Fiord Spoon, "No Alibi" Smilin' Bill, Krocodile, Cast-A-Lure.

—compiled by **Ian Frazier**

Ian Frazier is a staff writer for The New Yorker.

Bad Business

I am one of several hundred thousand people in this country who make their living, or part of it, catching fish commercially. I fish on the east coast of Florida, trolling a hook and line for king mackerel. On good days I catch about 1,500 pounds, fishing alone on my twenty-four-foot boat eight to twenty miles offshore. I know firsthand the sorry state of the American commercial fishing industry. In my opinion, the problem has three basic aspects:

1. The United States has, through various foreign-aid programs, spent hundreds of millions of dollars developing the fleets of foreign lands. Where processing plants were needed, they were built. Where new techniques and/or pieces of equipment were called for, they were introduced. Much of the seafood caught with our aid was then shipped to this country because we are willing to pay more for it than the hungry, teeming masses it was intended to feed.

2. No similar aid has been extended to American fishermen. Domestic efforts are bent toward basic and abstract research, identifying and classifying new species, and so on. Occasionally, some Washington bureaucrat tries to do something for fishermen (usually because the Russians are doing it). But what money Congress has appropriated has generally been piddled away.

3. American fishermen seem not to display the ingenuity and drive that have been the bulwarks of free enterprise. Why isn't some ambitious fisherman offshore New England with a fleet of superboats, processing on board? Why is 60 percent of the domestic fleet over sixteen years old? Why don't we have the modern processing plants necessary to utilize our abundant coastal resources?

The answers boil down to this: the fish marketing system is antiquated and corrupt. For decades it has exploited the American fisherman and allowed him only enough return on the commodity he produces to afford bare subsistence.

If fishermen would get together, they might be able to fight back. But the nature of most fishermen is not political; we tend to be independent souls who would rather head ou sea than bother trying to ch the system. Our associat lack clout, money, and ta Since a major source of foo at stake and the producers not effectively help themse I think Uncle Sam should in. But the processors and porters who market $1.5 bi in fisheries imports each are making money with th the way they are. My collea and I can't compete with handsomely funded lobbies.

We fight on, though, and have made progress on the l front. A year ago we for The Florida Fishermen's M keting Association. The bargaining cooperative to formed by fishermen in state of Florida, it now has members. Most of us also long to the Organized Fis men of Florida, a state trade association dealing m with local legislation and servation.

As a result of our va group efforts, dockside p have improved substant around here, and dealers making far fewer threats ag fishermen. But trying to ge government to do as mu hell, half as much—for its domestic producers as it done for foreign fisherme another ball game. Writing Congressman helps, but wheel that squeaks the lou gets the grease. I am ho that some of you who read will help me squeak.

—**Mike We**

Mike Weiner is president of Florida Fishermen's Marketing ciation.

CONTRIBUTING

The creek was made na by little green trees that too close together. The c was like 12,845 telep booths in a row with high torian ceilings and all the d taken off and all the back the booths knocked out.

Sometimes when I went ing in there, I felt just li telephone repairman, though I did not look like I was only a kid covered fishing tackle, but in s strange way by going in and catching a few trout, I the telephones in service. I an asset to society.

—**Richard Braut**

Trout Fishing in America,

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ood Catch

Whoever takes up fishing se- usly quickly learns the mean- g of fisherman's luck and mes to understand that some ople are simply and inexpli- bly luckier than others. I have en one of the lucky ones.

My first good fortune was to born to a mother who had wn up on a Catskill Moun- n farm. She gave me an early d lasting appreciation for untry things, including fish- for trout.

Next, I found a bride who riched my own enthusiasm all outdoors. Our home ne complete with a pretty and ductive trout stream running and with the perfect father- law: a fine, old-fashioned gler-gentleman-scholar who ned the local general store in iny Catskill Mountain village, I who kept careful accounts the village microcosm. My her-in-law shared with me his p knowledge of this lovely ntry, and he also taught me ways and whys of fly fish-

ater, as I explored the liter- re, arts, and sciences of an- g, I grew fascinated with piscatorial perspective as a icle for the rewarding study all sorts of things besides ling itself.

'ishing, I decided, was too ortant a subject to be left to fishermen. My work in book lishing and higher educa- helped me visualize the in- te possibilities in angling as academic subject. From its stic and creative aspects to concerns with conservation, nomics, history, culture, lit- ure, philosophy, law, poli- behavior, and many of the sical sciences, it offers the ginative teacher-angler many s on which to hang valuable, yable, lasting learning.

hrough chance and friend- I was able to participate he design and introduction course in fly fishing (four its) at the University of lands in 1972. The course, cted by a chemistry profes- James Ifft (now a dean), so successful that Stanford versity asked us to present milar one there the follow- fall.

lthough a skillful angler- essor can design a course angling to satisfy his own es—practical, professional, scientific—my own preference is to angle for a better education in historical, literary, and philosophical aspects of fishing, which include not only humor and paradox but also the mystery expressed so well in this passage from *Jonah's Dream,* by Sven Berlin:

Often when I am by the water—by a river or in a ship or on the edges of an inland sea, a great lake—I dream I am inside a fish and the whole world is the cathedral of his great ribcase and spine, the sunset colours his slippery spongy inside, the salt sting of his strong enzymes bleach me white down one side, as they must have bleached my namesake after seventy-two hours in the belly of a whale. The low murmur of the turbines that power his heart and fins, the elaborate system that picks up vibration and sound in changing patterns, like a radar set, and translates them into images in his prehistoric brain and finally to his eye, are immeasurably marvellous to my inner mind. For just as this image he is hunting goes full circuit and is finally devoured into the body of the fish, so it seems that the memories of my most early experience, even before man was created, of the sea and the great rivers that run to the sea are returning by the miracle of consciousness and render me a more complete person when I have absorbed them. If, as it seems in my dream, I am inside a fish, how much more truly then is the fish inside me when I awake?

Chuang-Tzu dreamed he was a butterfly; when he awoke he did not then know if he was a man dreaming he was a butterfly or a butterfly dreaming he was a man. I sometimes find it enchantingly difficult to tell whether I am a man fishing for a pike or the pike for whom a man is fishing; or indeed, the ledge under which the pike lies, as in the rock-drawing at Perche Merle, fused into one by the magic of imagination.

—William Kaufmann

William Kaufmann is the publisher of Martin Gardner's first novel, The Flight of Peter Fromm, *and Christopher D. Stone's environmental book,* Should Trees Have Standing?

The first fish appeared on earth roughly five hundred million years ago.

Git Along, Little Catfish

You have to wait in line for Sunday dinner at Bill Bellis's small, picturesque River Boat Restaurant aboard an old barge stranded high on the banks of the Tennessee River a few miles south of Shiloh. The specialty of the house is deep-fried catfish with all the trimmings and, on a normal Sunday, Mrs. Bellis fusses over a hot stove preparing more than 1,000 of these delectable creatures according to her secret recipe.

A catfish dinner used to be a rarity. If you craved one, you had to catch your own. Then, around 1960, a handful of farmers began to experiment with raising catfish as a regular crop along with rice, soybeans, cotton, and cattle. Ten years later, 58,000 acres of farmland had been converted to special rearing ponds, and 78 million pounds of catfish were sent to market.

The real breakthrough came with the establishment of fish processing plants. Realizing the need for a marketing system, Edgar Farmer, a pioneer fish farmer of Dumas, Arkansas, coaxed his neighbors into helping him start the first fish cooperative. Now there are more than twenty cooperative processing plants, and semiautomated equipment is being devised to eliminate much of the hand labor involved in cleaning and packaging fish.

Today fish farming is a multi-million-dollar industry. The pond-digging bulldozer is often more valuable than the familiar tractor and plow. Raising fish has become a scientific operation, so specialized that some fish farms simply breed, hatch, and raise catfish to fingerling size (a single farm can produce as many as 50 million fingerlings annually) while other farms fatten them up for market. Normally, a pound and a half of specially formulated food pellets—doled out by automated equipment—will produce one pound of catfish. That's a far better return than a farmer can hope for with cattle or chickens. And a fish farmer needn't concern himself with crop-destroying droughts, rains, high winds, or cold spells.

To prevent diseases and parasites, fish farmers avoid digging ponds where there is a natural flow of water. Instead, they pump quality water into the ponds from deep underground wells. Building and equipping a twenty-acre pond costs between $12,000 and $15,000, but, with an average crop of 1,500 pounds of fish per acre, that pond will yield 30,000 pounds of catfish per year.

When it's roundup time on a catfish ranch, the ponds are drained, and the fishpunchers, dressed in hip boots and armed with nets, drive the herd into shallow water, where it is quickly transferred to waiting tank trucks and rushed to the processing plant. Then, a new batch of fingerlings is introduced, and the cycle begins anew.

—Mark J. Sosin

Mark J. Sosin is coauthor, with John Clark, of Through the Fish's Eye *(Harper & Row).*

WOMEN'S LIB

In one of the live-bearers, *Xyphophorus,* the sword-tail, authentic records are numerous of complete change of sex. An individual starts life as a female, becomes a mother, and gives birth to numerous offspring. After some years of this she gets tired of males, starts taking up with other females, and before long has fathered numerous offspring. As one ichthyologist described it, "A mother becomes the father of her own granddaughter." It seems a happy division of domestic labors, and one which human beings might well envy. After a youthful probationary period during which she underwent the trials, as well as the joys, of womanhood and motherhood, the individual, instead of becoming barren in middle life, would turn into a man, enjoying thenceforth masculine freedom from physical and domestic woes, and assuming masculine responsibilities. What wise old men we should have! For it is difficult for even the most sensitive of us fully to appreciate situations which we have not personally experienced; but an old man who had been in his earlier days maiden, wife, and mother would be capable of a boundless sympathy for and understanding of all mankind.

—Brian Curtis

The Life Story of the Fish, 1949

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Marine organisms supply 70 percent of the world's oxygen.

OUR INHERITANCE

When they went ashore the animals that took up a land life carried with them a part of the sea in their bodies, a heritage which they passed on to their children and which even today links each land animal with its origin in the ancient sea. Fish, amphibian, and reptile, warm-blooded bird and mammal—each of us carries in our veins a salty stream in which the elements sodium, potassium, and calcium are combined in almost the same proportions as in sea water. This is our inheritance from the day, untold millions of years ago, when a remote ancestor, having progressed from the one-celled to the many-celled stage, first developed a circulatory system in which the fluid was merely the water of the sea. In the same way, our lime-hardened skeletons are a heritage from the calcium-rich ocean of Cambrian time. Even the protoplasm that streams within each cell of our bodies has the chemical structure impressed upon all living matter when the first simple creatures were brought forth in the ancient sea. And as life itself began in the sea, so each of us begins his individual life in a miniature ocean within his mother's womb, and in the stages of his embryonic development repeats the steps by which his race evolved, from gill-breathing inhabitants of a water world to creatures able to live on land. **—Rachel Carson**

The Sea Around Us, 1961

IDEAS

What's the most valuable thing you've ever learned? How did you learn it? What did you use it for? What good is it to you now? **WRAPAROUND** is interested in your answers and in any suggestions you may have about conclusions to be drawn from them. Sometime this fall, we hope to publish a selection of your responses, from which we can all learn.

Please send your contributions to WRAPAROUND, Harper's Magazine, Two Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016.

Who Goes There?

Bizarre and striking color patterns are found on tropical reef fishes. Most reef fish feed by browsing on plant life, gulping fry, or attacking small shellfish, so they don't really need camouflage for ambush purposes. The reef is a patchwork of caves and niches. During the daylight hours, small fish find protection in these places and don't need the benefit of coloration for concealment. The water is so clear that these fish can see predators coming far enough away to run for cover.

However, the bright colors do have a purpose: they are primarily for identification. It is important for reef fish to be able to identify each other because they are territorial by nature and jealously guard their home grounds against invasion.

—Mark Sosin and John Clark

Through the Fish's Eye, 1973

There are between 15,000 and 17,000 species of fish on earth today, compared to about 8,600 birds and 4,500 mammals.

Tradition

If all our country's fish were stewed up with all our country's waters, the resulting broth would be too weak to nourish either the mind or the soul of an angler, let alone his body. He has to seek his sustenance elsewhere. But he goes fishing as often as he can.

Why? For the same reason he drinks tea, and smokes a cigar with his coffee. There is no nourishment in any of those things. What they offer is a delightful taste. Fish provide a flavor for the mind and soul to enjoy because they are spiced with that wonderful condiment, tradition. The angler supports himself on tradition.

This is particularly the case in old clubs. There is, for instance, a very old, very costly, very exclusive fishing and shooting club near New York. One day a rarely seen member dropped in for luncheon with a personable young lady as his guest. No other member was present, but word got round. Soon afterward, the member was approached by an embarrassed club secretary.

"Jack, there is a rumor that your luncheon guest of last week is your mistress," he said. The member hesitated, shrugged, and nodded.

"In that case, I am directed to request your resignation. Dammit, Jack," he added reproachfully, "you know the club tradition as well as I do."

A venerable fishing club in the Catskills has one tradition: nothing can be changed. On its log wall a 1912 grocery-store calendar hung for more than fifty years, until it disintegrated and fell off. And the club in late years was nearly torn apart when some iconoclast purloined, and repaired, the leaky kerosene lamp that had been suspended (for at least thirty years, to my certain knowledge) directly above the pitcher of spring water with which the members mixed their highballs.

On a short but utterly superb stretch of a trout river, four or five wealthy, elderly gentlemen have a clubhouse. Any more or less mannerly angler with a clean face and hands can wangle an invitation to take tea on their terrace. But no one can get an invitation to fish. Even the members don't angle for their fish. They maintain the club so they can sit and watch their enormous fish rising to handfuls of food pellets. At teatime.

I have never fished with a glass rod, but during fifty years of angling I have collected some fourteen split-bamboo rods, which are the best of their various types in the world *for me*. And I am thankful that I can still find enough old-fashioned braided silk fly lines to fill my needs. My feeling about glass rods and synthetic lines is like my old boss's reply when, in 1915, I suggested he buy a light car for errand-running at his country house. "A Model T Ford would be cheap and handy," I said.

"Oh, not a Ford; I might want to drive it myself sometime," he said sternly. "The Model T Ford is a *vulgar* automobile." **—Sparse Grey Hackle**

Sparse Grey Hackle is the author of Fishless Days, Angling Nights, *and a frequent contributor to sports magazines.*

"In shallow shoals, English so do it,
Gold-fish, in the privacy bowls, do it."

—Cole Por
"Let's Do It," 19

Tue O Senhar Vos Accompanhe

Each April 5,000 Portugu fishermen and their families ceive a blessing in the sixteen century monastery and chu of the Jeronimos at Belem, the Tagus River near Lisb The church, which is decora with ropes and anchors, built to celebrate Vasco da ma's pioneering voyage to In From its door one can see palms and flowers along beach of Restalo. After the vice the fishermen leave on spring east wind for the Gra Banks off Newfoundland. Th are the waters Kipling called waste of wallowing sea, cloa with dank fog, vexed with ga harried with drifting ice." part of the world's largest c fishing armada, the Portugu operate off Newfoundland, Davis Strait between Baffin land and Greenland. In Octo they race home to escape North Atlantic gales, with t schooners carrying a mill and a half pounds of cod.

For 400 years, the Portugu catch has been a precious st for much of southern Eur The sixty-ship fleet makes 2,000-mile Atlantic crossing sixteen days. After refitting North Sydney, Nova Scotia, St. John's, Newfoundland, ships proceed through the St of Belle Isle into the Labra Current, then fish the Gr Banks until the summer melts the ice in the Davis St clearing their way to Greenla The schooner rig is ideal fishing the Banks. Prope mainly by wind, the ships n not carry bulky fuel supp They have hollow steel ma low decks designed for e launching and loading of do and high rumps for storage fishing gear.

The Portuguese still fish in classic way. They wake t hymn calling a blessing on t

"The fisherman and his ta must remain invisible to the f even if you have to crawl your stomach." —Charles *A Fly Fisher's Life*, 1

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d their ship. Each man sets
alone in a small dory, about
rteen feet long and six feet
le, flat bottomed with a jib-
aded mainsail. The dory has
keel and one of the three
rs doubles as a rudder. The
ıst is a sapling; the sails and
ging are homemade. Nineteen
es, bristling with 1,000 hooks
ited with frozen mackerel
times past they shot sea-
lls for bait), are stretched out
ng 4,000 feet of ocean bot-
n, thirty or forty fathoms
wn. Hooks are used because
y catch bigger fish than do
s. While trawlers, which use
s, can go only where the bot-
n is good, dories can go any-
ere.

The dorymen fish for four-
n hours a day, seven days a
ek, and spend their evenings
ning, cleaning, and salting
ir catch. When the wind goes
ond fifteen knots, they stay
the schooner, for although
y now have ship-to-dory
io, the dories carry no life-
ing equipment.

Every day the fishermen eat
l and bread with their wine
l brandy, and the dorymen
l the codfish soup the soup
sorrow. They say that once
have eaten it, you are bound
return to the Banks. And
st do. Many are buried in
graveyard for the drowned
Holsteinsborg, Greenland, or
the vast northern sea.

—Valerie Brooks

erie Brooks is on the staff of
per's.

orth Fighting For

Fishing is the great disperser.
umerable seas now carry the
ating fish factories of protein-
r Japan, and the appetites of
obijan supposedly justify the
nipresence of lethal-looking
ssian trawlers in imminent
ger of colliding with West-
warships.

There has always been com-
tion for fish. The Hanseatic
gue's single most treasured
session was control of the
at herring banks of southern
eden. For them it fought a
age war with Denmark in
8-70; and the decline of this
l fishery over the next cen-
y (probably due to a fall in
salinity of the Baltic) dealt
hard-pressed Hansa a cruel
probably fatal blow.

The Hansa's failure to supply
traditional market cast the
trade upon the North Sea fish-
ing ports of the northern Neth-
erlands provinces, nourishing
them, priming them for further
mercantile activity, and im-
mensely increasing their reser-
voir of sailors for the navy of
Sea Beggars that was to make
the crucial difference in the
sixty years' struggle with Spain.
It is not too much to say that
the Dutch Republic rose on the
backs of herring.

Fish are also magnets for
population. Outside Dieppe, in
France, the fishermen of Le Pol-
let, who have been shipping
their catch to Paris for 600
years, still proudly recall that
their forebears of twenty gener-
ations originally migrated 2,000
miles by sea from Venice in
search of better grounds. And
in the 1790s, the urgent need of
London for spermaceti for its
street lighting led to an official-
ly supported project which
transported a community of 200
Nantucket Quakers *en bloc* to
build up a whaling industry at
Milford Haven, Wales.

But the most remarkable fish-
ing migration must have been
that which for centuries—per-
haps even before Columbus's
day—annually converged upon
the Grand Banks and the New-
foundland fisheries. English,
Portuguese, French, and Irish
vessels teemed over the shoals
where (according to the most
excited passage in Cabot's ac-
count of his discoveries) fish
could be caught in a mere
weighted basket.

The floating city these fisher-
folk comprised was probably
more populous than the New
York or Philadelphia of that
day. As an anarchy policed by
self-proclaimed admirals and
harassed naval officers, it was
the subject of 150 years of in-
ternational litigation, wrangling,
and clashes at sea.

Today, it is pleasant to re-
cord, there is a permanent and
useful conference on the Grand
Banks and an International
Whaling Commission that could
be more effective than it is.
These are pioneer steps of
worldwide significance. But the
ocean is larger than the land
and no doubt has more entan-
glements in store for those who
enter what a seventeenth-cen-
tury writer called "the great and
wide forrest of the sea."

—Timothy Dickinson

Timothy Dickinson is a contributing editor of Harper's.

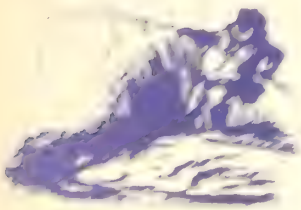
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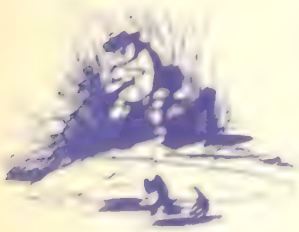
A new work by Herman Melville, entitled *Moby Dick; or, The Whale,* has just been issued by Harper and Brothers, which, in point of richness and variety of incident, originality of conception, and splendor of description, surpasses any of the former productions of this highly successful author. *Moby Dick* is the name of an old White Whale; half fish and half devil; the terror of the Nantucket cruisers; the scourge of distant oceans; leading an invulnerable, charmed life; the subject of many grim and ghostly traditions. This huge sea monster has a conflict with one Captain Ahab; the veteran Nantucket salt comes off second best; not only loses a leg in the affray, but receives a twist in the brain; becomes the victim of a deep, cunning monomania; believes himself predestined to take a bloody revenge on his fearful enemy; pursues him with fierce demoniac energy of purpose; and at last perishes in the dreadful fight, just as he deems that he has reached the goal of his frantic passion. On this slight framework, the author has constructed a romance, a tragedy, and a natural history, not without numerous gratuitous suggestions on psychology, ethics, and theology. Beneath the whole story, the subtle, imaginative reader may perhaps find a pregnant allegory, intended to illustrate the mystery of human life. *—Harper's New Monthly Magazine*
December 1851

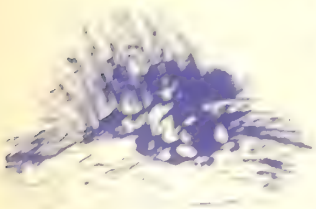
"[Fishing] promotes a clean mind, healthy body and leaves no time for succumbing to Communistic or Socialistic propaganda."
—Ivar Hennings
Chairman, South Bend Bait Company, 1949



Jonah being thrown to the whale; from a Roman mural, 310 A.D.







GOOD AND GOOD FOR YOU

Fish is approximately 70-75 per cent water, 15 per cent protein, 1 per cent fat, 1 per cent minerals, and 1 per cent phosphorus. It provides about 500 calories per pound. The protein content of many kinds of lean fish is higher than that of beef.

—C. P. Idyll

The Los Angeles Bungler, 1970

A Trout's Eye View of Trout Flies

Consider the patent but preposterous absurdity of referring to a representation of a grasshopper, a shrimp, a minnow or sculpin or smelt or other baitfish, or even, God help us, a mouse, as a "fly." In the most extreme cases saltwater anglers tend to cast for sailfish or marlin with a foot-long concoction of feathers arranged to imitate a small fish, and refer to this as "saltwater fly fishing." And just last week I read in Charles Brooks's useful and entertaining *The Trout and The Stream* (Crown, $7.95) of his tying a "fly" to represent a gastropod—a snail. It catches the occasional trout in streams where snails are part of the trout's diet, and is a credit to his snail-tying—but not to his fly-tying—talent.

But let's examine the notion that a trout chews on a traditional wet or dry trout fly because it mistakes it for a natural creature in one or another stage of development from underwater larva to molted winged insect. This thesis has been nurtured by literary fly fishermen from Walton's crony Cotton to the present-day Ernest *(Matching the Hatch)* Schweibert, and, of course, by professional tyers and purveyors of fishing flies, who would quickly die of starvation should anglers use only one pattern of artificial lure. (The best season I ever had on trout streams was the one during which I used a single dry-fly pattern, the non-imitative Brown Bivisible in sizes from twelve to eighteen, from opening day to the close of the season. I caught more and bigger trout; this is not to say I wasn't bored stiff by season's end, or that I have used a Brown Bivisible since, or even owned one.)

And while the doctrine of specific-species imitation (for which I concede there is some [illegible] supporting data) helps keep tackle dealers in fine gear and flient de fluence, I submit it is palpably preposterous. The purported resemblance between the natural mayfly and the more artfully tied representation of that same insect, whether viewed from the fisherman's vantage point or the fish's, is undemonstrable to any ecumenologist not on the secret payroll of the international trout fly trust—and small wonder, since no natural insect has a large steel hook depending from its posterior, or fifty-five or sixty legs (assuming, as most fly fishermen do, that the fly's hackle-barbs are meant to imitate the natural insect's leg).

My own opinion is that just as trout fishermen, through generations of conditioning, have come to accept this preposterous proposition, so have generations of trout and salmon come to feel an obligation to go along with the silly charade and that the fish taken the fly not because he thinks the lure is [illegible] aquatic insect—hell, he's an [illegible] part an aquatic insects—but because he realizes it is expected of him.

Just as the Alpinist's pe[illegible] expect him to risk his neck [illegible] to other reward than the ado[illegible] ation of danger and the admi[illegible] tion of his group as the mo[illegible] peers expect him to [illegible] as obviously some fun and fea[illegible] ers learned to a piece of cur[illegible] wire, and either to die a de[illegible] so less glorious and more pro[illegible] less than that of the cham[illegible] crushed to a woody pulp by [illegible] fall or to survive, through [illegible] broken leader, a thrown bo[illegible] or deliberate release by the a[illegible] gler, and thus win the appro[illegible] of his fellows for Playing T[illegible] Game.

—Ed Zern

Ed Zern, the author of A Fine Kettle of Fish Stories, *is an associate edi[illegible] of* Field and Stream.

Small Denominations

The people listed below have at least one thing in common. We invite you to consider them as a group, and to ponder the question of whether their kinship is more than superficial. If you can spot other shared traits, please let us know by writing to WRAPAROUND, Harper's Magazine, Two Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016.

Brendan Gill
Robert Trout
Eddie Fisher
Bobby Fischer
Newton Minow
Richard Roe
Hamilton Fish
Captain Hook
Sidney Hook
Salmon P. Chase
Porgy
Margaret Whiting
Mickey Finn
Huckleberry Finn
Bishop Pike
Zebulon Montgomery Pike
Saul Bass
Ben Blue
Julian Bream
Theodore Sturgeon
Jean Shrimpton
Buster Crabbe
Roger Fry
Catfish Hunter
Catfish Smith
Jack Sprat

Ichthyological Indicators

Trout, . . . hack violently when pollutants are added to their water: salmon, bluegills and minnows react the same way. So sensitive to each fish's reaction, and so easily measurable its coughing, that fish may eventually be used as early-warning systems in detecting industrial pollutants. —*Newsweek*

May 20, 1974

Last month, the Federal Government and the state of Michigan reported that in the last two years, DDT levels in the flesh of certain Lake Michigan fish had declined by 60 per cent since a statewide ban on the use of the pesticide was imposed in 1970.

Likewise, it was reported that mercury levels in fish in Lake St. Clair had dropped by 60 per cent from those found in 1970, when a Dow Chemical Company plant at the head of the lake was ordered to stop dumping mercury in the water.

This is especially encouraging to fisheries biologists, who see in the quickness of the reduction reason to believe that the lakes may "flush" themselves free of pollution faster than had been expected.

—The *New York Times*

May 23, 1974

OLD ALBINO

At one point in what I l[illegible] to consider a varied and int[illegible]esting career I was a buyer [illegible] tropical fish for some aqu[illegible] ums. This occupation includ[illegible] not only buying fish for [illegible] own home but also purchasi[illegible] the entire inventory of a lar[illegible] fish and pet store in New Yo[illegible]

One morning the manag[illegible] and I were about to enter t[illegible] store when we saw through t[illegible] glass of the front door wh[illegible] appeared to be a two-foot-lo[illegible] white salami walking around [illegible] its elbows. As we opened t[illegible] door, the thing scurried aw[illegible] and hid behind some bush[illegible] baskets. It was *Albino clari[illegible]* the Asian walking catfish, wal[illegible]ing around again. As veter[illegible] pet peddlers, the manager a[illegible] I quickly recovered from th[illegible] startling morning greeting a[illegible] busied ourselves with nets. On[illegible] after old Albino was safely bac[illegible] in his tank, cruising around lik[illegible] a myopic vacuum cleaner, d[illegible] I allow myself some reflectio[illegible] on this unusual creature.

There had been rumors drif[illegible]ing up from Florida about weir[illegible] white fish, three or four fe[illegible] long, that were attacking dog[illegible] This would be news enough [illegible] the dogs were swimming, b[illegible] they were being attacked in the[illegible] own yards. As if this were no[illegible] enough, the fish were als[illegible] climbing trees and eating o[illegible] anges, which upset the dog[illegible] owners as well.

WRAPAROUNDWRAP

he stories were given more
libility by the morning's in-
nt, since our albino had
n in a tank covered by a
d and weighed down by sev-
large rocks. This encour-
d me, as the buyer for the
e, to order some 200 baby
nos, so the people of New
k would not miss out on
action.

n the wild, the Asian walk-
catfish lives in pools or
ams that periodically dry
At that point, thanks to its
aunted ancestors, an adap-
on of its pectoral fins en-
s it to crawl around very
on dry land. Also, unlike
t fish, the albino doesn't
all its oxygen through its
, so that it is able to stay
of water until its skin is
d up, which, in the dew-
n grass of a Florida morn-
may take quite some time.
using survival instincts in a
itable climate, the catfish
spread over Florida's streams
ponds, where its natural
ressive behavior and enor-
s appetite for small fish are
ing out the game fish. In
eavily tourist-oriented econ-
, this could be a critical
ation; the fish was outlawed
Florida (and later in New
k) as a dangerous species.

Vhen the babies arrived, I
one of them home with
On a diet of worms, live
pies, and whole, live, gold-
, he quickly grew to about
en inches in length, too big
any but my largest tank, in
ch I had been keeping an-
r unwholesome character, a
e piranha about six inches
Unlike most piranha,
ch are quite timid unless
ered or kept in schools,
e was a particularly nasty
Once the walking catfish
put in with the piranha, a
le of cataclysmic proportions
ed. My roommate pulled
the catfish, who now had no
and a perfectly round hole
is stomach (piranha are neat
s). All this took about thir-
econds. But the catfish was
edibly tough; after we had
ed his protruding intestines
inside his stomach and
pped some tape around him,
albino rubbed the tape off
rock in his tank and recov-
with no further aid of any

—Kevin Connolly

*n Connolly now works as a rec-
onal therapist in a mental hospi-
n New York.*

IN A BIG POND

Watergate: the good guys and the bad guys; the plotters and the plumbers. And now . . .

P: . . . Suppose they just indict Magruder and Mitchell (unintelligible).

E: Yeah.

P: Well, that's the fish.

E: Yeah.

P: The big fish.

E: Yeah.

P: Damn it, what more do they want?

P: . . . look, if they get a hell of a big fish, that is going to take a lot of the fire out of this thing on the cover up and all that sort. If they get the President's former law partner and Attorney General, you know. Do you agree or not?

E: . . . There was a cover story which Mardian and others cooked up, and Porter, who corroborated the cover story, is now indictable for perjury. He is a little fish who got caught in the net.

P: Now, Sirica's got to see the point of this. My goodness, because the point is Sirica's got to realize he is getting bigger fish.

P: With regard to the hearings, shouldn't we—and at least put this one out? First, the hearings when they eventually come are going to be anti-climactic in my opinion.

E: Could be anti-climactic. The networks might just not want 'em.

P: Because of the fact that the big fish have been indicted?

F: . . . There is no question what they are after. What the committee is after is somebody at the White House. They would like to get Haldeman or Colson, Ehrlichman.

D: Or possibly Dean. —You know, I am a small fish.

—*The White House Transcripts* 1974

"There is certainly something in angling, if we could forget, which anglers are apt to do, the cruelties and tortures inflicted on worms and insects, that tends to produce a gentleness of spirit, and a pure serenity of mind."
—Washington Irving (1783-1859)

LOOKING UP

In order to imagine yourself into the Wart's position, you would have to picture a round horizon, a few inches about your head, instead of the flat horizon which you usually see. Under this horizon of air you would have to imagine another horizon of under water, spherical and practically upside down—for the surface of the water acted partly as a mirror to what was below it. It is difficult to imagine. What makes it a great deal more difficult to imagine is that everything which human beings would consider to be above the water level was fringed with all the colours of the spectrum. For instance, if you had happened to be fishing for the Wart, he would have seen you, at the rim of the tea saucer which was the upper air to him, not as one person waving a fishing-rod, but as seven people, whose outlines were red, orange, yellow, green, blue, indigo and violet, all waving the same rod whose colours were as varied. In fact, you would have been a rainbow man to him, a beacon of flashing and radiating colours, which ran into one another and had rays all about. You would have burned upon the water like Cleopatra in the poem. **—T. H. White**

The Once and Future King, 1958

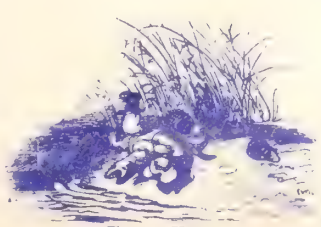
Where Have All the Queer Fish Gone?

Queer fish as big as islands are constantly occurring in the old accounts. The whale was Job's Leviathan in those days, and the goggling sailor was easily persuaded by his terrors to multiply the mountain of blubber by two or three hundred. A man saw a whale in the sea of Zendi that was nearly forty-five thousand cubits long—about a mile, if the cubit be eighteen inches. Sinbad wrote in perfect correspondence with the spirit of the Ancient Mariner when he describes his landing on an island which suddenly trembled and proved the back of a prodigious fish. Others tell of fish like cows and camels; of fish dressed like monks and bishops, cowled and mitred, and gazing up at the ship with austere and lenten countenances. Others arrived home with the news of the kraken, that "hugest of living things" as Sir Walter Scott describes it, whose horns would be seen "welking" and waving over the heights of a fog-bank, to the horror and consternation of even the hardiest fishermen, who made haste to bear away under all press of oar and sail. Others, again, would tell of cuttle fish, or squid, so vast in size and titanic in power that they easily coiled their serpentine membranes round about the masts of ships of a thousand tons and quietly capsized them.

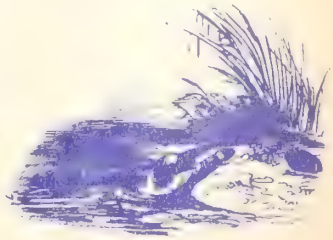
Where have all these queer fish gone? Why did they exhibit themselves only in the middle ages and down to about old Sir Thomas Browne's time? No account of any prodigies such as ravished or affrighted the ancient seaman is to be met in the records of the *Beagle* or the *Challenger*. Yet let us take heart. The stickleback like a mouse is indeed a meagre substitute for the kraken; and the hard-alee trout looks mean alongside a whale a mile long. But their existence serves to assure us that the age is not wholly barren in wonders, and that there are still some queer fish about.

—Clark Russell

A Book for the Hammock, 1887







WRAPAROUND

"And Jesus, walking by the sea of Galilee, saw two brethren, Simon called Peter, and Andrew his brother, casting a net into the sea: for they were fishers.

"And he saith unto them, Follow me, and I will make you fishers of men." — Matthew, 4:18-19

A Dream Come True

"Sharks have everything a scientist dreams of [said Matt Hooper]. They're beautiful—God, how beautiful they are! They're like an impossibly perfect piece of machinery. They're as graceful as any bird. They're as mysterious as any animal on earth. . . . The more I learned about them, the more I knew I didn't know. . ."

—**Peter Benchley**
Jaws, 1974

Trade Secret

When Charlie Ritz lived over here as a young man, he fished a lot, and whenever anybody on a stream asked him what he was using he'd say "Coachman," whether he was or not. He never got over being surprised at how often it worked. People would come back and thank him for the tip, until sometimes he was even impelled to put one on himself.

—**Arnold Gingrich**
The Joys of Trout, 1973

RECYCLING

The method of fishing is not only an individual choice, a social thing, a technique, or a behavioral pattern but it can also be a management and harvesting tool. Trout caught with a fly usually are lightly hooked; the same thing is often true of trout caught with single-hook spinning lures; but bait frequently is taken belly deep.

When fish are returned to the stream after being taken by these different methods, the trout lightly hooked with a fly or single-hook spinning lure have a 90 percent chance of survival, but the trout deeply hooked with bait have about the same chance of dying.

If recreation and sport are the names of the game, then it pays to be able to catch the same trout more than one time. If harvest is the name of the game, then the most efficient way to harvest the crop may be with rotenone or dynamite.

—**Alvin R. Grove**
Trout, Autumn 1973

"Many men go fishing all of their lives without knowing it is not the fish they are after." —Henry David Thoreau (1817-1862)

TAKING THE CURE

When we have seen a poor wretch abandon himself to the habits of unmitigated intemperance—when he has thrown off every feeling of decency and decorum—when we have perceived the reddened eye, the blotched face, the trembling hand, the tottering step, the dull and idiotic air; when he has endured repeated attacks of "delirium tremens," and his liver has become enlarged and as hard as a Norfolk dumpling—when he has shivered all over with palsy, and his very bowels become feculent with disease—when he has had a hard dry cough, one that comes by fits and seems to tear his emaciated carcase to pieces—when his breath has been like the effluvium of a jakes, or the exhalations of a rotten fen—when rising from his frowsy and restless bed, he has not been able to swallow a single mouthful, nor to carry that mouthful to his head, without previously drenching his stomach with bitters and brandy—when dry colic and offensive diarrhea have taken turn and turn about on his miserable intestines—when his legs have swelled as big as mill-posts, and surcharged with water—when tapping has grown useless by repetition and belladonna has ceased to act—when his chest has been as full of bilge water as the wreck of a leaky herring smack—when, in fact, he has become one incarnation of filth and disease, we have taken him by the hand, led him quietly to the banks of some pleasant stream and put a rod in his languid grasp; and then . . . have restored him with renovated health to his heart-broken family, and again made him a useful member of society.

—**Palmer Hackle, Esq.**
Hints on Angling, 1846

Near Rivers

I still don't know why I fish or why other men fish, except that we like it and it makes us think and feel. But I do know that if it were not for the strong, quick life of rivers, for their sparkle in the sunshine, for the cold grayness of them under rain and the feel of them about my legs as I set my feet hard down on rocks or sand or gravel, I should fish less often. A river is never quite silent; it can never, of its very nature, be quite still; it is never quite the same from one day to the next. It has its own life and its own beauty, and the creatures it nourishes are alive and beautiful also. Perhaps fishing is, for me, only an excuse to be near rivers. If so, I'm glad I thought of it.

—**Roderick L. Haig-Brown**
A River Never Sleeps, 1944

Hooked

I cringe when I think of the long hours, snatched from more profitable employment, when I've tinkered with tackle, tied flies, eyed choice bamboo rods at Abercrombie's, gabbed incessantly with other addicts, thought fish, read fish, dreamed fish. Let alone the too-few times I actually escape to whet my passion on the rivers, spending hours with the delicate bamboo playing rhythmically back and forth, "Annihilating all that's made/To a green thought in a green shade." Worries vanish. Commitments disappear. I return home three hours late, ears filled with the rush of the river, frizzled, freaked out on fly hatches; my wife is livid; her gold wedding band gleams on top of my tackle satchel.

Once, while Sunday driving with my family, watching the river more than the road, as I always do, hearing my wife say, as she always does when I'm driving near water, "You're on the shoulder again, Nick," I spotted the telltale spreading-circle rise of a good trout. There was nothing to be done. I screeched to a stop, and, mumbling to my wife and four impatient young children to be patient, set up my ever-handy fly rod and galloped like a bison straight for the stream. My wife claims she reminded me I had on new shoes and new slacks, that she advised me, with infinite prudence, to at least put on waders. I don't remember. Lat we said scarcely two civil wor to each other in three hou No doubt because I'd ruined n shoes. I tried to tell her why I lost the trout, but she wouldn listen.

I cannot resist a rising tro any more than I can the sear for the irresistible fly, the u timate fly rod. I must have be born so, since I began to fi before memory can recollect. I am forever searching for a be ter leader formula, a more eff cient vest, an answer to this that trout mystery. Why wasn there a rise at two o'clock the Green House Pool? The was one last year at that tim Why did the Lady Blitz wor well at dusk last night, not t night? Why, when trout we rising all afternoon, couldn't even raise a chub?

Why?

That, I suspect, is the ult mate hook. Men by nature d sire to know; trout fishermen, subspecies, also desire to know trout by nature are capricious mysterious, unpredictable. The are so many variables: th weather, water temperature, ra of flow of the river, color the water, lie of this rock, th eddy, disposition of the trou your disposition that afternoon the multitude of insects the fis may be feeding on, maybe eve the phase of the moon. Nothin is certain in trout fishing, say Arnold Gingrich, "except i glorious uncertainty."

Of course, there are day when, miraculously, all goe well—when you are far fro the gray desperations of day-by day existence, closer to natur than you've ever been, calm an contemplative, when the flie hatch on schedule and you hav the right fly and the fish be come particularly human i their predictability. I've had a few such days when nearly ev ery cast brought a trout.

And you weren't bored?

No.

And that didn't satisfy your longing to strike through the "pasteboard mask" veiling the elusive mystery?

No. No more than catching nothing bores the addicted angler. Catching fish and not-catching fish are both drugs. Each makes hungry where most it satisfies. —**Nick Lyons**

Nick Lyons is a professor of English at Hunter College and the author, most recently, of Fishing Widows.

WRAPAROUND CONTINUES ON PAGE 97

THE ROSE'S GIMLET. THE TAME MARTINI.



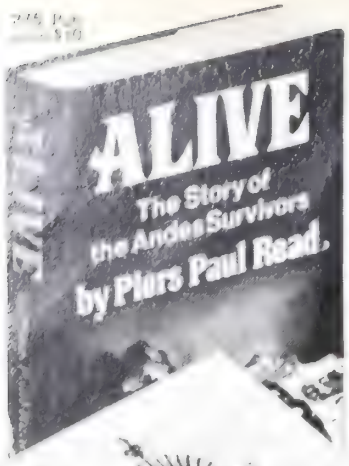
If you find martinis a little hard to take, try the Tame Martini— the Rose's Gimlet.

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To make the Rose's Gimlet, simply stir together one part Rose's Lime Juice and 4 to 5 parts gin or vodka. Serve ice cold, straight up or on the rocks.

Why don't you tame a martini tonight?



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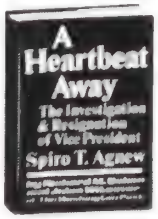


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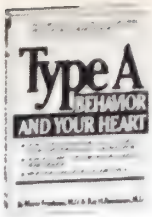
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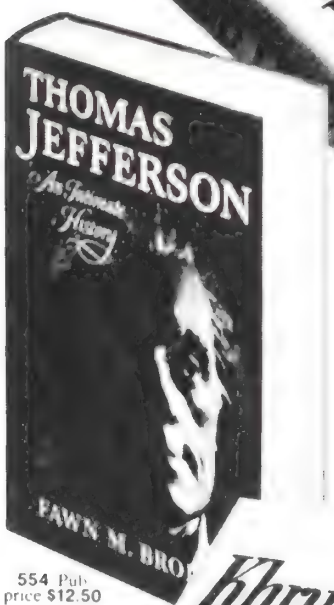
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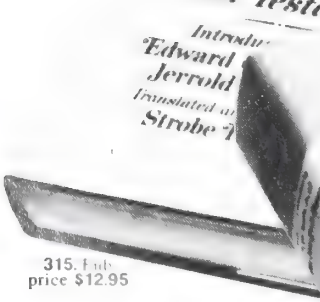
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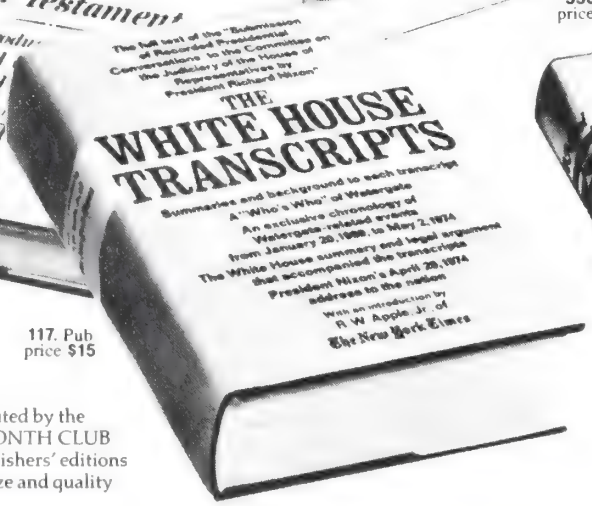
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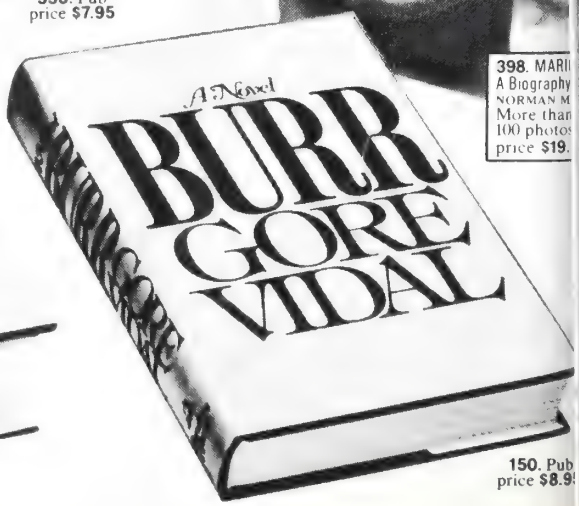
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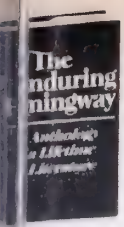


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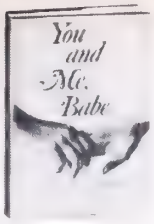


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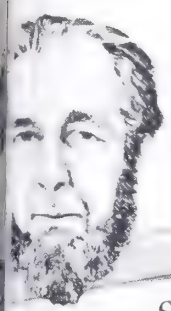
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Saul Friedman

IN PRAISE OF HONEST IGNORANCE

A kind word for Jerry Ford

BOB HARTMANN, the chief of staff in the shadow Presidency of Gerald R. Ford, was a little nervous as the day began early last March. He customarily remains in Washington, keeping his bleary eyes on the White House. But this time Hartmann decided to tag along to see for himself how Ford performed on his first journey as Vice-President to alien country, the Harvard Club of Boston.

It was considered alien not merely because Massachusetts had remained Democratic in 1972, but because it was crowded with brains. Ford's intelligence was in question, and he was to be put to a test. A bit uncertain at first, trying to establish some credentials by reminding his audience of his Yale Law School days, Ford answered the questions easily, characteristically saying what was on his mind. One of his answers, though scarcely noticed, was typical of Jerry Ford.

One of the haughtier among the Harvard Young Republicans surveyed the crowd of reporters and students packed in the richly paneled room dedicated to the Adamses, the Lodges, and Charles Sumner, and asked the Vice-President to reflect on the exile of Alexander Solzhenitsyn.

Confronted with the same question, a Kennedy, having read or been briefed on what others had written, might have gone on about the courage and art of Solzhenitsyn, perhaps citing titles of his works. Lyndon Johnson would have done wonders



with the author's name, and Richard Nixon, while acknowledging Solzhenitsyn's greatness, without meaning it or knowing why, might have made him appear a well-intentioned obstructionist unfortunately in the way of the grand plan for a generation of peace.

Saul Friedman is a correspondent for the Knight newspapers and the Detroit Free Press. *He is presently at work on a book about Gerald Ford.*

Ford simply said: "Well, I never read anything Solzhenitsyn has written, but I understand he's quite superb." Hartmann, a shrewd operator with a hypertense face and near-perfect political pitch, squeezed his narrow eyes closed as if to shut out the rest of a damn fool reply. . . . Then when he opened them, he slowly shook his head and smiled through his cigarette smoke. There had been a snicker in the room. In a sly and subtle way, Ford had displayed, as usual, the honest ignorance of the average man and made no attempt to hide it with the politician's make-up kit.

Perhaps because there were many at the Harvard Club who had also read Solzhenitsyn but would never admit it, Ford had made friends by saying so. When he accepted an award from the Young Republicans, their hosts wanted him to understand that it had been given not only for his past contributions to the party but "in anticipation of contributions yet to come."

IT'S A MESSAGE Ford has been getting, with increasing urgency, since he first appeared on live television for confirmation, before the Senate Rules Committee, as the Vice-Presidential nominee under the Twenty-fifth Amendment. He was speaking after Agnew's fall, the Saturday night massacre, the suspicious armed forces alert, and in the midst of fearful uncertainty about what the Pre-

might do next and who the President could be.

d's opening words were just "I am not a saint, and I'm sure e done things I might have better or differently or not at have also left undone things should have done. But I believe nope that I have been honest myself and with others, that I been faithful to my friends and o my opponents, and that I have my best to make this great gov- ent work for the good of all ricans."

ter weeks of Haldeman, Ehrlich- Mitchell, and Dean on the tube, Ford was open and straight is honest as he knew how to be. idn't dodge or duck a question. isn't in him to be cute. When as done, Capitol Hill, for the time in years of war and Water- got an avalanche of letters and rams that were a pleasure for egislators to read.

rry Ford was "a breath of fresh they said. "There is someone ashington who can be believed." e winter of scandal without end, out apparent solution, it sudden- gan to dawn on the country and Congress (especially Republi-) that Richard Nixon could be ced, that Ford could be Pres- t. And now, with the courts and nexorable Congress closing in, robability is that Gerald R. Ford be President. When it happens, igh of national relief is likely to o deep that Ford will be awarded ongest honeymoon ever given to w President. It has begun al- y.

ditorialists and broadcasters, es- ially Establishment people who not wholly comfortable about ging down a President and Vice- ident, have yet to take Ford to on the issues. They don't seem are what, or if, he thinks. Amid clamor for impeachment or res- tion, few have wondered aloud t kind of President Jerry Ford make, or how he'll deal with the blems and crises forgotten and ering since Watergate.

He is not the kind of man to abuse oneymoon. His years in Congress, simplistic Americanism, have giv- him a reverence for the institu- s of government and the delicate nces among them. He is a high- partisan, yet thoroughly profes- al politician and a conservative



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in the best sense of the word—a political descendant of the Midwestern founders of the Republican party.

But while he calls himself a "moderate in domestic affairs, an internationalist in foreign affairs, and a conservative in fiscal policy," he is by instinct a hard-line, Pentagon-oriented Cold Warrior (although he has molded his attitudes to fit the Nixon-Kissinger détente), a true believer in free enterprise, and niggardly toward most social programs. Because he is a more genuine and principled conservative than Richard Nixon, Ford is more rigid, even stubborn.

Such rigidity has led Ford to believe, as he once told a constituent, that liberal Democrats are "dangerous to our way of life and our political philosophy." It has given him a streak of pettiness which produced the vendetta attempt to impeach Justice William O. Douglas, and it has made him vulnerable to a few conniving campaign contributors, ex-Congressman cronies, business lobbyists, and influence peddlers, who have taken advantage of the honest and open face the nation seems to want. The naiveté, the simplistic faith in an American mythology, may come to trouble him. But for now, swimmers on the beaches of Hawaii, Republican jocks at a football dinner in Columbus, Ohio, or working-class Democrats in Philadelphia come to shake his hand and tell him bluntly he should become President. He's getting accustomed to it; he's even beginning to like it. But when it's laid on too thick, as it was at a Republican dinner in Boston, where Gov. Francis W. Sargent invited him to become President now, Ford stares at the floor, shifts from foot to foot like an embarrassed schoolboy, and gets a look on his face that says, "Aw, shucks. Who, me?"

The embarrassment is quite real. He as much as said the same thing on the night of October 12 last year, when the President called him. And Ford, even now, loves to tell about it every chance he gets. It may be the only story he knows.

THE DAY BEFORE, Spiro Agnew had resigned before pleading *nolo contendere* to a charge of income tax evasion. Ford had had a hint of what was coming, but he didn't know for sure until the White House call came to his Alexandria home after dinner.

As Ford recalls it, with d embellishing the story with ea telling, the unlisted telephone, has no extension, rang and his d ter Susan, then sixteen, went u to answer it. It crossed Ford's that it was probably one of S boyfriends, and he was a bit she had given out the numbe she came to the head of the obviously disappointed, and down: "It's the President."

Indeed it was the President, s ing like a visiting uncle who come laden with gifts. With b mischief in his voice, the Pres asked Ford to put his wife, I on the extension. Ford, awk and embarrassed, spoiled his mander-in-Chief's little joke. T was no extension, he said. Coul President call back, please? President took down Ford's l number and promised to call a

That picture of the President patiently scribbling the number deviled once again by the de telephone, always gets a good la But more important, even with most sophisticated audiences, l conveys the sense of awe and genuine homeliness in the Ford ing room on the night the Presi called.

Unlike Richard Nixon or S Agnew, Jerry Ford doesn't hav work at being a Middle Ameri Nor does he need image-maker a Middle America theoretician point him to his constituency. spite his twenty-five years in House of Representatives and ne a decade at the top rungs of po he remains the embodiment of the clichés he has used in count speeches on Truth, Justice, and American Way.

At a football awards dinner Chicago, Ford, a former part-ti coach, says: "I only wish that I co take the entire United States i the locker room at half time. I wo simply say that we must look not the points we have lost but at points we can gain. We have a w ner. Americans are winners."

And at Tinley Park High Scho in Illinois, Ford exhorts a crowd student assembly: "You can litera move mountains, mine the ocea master the energy of the sun, a climb that highest peak of all— world peace. It won't be easy. B the achievements of the Tinley Pa Titans weren't won easily either."

A fellow Midwesterner, Sen. Wil-
im Proxmire of Wisconsin, who
iew Ford at Yale, says he is "the
me kind of man now that he was
en—solid and square. He has the
nd of wholesome sincerity, the kind
loyal consistency that many voters
ay be looking for. He is a man that
e country may be looking for."

Ford is the same stolid, humorless
eaker he was in the Sixties when
played the dull strop to Everett
irksen's razor on the "Ev and Jerry
iow." In his quarter-century in
ongress, few fresh ideas have come
om Jerry Ford. He was an immov-
ble, predictable, party-line voter on
most every issue. He sponsored not
ie major piece of legislation. Al-
ough Ford does concede the need
r two parties (but no more), he
enuinely believes that Republicans
ive nearly all the wisdom and that
emocrats come by the little they
ive accidentally.

So Ford's advisers and closest
iends have no illusions about the
igin of his present popularity. Just
he did with J. Edgar Hoover,
yndon Johnson, and even Agnew,
r a time, Richard Nixon has made
ord look good. He may turn out
be the tunnel at the end of the
nnel, but for the moment he looks
ke the light.

FORD DIDN'T QUITE understand this until he was more than a month into s new job, and an old friend from rand Rapids, Philip Buchen, gently ld the Vice-President.

On January 15, after weeks of win-
ng friends everywhere, Ford did
e President a little favor. In a
eech written at the White House
hough Ford insists it was mostly his
vn idea), the Vice-President, at At-
ntic City, blamed all the impeach-
ent talk on "a few extreme partis-
ns . . . waging a massive propagan-
a campaign" designed to "crush the
resident" and put "super-welfare
aters in control of Congress."

Even Grand Rapids, which Ford
sited a few days later, even loyal
epublicans, wanted no more such
lk, especially not from Ford. They
owed their irritation while honor-
g Ford on his homecoming.

Buchen, Ford's law partner in the
orties and a friend since their un-
rgraduate years at the University
Michigan, is painfully crippled
om polio. Perhaps that is why he was able to speak candidly and with some authority, as no one else had done, about Ford's own affliction—Richard Nixon.

After Ford's Grand Rapids appearance, Buchen, with help from Senate Republican Whip Robert P. Griffin, labored to pry Jerry Ford away from the President. Buchen, a courtly, white-haired, and soft-spoken man, told Ford that he had become "a most precious political commodity," and that he should be no part of an effort to divide the country further by turning the impeachment proceedings into a political campaign. Richard Nixon was Ford's old pal, a Chowder and Marching Club buddy, and a Republican. But Buchen confronted Ford with the possibility that even so the President might be guilty, that his situation was near hopeless in any case, and that Ford must not follow other old friends of Richard Nixon's into the Watergate quicksand.

The Grand Rapids conversations had an immediate effect on Ford and the operation of his Vice-Presidency. Ford saw the President at the White House a few days later. During that meeting Ford refused opportunities to see the evidence—selected transcripts of tapes—that the President claimed would clear him. Ford was notifying the President that although he would defend him, he would not join in the anti-impeachment hysteria.

At the same time, in the Vice-President's second-floor offices along the back corridor of the old Executive Office Building, Ford's staff caught the new mood: Jerry Ford was to be his own Vice-President, not the President's. It was what Bob Hartmann had wanted from the beginning.

ROBERT TROWBRIDGE Hartmann, once one of Richard Nixon's favorite newspapermen, is the most important and influential member of Ford's staff. And his influence comes by way of years in Washington and around Capitol Hill as a reporter and bureau chief, and from Melvin Laird, former Wisconsin Congressman, Secretary of Defense, and White House troubleshooter. Both Ford and Hartmann learned much of what they know in politics from Laird, a modern Machiavelli.

Hartmann, born in Rapid City, South Dakota, on Easter Sunday, 1917, the week the nation entered



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World War I, got his education in California, joined the *Los Angeles Times* soon after his graduation from Stanford, and was its Washington bureau chief from 1954 through 1963, the years of Nixon's earlier triumphs and crises. Those also were the years when the *Times*, under the elder Chandlers, was as one with Richard Nixon. Hartmann, like Nixon, a World War II Navy man, was a hard-line militarist and Cold Warrior in his columns. He won a Vigilant Patriot Award and a Freedoms Foundation citation, and the autographed pictures in his office included three from Nixon and one from Chester Nimitz.

But with the coming of the Kennedy years and the 1962 political fall of Richard Nixon, a young Otis Chandler and a modicum of enlightenment came to the *Times*. Hartmann was sent to Rome; then he languished as an information adviser for the Food and Agricultural Organization until he was rescued by Laird in 1966. Laird (along with Griffin and a veteran New York Congressman, Charles Goodell) had engineered Ford's overthrow of Charles Halleck and the mossback leadership of the House Republicans. Ford, in turn, supported Laird as chairman of the House Republican Conference. When Laird went to the Pentagon at the opening of the Nixon Administration, Ford put Hartmann on as his legislative assistant.

With Ford's approval, and because Laird was smarter and quicker than other Republicans, the conference became the policy-making center of a Republican renaissance. And Hartmann, hired as editor of the conference, worked on the outpouring of position papers and proposals that were later adopted as the basis of "the new Federalism."

Laird and Ford, both of them Babbitt-land conservatives and unswerving supporters of the defense establishment, generally agree on the issues. Allies in Nixon's drive for the Presidency in 1966-68, they labored together on the new Republican image. Ford's political style was out of his football-playing days: he was a single-wing center whose job on every play was to pass the ball and hit straight ahead. Laird was a clever conniver with a nonstop shell game that has mesmerized Congressmen, generals, and the President.

On the night Spiro Agnew crashed, Laird and his wife came to Ford's home. Ford had been responsible for bringing Laird out of retirement and into the White House as a Presidential adviser. Laird was instrumental in the President's choice of a successor to Agnew, and he suggested to Ford that an offer of the Vice-Presidency was coming. Ford hedged; he had promised Betty, suffering from a pinched nerve, that he would run once more for the House, then quit politics in 1976. But Laird, one of the few realists in the White House, saw clearly the President's problems and all the possibilities in Ford. He insisted Ford take the job, and retire, if he must, as Vice-President.

Hartmann moved in other ways, slowly, carefully putting distance between the nominee and the man who named him. With help from Buchen, Hartmann made certain that every bit of information in Ford's background —public and private—be made available to the FBI agents and the two Congressional committees investigating him. Ford's openness contrasted sharply with the President's obsessive secrecy and isolation.

In the days before Ford's confirmation, Hartmann quietly resisted the embrace of the White House. When it was rumored that the White House was preparing for a swearing-in ceremony in the East Room, with the President as impresario, Hartmann and Ford, with help from House Speaker Carl Albert, successfully maneuvered for a simple inauguration in the House of Representatives. The President rode to the Capitol with Ford along the traditional Pennsylvania Avenue route. But on the rostrum of the House the President remained silent. There were no clasped hands held high. And the more acute readers of omens in the House understood what was going on.

Democratic Leader Thomas P. O'Neill, Jr., said, "It was a very impressive ceremony. We won't see anything like it again for maybe six or eight months."

FORD'S ORIGINAL differences with the President on Watergate were based on style, although he didn't know how close he was getting to substance. He simply lacked the ability to be cute, clever, and evasive. Against a background of Grand Rapids puritanism and an almost boy-scout faith in the President, he s[imp]ly couldn't understand why a r[epu]he believed innocent, who had n[oth]ing to hide, would not make all [the] evidence available. To the discom[fort] of the White House, Ford said so.

But despite these differences [with] the efforts of men like Hartma[nn], Laird, Griffin, and Buchen, Ford sp[ent] his first days as Vice-President h[old]ing the President's hand. The Wh[ite] House issued him an advance m[an] W. Dewey Clower. He inherited military adviser and diplomatic [as]sistant, Maj. Gen. John M. Du[nn] from Agnew. And he relied on [the] President's ghost-writers for help [on] speeches—until the aftermath of [At]lantic City.

Dunn had been put in charge [of] administration in the office and w[as] the senior military aide. As Agnew's General Haig, Dunn was fond [of] spoon-feeding the Vice-President p[ol]icy papers that faithfully echo[ed] the Pentagon's point of view. W[ith] Dunn's help, for example, Agn[ew] visited Greece and fell into the arm[s] of the junta and the Greek busine[ss]men offering gifts. For such servi[ce] Dunn received a decoration from t[he] junta to go with those he had gott[en] from the governments of South Vi[et]nam and South Korea.

After a time in Ford's servic[e], however, Dunn left the Vice-Pre[s]ident's office, retired from the Arm[y] and joined the Commerce Depa[rt]ment. Clower was sent back to th[e] White House.

Quite consciously, although the[y] can't admit it publicly, Ford and hi[s] closest advisers—Laird and Har[t]mann among them—have be[en] building the cadre of a Presidenti[al] staff. It reflects the close connection Ford and Laird have had with th[e] Pentagon, the military way of doin[g] things. Both men, during their year[s] in Congress, were among the mo[st] effective allies of the military-indus[tri]al spenders. And throughout th[e] Vietnam war the Pentagon fed ther[e] special information they used to har[ass] the Johnson administration and Robert McNamara.

In contrast to Nixon's former col[le]ction of account executives, Ford's most important staff members ar[e] mostly middle-aged political profes[sio]nals with deep roots in Congress[ional] party affairs, and the government bu[re]aucracy. John Marsh, a conserva[ti]ve Virginia Democrat who served four terms in the House before go-

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Amount and Source of other income

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ing to work for Elliot Richardson as Pentagon's top Congressional lobbyist, replaced Dunn. A graying, forty-seven-year-old man with a slouch and a Shenandoah drawl, Marsh is the link with the Pentagon and his chief operative in Congress on defense spending.

Warren Rustand—at thirty-one, one of the younger members of Ford's staff and a former all-American basketball player at the University of Arizona—replaced Clower in scheduling and doing advance work for the Vice-President's appearances.

Tall, though at six feet, four inches, a little too short for the pro teams on which he played, Rustand is a former investment analyst who came to government through Barry Goldwater. His manner is low-keyed, unlike that of the often overbearing advance men of the White House and in consonance with Ford's modest tastes and his careful effort to prevent local bands from greeting him with "Hail, Columbia."

Ford's senior scheduling committee, which includes Rustand, Hartmann, and a speechwriter, meets once a week to consider the flood of invitations. Criteria for acceptance include accommodating old friends, especially those in Congress, doing the chores of party politics, and keeping Ford in close touch with his origins and his constituency in Middle America.

At Tinley Park, Ford allowed that "there were some eyebrows raised back in Washington" when he accepted an invitation to honor a high-school football team. "The implication was that such an event should be beneath the attention of the Vice-President," Ford said. "Well, that attitude, I fear, is at the root of many of our problems."

PAUL MILTICH has been Ford's press secretary since 1966 and was, until recently, the author of most of the hundreds of solid, partisan, and wholly uninteresting speeches Ford gave before virtually every trade organization, party club, and small college assembly in the nation. Miltich, a fifty-five-year-old native of Minnesota's Mesabi iron range, was a schoolteacher and reporter for the Saginaw *News* before coming to Washington as a correspondent for the Booth Newspapers of Michigan. He covered the members of the Michigan Congressional delegation until he joined Ford, and he is proud that none of his stories ever made an enemy.

The Vice-President's chief speechwriter, Milton A. Friedman (no relation to the University of Chicago economist), is somewhat out of the pattern of Ford's preference for safe, solid, and conventional thinkers.

Friedman, a lanky fifty-three-year-old Virginian, was White House correspondent, Washington bureau chief, and columnist for the Jewish Telegraphic Agency. For a time before joining Ford, Friedman was press secretary to Sen. Jacob Javits of New York. He has put some spice, humor, and a few original thoughts in Ford's speeches. But more important, Friedman is a link to the most influential members of the Jewish community, a constituency which Ford—as hawkish on Israel as any Zionist—prizes.

Despite Friedman's title and his ability to build some strength into Ford's speeches, the delicate business of dancing two steps away from and one step toward the President is left to Hartmann and to Ford himself. For example, Friedman and others on the staff wondered what kind of an introduction Ford should give the President at the $1,000-a-plate Republican Congressional Campaign Dinner March 27. Friedman wrestled with the dilemma. Should Ford mention Watergate? Poke fun at impeachment? Give the not wholly welcome President an effusive introduction?

Ford was the one who decided. He introduced Nixon, in less than thirty seconds, as "my old friend, the President of the United States." Nixon was so flustered he complained accidentally into the open mike that he thought Ford would speak for ten minutes.

When seating arrangements were made for the dinner, only the senior officials at the White House were given the choice tables down front reserved for the President's guests. Ford's office held a lottery, and the winners, who sat at the Vice-President's table, included a secretary and the man who runs the office duplicating machine.

The annual dinner of the White House Correspondents' Association on May 4 provided another setting for the shadowy pas de deux of Jerry and Dick. The President is supposed to attend the glittering gathering of Washington reporters, editors, and their very influential guests to c a few jokes and talk off the rec But this year feelings were run so high it was considered a bles that Nixon stayed away. Indeed prevent an unseemly and unjour istic display, the traditional toas the President pointedly inclu Ford.

Ford had spent the week defe ing the President, and making best of the White House transcri against what he said was the p chant of the press to "put the w foot forward." At the dinner took a graceful step back and got a standing ovation.

Obviously enjoying himself, a displaying a newly acquired sense timing, Ford said: "If you can ma corrections and retractions, so ca Vice-President, and I ask you all remove my worst foot from where I put it, and please replace it w 'unintelligible,' 'inaudible,' or, if y must, 'expletive deleted.'"

Then, quite seriously: "I do n put as much emphasis on public re tions as I do on fundamental hum relations. . . . I have had a lot of a versaries in my political life, but enemies that I can remember."

At Ford's suggestion, Hartma helped prepare the speech before Republican conference in Chica when the Vice-President had his a dience on its feet cheering wildl Ford, referring to men whom t President had described as the "fine public servants I have ever known, denounced them as "an arrogan elite guard of political adolescents. A Spiro Agnew twist had turned A lantic City around.

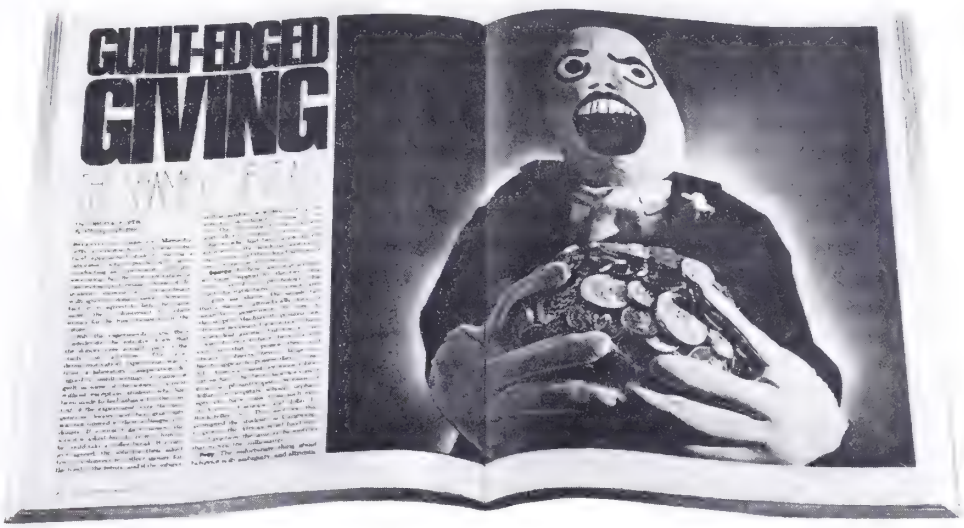
Ford's staff, relatively small, tigh ly organized, and highly professiona often plays the lesser role in his de cisions. Unlike Richard Nixon, wh has few friends and depends on hi staff for isolation as well as advice Ford is not averse to that important although unofficial, branch of govern ment called cronyism. Cronies, if they are well placed and well chosen, can tell even a President what he needs to know, and perform a few tasks without the aid of "plumbers."

So, like Dwight Eisenhower and Lyndon Johnson, Ford spends hours each day on the telephone with friends throughout the country or seeing them on Capitol Hill or at the old Executive Office Building.

Most of his friends, informal advisers, and sources of gossip and in-

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telligence are members of Congress, [illegible] and lobbyists who are wise to the ways of Washington and Capitol Hill. Griffin, Laird, House Republican Leader John Rhodes, House Republican Whip Les Arends, and Michigan Rep. Edward Hutchinson, the ranking Republican on the Judiciary Committee, are among the men Ford talks to often.

A [illegible] partner, William Whyte, a U.S. Steel vice-president in charge of its Washington office, is a very close friend. So is Bryce Harlow, a Procter & Gamble executive who has served as an Eisenhower and Nixon adviser. And Phil Buchen, who has the brains to match Ford's all-American brawn and good looks, was among the first to recognize Ford's possibilities and put him into politics. Ford brought Buchen to Grand Rapids, where they practiced law together until Ford went to Congress in 1949.

"Relationships with friends have been more useful to the Vice-President," Buchen said. "It's better to get some advice from people you respect and who don't push themselves on you than to talk only to those with axes to grind and positions to protect."

Yet, as Abe Fortas, one of Lyndon Johnson's special private advisers, discovered, cronyism has its dangers, especially now in the post-Watergate wringing of hands. And especially for a man like Ford. Somewhat like his hero, Eisenhower, and many other politicians who never stopped to make money, Ford has high admiration for and a desire to be close to almost anyone who has been a success in business. He has implicit faith that business success—becoming a Million Dollar Round Table member or holding beef off the market until the price is right—is the stuff of which the American dream is made. Therefore, says Buchen (who knows better because he's a wily corporate lawyer), Ford rarely questions the motives of those who come around to offer their help, especially if they say they're Republicans. This has gotten Ford into a couple of scrapes as a Congressman, and it could mean bigger problems in the White House.

DESPITE THE CONSTANT, well-grounded speculation, encouraged by Ford's staff, that his Watergate ballet with Richard Nixon is deliberately designed to keep him a safe distance from the splash of scandal, Ford privately has proclaimed his belief in the President's innocence. He has clung to the conviction that the crimes of others have engulfed the President, and he genuinely hopes that Nixon will be able to finish his term.

So he rejected the first, soft suggestions from senior advisers that perhaps, in view of the unique circumstances in which he might suddenly become President, he might consider some contingency plans. Ford couldn't stab an old friend in the back. He could not bring himself to find the President guilty. And, most of all, he desperately wanted to avoid even a whisper of suspicion among those Republicans who still believe in Richard Nixon that Ford is trying to overthrow the President. Ford's staff is concerned that a bitter resignation could corrode the legitimacy of a Ford administration. At a private breakfast with reporters, Ford said he feared that there are those in the nation who, if President Nixon were run from office with his help, would believe him to be a part of "a conspiracy."

But there have been signs that Ford is coming to understand that that would be one conspiracy many Americans could support. In his confirmation hearings, Ford was at a loss to recall one issue on which he disagreed with President Nixon. (He finally remembered that he had opposed an Administration proposal to turn over part of the Highway Trust Fund for mass-transit development.) Recently, however, on the few occasions Ford has commented on the issues, Nixon didn't come off too well.

Ford blamed the President's Watergate weakness for the defeat in Congress of the Pentagon's request for military aid funds for South Vietnam. He doubted the President was strong enough to get meaningful arms negotiations going with the Soviets this year. When he praised the Administration's foreign-policy accomplishments, Ford mentioned Kissinger more often than the President.

Nixon felt wounded enough to call Ford in for a private chat and tell him he thought the Vice-President was "working too hard." Ford temporarily returned to the President's defense and stayed away from the issues. But the remission didn't last.

When the White House put up the new stone wall, defying subpoenas [illegible] the courts and the House Judici[illegible] Committee, Ford disagreed with [illegible] President and predicted such d[illegible] ance, more than anything else, wo[illegible] bring impeachment. (It should [illegible] noted that Laird, who keeps F[illegible] and members of the House in cl[illegible] touch with what's happening [illegible] what he wants to happen, sudde[illegible] dropped from 100 to 25 his estim[illegible] of the votes between the Presid[illegible] and an impeachment resolution.)

The President again called Ford [illegible] for a little talk. This time, Ford tall[illegible] back, telling the President he [illegible] wrong to defy the subpoenas and [illegible] inviting impeachment. Hours lat[illegible] in a televised interview, Ford repe[illegible] ed his view that the President's st[illegible] wall against the courts and Congr[illegible] would produce only impeachment. [illegible] am my own man," Ford said.

Ford can still defend much of wh[illegible] the President has done, especia[illegible] before a Southern or strongly p[illegible] Nixon audience, though he does [illegible] carefully, but he cannot bring hi[illegible] self to explain why the President [illegible] fuses to divulge evidence that wou[illegible] prove his innocence. After all, d[illegible] ing the Fifties Ford never understo[illegible] why an innocent man would ple[illegible] the Fifth Amendment.

What Ford does understand, as [illegible] talks throughout the country w[illegible] dispirited Republicans and deep[illegible] concerned business leaders whom [illegible] respects, is that he has become t[illegible] operative head of the Republic[illegible] party and its hope, not only now b[illegible] for 1976. And the longer Richa[illegible] Nixon survives, the greater the da[illegible] ger that Ford, along with his belov[illegible] party, will be destroyed.

In the sprawling Vice-President[illegible] suite, on the second floor of the ug[illegible] Victorian Gothic old Executive O[illegible] fice Building, advisers no longer r[illegible] into opposition when they go ov[illegible] the array of problems that will ne[illegible] attention quickly in Jerry Ford's fi[illegible] 100 days. There is even talk abo[illegible] putting together an outside citizen[illegible] group—like the kind that usually e[illegible] plores a possible Presidential can[illegible] dacy—to begin setting up a shado[illegible] Ford administration. And on t[illegible] Vice-President's plane, the growi[illegible] contingent of reporters and camer[illegible] men chat constantly with Ford's st[illegible] about the future. The Vice-President[illegible] people no longer speculate in hush[illegible] tones about the big "if." They ta[illegible] openly of "when."



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John Fischer

THE EASY CHAIR

Vital signs



THESE SHOULD BE painted by the patient and his loved ones before he enters the hospital. Use kindergarten construction paper or the cardboards some laundries still put in shirts. Lettering should be large, clear, in eye-stopping color—Day-Glo orange serves nicely. These signs are vital because the people who run a hospital seldom listen to you, but can be startled into momentary attention if you suddenly wave the appropriate sign before their faces.

The signs should read as follows:

1. *"Phone Speedy Joe's Delicatessen to send me a club sandwich and a carton of milk."*

Without this, you may starve. Hospital food is clean, wholesome, and inedible. It is prepared by dietitians, not cooks. Typically it is concocted in a basement kitchen nine stories below your ward, then loaded on carts and turned over to a platoon of languid serving girls. They have a great deal to talk about among themselves, so they gather in conversation groups around each elevator landing while the food cools. By the time it reaches you, everything will be cold except the ice cream. Unless your palate is extraordinarily calloused, don't taste it. Just the sight of an overdone and gristly piece of roast beef congealed in plastic gravy has been known to cause a relapse.

2. *"I am a Very Important Person and for all you know I may be rich."*

To make this sign creditable, unfortunately, you have to book a private room, and it helps if your physician drops a few mysterious hints to the admissions office in advance. If the hospital staff believes you are influential, wealthy, well educated, and socially okay, you will get more and better attention. The American hospital may be the most caste-ridden institution west of Bombay.

This conclusion is not based solely on my own experience. It is documented in one of the most revealing studies yet made of the patient-hospital relationship: *Sickness and Society*, by Raymond S. Duff, M.D., and August B. Hollingshead, Ph.D. I happened to spend some time recently in the hospital they investigated; they did not name it and neither shall I, because some of the faults they listed have since been corrected and because several of the authors' criticisms seem unduly severe. Yet many of their observations remain valid, not only for this institution but for most of the big university-related teaching hospitals.

For example, they note that doctors are "high-status persons" in our society who "understood and identified with patients who had a status like theirs. From self-interest or interest in others with attributes like their own, physicians appeared to perform more adequately for high-status persons." On the other hand, a poor patient treated in a ward semiprivate room was often reg ed primarily as "clinical materi of interest to doctors, interns, medical students "to the extent t his disease advanced their learn or research opportunities."

In this particular hospital, as others I know of, social and econo discrimination is built into the st ture of the building itself. The w wing consists of private rooms, east wing of multi-occupant acc modations. Because they are p the east-wing patients have seld received adequate medical care, a have postponed hospitalization u the last moment. As a result, a hi er proportion of them are likely be terminal cases—and it is o natural, I suppose, for overwork doctors and nurses to pay less att tion to the obviously hopeless.

On the other hand, every hospi administrator worries constan about his budget deficit, so it is o natural for him to be extra solicit of patients who might contrib generously to the endowment or nual fund drive. Some big hospit even have a "plush floor" (unpub cized), with carpeted corridors, conditioning, and other ameniti calculated to inspire the gratitude the wealthy who are lodged there.

3. *"Will somebody please cle up this mess?"*

The medical and surgical functio of a large hospital generally ran

John Fischer is an associate editor of this magazine.

rom adequate to superb. The housekeeping functions are at best perunctory, at worst abysmal. Consequently, your room is likely to be ittered for hours at a time with trays of dirty dishes, used Kleenex, withered flowers, and overflowing wastebaskets. Not unsanitary, but depressingly untidy.

The main reason for this—as for he poor food—is that hospitals suffer from the typical inefficiencies of nost service institutions. Largely upported by public or charitable unds, they are not subject to the disiplines of the competitive marketplace. Moreover, their performance s impossible to measure on any costffectiveness scale. Often they are ot even sure what service they are rying to perform—remedial medicine, preventive care, pure research, r medical training. The objectives an be confusing and contradictory.

Another reason for inefficiency is he lack of clearly defined responsibilities and lines of command. In a ig teaching hospital, authority is ypically diffused among the administrators, the heads of services (surgery, obstetrics, etc.), the house doctors, the private practitioners who arrange for the admission of patients and prescribe their treatment, he supervisor of nurses, and the eading professors of the medical chool (who frequently are also heads f services, although they have to divide their time between that duty and heir teaching and research tasks.)

From this administrative morass, the doctors usually emerge dominant —and a good thing, too, from a strictly medical point of view. But almost invariably physicians have no talent for administration and little interest in it—and yet they are unwilling to give any lay administrator enough authority to manage the housekeeping effectively.

Since the housekeeping staff is beneath the doctor's attention, it is likely to be ill paid and poorly supervised. The result is not only poor service—I've seen the same damp, dirty towels lying on a bathroom floor for three days—but also a distressingly high rate of pilferage, from patients' rooms as well as from linen closets and supply cupboards. The administration, such as it is, focuses mainly on fund raising, bill collecting, and the currently fashionable preoccupation with computers. The end result is a proliferation of paper work and print-outs; many a night the chief nurse on a floor (and more often than not she is the only one) spends more time on record-keeping than on the patients.

Under this kind of management, it is hardly surprising that hospital costs are astronomical—more than $100 a day for room and board alone—and still rising. Nor is the situation likely to improve until some public authority insists that hospitals get administrators with enough skill and clout to run the joint properly. They might well be recruited from the hotel business rather than the medical profession, since the most neglected part of the job is closely akin to hotel management. This would relieve physicians of responsibilities they can't handle, don't understand, and can't be bothered with.

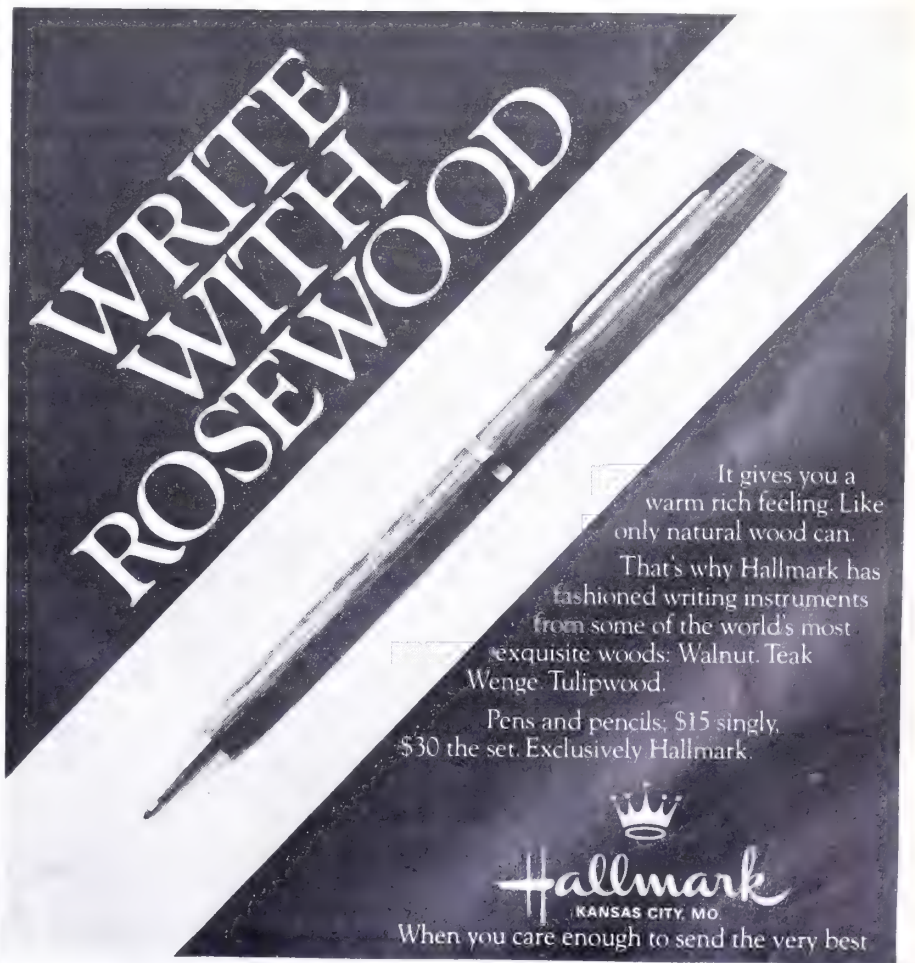
4. "*Don't speak that way to my nurse!*"

While nurses are now paid better than they were a few years ago (though still poorly in comparison with plumbers and bricklayers), they and their aides are rarely treated with the dignity and respect they deserve. Many doctors regard them the way a Mexican landlord regarded his peons in the days of Porfirio Díaz.

Most nurses are overworked; their shift scheduling is often arbitrary and capricious, so that the married women among them find it impossible to arrange an orderly home life; and much of their work is clerical or menial, such as cleaning up rooms that should have been tended to by the housekeeping staff. As a consequence, the morale among nurses in a big hospital is likely to be low, and the turnover high.

This is bad news for the patient, since he is almost entirely dependent on the nurses and their aides for comfort and reassurance. Although it is unfashionable to say so these days, women do have maternal feelings and a kind of compassion that can't be expected from medical men.

The maladministration of the nursing staff is largely due to the unconscious arrogance of many doctors. The greenest intern is apt to think himself infinitely superior in training and judgment to any nurse, no matter how experienced—after all, he has toiled his way through medical school, hasn't he? His attitude can be damaging, both to the nurses' self-



nfidence and occasionally to pa-

I know of one old drunk who was admitted late at night to the emergency room of a big hospital with [illegible] turned out to be pulmonary [illegible] young resident on duty [illegible] diagnosed the case as a [illegible]id, prescribed two aspirins, and planned to take a more thorough look in the morning. By that time the old man would have been dead if his nurse—with many years more experience than the resident—had not recognized the symptoms for what they were and persuaded the resident that immediate treatment was necessary. She was not thanked for her initiative. On the contrary, she was regarded for a while as an uppity woman who could make a doctor look bad.

As John Gardner once remarked, what this country needs is a good anti-Deiotic, for physicians who think they are God.

5. "*Leave me alone.*"

The last thing you should expect in a hospital is rest. Even when you are in what is sardonically known as "isolation," somebody comes in to hassle you every fifteen minutes or so—for your temperature, or blood pressure, or a blood sample, or a snippet of bone marrow, or oxygen therapy, or with a tray of revolting food, or with medication, or to shave your body for the surgeons who will have at you in the morning. This goes on day and night. If you ask for a sleeping pill because you desperately need some rest, you can't have it when requested. A nurse will wake you up to administer it when she makes her medication rounds about 10:00 P.M. (and necessarily so, since no hospital I have heard of has enough nursing staff to give all the patients what they need when they want it).

If you are under intensive care, the hassling is naturally more intense. Somebody is with you all the time, not only for the routine tests but to adjust the special equipment—tubes running from your incision to a gurgling pump, other tubes dripping something into your veins, and wires that transmit continuous information about your heartbeat and respiration to an electronic device. All this adds up to an impressive triumph of modern medicine; but it isn't restful. I suspect that more hospital patients die of exhaustion than of anything else.

Should this happen to you, God forbid, you can go knowing that no effort was spared—that they worked on you hard, right up to the last breath. And of course they may save your life.

6. "*No more blood today.*"

In the big teaching hospitals especially, when the student technicians and interns find a moment to spare, they use it to take blood samples from somebody, usually you. Not little samples, such as your family doctor might take in his office, but four or five sizable flasks at a time. Being a trusting character, I assume this is necessary. But since nobody ever explains why, I can't help but suspect in my darker hours that the young people bleed their patients occasionally to improve their skills, or because they need lots of material to learn how to operate the centrifuges and other blood-analyzing apparatus with which every good hospital is lavishly endowed.

I heard a story, possibly apocryphal, about one patient who was receiving heavy transfusions through one arm while a file of practitioners (apt term) was taking equally heavy samples out of the other. He finally persuaded them to take the stuff directly from the blood bank, without running it through his body; their findings, supposedly, were about the same.

7. "*What goes on here?*"

The hardest thing to get is information about what is happening to you, and why. If you have a good nurse, and if she isn't too busy when you are admitted, she will explain something about hospital routine, how to use the call buttons and other gadgets in your room, and what is expected of a "good" patient. But regulations forbid her to talk to you in any detail about your illness or treatment. If you have been put into the hospital by your family doctor, he may speak to you more freely. The house doctors, interns, and surgeons, however, convey an absolute minimum of information.

This is particularly true when they are dealing with impoverished patients, who usually are the most fearful, confused, and suspicious. As Duff and Hollingshead point out, "Physicians often described this type of patient as both ignorant and u[illegible] intelligent; they believed he was i[illegible] capable of learning, so that the ph[illegible] sician's failure to communicate w[illegible] thought to be fully justified."

Of course, the doctors are fea[illegible] fully busy, and have no time for co[illegible] versation they regard as unnecessar[illegible] Some of them may suspect that a mi[illegible] understood remark could lead to [illegible] malpractice suit. They are trained t[illegible] deal primarily with the physical a[illegible] pects of illness, and many have litt[illegible] understanding of, or patience wit[illegible] the emotional problems of the sic[illegible] and destitute. Young doctors esp[illegible] cially are likely to be upset, an[illegible] therefore evasive, when dealing wit[illegible] a desperate case; in addition to [illegible] sense of professional failure, they ar[illegible] no more capable than the rest of u[illegible] in coping with imminent death.

For whatever reason, far too man[illegible] doctors seem to believe in treatin[illegible] their patients as Admiral Ernest Kin[illegible] wanted to treat the public durin[illegible] World War II: "Tell them nothin[illegible] until it is over, and then tell then[illegible] who won." They even tend to be un[illegible] communicative with the nurses. Fe[illegible] of them bother to discuss a case i[illegible] any detail with the nurse (who afte[illegible] all is in closer touch than anyon[illegible] else), and some feel it is enough t[illegible] transmit their instructions through[illegible] the order book.

This is a great pity, because noth[illegible] ing would contribute more to a pa[illegible] tient's peace of mind than a frank[illegible] discussion of what is wrong with him[illegible] what treatment is in prospect, and[illegible] what his chances are. (I feel[illegible] though, that in cases of terminal ill[illegible] ness reticence may be justified. Why[illegible] not leave the dying with some shred[illegible] of hope, however illusory?)

THE FOREGOING, I am afraid, sounds more complaining than it is intended to. In fact, I am grateful for the treatment I received in a big teaching hospital, and I am mentioning only those flaws that seem to me capable of remedy, with little expense and a great deal of improved management. In a small community hospital, a patient can reasonably expect more consideration and comfort. But if he is seriously ill, he probably will be better off in a teaching hospital. For all its defects, it does have the talent, the equipment, and the advanced technology which are available nowhere else. □









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Jack McClintock

THE PLEASURES OF CONSTRUCTION

To feather your character, build your nest



Mary Campbell McClintock

I WALKED ONTO THE BEACH, picked up a stick, and sketched a twenty-by-forty-six-foot rectangle in the sand. Then I leaned on the stick and stared at the wavy lines. I knew what I was going to do but didn't want to start right away, probably out of the same anxiety you feel stepping onto the wing for the first time with a parachute on your back.

It was the beginning of Phase Two and the culmination of Phase One, nearly a year of reading about how houses are built. I had read about shelters made of plastic, foam, concrete, wood, cardboard, sticks and felt, molasses-based plastic, canvas and cable, rammed earth, stone, fiberglass, logs, steel, sod, glass, and buffalo dung. I had read every book and pamphlet listed in the *Whole Earth Catalog* under "Shelter." I had read Frank Lloyd Wright's *The Natural House* and Peter Blake on Frank Lloyd Wright. I had read Bradford and Vera Angier's *How to Build Your Home in the Woods,* Bill Coperthwaite on the Mongolian yurt, Frei Otto's *Tensile Structures,* Buckminster Fuller on the geodesic dome, and the University of Alaska Cooperative Extension Service on the log cabin. Now I thought I was as ready as I'd ever be to design and build a house. The last thing I had built was a coffee table in a high-school crafts course, a table that would have collapsed in splinters under the weight of any respectable dictionary.

I spent the next five days walking around inside that rectangle on the beach, head down and stick in hand like a hopeful dowser, sketching doors, windows, bookshelves, stereo speakers, electrical outlets, bathtubs, scuffing them out, resketching them.

At last I had a workable floor plan for a plywood house with about the proportions of a shoebox, a long narrow house with a water view from every room but the bath, wedged in among the trees so that virtually nothing green would have to be destroyed. There would be clerestory windows to admit morning and afternoon shafts of light, and almost the entire thirty-foot living-room wall would be glass—made up of secondhand French doors. It was a house about as different from its cookie-cutter concrete-block neighbors as it could be.

I knew about building codes, and I knew the notion of a young couple building a weird house—by themselves—in a community made up largely of retirees might be suspect or unwelcome. I had filled in my own name on the application in the space for carpenter, plumber, electrician, roofer, plasterer. I did not know how to do many of those things, but I felt that if a plumber could learn to do whatever it was that plumbers did so expensively, then so could I, and do it cheaper.

The building inspector, a big ruddy man in a string tie, said all this was fine with him. "No problem," he said, issuing the building permit. He warned me that he would be inspecting carefully as I progressed, and urged that I use plenty of hurricane anchors. I said thank you, and went away, glad that our small town had such courteous and helpful employees.

And so, innocently, I went the next day to "the job," as builders call their current construction site, and broke the first of three hickory shovel handles digging through twenty-five-odd years of accumulated oyster shell to set the foundation pilings which would raise the house nearly three feet off the ground of our small Florida paradise.

Jack McClintock, a free-lance writer, has contributed to several national magazines.



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Mary and I can remember going there every few weeks when we first found the land, and standing quietly under the big casuarina, listening to the breeze among its needles and the slup-slup of wavelets in the mangroves, smelling the salt tang, watching great blue herons arrowing overhead toward Bird Island, where they nest.

There were scores of other birds we couldn't name then. There was a family of raccoons whose footprints we saw in the muddy sand, and three kinds of lizards: a pretty green one, a rough and hideous brown one, and a blue-tailed skink. We would walk around, fingering green leaves, trying to identify the growing things. There were grapevines, ginger lilies, grapefruits, key limes, Brazilian peppers, loquats, coconut palms, Washington palms, cabbage palms, asparagus ferns, Boston ferns, Bahia grass, Saint Augustine grass, four strains of hibiscus shrubs, a many-boled hibiscus tree, morning glories, flame vines, woman's tongues, maleleuca trees, copper plants, crape myrtles, rank growths of periwinkle and lantana, Surinam cherries and cherry laurels, mangroves, sea grapes, bananas, papayas, mangos, avocados, and the big Australian pine at the edge of the water.

We always thought, maybe someday we'll build a house and live here.

When we had enough cash for a down payment on a house, we sold or gave away everything we had, bought a VW van, quit our jobs, and went off to live in a tent for a year from Key West to Vancouver, from Quebec and the coast of Maine to Mazatlán and San Blas.

And then, so broke we stayed with kindly friends the first months back, we were in Indian Rocks Beach again and preparing to build a house on that tranquil tropical retreat, that paradise, that 60-by-120-foot lot in a subdivision.

BY THE TIME the foundation pilings were in, lumber prices had begun to soar, and our building fund had dropped alarmingly. Had the city known, in the beginning, that we proposed to build a 920-square-foot, three-bedroom house with less than $1,000 in our pockets, I doubt they would have issued the building permit. But during our year on the road we had developed a financial theory of elegant simplicity. At the time, the usual cost of building interior living space ranged between $16 and $60 per square foot. I thought we could do it for around $6. And we would avoid mortgages; we would not spend the next thirty years ladling out a fourth of our income before owning the house we already lived in.

We thought that if a reasonably young couple put one of its members to work full time, while the other worked part time and spent the rest of the time building a house, paying for materials out of his or her part-time income, then, after perhaps a year of self-deprivation or adventure, the partners could live happily ever after in a situation of enviable flexibility and security. If I took a year off from work that might have paid me, say, $12,000, and built a house that added, say, $12,000 to the value of land we already owned, then we would be breaking even for that year (plus any income I earned, minus cost of materials), and we would be perhaps $3,000 a year ahead of the game for the next twenty-nine years. This meant we could earn that much less per year (and *work* that much less) and live at the same standard as someone who earned more but had a house to pay for.

It was evident from the start, at least in our case, that it would have to be he, not she, who did the actual building. So for me, building a house would be not only a tour de force but also a therapeutic break from writing. It couldn't be anything but healthy.

That part did not work out so well. I soon began enjoying this new work so much that I did no writing to replenish the fund, and before long dark clouds of doubt, recrimination, and poverty rolled in.

I kept on. Carpentry was fascinating and had a neat edge of dread on it, the anxiety that accompanies commitment: If I botched the job, we'd have to live with it anyway.

Carpentry, given some care, is largely a matter of getting sequences right. If you perform Job C before Job A, you end up doing both of them as well as Job B twice, wasting materials and time, getting annoyed, and making mistakes. Old-timers call it the fool tax. For a long while, I ended each week with a heap of boards having only one thing in common: each was about a quarte
too short for whatever job I
sawed it off to do. My respe
real carpenters took quantum ju

As the weeks passed, I establ
a rhythm, writing in the cool
ings in our rented one-room g
sawing and hammering in the
afternoons. For that climate,
schedule was backward, but I
write only in the morning, and i
beginning it was great fun to
nate physical work and mental
since I had always conceived of
as a vacation from the other.
they are not really so different
vesting a new window or roof sy
required at least the time and
ative energy it takes to research
write a magazine article. And n
found I was doing neither very
Writing at my desk, I was sub
sciously solving some design p
lem. Sawing and nailing on the
I was constantly jotting down i
and phrases on lumber scraps, to
them home under my arm wh
finished and transcribing them
paper. Both endeavors fell pre
haste and expediency.

In the end I took to writing
building alternately, not by h
but by days and weeks. Money w
run dangerously low, and the h
would sit awash in June rains w
I put together $500 or $800. I w
buy materials, haunt the wrec
yards, then build like a madde
mother bird, watching the bankb
like a hawk.

OCCASIONALLY FRIENDS wo
stop by and pitch in, usually
weekends when I was ready for a
off. Unfortunately, our friends t
to be highly educated brainwork
gifted with an embarrassment
thumbs. Three couples came one S
urday to help with a dull chore, s
ing and nailing in floor bracing.
had a fine time. Lots of wine a
cheese. One of our friends sang in
clear soprano beside the lagoon, a
the men, flailing away with our ha
mers, could see the neighborho
children creeping through the und
brush with puzzled looks. Beyond t
singing and the wine, though,
wasn't much of a day. Sunday I
turned alone, ripped out half t
floor braces, and nailed them back
straight.

After a few more such visits,
learned that helpers helped only

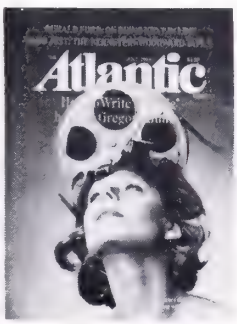
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they came singly, and I could, like some hard-hat foreman, assign them simple tasks and leave them alone, other, to concentrate. If more arrived, it turned into a party, with too much drinking and smoking and comedy, and hours wasted in the production of curious-looking assemblages that might have stood as sculpture but not as house.

Better help came from private satisfactions, even trivial ones. I had a power saw, and used it, but the thing terrified me. To me, anyone who could manipulate a power saw with any skill was privy to arcane truths I knew I'd never plumb. I would try to rip plywood sheets, and the saw would whine powerfully, then begin to kick and lunge and snarl like some small vicious animal—a wolverine, maybe. I conjured up visions of severed fingers flying through a mist of blood. But one day, without warning, it worked. I had the Secret of the Saw, and like all good secrets it was simple: don't fight it; let the saw follow itself down the pencil line. Beautiful.

IN MID-JUNE it started to rain. The roof was not yet on. It rained for days, rained on the unfinished plywood floor and walls and stacked lumber. It would let up briefly and I would bicycle frantically to the job, wrestle a twenty-foot, two-by-twelve roof beam into place, alone and watching the dark clouds regathering, nail it into place with plenty of hurricane anchors. Then it would rain. I was sure the soaked floor would warp and buckle, the house would rot and fall down before it was even finished.

Yet between rainstorms I would experience great rushes of pride and joy. You could finally see how it would be, how the sun would streak in *here*, how the opulent tan leather couch we saw at Saint Armand's Key would go over *there*. It was strange to see an actual building on a piece of land that man had never before ornamented.

But always the rain would return and the money would dwindle again and I would flagellate myself with the doubts and the dreads. Had I finally overreached, gotten in too deep? If this was such a great idea, why wasn't everybody doing it? Had I omitted some crucial factor from the equation? Was I wasting my time? Should I, instead of pursuing this mad scheme, be making "progress" on my "career"? Should we be investing wisely for our Golden Years? At those times I had the creepy feeling that I was turning into a thirty-four-year-old middle-aged worrywart. Mary remained serene. Did she know something I didn't know? Or did she not know something I did?

There were good times, too. One day, eight feet up on a ladder, I had an odd feeling and looked around. Little more than a foot before my nose, sitting placidly on her comically sloppy nest, a fat mourning dove gazed at me with her black, pink-rimmed eyes. We stared for fully fifteen seconds before she flew away, leaving her eggs to my mercy. It was a strangely moving moment.

Another day I lived inside a cartoon for a split second. It was *Abbott and Costello Build a House*, starring Bud Abbott. For the first time I can recall, I hit my thumb with a hammer. It was a cloudy afternoon, and I had labored all morning on a difficult article about the architecture of Miami (can you imagine?) and had already worked too long at pounding enormous spikes into the roof beams. I got careless. Rain was coming, and I was driving each spike with three Jovian blows—one of the trillion small games I devised to keep my mind alert on a monotonous task.

My mind was not alert enough. I hit my thumb.

In cartoons the air fills with "#$-%&%#!" and the viewer smiles indulgently. In real life, the world turns a silvery white as though a phosphorus flare has gone off in your face and you screech—at least, I did. I pranced and shook the afflicted paw so rapidly it blurred, and then let it dangle, numb, immobile, and swelling fast. The thumbnail began turning black almost immediately, and *then* the air turned blue. "#$%&%-$#!"

The agony was indescribable, which, of course, is why they make jokes about it. Every time it happens is the first time. I would tell someone: "Listen, really. I mean it *really* hurts. You don't know."

And they'd shrug. "Well, of course it hurts some."

PARTLY BECAUSE the building inspector told me of complaints about the slowness of the work, and partly because I had received a big check, and partly because I I would not enjoy this kind of w I let bids and hired a plumber cut costs I got out the old sh now on its fourth ash or hickory dle, and did the trenching my For three-and-a-half hours one I became an automated digging chine, a mechanical shovel, a hu backhoe, somehow switching off and feeling, and making an eig foot trench through shell and kno roots—although I scarcely ren bered it later.

When I returned after a day a half in bed, I found the plun had come and gone, his work proved by the building inspec But: (1) the toilet seat was th shades darker than the other fixtu (2) the outside shower had b nailed through the bedroom w rusty nails crudely bent over in the house; (3) pipes under kitchen sink were leaking generou enough to produce a standing p of water; (4) pipes under the ba room lavatory ditto; (5) both kit en faucet handles had been instal so that they turned in the same dir tion; in trying to turn off the hot ter, you invariably turned it full instead and scalded yourself; (6) bathtub stopper didn't stop wat and (7) pipes under the ho leaked. We launched a series phone calls, appointments, promis negotiations, hassles, and repairs t lasted for weeks.

During these damp maneuverin two pieces of news arrived. The b news: in order to qualify for a Hom stead Exemption, a Florida prope tax break for people who live in th homes, we would have to be living the house as of December 31, ju over a month away. The worse ne which was in a way redundant: o garret landlord wanted to rent t place seasonally, and would please find another place or prepa for something like a quadrupling our rent? We had planned to be the three months and had been the eight months already. We had to g There was no good news.

The choice was simple now. T to find another temporary apartme during the peak of the winter seaso when rents started at $300 and $40 a month, move in there while co tinuing to work on the house an earn money, or try to finish the hous and move in.

THREE VITAL KINDS OF CONSISTENCY TO LOOK FOR IN A PIANO.



Begin testing a
no's action (or key-
ard mechanism) by playing with
ariety of touch and pressure
y loud "attacks," smooth pas-
ges, short crisp notes, etc.).

Be sure one key doesn't feel noticeably
hter or heavier to the touch than another
consistent action).

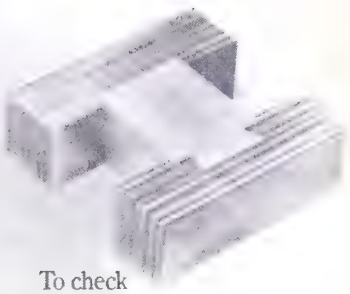
Try moving the keys from
e to side. Too much sideways move-
nt is a sign of poor workmanship.

Also check the action for its
eed of response, and for sensi-
e transfer of power from you
the strings.

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other, and respond to
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d ultra-precise
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To check consistency and quality of workmanship, first find out if various materials used in the instrument are first rate.

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However bright or mellow (etc.) you like your piano sound, check to be sure its tone character is consistent, over its full range.

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YAMAHA

I made lists and juggled what few figures there were. We chose the least impossible option. We would finish the house.

It still lacked electricity, so I found a recent Sears booklet and in late November was at City Hall talking with the building inspector about the wiring I planned to install. That, too, was impossible. The town had an ordinance against doing it yourself. Somehow the inspector had neglected to mention that when I applied for the building permit, my own name clearly typed under "electrical contractor." Still, there it was. They showed me the ordinance.

I broke a vow, borrowed $900, and hired a local electrical contractor, a Cuban refugee, whose crew performed with such skill, courtesy, and dispatch that I felt much better about the whole thing.

Then it was time for the final inspection. A few things remained to be done: build a front porch, clear the trash from the yard, install kitchen equipment. But we needed only the final inspection of the electrical work to obtain a certificate of occupancy.

The inspector inspected, praised the work done by the electrical contractor, admired the house, and refused to sign the permit.

"It isn't finished."

I went to City Hall. The city manager said, "It isn't finished."

I learned that the house was not painted (it was stained, to weather naturally), the walls were not plastered (they were to remain unfinished plywood, as in many of Frank Lloyd Wright's houses), and the wall *studs* were still exposed (they were not studs but posts, exposed just that way on the original plan approved by the city).

"Well, it's just not finished."

Suddenly it was too much—the anonymous complaints, the bland assurances of the inspector, the work and worry and money problems, all the pain and bruises and self-doubt, when all we wanted was the conventional American Dream, a home of our own.

"Listen," I said, "I've had the impression for weeks that this office has been subtly treating us like some kind of undesirables, and I'm goddamn tired of it. I am a citizen and a taxpayer. I am not insensitive to the neighbors' feelings: you should see the house we *wanted* to build but didn't, out of consideration for them. I care as much about this city as you do, and I am not trying to lower anybody's property values or ruin neighborhood standards. I have not even taken you to court over that deed restriction prohibiting blacks, as I thought of doing a couple of times. We chose to live here, build our home here, and we are not your enemies. Now, dammit . . ."

The city manager's head came up slowly, and she gazed into my eyes. "Why," she said wonderingly, "you must have some kind of a *complex*."

THAT WAS FRIDAY. Throughout the weekend I expressed a great many reservations about our chosen hometown. But by Monday I was in a mood to begin with a civil approach, at least until the final door was slammed in our faces. If that happened, we would stage a legal scrap, or sell the damned unfinished house and move to Aspen or London or Tristan da Cunha.

That was not what happened. We had a civil chat at City Hall, and made a pilgrimage to the house (now equipped with a front porch and tidy yard). The city manager looked around, asked a few questions, said it would be nice to have such a house on some mountain property she owned farther north, and ordered the permit signed. And she added, with a forceful gesture toward the neighborhood, "If they don't like it, you won't even know about it. I've got broad shoulders."

Five minutes later, all ogres transformed into genial pals, the inspector signed our weathered building permit. We all smiled and shook hands, and two weeks later we moved in. It was December 30.

The job had taken, to that point, about nine months, a span that couldn't have been more appropriate. By my rough figures, it had required between 1,500 and 2,000 man-hours, all but a handful of them supplied by me, alone. I had broken three shovel handles, worn out one hammer and broken in another, worn out one handsaw and two power-saw blades, and possibly broken one forefinger. I had used enough lumber to consume a copse of pine, nails enough to fill a keg. I had learned a lot and altered some lifelong habits.

I now know how to cut glass, how to measure accurately and saw straight and hammer with pow
think I can design things that
some grace and will stand up.
I think I can build anything
draw—at least of wood. I gaine
pounds of useful muscle and m
a quarter-pound of callus. I lea
I'm capable of sustained effort
a long period of time, through
hardship. And I have a lot of t

Am I any closer to the Renaiss
man I'd imagined as the sort
would build his own house? I
know. I know the project lent a
of immediate, if somewhat spur
meaning to my existence by com
ing my labor more directly to
product of it. That was worth s
thing: nine months of life filled
most overfilled, with deep purp

On pleasant days, friends sto
for a drink and a game of darts,
when they ooh and ah I feel
More than any other house I kr
ours mirrors the day. On a su
summer day like today, it fills
yellow-gold light that makes the
finished, unplastered walls glow a
from within, and the breeze car
in the salty fragrance of the b
When it rains, the roof leaks,
the dreary sky seems to fill the
windows and press damply down
your very soul. We deploy pots
pans, and invite no guests.

When Henry David Thoreau,
of my heroes, built his house
Walden Pond, it cost him exac
$28.12.5. We know that because
kept meticulous records, somethi
that has been against my nature
years. But we kept records this tim
and we know that on the day
moved in our house had cost exa
ly $4,461.69, exclusive of the lar
or just under $6 a square foot. D
ing the nine months of constructi
I had earned just a few dollars und
that with part-time writing, payi
for the house almost as it was bui
Since then we have spent an adc
tional $2,000 or so on furnitur
kitchen equipment, stereo gear, ar
assorted amenities. It will cost a
other thousand or two before it fee
quite right. Nor will I be entirel
comfortable until the house ha
weathered its first hurricane.

And I remember what Thorea
wrote: "There is some of the sam
fitness in a man's building his ow
house that there is in a bird's buil
ing its own nest. Shall we forever r
sign the pleasures of construction t
the carpenter?"

urray Kempton

HE SOUND OF TINKLING BRASS

skeptical opinion of the press

SOMETIMES ONE HAS TO decide that the proper tone for the recollections of journalists is Samuel Beckett's, which is the voice of an old man idlessly evoking forgotten occasions e is unable to explain. The most exisite pleasures of our vocation all em to have to do with the companonship of waiting. I remember once Albany when Governor Rockefeller nd Mayor Lindsay were writhing in ombat over which of them was to ave an important place in history, nd no one yet permitted himself to nagine that neither would have uch. But then, the practice of jouralism, like the trade of politics, requires first of all the suspension of he sense of proportion.

Rockefeller and Lindsay wrangled ll night, while the journalists commissioned to exaggerate the consequence of their quarrel waited on he lawn outside. It was one of those imes when each of us could indulge is private weakness: the drinkers to drink, the compulsive monologuists to alk, the dreamers to lose themselves n dreams. At last, the spokesmen for hese barely recollected titans came ut to announce whatever official prepense had been devised to paper over heir differences; and we shook ourselves and went back to work, and ust before we did Robert Alden of he *New York Times* looked across he Governor's lawn at the cold, squalid, and emerging daylight and said, "You know, journalism is a terrible profession, but it's a great job." Four or five years later, Robert Alden died from the exhaustion of covering one of those United Nations disputes which are settled only by being forgotten. The true heroes are those who die for causes they cannot quite take seriously, being persons of the rare sort that care more for the voyage than the destination.

Now Bob Woodward and Carl Bernstein of the *Washington Post* have made newspapers a force of history again; and, even so, I cannot hear the tale they tell without being so caught up in how they journeyed that I care not where they got. What in their story, after all, is quite so compelling as the image of two young men set adrift on a raft and coming ashore each night to forage for food among strangers? Still, their arrival turned out to be consequential enough to make us wonder about pretentious matters like puzzles of history. How could Woodward and Bernstein complete a trip that their elders in experience did not even bother to try? Why are governments so seldom really overthrown except by persons whose faces the Governors have never seen before? The answer, I am afraid, is that journalism *is* a terrible profession because it is one of those in which the more you know, the less lastingly useful you are.

AS A GENERAL proposition, the faults of virtuous men have always seemed to me a richer subject for speculation than the sins of vicious ones. In the case of journalists the faults are not so much matters of corruption as of simple domesticity. I refer of course to the coupling of the newspaperman and the institution he covers, a relationship that is less parasitical than symbiotic, and in which each draws considerable nutriment and comfort from the other.

The symbiotic pattern begins very early and is a basic model for the education, not of the inferior, but of the very best journalists in our tradition. Persons beginning on newspapers are sent most often to the police beat—this is preparatory to learning to type—and very soon they make the acquaintance of its oldest inhabitant, a police reporter left long enough in that backwater—because of some deficiency or other in grace or articulation—to have become the familiar of its every weed and mudbank. His frustrations have left him remarkably free from envy or spite—fraternity is the purest thing about his craft—and he truly enjoys helping the apprentice to learn everything he knows.

Unfortunately, everything this man knows is confined pretty much to what policemen think. I have a pretty high opinion of the thought processes of policemen—they do get about rather more than the rest of us do—but life has also made me quite aware of the limitations of any specialized cast of mind. And the longer the police reporter stays in the shack, the more what are in many cases merely the opinions of policemen become for him the facts and are printed in his newspaper as the facts, which, by the standards of newspapers, they may very well be, since they can be credited to a source and to an official one.

When the apprentice becomes the journeyman and makes his escape from the police shack he will move, if he is grave and serious enough for a role not without its ambassadorial aspects, to represent his paper on a specialized beat. It is superficially most sensible for newspapers to be attracted to the notion of the specialist. A great deal of what newspapers print is an explanation of events they were unable to predict, and the explanation is usually least absurd when provided by someone on the staff with some familiarity with the names and faces of the players.

There is also much to be said for people at least knowing the persons they write about. I think of the example of William F. Buckley, Jr. He has, of course, considerable charm of per-

Murray Kempton's latest book is The Briar Patch *(E. P. Dutton). This article is adapted from the Ernest R. Mandeville Lectures at the University of California at San Diego.*

son and discourse; and I should enjoy his work if it were executed in a more civilized fashion. But I have come particularly to enjoy it now because more and more it is informed by experience. Mr. Buckley has run for Mayor; he has gone to China with Mr. Nixon; and what is most useful of all, he has his television program, on which birds of such exotic description parade past him that we can only conceive their variety by listing the convicted felons among them, a species that ranges from Howard Hunt on one side to Eldridge Cleaver on the other.

The simple experience of confronting real persons has liberated Buckley from that treadmill of abstraction to which most mere commentators are condemned. Otto Otepka, a State Department security officer, undertook to alert ordinary Americans to what he conceived to be the peril of Communist influence in our foreign policy by slipping personnel files to a Congressional investigating committee. Mr. Buckley cherishes Otepka. Daniel Ellsberg set out to make the public aware of the confusions and mendacities of our Vietnam adventure by giving the *New York Times* the confidential Defense Department study we know as the Pentagon Papers. I cherish *him*. He who is Robin Hood to me is apt to be a common felon to Mr. Buckley; and the man who is a selfless patriot in his eyes is just a misguided nuisance in mine.

Yet the longer the reporter spends seeing the same things the men he covers see, the more likely it is that they and he will all see with the same eye. Tom Winship, the editor of the *Boston Globe*, has reminded us that some 1,500 journalists reside in Washington and that only two of them, Carl Bernstein and Bob Woodward, demonstrated any curiosity remotely passionate about the Watergate burglaries until six months after they had happened. Woodward and Bernstein were among the least experienced soldiers in that road-bound army; and while they were scurrying hot-eyed about alleys, their seniors were traveling with Senator McGovern and making fun of the desperation that had reduced him to peddling nonsense like his assertion that the Nixon Administration was the most corrupt since Grant's.

Watergate is in fact a quite typical illustration of one immutable law of journalism: the newspaper investigations that give the profession its occasional opportunities to congratulate itself are almost never produced by journalists who cover the institutions in which the scandals arise. Police reporters mention police corruption no more frequently than automotive reporters noticed the safety defects of the Corvair before Ralph Nader scared pretty much everyone else in the country about it. To me, whose tastes are confessedly exotic, the noblest activity within a journalist's power is helping an innocent man get out of jail. But in every case I know, the reporter who rescued the innocent began his effort as an absolute stranger to the District Attorney who put the poor man there. What familiarity really breeds is the most disabling respect; there are apparently a lot of men who are heroes only to their valets. The journalist is, by habit and necessity, increasingly dependent for his rations upon government officials who are more and more inclined to lie, if only because their own habits and necessities make them more and more prone to believe their own lies. Unpleasant truths are a most unpalatable diet for any governor. Even so, the affairs of government are more rigorously scrutinized in the newspapers these days than they have been. But I think we owe this happier condition less to the pertinacity of journalists than to the sudden disarray of government itself. The events of the past decade, especially in Vietnam, cast more Americans than ever before toward thoughts that used to be accounted treasonable, and this mass disaffection could hardly have exempted from its contagion great numbers of servants of government. Journalists are to be commended for giving wide currency to the results of this particular treason of the clerks, but they would give themselves too much credit if they claimed to have been responsible for its inception.

FEW OF THE great revelations that have discomfited government of late were initiated by investigative journalism; large and unexceptionably busy as the press cadre in Vietnam was, our 1969 bombing of Cambodia might well have remained a secret if a master sergeant had not written a Senator about it. We know about My Lai because an ex-soldier persisted in talking about it, he might, I suppose, have gone unheard if Seymour Hersh, a free-lance writer, had not kept after and documented his story.

And we owe what we know about the incompetence and misfeasance of Lockheed Aircraft mainly to the candor of A. Ernest Fitzgerald, the Air Force cost analyst who most closely observed it and who finally lost patience with the indifference of his superiors. And we can thank Gordon Rule, a Navy procurement officer, for whatever grounds for suspicion we have that Litton Industries bilked us on the handsomest of its defense contracts. It remains true, however, that these examples cannot uncomplicatedly be offered as tangible examples of what wrongs can be righted when the conscientious civil servant moves in tandem with the curious journalist: Lockheed remains our government's most expensive welfare client, and Roy Ash, the former president of Litton, has been rewarded for his most dubious record as an exponent of advanced managerial techniques by being elevated to direct Mr. Nixon's Office of Management and Budget. The renegades, Rule and Fitzgerald, meanwhile, endured the most grievous torments from superiors embarrassed by their disclosures. The casting of light into these dark corners has done little to clean them.

What history the investigative journalist makes is owed less often to the official servant tortured in his conscience than to the bureaucrat disturbed in his comfort. When we examine the techniques of the best investigative reporters, we are wise to remember what Shaw once said of Shakespeare—that nobody equaled him in telling a story providing only that someone had told it to him first. Even the highest forms of journalism do not often earn compliments any more deserved than this one. We almost have to assume, then, that, well as Woodward and Bernstein told their story, someone had to tell it to them first. When we commence to wonder who that guide could have been, we enter the domain which its detractors call surmise but which I prefer to designate more elegantly as the historical imagination.

Who of Mr. Nixon's 18 million servants knew enough and was disaffected enough to tell Woodward and Bernstein his story? The most plausible institutional candidate that

historical imagination can sum- n up becomes the Federal Bureau Investigation. J. Edgar Hoover's I was a city-state whose director ded to worry about deferring to President almost as seldom as lfth-century Florence had to be ıbled by any sense of responsibil- toward the Holy Roman Empire. then J. Edgar Hoover died and s replaced by L. Patrick Gray, ose many unappreciated virtues not alter the condition that for- lly he was Mr. Nixon's creature l had risen—to the degree that so nble a fellow could be said to have en—outside the Bureau. Gray be- ı by affronting its traditions with directive that FBI agents would nceforth be permitted to wear col- d shirts, a meager cosmetic nge to most of us but an affront to relicts of Mr. Hoover. Then the tergate investigation was thrust the FBI, and its agents watched ir new director defer to the pallid ng man who was the President's nsel and saw him falter between impulses to be a free man and his its of being a servant. To the mbers of the FBI's permanent rty, servitude to Hoover had been ocation, but the idea of servitude an exterior sovereign, however ctified by the Constitution, was an dignity. They had their resent- nts, and they had the evidence y had gone on gathering in their norseless and routine fashion. It very difficult to imagine men this ud and this used to intrigue not tting together their sense of affront th the means of avenging it, and t leaking what they had found out Woodward and Bernstein.

It cannot be said with absolute surance that, if poor Patrick Gray d shown due respect for J. Edgar over's inhibitions about haber- shery the FBI might have tamely mmenced to move toward some mity with the White House and at the flames now rising around Mr. xon might have been, if not sup- essed, at least dampened down to oportions well below the heights at ich they are now raging. Still the ea is not implausible, and it re- inds us again that the armed resis- nce of the bureaucrat against any trusion upon his comfort and self- terest is one great reason that gov- nment is so seldom able to accom- ish either the good its friends hope the evil its enemies fear.

We'd like to raise his allowance... to 75¢ worth of food a day.



What's happening to this boy—and thousands like him in the rural South today—is hard to believe. As a white Southern doctor reported to a U.S. Senate committee: "*Malnutrition* isn't quite what we found. The boys and girls were hungry, weak, in pain, sick—suffering from hunger and disease and, directly or indirectly, they are dying from them—which is exactly what *starvation* means."

Doesn't the government take care of that? Not quite. There's the hot lunch program in the schools . . . but in Alabama some kids only *get* to school on days when it rains too hard to work the fields. And there's the Food Stamp Program . . . but a lot of people living on fatback, field peas and biscuits never heard of it, and some that *have* just can't squeeze the cash to buy stamps out of a Mississippi welfare check that gives a widow $60 a *month* to house, clothe *and* feed four hungry children.

That's why the NAACP Emergency Relief Fund was started. Through it, $10 in hard cash can be converted into as much as $170 worth of Food Stamps by a volunteer NAACP worker who goes down the back roads and dirt tracks of the 'secret South' to find and feed the starving kids that America never sees.

But they can only do the job if *you* supply the cash. Whatever you choose to give is tax-deductible. And whatever you *can* give is desperately needed. Not just by skinny kids and hungry kids. By *starving* kids.

NAACP Emergency Relief Fund
Dept. BI,
Box 121, Radio City Station
New York, N.Y. 10019

THE PALL OF SUSPICION that is creeping upon persons whose respectability was taken for granted is, in most ways, a quite salutary one. I have always felt that the single greatest deficiency of journalism as a reflection of social reality was the cold and suspicious treatment it gave disreputable persons and the tenderness of its approach to officially reputable ones. Our newspapers have always operated like those policemen in Graham Greene's pre-Castro Cuba who divided society into two classes of citizens, the ones you can get away with torturing and the ones you don't.

When Vito Genovese gave up the ghost, and the issue arose of who might inherit the tattered robe of the Boss of All Bosses, the newspapers were filled with speculations about the rivals for the estate, their schemes, and their motives, all, of course, highly speculative. But the speculators never suggest that the subject of these quarrels was anything but private ambition; no one entertained the notion that any capo might be moved by his dedication to the Mafia as an institution, or some concept of its place in the nation's service. There were no intimations of any motive except greed and selfishness. Yet the eye, so sharp when it comes to the Mafia, is covered with clouds when it approaches persons whose status decrees their respectability.

It is almost thirty years since President Roosevelt's funeral train rolled toward Hyde Park, but only now are we getting the diaries of some of those who rode with it, and we can begin to sense how selfish some of their thoughts were—the dead President's old retainers worrying about their old jobs and their old friends tasting their approaching new jobs and their new power. All quite venomous, really; men's thoughts in moments of high state crisis are not all lofty and selfless. There is in politics, as in all other branches of life, an element of the cruelly personal. And yet journalism cannot quite exempt itself from the habit of treating private quarrels as if they were disputes over the national welfare. A public figure is granted the longest possible range before he crosses the shadow line that separates the man assumed to have some decency of motive and the man dismissed as having no decency at all.

The trick in Brecht's *Threepenny Opera* is that he dared to write about gangsters and crooked cops as though they were respectable businessmen. I would not quite argue that newspapers should write about businessmen as though they were gangsters or crooked cops; still, some quotient of the skepticism that covers every sort of pariah might quite usefully be extended to the many varieties of priesthood whose anointment as managers of our affairs have made them sacred in our journalism.

We have, it is true, reached some such point of skepticism in the press treatment of Mr. Nixon. The press's approach to a President is normally pretty much a branch of sacred studies of the first magistrate of the land. But now, unfortunately, Mr. Nixon is the first first magistrate of the land who, not inconceivably, might someday face a magistrate. Mr. Nixon has passed that shadow line which separates the nontorturable from the torturable classes. The consequences would be rather more satisfying if the nontorturable class, despite this singular loss in its ranks, did not remain otherwise intact, and if whoever succeeds Mr. Nixon as President will not most assuredly take his place on its side of the line.

For Mr. Nixon's position as displaced sacred object is a most special one. He has become the subject of the curiosity of criminal investigators. In that condition, he must suffer all the torments the press is free to inflict upon anyone who is damaged goods. He can be assigned no motive that is not some calculation of his own interest and the public's expense.

Consider, for example, a headline the *New York Times* printed the day after Mr. Nixon gave Southern California the boon of whatever grandeur and majesty attend his presence there:

"Nixon, After Making Secret Plans, Flies to California on Commercial Jet for Holiday at San Clemente."

Observe the elements of that summary of an event which, if sin at all, must be accounted as, by Mr. Nixon's standards, a sin too minor for the attention of the recording angel.

"Secret plans"—he moves by stealth. "San Clemente"—he sneaks to places whose very name reminds us of the scandals around him. "Holiday"—he is careless of our sufferings. Even the expression "comm cial jet," while entirely prec comes to me—who may, of cou be undergoing sympathetic pains paranoia with my President—wit sound almost sinister; somehow Nixon's whole round seems so remittingly commercial.

I wish I did not have to menti the *Times* in my criticisms, but it our bible and even its sins repres our highest standards of virtue. St in January, the *Times* printed on front page on a Sunday a report t Mr. Nixon had fired Archibald C his own special prosecutor, beca Cox had planned to name Mr. Nix as a co-conspirator—although not a defendant—in a general indi ment for obstruction of justice in t Watergate case. Mr. Cox's denial t he had ever considered doing a thing this portentous showed up t days later in decent obscurity amo the girdle ads.

Journalism has entered upon th historic function which it has alway to my bafflement, conceived as i duty—doing the prosecutor's job f him, helping him sweat the suspe just outside his net. The prosecuto gossip has no purpose except to ma the suspect of whose guilt the e dence is insufficient think that t prosecutor knows more than really does.

We are in a very old game; the is more of duty than malice in it an more of habit than passion. Mr. Ni on's is a special case. It will have i gaudy moments, but there is mo heat than electricity in this lightnin We are doing what we generally hav done to persons in trouble, and, whe this is all over, we will have a Pres dent who is out of trouble, and w will do with him what we generall do with persons out of trouble.

Things are likely to be what the were. It is curious, but at moment like these I think upon what has a ways been my own wistful hope fo what the journalist might be. It is of course, Yeats's epitaph: "Cast cold eye/On life, on death./Horse man, pass by!" I have always amend ed that—badly, I concede—to: "Cas the same eye/Upon friend, upo stranger,/Upon rich, upon poor,/ Upon winner, upon loser,/ Horse man, pass by."

It is a code that I myself have never kept very well, and I do no expect it to pass into general usage But oh, how I wish it would. □



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COUNTERSIGNS

N TRUSTING YOUR OWN PERCEPTIONS

wo essays in this issue converge at bleak crossroads where language aks into fragments of old news. te characters in an ancient play, authors of the two essays arrive m opposite directions, unknown one another and yet each bearing ness to the other's sorrows. They re traveled by different roads, the e in the solitude of an interior in, the other among politicians on seacoast, but the sorrow of which y speak also afflicts those of their ntemporaries who no longer can arate literature from politics.

In "Machines and Storybooks" age 48), Saul Bellow describes his rney within the context of the ditional opposition between art d technology. A novelist who ac-ts the truth of the imagination, . Bellow finds himself surrounded the incessant repetition of a story it has little to do with what he has ught or seen. The noise troubles n, and he remarks on the extent which modern society imposes it-f upon the life of the individual. . Bellow sees this not only as an icious intrusion but also as the cessary condition for what he re-rds as a monstrous deception. If e individual can be seduced into lieving that he is an important par-ipant in public events (i.e., some-dy with more than a few lines to y in the second act), and if he can further deluded into thinking that e so-called news makes a difference him (in anything but the most ripheral way), then he might also be tricked into believing that he has no story of his own. The man who substitutes what Mr. Bellow calls "the story of society" for the line of his own narrative condemns himself to an unending study of the images that crowd across the mirror of the news, a man forever suspended in his hopeless attempt to make sense of the chaos of events, names, issues, votes, hearings, treaties, wars, announcements, and final scores. But despite the earnestness of his desire to "keep up" (either with the intricacies of the Watergate investigation or the deviousness of the trades in the Middle East), the informed citizen can find nothing in the public mirror that reflects an image of himself. The resulting loss of identity leads to the familiar chronicle of confused violence, which in turn can be reprocessed into tomorrow's broadcast or next year's best-selling murder.

The second author at the crossroads also understands the nature of the deception, but he elaborates it with dramatic irony. In an essay on the self-inflicted blindness of the press ("The Sound of Tinkling Brass," page 41), Murray Kempton observes that the story of society is a non-story. Not a bad story or a tedious story, not even a false or lying story, but no story at all. Mr. Kempton arrives at this conclusion by a journey more direct than Mr. Bellow's. Instead of wandering in solitary places, Mr. Kempton, as a police reporter and labor columnist, has traveled through the crowded rooms of the professional journalist. With the perspective of a retired confidence man, he sees through the last of the illusions by which the press deceives itself. He understands that the reporters who tell the story of society first must learn to see what everybody else sees—just that and no more—and that in the process of narrowing their vision they learn to distrust their own minds. The professional journalist suspects his own imagination as if it were the agent of a foreign power (or, in the present context, as if it were an agent of the White House or the CIA), and in this, as Mr. Kempton knows, there is a huge joke. The man whom modern society chooses to cast in the role of Ulysses setting forth on a voyage of discovery is precisely the man who will find nothing. Having been blinded to anything that does not fit the requirements of the non-story, the journalist, together with the baggage and the goats, can be safely loaded into the magic boat. He can travel to the uttermost ends of the earth, even to Moscow and Peking, in the entourage of President Nixon, and he will see nothing that he has not already seen in New York or Washington.

Thus the corroborating testimony of two witnesses who meet by chance at a crossroads. One can imagine them leaning against old stones, turning over pieces of broken pottery in their hands and telling each other true stories. —L.H.L.

Saul Bellow

MACHINES AND STORYBOC

Literature in the age of technology

NINETEENTH-CENTURY WRITERS disliked or dreaded science and technology. Edgar Allan Poe, discovering that scientific attitudes could be richly combined with fantasy, created science fiction. Shelley experimented romantically with chemicals, Balzac thought himself a natural historian or social zoologist; but for the most part science, engineering, technology horrified writers. To mechanical energy and industrial enterprise, mass production, they opposed feeling, passion, "true work," artisanship, well-made things. They turned to nature, they specialized in the spirit, they valued love and death more than technical enterprise. Writers then preferred, and still do prefer, the primitive, the exotic and the irregular. These romantic attitudes produced masterpieces of literature and painting. They produced also certain cultural platitudes. The platitude of dehumanizing mechanization formed on the one side. Equally platitudinous, the vision of a new age of positive science and of rational miracles, of progress, a progress that made art as obsolete as religion, filled up the other horizon. The platitude of a dehumanized technology gives us, today, novels whose characters are drug-using noble savages, beautiful, mythical primitives who fish in the waters dammed up by nuclear installations.

Now, as power-minded theoreticians see it, the struggle between old art and new technology has ended in the triumph of technology. The following statement, and it is a typical one, is made by Mr. Arthur C. Clarke in a book called *Report on Planet Three.* "It has often been suggested," he says, "that art is a compensation for the deficiencies of the real world; as our knowledge, our power and above all our maturity increase, we will have less and less need for it. If this is true, the ultra-intelligent machine would have no use for it at all. Even if art turns out to be a dead end, there still remains science. . . ."

This statement by a spokesman of the "victorious" party is for several reasons extraordinarily silly. First, it assumes that art belongs to the childhood of mankind, and that scie is identical with maturity. Second, it thinks is born in weakness and fear. Third, in its h py worship of ultra-intelligent machines, it presses a marvelous confidence in the abi of such machines to overcome all the defici cies of the real world. Such optimistic ratio ism is charming, in a way. Put it into rhym verses and it may sound a lot like Edgar Guest. Edgar felt about capitalism and self- liance precisely as Arthur C. Clarke feels ab the supertechnological future. They share a c tain expansiveness, the intoxication of the w ner, the confidence of the great simplifier. M Clarke says in effect, "Don't worry, dear pa if art is a dead end, we still have science. Pr ty soon we won't need Homer and Shakespea Monteverdi and Mozart. Thinking machines w give us all the wisdom and joy we want, in o maturity."

I have chosen a different sort of theorist put the question from another angle. Writi in *The Atlantic* of July 1972, Mr. Theodore Ro zak takes issue with Robert J. Good, a profe sor of chemical engineering. In a letter to th magazine, Professor Good, of the party of sc ence and technology, says that it is sad to s modern intellectuals "cutting off their own roo in rationality." Mr. Roszak tries to deal gent with the Professor. He says with a pious tremo "What can one do, even in radical dissent, bu handle with affectionate care so noble and fo midable a tradition within our culture—eve knowing it is a tragic error and the death o the soul?" Mr. Roszak goes on, "It is not pri marily science I pit myself against in what write. Rather, the wound I seek to heal is tha of psychic alienation: the invidious segrega tion of humanity from the natural continuum the divorce of visionary energy from intellec and action. What Professor Good disparages a the irrational . . . is a grand spectrum of humar potentialities. When rationality is cut away from that spectrum, then the life of Reason becomes that mad rationality which insists that only what

Saul Bellow is now at work on a new novel. This article is adapted from the book Frank Nelson Doubleday Lecture Series/Technology and the Frontiers of Knowledge, *to be published by Doubleday & Company, Inc.* *Copyright © 1974 by Doubleday & Company, Inc.*

npersonal and empirical, objective and tifiable is real—*scientifically* real. Believe and you are not far from tabulating the dies of our existence by way of body counts megadeaths and chemical imbalances with- ır neural circuitry." Of course such issues ot be discussed without invoking the most strous topic of the day. For ideologists in elds the political question is always hugely, lsively, squatting behind a paper screen.

ıt when we have cited the argument that ul- ntelligent technology has no need of art, and counterargument that creativity is needed eal psychic alienation and keep us from inal wars, we have not altogether exhausted alternatives. There is a third alternative, h has nothing much to do with compensa- for the deficiencies of the world or with ety's health. This alternative holds that man artist, and that art is a name for something ys done by human beings. The technologi- present may be inhospitable to this sort of g, but art can no more be taken from human- than faces and hands. The giving of weight ıe particular, and the tendency to invest the icular with resonant meanings, cannot be en out by the other tendency—to insist on finitude of the finite and to divest it of awe beauty.

Is art "childish," science "mature"?

THE FILM *2001*, with a sinister computer that eaks in a homosexual voice, a forerunner he new maturity? Will this sort of drama ace *Othello,* in which an immature husband murders his wife? I call Othello immature because I have been told by a famous progressive psychiatrist that in future ages, with sexual jealousy gone, Othello will be incomprehensible. Scientism dearly loves to speak of the childish past, the grave future. When I hear people invoking the maturity of future generations, I think of a conversation in the *Anti-Memoirs* between Malraux and a parish priest who joined the Resistance and later died fighting the Germans. Malraux asked this man:

> *"How long have you been hearing confessions?"*
>
> *"About fifteen years."*
>
> *"What has confession taught you about men?"*
>
> *". . . First of all, people are much more unhappy than one thinks . . . and then . . . the fundamental fact is that* there's no such thing as a grown-up person. . . ."

Anyway, romantics hold that it is very dangerous to sanity to deny the child within us, while scientism says that technological progress is about to carry us for the first time into the adult stage. On both sides intellectuals take positions on what art can or cannot add to human happiness. In most discussions the accent falls on health, welfare, progress, or politics, or anything but art. About art itself most intellectuals know and care little.

Malraux begins his *Anti-Memoirs* with the wise chaplain of the Maquis. He then goes immediately into the subject of memoirs and confessions and discusses the "theatrical self-image" in autobiography. "Once," he says, "man was sought in the great deeds of great men; then he was sought in the secret actions of in-

"Technology has weakened certain points of spiritual rest. Wedding guests and ancient mariners both are deafened by the terrific blaring of the technological band."



dividuals (a change encouraged by the fact that great deeds were often violent, and the newspapers have made violence commonplace)." Malraux then concludes, "The confessions of the most provocative memorialist seem puerile by comparison with the monsters conjured up by psychoanalytic exploration, even to those who contest its conclusions. The analyst's couch reveals far more about the secrets of the human heart, and more startlingly, too. We are less astonished by Stavrogin's confession [in Dostoevsky's *The Possessed*] than by Freud's *Man with the Rats:* genius is its only justification."

The genius, I take it, belongs to Dostoevsky. I am not quite sure what Malraux means, but I think he is saying that what a clinical psychologist learns about the human heart is far deeper and more curious than anything the greatest novelists can reveal. Perhaps he hints even that the madman is more profoundly creative in his rat-imaginings or grotesque fantasies than the writer, who can only compensate us for the ordinariness of his "vile secrets" or "frightful memories" by the power of his mind—"genius is [his] only justification." But even if we do not push the matter so far, we can legitimately take Malraux, a novelist, to be saying that in the field of facts the writer is "puerile." He cannot compete in the field of facts with the clinical expert.

SO NOVELISTS ONCE gave "information" to the public. But when people now really want to know something, they turn to the expert. Universities and research institutes produce masses of experts, and governments license them. The dazzle of expertise blinds the unsure, the dependent and the wretched. It is not the novelist alone who has lost ground. Expertise has made all opinion shaky, and even powerful men are reluctant to trust their own judgment. In totalitarian countries where facts are suppressed, writers of exceptional courage still tell the truth in the old way (why was it not a Soviet expert who told the world about the GULag Archipelago?). But in the free world novelists seldom instruct the public in the old way.

Artists were great and highly visible monuments in the nineteenth century. The public listened deferentially to its Victor Hugo and its Leo Tolstoy. But Shaw and Wells were the last of these prestigious literary spokesmen. In the postwar period only Bertrand Russell and Jean-Paul Sartre appeared before the world in this role, and even if these two had been more consistent and sensible they would not have affected the public as their greater predecessors had done. The era of the writer as public sage and as dependable informant has ended.

A single standard has been set for novelists and for experts—the fact-standard. The result of this strict accountability has been to n
the scope of the novel, to make the nc
doubt his own powers and the right of his
ination to range over the entire world. Th
thority of the imagination has declined. Th
had two remarkable results. Earlier in the
tury certain writers rejected the older nove
its more modest objectives. The Dickens s
novel—*Great Expectations,* say—was rep
by the more comprehensive novel, nothing
than an esthetic project for encompassing
whole world. Books like Proust's *Rememb*
of Things Past or Joyce's *Ulysses* do not
the real world so much as replace it by est
fiat.

Joyce was, perhaps unintentionally, an e
ic dictator. The century needed a book? He
vided one. It was a book that would make
books unnecessary. It had taken about tw
years to write *Ulysses* and *Finnegans Wake*
it should take just as long to read them.
was one result of the weakening of the auth
of writers and of the power of the literary i
ination to command attention—overasser
ness. A more recent result has been surren
Writers have capitulated to fact, to events
reportage, to politics and demagogy. Moder
has tried to create power for itself on arbit
terms and has also pursued and worshiped
er in its public forms.

Until recent times the artist's dream-spl
was distinctly separate from the practical
mechanical realm of the technician. But in
twentieth century, as Paul Valéry recognize
change occurred. "The fabulous," he wrot
an essay, "is an article of trade. The manu
ture of machines to work miracles provides a
ing to thousands of people. But the artist
had no share in producing these wonders. T
are the work of science and capital. The b
geois has invested his money in phantoms
is speculating on the downfall of common sens

Yes, technology is the product of science
capital, and of specialization and the divis
of labor. It is a triumph of the accurate p
er of innumerable brains and wills acting
unison to produce a machine or a commodi
These many wills constitute a fictive supers
astonishingly effective in converting dreams i
machines. Literature, by contrast, is produc
by the single individual, concerns itself w
individuals, and is read by separate perso
And the single individual—this unit of vi
being, of nerve and brain, which judges
knows, is happy or mourns, actually lives a
actually dies—is unfavorably compared wi
that fictive superself, which, acting in unis
and according to plan, produces jet planes, ato
smashers, computers, rockets, and other mo
ern technological wonders. Glamorous, victo
ous technology is sometimes considered to ha
discredited all former ideas of the single se

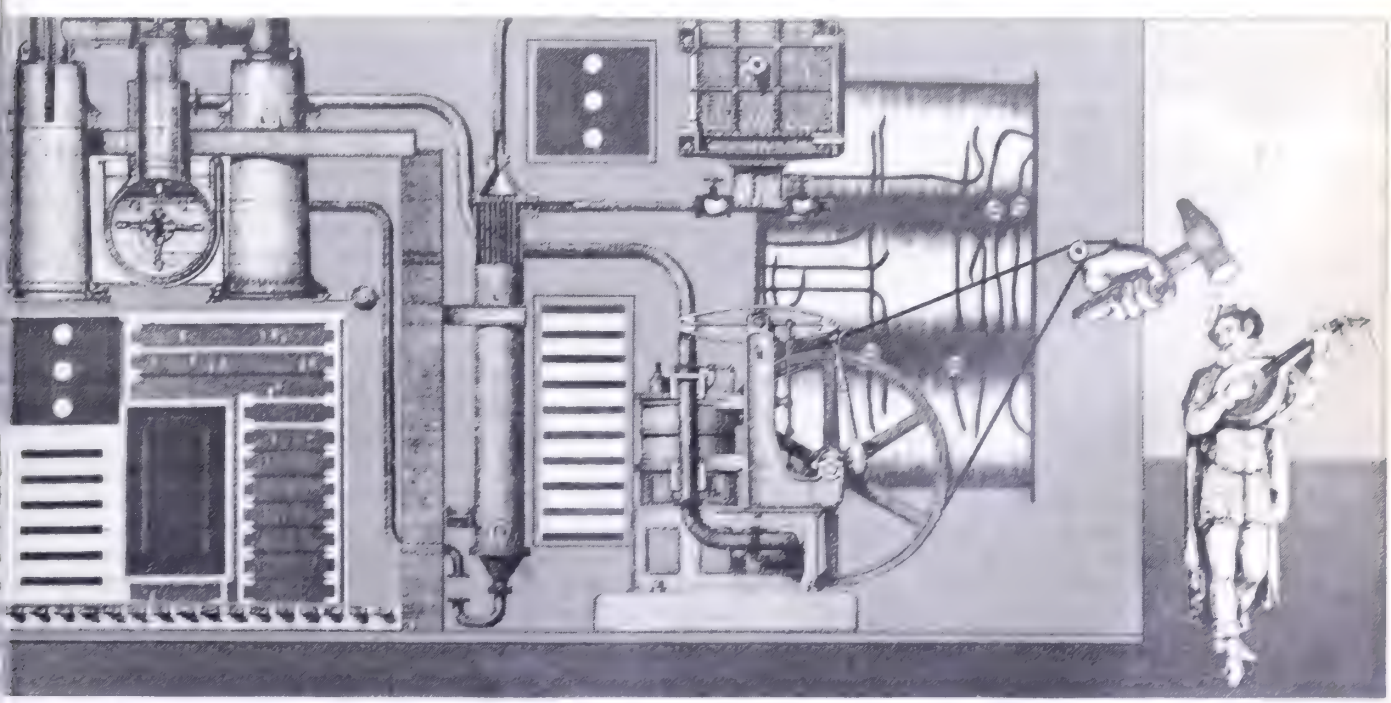
Making it new

O THEORISTS OF THE NEW, a thing is genuine only if it manifests the new. Valéry in the essay "Remarks on Progress," from which I have just quoted, illustrates this attitude remarkably well. "Men," he says, "are doubtless developing the habit of considering all knowledge as transitional and every stage of their industry and their relations as provisional. This is new." And again, "I suppose that the enormous transformation which we are living through and which is changing us continues to develop, finally altering whatever customs are left and making a very different adaptation of our needs to our means; the new era will soon produce men who are no longer attached to the past by any habit of mind. For them history will be nothing but strange, incomprehensible tales; there will be nothing in their time that was ever seen before—nothing from the past will survive into their present. Everything in man that is not purely physiological will be altered, for our ambitions, our politics, our wars, our manners, our arts are now in a phase of a quick change; they depend more and more on the positive sciences and hence less and less on what used to be. *New facts* tend to take on the importance that once belonged to tradition and *historical facts*."

This is the quintessence of the tradition of the new. By attaching itself to technology "newness" achieves a result longed for by those thinkers of the last century who were oppressed by historical consciousness. Karl Marx felt in history the tradition of all the dead generations weighing like a nightmare on the brain of the living. Nietzsche speaks movingly of the tyranny of "it was," and Joyce's Stephen Dedalus also defines history as a nightmare from which we are trying to awaken. The vision of freedom without conditions—a state of perfect and lucid consciousness into which we are released by technological magic from all inertias—is a sort of romance, really, a French intellectual's paradise. But Valéry does not neglect the painful side of this vision. "One of the surest and cruelest effects of progress," he says, "is to add a further pain to death, a pain increasing of itself as the revolution in customs and ideas becomes more marked and rapid. It is not enough to perish; one has to become unintelligible, almost ridiculous; and even a Racine or a Bossuet must take his place alongside those bizarre figures, striped and tattooed, exposed to passing smiles, and somewhat frightening, standing in rows in the galleries and gradually blending with the stuffed specimens of the animal kingdom. . . ."

So, at the height of technological achievement there blazes the menace of obsolescence. The museum, worse than the grave because it humiliates us by making us dodos, waits in judgment on our ambitions and vanities. Of course no one wants to suffer the double doom of obsolescence—to be dead and also to be a fossil. Everyone wants to be the friend and colleague of history. Consciously or not, intellectuals try hard to be what Hegel called Historical Men or World-Historical Individuals, those persons through whom truth operates and who have an insight into the requirement of the time, who divine what is ripe for development, the nascent principle, the next necessary thing. They may denounce the nightmare past, but they have also an immortal craving to be in the line of suc-

"I have been told by a famous progressive psychiatrist that in future ages, with sexual jealousy gone, Othello will be incomprehensible."



Gerard Manley

cession, and to prove themselves to be historically necessary. It is these people, lovers of the new, who derive from technological progress a special contempt for the obsolete. The enemies of pastness, even though they tell us that we will depend more and more on the positive sciences and hence less and less on what used to be, inofar as they seek the next necessary development, make their own kind of historical judgment. Intellectuals, when they sense the cruel effects of technological progress, try not only to escape oblivion themselves by association with the next necessary thing, but also to impose oblivion on others—condemning those writers who fail to recognize that the human condition has been, or will be, completely transformed by science and the revolution of customs and who, in the old-fashioned solitude of old-fashioned rooms, continue to consider the destinies of old-fashioned individuals and follow their old-fashioned trade (a home industry of the seventeenth century), unaware that the World Spirit has abandoned them just as it abandoned the walled city and the crossbow.

A comedy of information

UNLIKE HUXLEY'S *Brave New World* or George Orwell's *1984*, Joyce's *Ulysses* is not directly concerned with technology. It remains nevertheless the twentieth century's most modern novel—it is *the* account of human life in an age of artifacts. Things in *Ulysses* are not nature's things. Here the material world is wholly man's world, and all its objects are human inventions. It is made in the image of the conscious mind. Nature governs physiologically, and of course the unconscious remains nature's stronghold, but the external world is a world of ideas made concrete. Between these two powers, nature within, artifacts without, the life of Mr. Leopold Bloom is comically divided. The time is 1904. No one in Dublin has seen Mr. Arthur C. Clarke's ultra-intelligent machine even in a dream, but the age of technology has begun and *Ulysses* is literature's outstanding response to it.

Now what is *Ulysses*? In *Ulysses* two men, Dedalus and Bloom, wander about the city of Dublin on a June day. Mrs. Bloom, a singer, lies in bed, reading, misbehaving, musing, and remembering. But nothing that can be thought or said about human beings is left out of this account of two pedestrians and an adulteress. No zoologist could be more explicit or complete than Joyce. Mr. Bloom first thing in the morning brews the tea, gives milk to the cat, goes to the pork butcher to get meat for his breakfast, carries a tray up to his wife, eats a slightly scorched kidney, goes out to the privy with his newspaper, relieves himself while reading a prize-winning story, wipes his bottom with a piece of the same paper, and then goes ou the funeral of Paddy Dignam. Matters c not be more real.

Now realism in literature is a conven and this convention postulates that human ings are not what everyone for long centu conceived them to be. They are something ferent, and they live in a disenchanted wo that exists for no particular purpose that ence can show. Still people continue to try lead a human life. And this is rather quaint cause man is not the comparatively dis guished creature he thinks himself to be. In new view he is more wretched, animal a common.

In *Ulysses* Joyce gives the novel's fullest count of human life—within this realistic c vention. As he sees it, the material world is n entirely human. Everything about us—clothi beds, tableware, streets, privies, newspapers, l guage, thought—is man-made. All artifacts or inate in thought. They are thoughts practical extended into matter. Nature governs us ph iologically and the unconscious is still its stron hold, but the external world consists entire of human inventions and projections. Natu has been beaten out of it. Amongst these po ers, instinct in the depths, language in the mi dle, artifacts outside, the life of Ulysses-Bloo is comically divided.

Joyce is the complete naturalist, the artis zoologist, the poet-ethnographer. His accou of Bloom's life includes everything. Everythin seems to demand inclusion. No trivialities or a surdities are omitted. Old bourgeois reticence are overrun zigzag. For what, after all, is th important information? No one knows. An thing at all may be important. Freud taught i *The Psychopathology of Everyday Life* that th unconscious did not distinguish between majo and minor matters as conscious judgment did and that the junk of the psyche had the deepes things to tell us. Joyce is the greatest psychi junkman of our age, after Freud. For the las of the facts may be the first. Thus we know the lining of Bloom's hat, and the contents of his pockets, we know his genitals and his guts, and we are thoroughly familiar with Molly, too, how she feels before her period, and how she smells.

With so much knowledge we are close to chaos. For what are we to do with such a burden of information? *Ulysses* is a comedy of information. Leopold Bloom lies submerged in an ocean of random facts—textbook tags, items of news, bits of history, slogans, clichés, ditties, operatic arias, saws and jokes, scraps of popular science, and a great volume of superstitions, fantasies, technical accounts of the Dublin water supply, observations about hanged men, recollections of copulating dogs. The debris of learning, epic, faith and enlightenment pour over him. In this circumambient ocean, he

ems at times to dwell like a coelenterate or a onge. The man-made world begins, like the ysical world, to suggest infinity. The mind is dangered by the multitude of accounts that it n give of all matters. It is threatened with inity or disintegration.

William James believed that not even the ighest of tough minds could bear to know erything that happened in a single city on a ven day. No one could endure it. It is prob- ly one of the functions of the nervous system screen us and to preserve us from disinte- ating in the sea of facts. We ourselves, how- er, seek out this danger, for the Faustian eam of omniscience lives on.

At all events, Bloom's mind is assailed and owned by facts. He appears to acknowledge sort of responsibility to these facts, and he es about Dublin doing his facts. This suggests at our scientific, industrial, technical, urban orld has a life of its own and that it borrows ur minds and souls for its own purposes. In is sense civilization lives upon Bloom. His ind is overcome by its data. He is the bearer, e servant, the slave of involuntary or random gnitions. But he is also the poet of distrac- ons. If Bloom were only Everyman, nothing ut the sort of person realism describes as "or- nary," he would not be the Bloom we adore. The truth is that Bloom is a wit, a comedian. the depths of his passivity, Bloom resists. He said in Dublin to be "something of an artist." o be an artist in the ocean of modern infor- ation is certainly no blessing. The artist has ss power to resist the facts than other men. He obliged to note the particulars. One may even y that he is condemned to see them. In the metery Bloom can't help seeing the grave- gger's spade and noting that it is "blueglanc- g." He is receptively, artistically, painfully mersed in his mental ocean. The fact that he "something of an artist" aggravates the prob- ms of information. He seeks relief in digres- on, in evasion and in wit.

Why is the diversity of data so dazzling and owerful in *Ulysses?* The data are potent be- ause the story itself is negligible. *Ulysses,* as ertrude Stein once said, is not a "what-hap- ens-next?" sort of book. A "what-happens- ext?" story would, like a nervous system, screen ut distractions and maintain order.

Who's got the story?

IT IS THE ABSENCE of a story that makes Bloom what he is. By injecting him with purpose a tory would put the world in order and con- entrate his mind. But perhaps Bloom's mind s better not ordered. Why should he, the son f a suicide, the father who mourns a dead hild, a cuckold and a Jew in Catholic Dublin desire moral and intellectual clarity? If his mind were clear he would be another man entirely. No, the plan of Bloom's life is to be planless. He palpitates among the phenomena and moves vaguely toward resolution. Oh, he gets there, but *there* is a region, not a point. At one of the low hours of his day he thinks, "Nothing is anything." He feels his servitude to the conditions of being. When there is no story those conditions have it all their own way and one is delivered to despair. The artifact civilization, Joyce seems to tell us, atrophies the will. The stream of consciousness flows full and wide through the will-less. The romantic heroes of powerful will, the Rastignacs and the Raskolnikovs are gone. The truth of the present day is in the little Blooms whose wills offer no hindrance to the stream of consciousness. And his stream has no stories. It has themes. Bloom does not, however, disintegrate in this thematic flow. Total examination of a single human being discloses a most extraordinary entity, a comic subject, a Bloom.

But the burden of being a Bloom is nevertheless frightful. It is not clear exactly how Joyce would like us to see the Bloom problem. Long passages of *Ulysses* are bound together by slurs (in the musical sense) of ambiguous laughter. It does, however, appear that Joyce expected the individual who has gone beyond the fictions and postures of "individuality" (romantic will, et cetera) to be sustained by suprapersonal powers of myth. Myth, rising from the unconscious, is superior to mere "story," but myth will not come near while ordinary trivial ideas of self remain. The powers of myth can be raised up only when the well-known pretensions of selfhood are surrendered. Therefore consciousness must abase itself, and every hidden thing must be exhumed. Hence Bloom's moments in the privy, his corpse fantasies at Paddy's funeral, his ejaculation as he watches crippled Gerty, his masochistic hallucinations in Nighttown. The old dignities must take a terrific beating in this new version of "the last shall be first."

"A single standard has been set for novelists and for experts —the fact-standard. The result of this strict accountability has been to narrow the scope of the novel."

WHAT YOU FEEL READING *Ulysses* today is the extent to which a modern society imposes itself upon everyone. The common man who, in the past, knew little about the great world now stands in the middle of it. At least he thinks he does as reader, hearer, citizen, voter, and judge of all public questions. His imagination has been formed to make him think himself in the center. The all-important story appears to belong to society itself. Real interest is monopolized by collective achievements and public events, by the fate of mankind, by a kind of "politics." The voluminous Sunday *Times* is put into our hands together with *Time* and *Newsweek,* while images from television flash

behind us. This is the week's record of everything of substance relating to the human species. It is about us, our hope for survival, our common destiny. Is it, now? Does this really speak to my condition? Is this mankind, is it me, heart, soul and destiny? No, the nominally central individual studying the record does not feel central. On the contrary he feels peculiarly contentless in his public aspect, lacking in substance and without a proper story. A proper story would express his intuition that his own existence is peculiarly significant. The sense that his existence is significant haunts him. But he can prove nothing. And the business of art is with this sense, precisely.

The modern masters

THOUGH THE SUN SHINES SWEETLY, the modern mind knows that there are devilish processes of nuclear fusion and staggering explosions in the heavens. So as mild Bloom goes down the streets we are aware of a formidable intellect that follows him as he buys a cake of soap. The modernists are learned intellectuals —Viconians like Joyce, Freudians, Marxians, Bergsonians, et cetera. A technological society produces mental artists and an intensely intellectual literary culture. "Most modern masterpieces are critical masterpieces," writes Harold Rosenberg. "Joyce's writing is a criticism of literature, Pound's poetry a criticism of poetry, Picasso's painting a criticism of painting. Modern art also criticizes the existing culture." Rosenberg finds merit in this. "One keeps hoping that the decline in excellence of people and things is an effect of transition. All we have on the positive side is the individual's capacity for resistance. Resistance and criticism." The hope that the decline in the excellence of people and things (the last an effect of technology) is an effect of transition shows Mr. Rosenberg's heart to be in the right place. But the emphasis on criticism shows something else, namely a claim for intellectual priority. Art is something that must satisfy the requirements of intellectuals. It must interest intellectuals by being, in the right sense, critical of the existing culture. The fact is that modern art has tried very hard to please its intellectual judges. Intellectual judgment in the twentieth century resembles aristocratic taste in the eighteenth—in the sense, only, that artists in both centuries acknowledge its importance. Art in the twentieth century is more greatly appreciated if it is directly translatable into intellectual interests, if it stimulates ideas, if it lends itself to discourse. Because intellectuals do not like to suspend themselves in works of the imagination. They prefer to talk. Thus they make theology and philosophy out of literature. They make psychological theory. They make politics. Art is one of the principal supports of this social cl

Gide's *The Counterfeiters* is a cultural p uct as well as a novel; *The Red and the Bl* is no such thing. *The Magic Mountain* belo to Intellectual History, a category that does exist for that excellent book *Little Dorrit*. It n occurred to Dickens to run over into cultu criticism or to be Carlyle and Mill as well Charles Dickens. But in the twentieth cent writers are often educated men as well as ators, and in some the education prevails o the creation. There are reasons for this. A h den of "understanding" has been laid upon by this revolutionary century. What I am t ing to indicate is that cultural style is not to confused with genuine understanding. At moment such understanding has few repres tatives, while cultural style seems to have hu dreds of thousands.

ONE OF THE PROBLEMS of literature in th age of technology is the problem of the who preside over literary problems—the sp cialists, scholars, historians, and teachers. Mo ern writers, themselves more "intellectua than writers were a century ago, now face public formed, educated and dominated by pr fessors, "humanists" and "antihumanists," l psychologists and psychotherapists, by the pr fessional custodians of culture and by ideo ogists and shapers of the future. This critic public has a thousand *important* (i.e., politic and social) questions to answer. It is irritab fastidious. It asks, "To whom should we lister Who, if anyone, can be read? What is, or ca be, really interesting to a modern cultivated i telligence?" Such questions can only be an swered with sadness and sighs. To prove that am not exaggerating, I shall quote briefly fro an essay by Lionel Trilling, "Authenticit and the Modern Unconscious." In this essa Professor Trilling argues that in this day an age, things being what they are, novels can n longer be Authentic or appeal to Authenti readers. "It is the exceptional novelist toda who would say of himself, as Henry James did that he 'loved the story as story,' by which James meant the story apart from any over ideational intention it might have, simply as like any primitive tale, it brings into play wha he called 'the blessed faculty of wonder.' Al ready in James's day, narration as a means by which the reader was held spellbound, as the old phrase put it, had come under suspicion. And the dubiety grew to the point where Walter Benjamin could say some three decades ago that the art of story-telling was moribund."

Here one cries out, "Wait! Who is this Ben jamin? Why does it matter what *he* said?" But intellectuals do refer to one another to strengthen their arguments. It turns out that the late

er Benjamin objected to storytellers be- they had "an orientation toward practical ests." Stories, Trilling quotes Benjamin as g, are likely to contain "something use- Here what I have called "cultural style" is to show itself. Modern literary culture, h prides itself on being radical, dissenting, has its own orthodoxy. Don't we know how ews the Bourgeois, the Child, the Family, nology, the Artist, the Useful? We do in- . The idea of usefulness, Baudelaire said, eated him—and there, in Baudelaire, is foundation of your orthodoxy. Storytellers, amin objects, have "counsel to give" and giving of counsel has "an old-fashioned ." Professor Trilling then says that it is "in- entic for the present time—there is some- g inauthentic for our time in being held bound, momentarily forgetful of oneself, erned with the fate of a person who is not elf. . . . By what right, we are now inclined sk, does the narrator exercise authority over other person, let alone over the reader: by t right does he arrange the confusion be- n the two and presume to have counsel to ?"

THERE IS SOMETHING old-fashioned and in- thentic for our time in being held spell- nd, then Homer and Dostoevsky, whose ks hold us spellbound, are inauthentic. What professor of literature maintains, therefore, at literature itself is now inauthentic. Profes- Trilling's point seems to be that the modern dition is killing certain human activities s) once highly valued. For an authentic lern man, living in a modern technological ety, naive self-surrender is impossible. Ap- ntly the question is partly one of author- "By what right does the narrator" presume invade our minds, deliberately confuse us, give counsel? I don't see what good it does make a political question of this. By what at do our parents conceive us, or we our chil- n? By what right does society teach us a guage or give us a culture? If authentic man no words he would be unable to express longing to be so virginal.

But this I realize is not quite fair. Professor lling wishes to leave the surface of life with stories and descend into the depths of the onscious in search of truth and maturity, oming, if he can think hard and face the un- scious fearlessly, one of Aristotle's Great- led Men. Thus Professor Trilling seems to ee with Malraux's priest in the Resistance t there is no such thing as a grown-up per- . His position is also close to that of Mr. hur C. Clarke, who suggests that art is a com- sation for the deficiencies of the real world l that "as our knowledge, our power and above all our maturity increase, we will have less and less need for it. . . . the ultra-intelligent machine would have no use for it at all."

SO PROFESSOR TRILLING, moving toward "scientific truth," declares that we can no longer be held spellbound and Mr. Clarke tells us that we can be redeemed by technology from the childish need for art. And art itself is not casting glorious new works upon the world—although if it were the experts might not know it. But perhaps a modest and fair statement of the case is that human beings have always told stories to one another. By what *right* have they done this, and on what authority? Well, on none, really. They have simply obeyed the impulse to tell and the desire to hear. Science and technology are not likely to remove this narrating and spellbinding oddity from the soul.

The present age has a certain rationalizing restlessness or cognitive irritability: a participatory delirium that makes the arresting powers of any work of art intolerable. The desire to read is itself spoiled by "cultural interests" and by a frantic desire to associate everything with something else and to convert works of art into subjects of discourse. Technology has weakened certain points of spiritual rest. Wedding guests and ancient mariners both are deafened by the terrific blaring of the technological band.

In a charming and strange book, the prerevolutionary Russian writer V. V. Rozanov argues against repressive puritanism in words that can be applied more widely and are relevant to the subject. He writes:

> *A million years passed before my soul was let out into the world to enjoy it; and how can I say to her, "Don't forget yourself, darling, but enjoy yourself in a responsible fashion."*
>
> *No, I say to her: "Enjoy yourself, darling, have a good time, my lovely one, enjoy yourself, my precious, enjoy yourself in any way you please. And toward evening you will go to God."*
>
> *For my life is my day, and it is my day, and not Socrates' or Spinoza's.*

Thus to the queen, or tramp who is his soul Rozanov speaks with an erotic-religious aim of some sort. But we can adapt this to our own purpose, saying, "A million years passed before my soul was let out into the technological world. That world was filled with ultra-intelligent machines, but the soul after all was a soul, and it had waited a million years for its turn and did not intend to be cheated of its birthright by a lot of mere gimmicks. It had come from the far reaches of the universe, and it was interested but not overawed by these inventions." □

"To be an artist in the ocean of modern information is certainly no blessing. The artist is obliged to note the particulars. One may even say that he is condemned to see them."

VERSE

INDIAN SUMMER GARDEN PARTY

by Keith Althaus

Three places, all flowers, spines,
showers of spears in the ice cubes
melting on the lawn. What does the grass think?
That it's hail? That summer is over?
It is. This is a mirage.
Looking at birds, thinking they're bats,
in a staggering flight in the top
of the pines, everything outlined
in black. The last of the coffee! Rides home!
Dresses passing under the hemlock
so white and blank nothing can be written on them.

THE LOGIC OF LAST MONDAY NIGH

by Lee Robinson

At the end of the runway the fetus kicked.
My sister is on that plane: flames lick
At the edge of the electric blanket and if
I turn it off maybe the cops will quit
Their neighborhood drug raid or whatever
It is they are up to out there, Red!
Lights! Flashing! My sister is on that plane,
But she left the day before, already
An aunt: this churning in my gut, at least,
Is not a dream, waking from its dream,
Wanting out.

QUIET

by Robert B. Bowie

one flesh
one going

having its home
having the family
having its quiet
finally

the trap springs shut
smashes the mole
into star parts

the wheels still spinning
like a wrecked auto

shades of blood move
like a guessing

someone will know who
is guilty

last or first you
sign your name

reaching into your chest
finding a bone pen



John Die

GOOD LIFE

ving Feldman

the dioramas, the Refugees Fleeing
Road, the Burn Ward, the Bomb Crater,
her such vivid scenes of war,
ve families of little Chinks
ng tea things round in a sewer pipe
oh as they stood there in awe at how
sser art of art could imitate
eater art of war, that bulldozing,
vivisections, oh stood naked almost
e before their awe, they felt that day,
mily among many, they felt
rce that surged along their linking hands
the dumb resistant wonder and slow
mple warm domestic glow,
vere happy to be there together—
ien the big blow-ups: world leaders
g it easy at home, looking somehow
amily and sad like your old man
of it marketing the point about
s h–ll in sharp, telling images—
when you pressed a certain button,
a sudden the light and sound
d in, everything was all mixed up,
nfusing you didn't know who you were,
of armies clashing invaded
ears, and terrible dark except,
d red celluloid, rockets madly glared.
crouched down and closed their eyes and were scared.

ight at the end of the tunnel proved
the orange roof of a restaurant,
kcrow of Early Colonial dawns.
e—under a mock-up of the Park,
had everything, right down to crowds
ally tiny figures, themselves maybe,
with a tinier dot of shadow like
iod lying painted at its feet,
s, you would say, like Heaven, seen
far away, of course, and at the same time
were in it—that was funny—and there
sat down with other families
rtions of what turned out to be warm

Then they knew for sure the war was over
which side won, which didn't matter,
bent their heads and said, thank you, lords,
aking reality out of our hands
giving us the good life instead.

THE THIEF OF POETRY

by Irving Feldman

1.
Girls he took from friends at seventeen
he lost in months and never found again.
Not so the books he stole that year:
face-en-face with his pounding heart
a *Fleurs du Mal* translated to fact
under the dull persona of his coat,
and closer still, like a blade slipped
through the dark intercostal spaces
—Eliot's *Poems* spirited from Macy's
in a folded X ray of his lungs.

When he read "Prufrock" in the subway home
that afternoon, he was a cat crouched
before a saucer of cream: nothing moved
in all that train that illicit hour
but the pink tip of his tongue
and the white pages turning.

2.
He waited all that year where three
roads meet—love, art, thievery—
in a wilderness of rumbling stone
while the great caravans went by
surging with goods and grief, waited
for lightning to point the way.
Lightning struck.
Was it defect of intelligence
or excessive timidity, a curse
that made vapid the family seed,
or simply an instant's inattention,
the tiniest mothhole bitten clear
through the universe? what made him mistake
words for the lightning that lit them,
a bowl of milk for ah! bright breasts?

3. Oedipus or Sophocles: The Road Not Taken

He has been telling it with a sigh
—for sure!—ages and ages since.
Who might have gone limping to Thebes
came prattling to Athens.

Richard Woodley

HOW TO WIN THE SOAP BOX DERBY

In which craftsmanship abets the passion for success to produce a tale of moral confusion

THE ALL-AMERICAN SOAP BOX DERBY will once again be run in Akron, Ohio, in August. But it will be a smaller, cheaper, surely more honest shadow of its former self. The thirty-seven-year-old Derby lost its virginity in a sinful caper last year and almost fell apart.

It will be remembered that last year's winner, fourteen-year-old Jimmy Gronen, was disqualified when an electromagnet was discovered in his racer. The magnet, mounted in the nose, drew the nose against the metal starting gate and caused the car to be yanked ahead when the gate flopped down to start the race.

That incident, and subsequent evidence of rampant skullduggery over the years, caused the Akron Chamber of Commerce to withdraw its sponsorship, asserting that the Derby had become a victim of "cheating, fraud, and hoax."

The befouling of the venerable Derby was not, to be sure, the idea of the children who aspired to its crown, but of the adults who guided the innocents in the childhood game of coasting downhill in a homemade wagon. The proclaimed villain in this case was Jimmy Gronen's guardian uncle, Robert B. Lange, Sr., who was earlier known for his development of the admired plastic-shell ski boot bearing his name. For violating the sanctity of the Derby ("It's like discovering that your Ivory Snow girl has made a blue movie," commented a prosecutor), Lange, forty-eight, of Boulder, Colorado, was ordered by a Colorado court in a "nonjudicial" bargain to pay $2,000 to a boys' club. The judge said Lange owed an apology to the youth of the nation.

But Lange admits only a "serious mistake in judgment," and avers that cheating has been so rife that all he did was to even his nephew's odds in a dirty system. In fact, when I talked to him not long ago, he was inclined to sue those responsible for disqualifying his nephew without banishing others who had cheated in the same race.

If mores may be defined as the accepted mode of behavior which does not threaten the stability of the community, it is more i[m]portant to define the community than the r[ule]. The withdrawal of the Chamber of Comm[erce] combined with information from many [sources] involved with the Derby for many years [con]firms that Lange, however wrong in his ac[tion] is right in his assessments. The sponsor [of] the first thirty-five championships was Chev[rolet] which deftly and without substantive exp[lan]ation withdrew its sponsorship before the [1]97[3] race. It is widely inferred that Chevrolet, [while] probably not condoning the growing wicke[dness] in the competition, at least turned a deaf [ear] and blind eye to the problem.

And so the scandal blew, with its fallout [on] the Derby, for which children aged eleve[n to] fifteen supposedly build their own $75 r[acers] that supposedly conform to construction [rules] and supposedly coast unaided down the 954-[foot] macadam track called Derby Downs, fell pr[ey to] what seemed to be a national malaise: win[ning] being everything, is worth doing anythin[g to] achieve. The Derby, like the Presidency, [will] likely survive, because enough people want [it]. At the last minute, the Akron Jaycees pi[cked] up the interim sponsorship, and the Derb[y is] scheduled to run in Akron on August 17, [with] a new rule book and tighter controls. The in[ten]tion is to return the Derby—which had bec[ome] sophisticated and expensive, with fiberg[lass] racers, adult engineering, and meddling [by] grads—to the kids. Such a retreat to morali[ty] publicly welcomed by all; whether such a [pu]sic Derby might be too mundane to attract [sus]taining interest remains to be seen.

A family ev[ent]

LANGE'S SON, BOBBY, JR., won the race in 19[72] the same year that Jimmy Gronen, beca[use] of the lengthy hospitalization of his wido[wed] mother, joined the Lange family. Jimmy [won] the 1973 race in a car almost identical [to] Bobby's. Bobby's car disappeared mysterio[usly]

Richard Woodley, author of Dealer: Portrait of a Cocaine Merchant *(Holt, Rinehart and Winston), is now writing a book on masculinity.*



UPI

"The Derby fell prey to what seemed to be a national malaise: winning, being everything, is worth doing anything to achieve."

m the Lange basement shortly after the scan- about Jimmy's magnet broke. Lange figures it somebody must have just swiped it but in- ts that it contained no magnet. He admits, wever, that it was an illegal car in other ways, was Jimmy's.

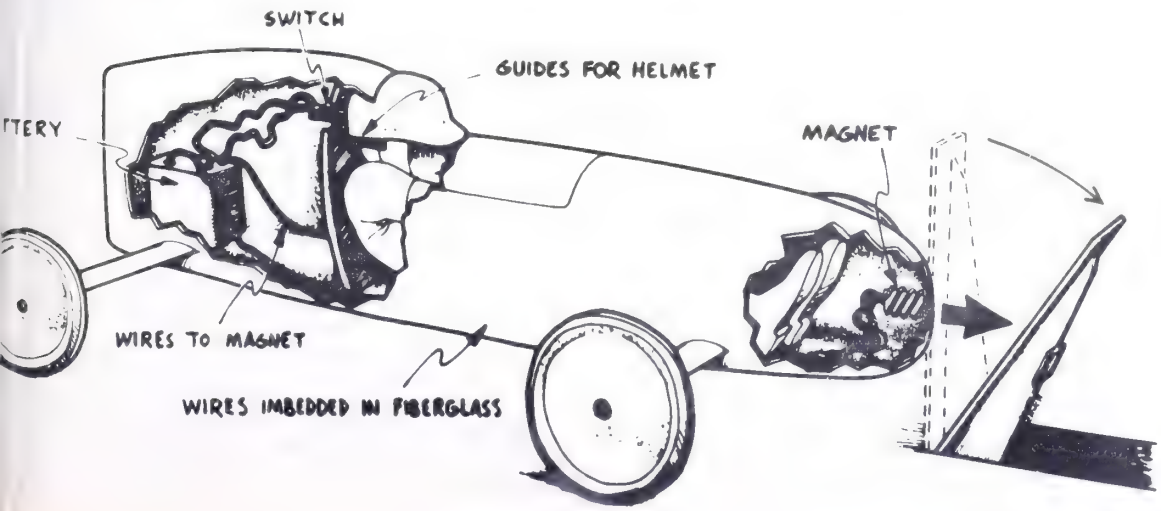
No scandal was hinted at prior to Jimmy's ampionship race. The pre-race week had ne smoothly; the 138 local race winners— cluding 19 girls, and entrants from Venezuela, est Germany, and Canada, were greeted with stomary hoopla by Akron. There was a police cort into town, welcoming kisses, and ritual- ic donning of Derby T-shirts and beanies. ne contestants were then deposited at the MCA's Camp Y-Noah for four days of fun be- re the championships. Their racers had been npounded for safekeeping at Derby Downs.

Akron was a good host, as it has been for the merican Golf Classic, the Firestone-PBA Tour- ament of Champions for bowlers, big-time pelling bees, and other events which have made ie "Rubber Capital of the World" (Firestone, eneral Tire, B. F. Goodrich, Goodyear Tire) hub of all-American activities, of which the ll-American Soap Box Derby—the "World's ravity Grand Prix"—was just about the grand- st family event of the year. There was a giant parade with bands and Marines and celebrities.

Prior to and during the race heats, contestants milled nervously around their racers in the paddock area. The cars were nothing like what the children's parents had made in earlier years. They were smooth racers, so slender and streamlined that drivers who had grown a bit between their local races in June and July and these finals in August had to wedge themselves in slowly. Many of the models were designed in "layback" style: the drivers were almost lying down, their eyes just visible over the cockpit.

There were differences in design—such as between the high-tailed layback and the "sit-up" models—and they were painted all manner of colors, with the sponsors' names professionally lettered on the sides, along with the drivers' names and car numbers. But beyond that, there was an enforced similarity. Their overall length could not exceed 80 inches, their height no more than 28 inches, their width no more than 34¾ inches, and the wheelbase could not be less than 48 inches. Total weight of car and driver could not exceed 250 pounds. Any metal in the car was to be a functional part of the construction; no welded parts were permitted.

All entrants had been issued a brand-new set of computer-matched official gold Soap Box



Richard Woodley

HOW TO WIN THE SOAP BOX DERBY

Derby championship wheels to replace the red ones on which they had won in their local towns. They were to be placed on official Soap Box Derby axles, and neither wheels nor axles were to be tampered with in any way.

The rule book stated the whole reason for the Derby to the contestants: "The Soap Box Derby is for YOU. You must build your own car. You must not let adults or anyone else work on your car. You may accept advice and counsel from adults in the design and construction of your car. . . ."

JAMES H. GRONEN first raced in the forty-sixth two-car heat. (The official records: "Fourteen-year-old Jim, who is called 'Big Jim' by his friends, is 4-feet, 11-inches tall and weighs 68 pounds. He lost in the first round of the double-elimination Boulder race when a broken steering cable caused him to hit a curb. The damage was repaired and he raced on to victory. He likes skiing, sailing, and motorcycles.") His green fiberglass layback number 12 was carefully walked down the hill to the starting line and set in position in Lane 2 beside the entry from Nashville. The noses of both cars, angled downhill, rested against the spring-loaded steel flaps which rose out of the shimmering macadam.

On signal, the starting flaps dropped forward and the cars rolled, gathering speed to between thirty and thirty-five miles per hour by the time they crossed the finish line. Jimmy Gronen won in a time of 27.48 seconds. On subsequent heats through the afternoon, Jimmy beat cars from Lancaster, Ohio; Appleton, Wisconsin; Columbus, Georgia; and Winston-Salem, North Carolina. In the semifinal, Jimmy beat the Ossining, New York, car with a 27.63 time. In the final, he beat Bret Allen Yarborough of Elk Grove, California, though with his slowest time yet, 27.68.

When Jimmy was presented the trophy, his long, wispy blond hair tossing beneath his helmet edge in the breeze, the braces on his teeth sparkling in the sun, he said simply with a smile, "I was hoping that I'd win." He was also given a gold ring and a $7,500 college scholarship.

When Jimmy received his trophy, there was, amid the cheering, a solidly audible round of boos. Spectators were curious about why Jimmy's times had strangely worsened with each heat. People were showing the officials pictures they had taken of the starts, claiming they showed the Gronen car leaping ahead. And during the heats, it was said, officials had caught Jimmy cheating by buffing his tires on the pavement, and had made him substitute a new set. They had drilled in his car to remove excess weight. And what was this about some cars having been disqualified before the race, and then somehow reinstated? People wondered whether Jimmy's car was in fact Bobby's car fro year before. It was rumored that the Lange had cost over $20,000 to build, that they constructed by experts at the Lange ski fa and were tested in a wind tunnel.

Derby officials began looking over the Gr car. An inspector found a small button i headrest, drilled through the headrest, found wires and a battery. The car was tak Goodyear Aerospace, near Derby Downs, X-rayed. That was how the hunk of metal magnet, was discovered in the nose. To act it, Jimmy would have leaned his helmet against the switch in the headrest. Offi later found a second switch, formed by supports under the cowling which covered steering wheel, turned on by Jimmy pu them together with his thumbs.

On Monday, Chamber of Commerce offi called in the press and announced news of magnet and Jimmy's disqualification. Bret borough was declared the new champion, each of the following eight finishers was mo up a notch. The press leaped on the st spreading the scandal across the nation in a of chuckles and pronouncements. In Putn County, New York, Derby Director Ron Mills, whose daughter, Diane, had been mo up to second place, said, "It's just unbelieva that anyone would want that ego trip that ba Andy Noyes, father of now-third-place win Chris, said, "Let's give the Derby back to kids, where it belongs."

Charges of corrupti

GRONEN'S CAR WAS IMMEDIATELY locked a bank storage room (as evidence, sho there be lawsuits or criminal charges), and t Chamber of Commerce clammed up. Prose tors in Akron and Boulder quickly began he ing from people from all over, some anonymo ly, who described other cheating. Akron Pro cutor Stephan Gabalac said, "If the Chamb doesn't come out swinging now, even the golfe won't want to come here. The whole town besmirched."

And then Lange issued a statement admittin responsibility for sanctioning the magne which Jimmy had installed. He asserted th both Jimmy and Bobby had built their ow cars and that no significant expense went int them except in the permissible "area of advic and counsel." He admitted that Bobby's ca had been tested in a wind tunnel, which, h said, was neither uncommon nor illegal.

Then he leveled his charges: "Anyone pa ticipating in derby races with eyes and ears ope would soon learn, as I did, that . . . the Derb rules have been consistently and notoriously vio lated by some participants without censure or dis

ification." He said it was "common knowl-
" that eleven-year-olds cannot build win-
racers, and that "it is all that some me-
nically inclined and dexterous fourteen- or
en-year-old boy can do to carry out the
erfine mechanical construction and machine
k required." That was why, he said, there
adult professional builders who "build cars
sale to participants or race the cars them-
es with young, lightweight drivers, who are
wn as chauffeurs. Early in my experience
of the professional builders offered to build
ir for my son for $2,500, which I promptly
used because I felt the true value of the
by would come from my son's own efforts."
After seeing my nephew work hundreds of
rs to build his own car," Lange said, "know-
that he would be competing in Akron
inst professionally built cars, and against
s that would be in violation of the official
es, and having heard and believing that some
cars in Akron would be equipped with a
gnetic nose, I determined that he should
ld and install a magnetic nose so as to be
mpetitive. I knew that this was a violation of
official Derby rules and consider it now to
a serious mistake in judgment."

s PROSECUTORS CONTINUED to receive infor-
mation of violations, at year's end the
amber abandoned the race with its "cheat-
, fraud, and hoax" statement. Later on, I
nt to see Lange in Boulder.

Lange is a convivial, hospitable man with a
ooth manner and modish style, with a mous-
he, and hair down over his ears. He still car-
s athletic leanness (he was a swimmer at
rvard, and skis and surfs often now). His
e, Vidie, a graphic artist, is similarly lean
d friendly and modish, with long blond hair.
e sat in the living room of their spacious,
ch-style house, where we could look out
ough the glass wall upon the sparsely grassed,
low foothills of the Rockies. From time to
ne, their son Bobby, grown tall and gangly,
d their nephew Jimmy Gronen, shorter and
ckier, stopped by for bits of chat. But at
nge's request, to protect the boys from any
ther involvement, they were not included in
e general Derby discussion.

Lange's ski and ski-boot company was bought
1972 by the Garcia Corporation. Last sum-
r Lange became inactive as president of his
vision, though he remains a consultant and
ws a $90,000 salary. The Lange factory is
nearby Broomfield, and it is there and in a
chine shop in Boulder, as well as in the Lange
rage, that the boys built their racers.

"I'm sure that not one Derby official in Akron
lieves for a second that they built their cars,"
nge said, "but they did. Most people violate
that rule, but I think the most important thing of all, the most exciting thing for the boys, was the thrill of building their cars and running them down the hill."

Lange's involvement with the Derby, aside from a brief try as a boy, goes back to 1970, with Bobby. "He built a car and lost right here in Boulder. He worked hard on it, but we didn't know anything, and he didn't have a chance." But Bobby wanted to try again, and Lange set about to learn how the Derby worked.

He went to Akron to visit that year's championship, and then to Detroit, where Chevrolet had the winning cars on display. Through casual conversations and careful examination and measurement and photography of the cars, he began to learn about the technology, aerodynamics, and mechanics. Good alignment, he decided, was it. Also, it seemed to him that wooden cars, such as Bobby's first, built in the dry climate of Boulder, would be slowed by absorbing moisture in the dampness of Akron. At a special Soap Box rally in Detroit, he also began to learn of the dark side of the Derby.

"A bunch of us got together and just got to talking, and I began to realize that a lot of these cars just weren't built by kids. These men were building them. One guy said, 'Well, there are drivers and there are builders.' I learned about souping up wheels. They use all kinds of solvents to expand the tires, then when they come back down they're faster. I don't know the full technology about the tires, but they have to be resilient, so that when you go over a tiny bump, the tire kind of pushes back. The flex on the wheels sets up vibrations, and if the car vibrates properly, it goes a lot faster. And there are ways of working on bearings. I also learned that most people do not win with official Derby axles. One guy, a production-line worker, was building axles in his spare time and selling them all over the country. He was bragging about it."

"Were these guys telling you how to cheat?" I asked.

"They were telling me how to *win*," Lange said. "They were just doing me a favor. They don't feel it's cheating; it's so common it's just part of the game. These are ordinary guys, lots of engineers, not rich or anything. It's their life. They just live and die Derby. They probably thought, 'We'll give Lange a little bit of help, but he's never going to be any real problem.' Because I was coming out of nowhere, you know. They knew I wasn't a builder."

"The kids learn all about magnets in school," said Lange. "All you need is a little ingenuity."

Designed to win

LANGE'S FIRST STEP along the trail toward scandal occurred four years ago in Detroit, when he paid about $20 for a set of illegal axles for Bobby's second car. That car was made

of fiberglass, which wouldn't absorb moisture, and had a metal T strip down the mid-bottom to which the axles could be bolted for sure and precise alignment. Lange made a "female" fiberglass mold from which the fiberglass top and bottom halves, which were identical, could be shaped. "But we didn't work on vibrations that year," Lange said. "We didn't realize how important that was." The second car was a great improvement, but it was beaten in Boulder.

Now, however, Derby was deep in Lange's blood; his competitive nerves were alive. He took Bobby to Anderson, Indiana, where one of the biggest wildcats is held annually after Akron, and Bobby's car was second fastest of about 130 cars. At first he thought they might just make some minor alterations for the coming season, but they actually needed a whole new car for the 1972 Derby, which would be Bobby's third try.

"I didn't work on constructing Bobby's car, but I spent a lot of time designing. Bobby was too far back in that car. Having your weight where you want it is probably one of the most important things in the race. Live weight is high in the center of gravity, whereas dead weight you can put where you want it, which is in the back. Since the car is running at a tilt most of the way, weight in the rear has more drop, so you have more energy in your car. The whole principle is to add dead weight back up the hill, and to balance that you slide the boy forward. Ideally, from an energy standpoint, you would put all your weight over the rear wheels. But that advantage would be overcome by friction when you get down on the flat, friction on the tires and the bearings that takes the resiliency out. So you have to have a balance. I have four slide scales, like doctors' scales, and you put one wheel on each scale so you get it just right."

Also, the car was not aerodynamically correct. "A friend of mine who works at Cal Tech said that what we had was fine in water but was not fine in air doing under fifty miles an hour. The nose has to be rounded, like a tear drop. So when we got the car ready, we shipped it out to California, and my friend put it in the Cal Tech wind tunnel. You mount it up on pins and put fine pieces of thread all over the sides so you can see the airflow, what the laminar flow is and so forth. Computers measure the drag. Aerodynamics is only a small percentage in importance, but at the finish line you're looking for inches."

Lange also applied his ski knowledge. "I had come up with a new theory of the vibration in the car that really made it go fast, just like a downhill ski. If it gets too much oscillation up and down, it goes slow. Even a smooth surface has very slight undulations. Get a ski tip that's too stiff, and it doesn't undulate right. In the suspension of a Derby car, the rear is solid, but if the front gets too solid, or too flop, it goes slow. The oscillations load and unload the bearings as it goes downhill. You want h action in there, but it has to be just right. W worked on the vibrations by moving the at ch ment points back and forth, so that all of a den we had the right oscillations, and th ca just kind of took off.

"And, of course, I was a super-expert in glass, and a super-expert in machining th so they stay in line. I designed a jig just lik engine-block jig, to hold the car while you on it, where you can lock it in and spin around, where the spindles of the axles are absolutely square and parallel all the time, you don't knock it out of line in assembly.

Bobby milled a square end on the T a ment bar, pushed an axle against it, drilled tapped, and put the dowel pins in. Then he li the T into the length of the body and assem e the car in the jig, then took it out and bala e it on the scales, making it about ten po heavier in the rear. Following the guidance f the wind tunnel, he worked out subtleties ir h shape with automobile-body putty.

"The molding was done here in our gara Lange said, "but all the metalwork and asser were done in the factory, right out in fron everybody, by Bobby. He learned to run all machines, and somebody there would just ch the setups. Bobby would go down there at 3 and work till 10:00 almost every night three straight months. He loved it."

IN ORDER TO ACCOMMODATE the added d weight without exceeding the 250-pound it, Bobby was dieting and exercising. trained down from 123 to 106," Lange said had him running three miles a day."

With everything honed, shaped, balanc squared, light, firm, and quick, Bobby won 1972 Boulder race easily ("There isn't m derby knowledge here, compared with s places where it's really hot and heavy. If can't win the Boulder race easily, you w do anything in Akron"), and went on to Akr

In the course of watching Bobby win championship, Lange lost whatever faith he h in the honesty of the Derby. "I still didn't kn all the things that were really going on u Bobby got into the zoo. I learned right aw that a kid can't leave his car for a minute, cause of the sabotage there. You don't have do much—just put a little linseed oil in a gu bearings, and he's out of the race. And th Bobby had all these stories about guys r building their cars. Guys had illegal weld parts, double-drilled axles, they were juici wheels—just putting some kind of stuff their hands, like a spitball pitcher, to r 'quickies' on their tires.

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"And the big talk about the magnets was around. There was supposed to be a car in that race with a magnet, faster than Bobby's, but he cracked up. The whole thing made me sick. After Bobby won, Vidie and I were both glad we were through with that mess."

When Chevrolet dropped its sponsorship, a special Organizational Board of the Derby was set up, to seek a sponsor and perhaps develop new rules. Lange served on it. "I was through, but I wanted to see the place cleaned up, an entirely different kind of race. But I think in everybody's mind at that point was not to rock the boat, not to do something that would cause the whole race to collapse."

Then the Akron Chamber of Commerce took over, and there were no rule changes for 1973.

That same summer, Jimmy Gronen moved from his home in Dubuque, Iowa, to live with the Langes. Jimmy had never built a racer, and through the following fall and winter showed no interest. "Then in March," Lange said, "Jimmy suddenly asked if he could build a car. I was absolutely shocked."

It was a time, Mr. and Mrs. Lange agreed, for soul-searching. "I was fighting with myself," Vidie Lange said. "The boys enjoyed it so much, building the cars. It's a terrible turmoil in your house, all this sanding, all this fiberglass everywhere. I wondered whether the race was as bad as I thought it was, or whether I was just angry because of the turmoil."

In the end, it was Vidie who encouraged the building of yet one more racer. "When you introduce another person into your house," she said, "you try very hard to make him a part of your family and do the things for him you're doing for your other children."

"So finally we decided to do it," Bob Lange said. "I think it did a great thing for my relationship with Jimmy. But time was so short—just three months before the local race, and you really need about six. So we said we'll design a car that Jimmy can build, but the only way we could get it done in time was to use Bobby's mold—which was not illegal—and build one that was essentially the same. Even so, it would be nip and tuck. Bobby had had three years' experience working in a machine shop. I told Jimmy he just couldn't be a machinist in such a short time. We had to take shortcuts, everything was simplified. Where Bobby used five bolts, Jimmy used three—stuff like that. There was nothing much new we tried to do, just tried to get in the damn race. The only thing we did, since he was so much smaller than Bobby, was to move him further forward in the car. And where Bobby's car was about ten pounds heavy in the rear, we made Jimmy's about forty. He weighed about ninety pounds, but he was chubby, so he started his diet right away."

They made axles, and for weight in the ce Lange used epoxy mixed with buckshot. " nically the axles were illegal. I knew couldn't pass a hardness test. But they never done anything about that anyway. I call the buckshot and epoxy illegal; I des it so they couldn't call it illegal."

Since the car was virtually the same as by's, there was no wind-tunnel test. The sumed they would get to Akron with it. pected, despite an accident in an early Jimmy won the Boulder race as easil Bobby had. And, as they had done with Bo car after the Boulder race, they brought my's car home to paint and letter it for A (It is technically illegal to bring a car after winning the local race, but the practi common. Lange didn't want the car touche "some yokel" who might somehow jar th out of alignment.)

Then came the magnet. "We had done e thing," Lange said. "I had Jimmy dow weight, the car balanced the way I want knew we had a fast car. But we also knew we were up against. I had files on other A guy from Michigan told me he had a car was a whole car-length faster than Bobby's example. And we knew the Elk Grove car going to be superfast. So we said, 'What can we do? How can you make a car fas Have we done everything?' We discussed t ry. Jimmy came up with some ideas, Bo with some."

The idea that recurred, although L doesn't recall who brought it up first, w magnet. "Vidie probably would have shot she had known we were kicking that aro The year before at Akron, all the builde talked with knew all about magnets. It w anything new at all. It certainly wasn't *my* I had heard a story about one guy who h magnet, and somebody turned it on and le on so it wore down before the race. I'd he about an inspector measuring a car with a tape measure when, bang! it stuck to the th They made the driver remove the magnet, they let him run. We knew Jimmy would running against all those chauffeurs in pro sionally built cars, and maybe other cars had magnets, so we figured that in order to competitive we should probably try one. It the only thing we could think of. I figured e if they detected it they wouldn't throw him just make him disconnect it."

No moral cri

GIVEN THE SITUATION at Akron, Lange not consider the immorality of using a m net. "These boys had sat in on meetings w builders. They knew what was in those ca

ttitude toward the Akron race was that it ne big wildcat, and we were in it. There o moral crisis for Jimmy. He had been d all these super-illegal cars and saw the business. The scene was there, he didn't it. Jimmy wanted to win the race."

reover, he said, he wasn't even sure it work. And if it did, it would be no great- vantage than good axles, wheels, balance, ll the rest. "There's a lot of things I'd have than a magnet. What's more of an ıtage than having a guy that's been build- acers for eighteen years? Who's kidding ıbout advantage? You call a magnet a se- notor? You're putting a secret motor in if ıdd a pound, because your weight is your r. I don't go along with the magnet being ferent type of thing from the other things ıre just commonly being done. Sure, I take esponsibility for it because I'm the one should say yes or no. But I had never seen gnet, or how they were designed. The kids ned it, and Jimmy put it in. They learn all stuff in science class in school. All you is a little ingenuity."

ıd so Jimmy put the battery in the tail fin, ran copper wires on either side along the e seam, where the top and bottom halves joined. Using a stick to reach the recesses e fuselage, he glued strips of fiberglass over vire. He cut a hole in the nose. He bolted her four small pieces of iron, totaling about inches in length, wrapped them with the s, laid them in the hole, filled in around ı with fiberglass resin and body putty, sand- ıe metal head smooth to the nose, and paint- over so that there was no visible seam or l. The entire inside of the car was coated black primer, which obscured any view. ge said his only contribution was to suggest second fail-safe thumb switch under the ing to protect against the battery running n if one switch was turned on by accident, in shipping.

hey tested the magnet once, by putting an am across the nose and trying to putt the forward. "You could feel it," Lange said, it wouldn't make the car move. And the ery's got to sit for a month, so there's no t in wearing it down by testing it. It's either g to work, or it's not going to work. Any- , nothing would substitute for a bad car. ny's was a super car without it. As it turned he would have won anyway, but at the time ln't think he could win without the magnet."

nd then they went to Akron, where Jimmy to win. They were attended by controversy ı the beginning. Before the races, several , including Jimmy's, were listed for disqual- tion for having illegally hard axles, but offi- backed down and allowed all the cars to just as Lange had supposed they would. During the races, officials took Jimmy's first set of wheels away because he had been working on them with his hands, and buffing them. Then they drilled in his car to remove some of the buckshot weight, while Jimmy wept in frustration. "Friends kept running up to me," Lange said, "and saying how much the officials were hassling Jimmy. I said, 'He's all right, he's a big boy, you know.' "

And finally Jimmy won it all, just before losing it all, and he said he didn't even have a chance to turn on the thumb switch for the last championship run.

Lange believes that part of the reason for singling out Jimmy for harsh treatment was jealousy from other builders they beat. Also, the Akron Chamber of Commerce, he felt, "wouldn't have made such a big issue over the thing" if it had been aware of what had been going on for years. "As a matter of fact," Lange said, "since Jimmy won about five guys have called me and said they used magnets."

The swirl of claims, charges, rumors, and denials continues. This year at Akron, the contestants will have to demonstrate their skills by duplicating "selected steps in the construction of their car"; "female" fiberglass molds of the Lange type, which can be reused, are prohibited (next year fiberglass may be banned altogether); the insides of the cars, from nose to tail, must be accessible to permit inspection for such things as magnets.

The case of the Soap Box Derby scandal is closed, more or less. Jimmy has not returned his trophy or accepted his disqualification. Lange says his nephew has been quite philosophical. "Sure, he was upset. He said, 'Here they're calling me a cheater, when these other guys are more cheaters than I am.' " But, he said, Jimmy's friends have been "super," and people in general have been sympathetic because "they know what was going on."

I agreed with Lange that to discuss all this with Jimmy would exacerbate old wounds and expose him to further painful publicity, and I wished not to do that. I came away with a sense of charm and spirit within the Lange household, and warmth in the relationships with their children, and I prefer to trust that sense.

But I cannot shake a certain melancholy. Perhaps Jimmy Gronen did not adapt to cheating as easily as all that. When he sat poised in his racer at the top of Derby Downs, with the knowledge of what he was doing, the fear of detection, the hope of winning, the faith in his guardian uncle, and the memories of the past year, he must have felt at least a transient pang of utter lonelinesss. And I wonder how often that stab has recurred, and will, at odd times, to different stimuli, with varying intensities, and whether winning was worth so scarred a heritage from the age of fourteen. □

"The Derby rules," said Lange, "have been consistently and notoriously violated by some participants without censure or disqualification."

NIGHT AND DAY AT PANACEA

A story by Reynolds Price

—AUGUST 1901

HE SCARED THE OLD NEGRO, not by intention but because the path was wet and silent from the hard rain shower toward four o'clock and because—soaked himself and tired from the long walk—he looked more harmful than in fact he was.

The old man dropped the plank he had loudly wrenched from the shed (there were three more at his feet, good dry heart-pine) and said, "Who you after?"

Forrest smiled—"Nobody"—and knew it was the first lie he'd told in months.

"They ain't here then. They ain't been here. I'm the man here and the white man give me permission for this." He pointed to the shed's south wall—half stripped of siding, the uprights exposed to day. Green light slotted to the dry earth floor.

Forrest looked to the floor. The white flint circles of masonry were there, apparently unchanged. He walked forward to them—and found the center of the room to be dark.

The old man said, "Who are you?"

Forrest bent to see. Both springs were there—far down in the shade, clogged with the trash of years, spider silk, but visibly running, their overflow absorbed by buried piping that, miraculously open, carried the water outdoors, downhill. A chained enamel cup stood on the rim of the closer spring. Forrest reached to take it (seeing, as he reached, that its mate was gone, ripped from its chain and nowhere in sight).

"Drink a drop of that, you'll die before night."

Forrest looked up, smiling. "I may anyhow."

"You sick?"

Forrest nodded and extended his soaked arms. "Pneumonia."

"Not in August," the Negro said.

"Then exhaustion. I have walked fourteen miles since breakfast. I have not eaten since. I am tired, wet, hungry; and my wife and boy have left me. I'm a lonesome ghost." He intended fun.

"You a man. What your name?"

"Forrest Mayfield."

"Where from?"

"Up north. Near Bracey, Virginia."

"That's a *hundred* miles."

"You been there?" Forrest said.

The Negro said, "Near it."

"Who are you?" Forrest said.

"Eighty-some years old."

"How long you lived here?"

"Most of my life—last forty years." Th eyes, yellow as piano keys, met Forrest' blinking.

"Where were you in April a year ago th

The Negro thought. "Bound to been h he said.

"You were hiding then."

"What you aiming at?"

"I was here that April with twenty schoo dren, a dozen mothers, three or four tea besides myself, buggies and horses—there nobody here."

The man said, "What's the name of place?"

"Panacea Springs."

He pointed at the springs with a black folded and dry as Forrest's grip. "You t that's one of them healing springs?"

Forrest said, "The old folks did. a back." He squatted by the circles.

"They all dead, ain't they?"

"Who?"

"Them folks, and what they thought."

Forrest looked at the old face. It was al surely smiling. "Dead and gone," he said.

The Negro said, "I know what I'm tall about. I worked at one of them places in ginia, when I was a boy. Weren't nothing water. Make your pecker work. Like anybo water." He stood while the words worked to Forrest through cool damp dimness. Ther also squatted and faced Forrest, eye level, e feet away. Then he broke into high continu laughter—a boy's voice, young.

Helpless, Forrest joined him.

Reynolds Price's first novel, A Long and Happy Life, *was printed in a single issue of* Harper's *in 1962. He is presently completing a long novel, from which this story is adapted.*

SEVEN O'CLOCK they had cooked a supper side meat and hominy and kettle coffee smallest stove in the kitchen of the aban- Springs Hotel, using the boards from the house as fuel. Then—the Negro leading climbed the back stairs and walked the all to the front of the house, the second- porch. The old man carried the hot iron ith their mutual food; Forrest carried the and the two spring cups, having wrenched last one at the Negro's instructions. The floor was thick with branches, dead , fallen hornets' nests, a child's shoe; but e had been cleared at the breezy north he Negro headed there and, with his free motioned Forrest to sit in the better place the floor with his back to the wall of the , looking out at the top of the thick un- owth which had reached that high. The himself sat—as easy as a boy—with his back to the posts of the lovely railing; he brought out his long folding knife, halved the meat, and pushed the pan toward Forrest. "Half of it yours."

"Thank you," Forrest said and reached out his hand.

"Forgot your spoon." The Negro felt himself on both breast pockets, reached into one, and drew out a tin spoon and held it to Forrest.

"Where's yours?" Forrest said.

"Just one," he said. "Just one, for company. I got good fingers." He flexed his long fingers —the spoon still in them.

So Forrest took the spoon; and they ate in silence—each consuming exactly half of all the pan held and hot cups of coffee. By then, with the thickness of leaves around them, they were nearly in darkness. Lightning bugs had started their signaling. The old man searched himself again, found a plug of tobacco, and again with his



trodt

knife cut two equal chews and offered one to Forrest. He took it, though he did not normally chew; and the silence continued while they both made starts on the rich dark cud. The quiet, the general peace was so heavy—despite the presence three feet away of a strange old Negro, maybe wild, with a knife—that it calmed whatever pain or fear had survived Forrest's day, the long hot walk. Or not so much calmed as pressed it down by a greater force—his need for rest having found perfect harbor in this place like a happy afterworld for heroes destroyed in the war of love, an Elysium promised in no religion palpably here, tonight, and his.

At last the Negro rose, spat over the rail, and said, "Mayfield—that your truthful name?"

"Yes," Forrest said.

"That name I told you—that won't my truthful name."

Forrest was certain he had heard no name—its absence was part of the peace he'd felt—but he said, "All right."

"I don't tell my truthful name to nobody."

"That's all right with me. I'm obliged to you for kindness. I'll be leaving at daylight."

"What you doing here?" the Negro said.

"You invited me to supper."

"In that shed, I mean—by them dirty springs." He spat again.

Forrest also stood and quietly turned out the contents of his mouth to the dark leaves below. Then he swallowed two mouthfuls of bitter spit in the effort to cleanse his tongue and teeth. His back was turned to both the Negro and the springhouse, but his voice was clear and firm. "This is where a young lady and I made a promise some time ago. I came back to see it."

"You seen it, ain't you?"

"What was left of it," Forrest said. "The little you had left." He wanted to laugh but his head turned instead; and he begged the Negro, "Who are you? What are you doing here?"

"Don't blame me," the Negro said. "I never knew you, never heard you was coming. All I thought was, nobody here for thirty, forty years; nobody coming; I'm keeping me warm." Though the heat of the day had barely lifted, he cradled his arms on himself, rubbed his shoulders.

Calm again, Forrest said, "Tell me something to call you."

The Negro thought. "You need to call me, you call me Gid."

"Thank you," Forrest said. Then he sat again by the cold iron pan and looked up to meet the Negro's eyes—hardly possible now, with the progress of evening. "Beg your pardon," he said. "I'd have blamed whoever I spoke to today. I'm in serious trouble."

Gid nodded. "Who you kill?"

"That girl that loved me." Forrest felt that his answer was in fact the truth, though he also knew it would throw this old man into some incalculable response. He knew he wanted hat strike, counterstrike.

"And you come back here to the pla found her?"

"Yes."

"They looking for you?"

"No," Forrest said.

"They starting tomorrow?"

"No," Forrest said.

"They already found her? and the hunting you?"

"They got her. They don't care where

"She white?"

"Yes," Forrest said.

"You crazy, ain't you?"

Forrest laughed a little and nodded safe."

"Where you going tomorrow?"

"Back home. Virginia."

"Who waiting for you?"

"Kin-people, my job."

"That's one more thing than waits on

"What's that?" Forrest said.

"Dying. Sickness. That do make two was smiling apparently; his voice seemed ed through a broad smile.

"No people at all?" Forrest said. earth?"

"Oh, I've got people, I'm fairly sure questions about them: where they at? the ing for *me*?"

Forrest said, "Who are you?" He wa little. "I'm perfectly safe. Never hurt That's half my problem."

"Just killed your woman?"

Forrest nodded. The lie seemed a han gift, return for shelter.

BANKY PATTERSON," the Negro said, what they called a slave, around H somewhere around here, some eighty year A good while past, leastways, anyhow place won't built when I was born, not recall. What I recall—you seen I'm in my mind, ain't you?"

Forrest nodded, all dark.

"What I recall—my mama belonged to named Fitts that owned this land through 300 acres. His own house stood where now—we on his foundation; his house burned—and my mama had a little place your springs. They was there, same as n no shed to roof them but dirty as now. E body round here cleaned them out once at as a child, and drank a cold handful—bit alum, tasted like a fart, a month-old egg. nobody ever took a second drink and, sure nobody ever thought the world would *p* drink it. They did for a while—so it look don't it? So word got to me—but I neve to watch it: dances and sick folks, sick

cing. I got out of here." He stopped as if he sudden end of a stock of generosity he'd ıght was larger.

When was that?" Forrest said.

You tell me," he said. "That's most of my ly—when things happen; how they got away n me." He stopped again and waited. "You read. You tell me—if I'm eighty-some now, ıt was I at the freedom?"

'orrest calculated with his finger on the dark ır. "Forty-some, I guess."

'Seem like to me I was older than that—*feel* : it, anyhow. But maybe not. All my children e born after freedom, so I was still plenty ıd when it come. I never had married in very times. I waited it out. I knew I was wait- ."

'For what?" Forrest said.

'A fair chance to see my way to the end. e Fittses was good but the Fittses was *people.* ey didn't own many niggers, didn't need to ich as they was, little as they farmed—so y sold they surplus off every year, or give m away to they children and kin. I had good s; I looked and saw; and when I got to lve and they kept me on—twelve was when y weeded, before breeding time—I said to self, 'You hold your own. Tend your own ırt, else they break it to hell.' "

'Why did they keep you?" Forrest said.

'My mama fought for me. Some people say vas kin to the Fittses, and they kept they n. I used to be brighter in the skin than now; ght niggers darken—you notice that? I al- ys aimed, when I got grown, to ask Mama at was the truth of that; but I never did and w I reckon it's past too late." It was nearly l night.

ER HUSBAND WAS DOLFUS, lived some miles from here on another place; and when he me to see her once a month on a pass from master, she make me sleep in the yard if it's nmer. But that don't make me call him fa- er, and I still ain't. The thing I *know* is, Mama ght for me. I never heard her do it; but Zack ts told me—they youngest boy, that I played th. He say my mama come in one evening where they all set talking in the parlor and l the master she need to talk. He rise up and to meet her in the hall and ask what's trou- ng—she they head cook, they jewel—and she y, 'Banky.' 'What Banky done?' he say. 'Noth- g,' she say, 'but you want to kill me, you send n off. I dead in two months. My heart dry in e.' Any nigger say that but Mama be beat— od as he was, he won't stand that. But Zack l me his papa say 'Julia, go home and sleep,' d she know she won. So I had me two debts to Mama and Master—and I paid on them r all them years till freedom come, a good blacksmith; I'm still strong as iron. And, like I tell you, I had me a lesson—hold to your black heart, else they ruin it. I ain't saying I turned into no steer—too many heifers around for that, and they coming at me—but I tell you what's truth, white man, once I done humped and groveled my way through the two, three years I was getting my nature, I found out that stuff won't all they claiming. You can buy it and sell it or get it free; but it ain't going to cure one trouble you got, not the least boil rising on your black ass."

Forrest said, "Why?"

"You tell me," he said. "I big a fool as you. By time freedom come, my mama was crazy; had lost every bit of the sense she had. Times was hard—niggers all turning wild, white folks turning mean, white trash taking over, our master dead, Zack killed in the war, Mistress and her two girls setting out here just staring at the woods like the woods could help. So I'm at the age you say I am—full-growed man—and leave her, leave Mama with Dip her onliest sister and strike out north. Three reasons why: no work round here, nothing I can do for Mama but watch her eat dirt from the roadbank and pick at herself and some Yankee pass through holding a paper saying ironworkers wanted in Baltimore, a dollar a day. So I walk to Maryland, Baltimore. No such thing. They ain't hiring niggers. I ought to come home; but what I eat if I come here? old honeysuckle? So I walk down on the map a little and penetrate all round the state of Virginia, doing nigger jobs—a little blacksmithing, a whole lot of digging; everybody back then always digging holes."

"Were you still by yourself? Traveling alone?"

"I left that out. Well, to answer your question—yes, I traveled alone; light as rabbit fur. But a whole lot of time I was standing still or laying down, and then I had company. Two or three wives; three, four sets of children. All named for me."

"Where are they now?"

He looked round slowly, both sides and behind, as though they all might have gathered while he talked, as though by speaking he had summoned not only their memory but their faces, palpable bodies. "They ain't with me. I ain't with them."

"You've come here hunting them?"

"*No* indeed. They never heard of here. I never used to tell present folks my past."

Forrest said, "Is the story you're telling me true?" He felt that an answer was urgent to him now; he didn't know why.

"Pretty nearly, pretty nearly—the way I recall it."

"Then go on. Tell the rest, to now."

The Negro waited. "Nothing else," he said. "What you expect? Eighty years of getting up,

working, laying down. You want to hear all that, you need eighty years—which I ain't got."

"Please. Why are you here, in this old place?"

"Same reason as you—looking."

"For what?"

"My mama."

Forrest gave a little chuff through his nose—laugh, wonder.

She be in her hundreds, if you counting right. Nothing but a girl when I was born. She always say I parted her ways while they still was green—I her live firstborn. I looking for her."

Forrest said, "Why?"

"To see her again, see do she know me, did she ever get well, get her right mind back, let her blame me some."

"Blame for what?"

"Not fighting no harder for her, when I could."

Forrest said, "How could you?"

"Sat and watched her, talked to her, answered her questions. All the stuff I thought was vain."

Forrest said, "Did you fight for anybody?"

"Me," he said quickly and struck at himself—palm on his chest, twice, dry hollow thumps. Then he waited and thought and said, "Who the hell you? all time doubting me, all time asking *why?* I'm telling you *what*, the *what* I recall, what I need to find. If you here to listen, you listen to *what*. It's all I giving."

Forrest also waited. Then he said, "Beg your pardon."

"I don't beg yours. Who you anyhow?"

Forrest told him again—his name, age, home, his work.

"And you killed your woman?"

"What she felt for me, yes."

"But she still living?"

Forrest nodded, in the dark.

"And you hunting her?"

The answer reached Forrest from wherever it had waited—or freshly burgeoned. In total dark it caused him no pain to give it to this rank old madman, powerless to use its news, powerless to hurt. "No, I'm not," he said. "I am heading home."

Banky said, "I'm there. And I'm ready to sleep. You welcome to sleep in my poor home." He waited, then cackled with laughter awhile, then bowed from the waist toward where Forrest sat, then entered the black house.

THERE WERE TWO LARGE ROOMS on the front of the house, the old public rooms. When Forrest stood and followed Banky indoors, he found him waiting in the hall, hand extended—found him with his own hand in the unrelieved dark. The dry old skin gave a rustle at his touch—hide of a rattler, dragon, hermit; the skin of all Negroes he had ever touched, the tough lov-

ing cooks (spiteful and tender) of his own c
hood—but he did not refuse it; and Banky
"You ready?" Forrest gave a nod that no
man eye could have seen, and felt himself dr
off to the right—the center of that room—
his toes were stumped by a low soft obst
"This your bed." Banky left him.

Forrest squatted and felt at the mass on
floor—it seemed a pallet made of carpet
draperies; *dirt*, *vermin*, he thought but di
care. Again a huge weight, greater than fati
was pressing him earthward. So great ever
did not struggle to see it—to name it, dis
its need, its diet. He loosened his high sl
and lay and sank. No fear. Surrender.

After hours of pure sleep and lesser dre
he came to this—he has walked for days
familiar country, southern Virginia (pine wo
rolling pastures, the trees and the air one e
mous bell ceaselessly rung by millions of t
teen-year cicadas); and now, tired but calm
has come to a small town, a boardinghouse.
has signed his name in the book which the l
keeps by the door (the house is her home, sr
but cool; she is beautiful, a widow in her e
forties, well-spoken, fighting with lovely and
fortless grace to feed her children, herself,
servants by the hard expedient of opening
doors to a streaming world—he feels that in
dream). She leads him to a room on the b
of the house, far from noise; and once she
shown him the wardrobe and basin, she tu
to go, then stops and says, "This bed is your
There are two iron beds, one large, one smal
she has shown him the small. He does not
why, only sets down his grip (which by now
has rigged with rope, as a pack); but she sm
and says, "You have paid for a room that ho
two people. Now we'll wait for the other." Th
she turns and goes; and he does not see her,
in fact no life at all till evening, when from
at the other side of the house a bell rings s
per and he washes and goes. And has eate
full meal—steak, pan gravy, corn, snap bea
tomatoes—when the lady appears in the din
room door and, grave as a sibyl, searches
faces of his fellow feeders. It is him she wa
He knows that at once—there is someone
hind her in the darkening hall—but he does
speak. A fellow guest—a young man at his ri
—is asking him the purpose of his journey.
he offers his face to the lady's search, he is a
trying to answer the question, to remember t
answer. Just when he knows and is ready
speak, the lady speaks also but not to him. S
turns to the person waiting behind her and cle
ly says, "Mayfield—take the seat by Mr. Ma
field." An elderly man—white hair in clean lo
locks to his shoulders, the clothes of a wande
(more nearly a tramp)—steps slowly forwa
As he comes, he studies only the floor, his sh
fling feet—a careful mover, forced into care

and exhaustion. Forrest thinks he should to help the man; but the young man beside again asks the purpose of his lengthy trip; ıe turns and says, "My health—for my th," and by then the old man is seated be- him. Silently. Breathing hard from his ef- the latest leg of his own long journey, but ord of greeting and no look, no smile. The man faces only his plate, empty and white; when Forrest passes the cooling food to , he serves himself in silence, staring down. young man beside Forrest asks what is ng—"You look quite well"—but Forrest is ıly watching the old man and knows, though annot look up to check, that the lady stands n the doorway, watching also. She is watch- two—Forrest, the old man—and still she is e, not from puzzlement but fear that some- g will not happen. It does. Then. The old separates a biscuit into halves. He is For- 's father. Forrest sees it; no question of bt or error. He senses that the lady is also ing. Forrest speaks the name—"Robinson. ıer. Robinson Mayfield." The old man eats biscuit slowly, still watching his plate. He s not seem hungry. He is eating because he been led here where eating is expected. Yet n he has chewed it all and swallowed, he ıs to Forrest, waiting with eyes from the ning which Forrest remembers; but with crushing difference: their gaze is no longer dy or searching, merely polite. He is trying hink of an answer for this stranger smiling de him. No one but Forrest is waiting now ll the others are eating blackberry roll (it is -July); the lady has gone. The old man— ɔinson Mayfield undoubtedly, the father For- has not seen for twenty-seven years, for ɔm he now yearns—that old man carefully s, "Forgive me." He smiles. "Maybe so. You very well be right. I am too tired to say. tired, too far." Forrest does not wonder *far* from what or why his heart yearns so cely tonight for the simple sound of his own ıe spoken in that old voice. He says, "For- en," and turns to the food congealed on his e.

THE MIDST OF THAT (at the point where orrest heard the dinner bell), black Banky ıe to the door of the room and stood—no ıt. Since leaving Forrest here, he had been he kitchen to deposit their pan, then into the ezeway to wash his feet, then back to the nt room opposite Forrest's. He had sat in an ıchair and tried to sleep (he had not slept on his back for years—danger of death) had failed and succeeded only in thinking: mory, faces he had hoped to see only in ıven (he was certain of heaven, though afraid go). So he'd crossed the hall and listened for the sounds that would locate Forrest and, more, tell his nature—the secret signals of kind- ness or cruelty which, all his life, Banky had detected in darkness or light, near or far. He stood and listened till the end of the dream. There seemed to be sounds of quicker breath, two muffled blows of a fist on the floor; but age had dulled the special keenness of his organ of knowledge (that film of skin on his palms, in his nostrils, across his eyes, that received from the world—or had for eight decades—the ur- gent news: early warning or, rarely, confirma- tion of clear path ahead, invitation to safety, pleasure, rest); and silence had taken the room again. So Banky moved slowly to enter the space, sliding each foot forward with fear and care so as not to touch the body somewhere there asleep, afloat in its secret life, cast away. Banky thought some of that—and felt it all— and when he knew that his right foot had come to the edge of the body, he stopped and waited a little, thinking. The white man, covered in dark beneath him—in reach of all his organs of touch, his harmful instruments—seemed quiet again, entirely quiet. Banky slowly reached to his own hip pocket—no fumbling now—and found his knife. He opened it silently and in one move, fluid and quiet as a snake—no cracking of joints —he knelt to the floor. His knees touched For- rest's warm right hand where, abandoned in the dream, it lay open, empty. The knife was in Banky's own right hand. He extended his left and with perfect aim inserted his forefinger, dry, and touched Forrest—lightly on the palm. Misery poured from the hand into Banky like the jolting current he had known thirty years before when lightning struck a mule he had just finished plowing—fifty yards away—and slammed through the damp earth to burn his feet. His finger moved on, still accurately, and stopped at the crest of the sleeping wrist where a pulse thudded up to meet him like cries, deep wide-spaced bellowing. He had not felt active pity for years, maybe since his mother lost her mind and raved; but he felt it now and knew its name—and also thought he knew its de- mand. He drew back his probing hand, extended the other—the right hand armed with the open knife—and with no need to gauge his force or feel for his target, he pulled the sharp edge once across the wrist. Lightly though, a dry re- hearsal. He felt again. The wrist was dry and in that instant of touch Banky knew he could not help this man, not give him the peace that lay in his power to render now. He drew back his knife, folded it, and hid it in his pocket again. Then, knowing there was no chance that he would sleep and die unawares, he lay slow- ly back on the hard floor. Forrest was just be- yond his reach—ten inches more than the length of his arm; and to ease the morning, the strange awakening, Banky's head was laid at Forrest's

feet. At first light, Forrest would not have to wake to immediate sight of Banky's eyes, open and waiting.

HE WOKE A GOOD TWO HOURS past dawn, not from any external sound or movement or Banky's nearness or the light full on him through the tall east window, but from satiation, a rest so deep and venturesome as to give him the sense, as his eyes broke open, of lightness and cleanness, of a life unburdened by past or future, all an open *present* like a cleared field in sunlight. A sense of healing that bore in its heart no threat to end. His dream had sunk beneath conscious memory, and the turbulence that rose from its plummet was hope. He could live his life; he knew the way. And so he was happy—for twenty, thirty seconds. He had waked on his back and all he had seen till then was ceiling—the strangely intact, unstained white plaster twelve feet above.

But Banky had waited as long as he could. When he heard the final sounds of waking, he quickly rose to his knees again and was there over Forrest—"I'm going with you."

Forrest looked. All the causes of misery stood in him, large and genuine, his respite ended. "Where am I going?" he said.

Banky smiled—the first time. "You say. I'm following."

Forrest said, "Why?"

"You by yourself now. You need some help, need somebody. I'm free and ready."

Forrest said, "You're hunting your mother."

"Did I tell you that?" Banky said. "I was. When I came back down here, I thought I was —two, three weeks ago. First day, I come straight here, found this. I knew it was the place —somebody told me years ago the Fittses had sold out to some poor trash that had built this hotel and then gone broke. But before they left, they tore down all that was in my memory, except your springs and a tree or two I recognized. All the quarters was gone—my mama's house, Dip her sister's, the shop I forged in. Trees and foul water. So I walked on to Micro—I knew that good, ain't barely changed—and asked this old white man in the store if he heard of Julia Patterson. He told me, 'Sure. Old crazy Julia. Lived back yonder with all them dogs.' I ask was she live. He say he ain't seen her for twenty years: but he say, 'Don't trust me. Heap of folks I ain't seen ain't dead, and some of 'em come back and cheat me.' I ask him who must I trust: and he said, "Won't she a Fitts nigger? Miss Caroline Fitts still living up the road.' He tell me where: so I go and there she—old as me, and meaner, and three-fourths blind; but she knew me the minute she see my face. 'You're too late, Banky,' she say first thing. 'I'm poor as you.' It looked like she was, but she a big liar. I say to her I ain't here for money, bu she tell me where Mama is? She say to m as quick as that. 'When she die?' I say. Caroline say, 'Who say she dead? Mayb living in the Washington White House, ing angel food cakes for Teddy Roosevelt. be she living in a shack near here with fou hounds, eating dirt and scratching. Either you're no good to her now. Too late, Ban too late again.' She always been the bitch i crowd, Miss Caroline; but she tell what her n think is so; so I didn't backtalk none at all. to her, 'True.' Then she say, 'Where you liv and I ask her do she have a suggestion? say no again; she quick as ever. I ask her, ' own that old piece of hotel where the h used to be?' She say, 'I do.' I told her I hear Fittses lost it. 'Did,' she say, 'but the trash bought it couldn't sit there and work long en to pay the mortgage, so it's mine again.' she study me hard; then say, 'You want it?' yes—to see what she mean. 'Take it,' she 'It's mine to give. Take it, use it, and when done, burn it. But don't come asking me Julia again, or money or food. Don't bring your face another time.' Then she shut the d I swear to God—two weeks ago."

Forrest nodded. "I believe you. You've g grand home." He smiled, waved round at big bright room.

Banky said, "This don't mean birdshit to r

Forrest said, "It does to me." He had h all that, half risen, arms propped behind Now he reached for his shoes and laced then carefully. Then he stood and walked four s toward the door (nearer to the door than Ba still kneeling); then he turned and said, " sorry, Banky, and I thank you for kindnes am going home myself—eventually, I ho As Forrest spoke, he knew he had said that night; but it came entirely differently no like the mention of a gate, a goal, not a ter nus. "And the way I'll live, I cannot use y I would be no help on earth to you."

"Help won't what I needed," Banky s "I helping myself." He rose, faced Forrest, extended his arms to demonstrate his truth ness—his strength well-tended for a man age, the knowledge of his years intact, unha ened, offered for use.

Though he did not know it, and never wou Forrest had taken the thing he could use— message imparted by Banky's example, ins ed in his sleep, the dream (still buried bene his memory) of his own lost father, burnt-o abandoned. He felt in his coat, withdrew wallet, and extended a paper dollar towa Banky. "For your trouble," he said.

Banky shook his head and held his place, eyes full open, unblinking on Forrest, who s again, "Thank you," and turned and, findi his grip in the hall, went quickly out.

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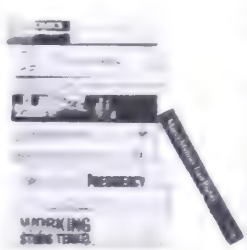
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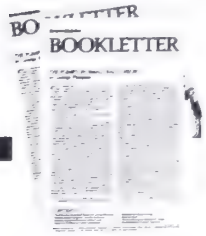
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SPECTS OF A MODERN HERO

rt Stern perceived as the world's greatest prosecutor
Sammy Glick the archangel

E LIVE IN A TIME when the most revolu-
onary developments seem to have been
ble almost as soon as they occur. What
possible yesterday is not only a common-
tomorrow, it is likely to appear always
e been a commonplace, in a kind of uni-
application of Fred Allen's sly insight,
, little bright line, don't you cry,/You'll be
é by and by." Yet, for all our instant at-
ents to the atomic age, home television,
n, and women's liberation, I cannot be-
ve will ever come to view the prosecu-
career of Herbert J. Stern as a natural
menon.

ing his brief but furious tenure in the
l States Attorney's Office in New Jersey
nure that ended early this year with his
ıtment to the federal bench—Herbert
like a walking, talking Ajax cleanser, ac-
ished not merely the impossible but the
sterous. In four years he managed to de-
ninate the state's one-armed bandit poli-
ınd thereby discomfited everything con-
d holy in Jersey, including the cynicism.
reover, he did the job in impeccably non-
an fashion, tossing Democrats and Re-
ans into prison with charming evenhand-
s. In a state where children at the breast
d that it's "the two parties against the
e," this was unblemished irony. And since
is without party affiliation it was more fit-
till.

rn prosecuted eight Mayors, two Secre-
of State, two State Treasurers, two power-
political bosses, a nationally famous Con-
nan—and over 100 other public officials.
ıt a handful were convicted, lengthy sen-
s were meted out to most (the Mayor of
City: fifteen years; the Mayor of New-
ten years), and Lewisburg Penitentiary
houses so many of Stern's prey that the
n the corner of Broad and Market Streets
wark call it Stern College.

Entire city administrations were turned out by the prosecutions, with voters sweeping in reform governments in such "eternal" machine strongholds as Newark, Jersey City, and Atlantic City. The notorious Hudson County Democratic organization was wiped out from the top with the conviction of John V. Kenny, the venerable "Little Guy" who bossed the county from his Jersey City base for twenty-five years. In a final bipartisan coup, Stern destroyed Gov. William T. Cahill's Republican administration by indicting some of his closest aides for fraudulent fund-raising, thus paving the way for Democrat Brendan T. Byrne to win the Governor's mansion on an anti-corruption platform. No public prosecutor in the nation has ever approached this record. How much more impressive, then, that Stern did it against the grain of his time and place.

As the Watergate scandal demonstrates, the years 1969–73 were virtually synonymous with cover-up. In New Jersey, however, cover-up had been a way of life for the better part of the century. It was a condition that had always inspired in me, as in other native sons of the Garden State, equal measures of hilarity and indignation. For that reason I began watching Stern's career from the moment he became chief assistant to U.S. Attorney Frederick B. Lacey in the fall of 1969. I had an even more parochial interest in him: from 1961 to 1963 I had served as an Assistant U.S. Attorney in the very office Stern would later head with such distinction. Then in December of last year, when it was announced that Stern, now only thirty-seven years old, was going up to the bench, I decided to journey to Newark to meet him. Like most observers, I had been skeptical of Stern when he began prosecuting politicians, for he seemed to be going after only Democrats. While even partisan prosecutions were rare in Jersey, it was not hard to attribute them to John Mitchell's apparent grand plan to set up Re-

Sidney Zion is a criminal lawyer practicing in New York and a contributing editor of The Antioch Review. *He is presently writing a book about Israel.*



Vint Lawrence

publican beachheads in traditional Der
bailiwicks. Now that Stern had complet
abused everyone of such notions, I trai
my suspicions of his intentions to a gen
picion of him as a person.

The reasons, I vaguely acknowledge
sentimental. New Jersey politics had be
to me. I knew a number of the men Ste
wiped out, and I liked them. Crooks th
questionably were, and usurpers of the
tution, but I had a personal library of st
people they had helped. Politicians on th
—and bosses in particular—are ou
friendly sorts, and because I grew up un
New Jersey ones, they looked a cut ab
rest to me.

Intellectually I couldn't justify them,
a minute. They stand for special privileg
only occasionally (and then often only b
dent) represent the interests of the g
public. If they are leaders they control n
tions and renominations of elected offici
elected officials, they are generally in th
the leaders. Whether or not money is p
this is a corruption of our democracy
roots.

Since Stern had devastated the machin
mind was firmly in his corner. But what d
tell your heart? Where I came from, cru
were looked upon as sissies, boy scouts
Men had the clout, the Men were in—or a
close to—the Organization. This was sent
tality. But when I wanted to be an Ass
U.S. Attorney it was my county leade
swung it for me.

So Herb Stern interested me, and on m
over to Newark I anticipated much more t
nostalgic journey. I would get a chance to
sure a man who could not have existed i
time there. Unless I could come out of my
I could not imagine liking him; but unl
were to shed everything I believed in, I
not help respecting him.

A terrible innoc

STERN'S LOOKS ARE SO DECEPTIVE that
easy to understand why it took the J
satraps a long time to take him seriously.
mous prosecutors invariably look like pro
tors. Thomas E. Dewey, Robert F. Kenn
Samuel Seabury, Robert M. Morgenthau, F
Hogan, Burton B. Roberts, Richard Kuh—
in his manner had a way of making honest
scurry home to recheck the tax returns. St
who was more effective than all of them, l
like an earnest young accountant who perf
moonlights weekends on the violin in the
orchestra at the Bergen Mall. He stands six
even, but people have sworn, after an e
evening with him, that he was no better

, five-ten, undoubtedly because he car- 160 pounds on a slight bone structure. ears ago he weighed 220. He lost it on a ogram, dropping as low as 140.

everything else I do, I did it to excess," and the remark comes as close to self- as Stern is likely to get. Conceit has to do with it. He has simply looked his r as if it were a piece of evidence and persuasive beyond a reasonable doubt. in our talks I asked him if there were g he would have done differently, if he l any disappointments as U.S. Attorney. ournalism-school question, designed to person a chance to wax humble while no blame.

contemplated the question for three . "No," he said. "We've achieved our bjectives. We wanted to clean up govern- o build an efficient, nonpartisan office; te a climate of hope for the public; to tradition of decent, honest law enforce- we've done all these things."

l no disappointments?"

ne. The office is running smoothly. I'm it in good hands. Jonathan Goldstein s chief assistant, now acting U.S. Attor- the finest prosecutor in the country. If thinks that my leaving will make life for corruption, they'll soon discover how they are."

ey know that," I said, "but the ones I've to aren't sorry to see you go. They con- ou the angel of death; you brought them om."

s, a pogrom," he shot back. "A pogrom the guilty."

miled to myself—*at* myself—because I believed him. From any other lips, this ent would have been the most ludicrous sm, but it was clear that Stern meant word of it. And if that didn't make it any it did make it more interesting.

ry now and then Stern hits you with a hat seems to wrinkle but one side of his f there's a word for the Stern smile in the h language it eludes me. In Yiddish it's g, giving out with an aha!-aha!-you-see- ght-I-am-ain't-I-a-pretty-great-fella smile. nsidered fine to *kvell* over a grandchild, *kvell* over yourself is insufferable. And ern is not insufferable; if anything, his nt immodesty comes across as innocence, of an unusual variety. He appears unable erstand, for example, how any right-think- rson could criticize him.

THE FEELING against Stern is cutting- ick wherever machine politicians gather, is just about everywhere in Jersey. Not se of what he did to them personally—I didn't, after all, go up to Lewisburg—but for what he had done to their world. It was as tight a party state as could be found in the country; indeed, it would take volumes to describe how it was in New Jersey before Herb Stern came around. I'll hold it to a few things I saw and heard across the years.

On the night of our graduation from Passaic High School in June 1951, some friends and I made a party-hop to the home of a classmate whose father had been a major trial lawyer in the Twenties and Thirties—until he was jailed and disbarred for fixing accident cases. He was now a well-respected doctor—do you think *that* happens anywhere else?—but this night he was reminiscing about his career at the bar.

He had had a couple of nuns as clients, he told us, who were hit by an Erie Railroad train in Passaic one morning in the late Twenties. The track ran though our main drag in those days, and it gave the city a curious fame, nearly comparable to the Passaic High Wonder Team, which won 159 straight basketball games during the Golden Age of Sports.

Since the accident occurred in Passaic and the nuns lived in Passaic, the lawyer naturally laid the venue for his suit against the railroad in Passaic County. Almost as naturally, he lost. The county was then fiercely anti-Catholic, making it virtually impossible to find a fair jury. The judges were not much better on that score, and tended to favor the railroad to boot.

Shortly after the trial, a representative of Frank Hague, the Mayor of Jersey City, called on my pal's dad.

"Counselor," he said, "how come you laid the venue in Passaic on behalf of them nuns?"

"Well, there was no alternative under the law."

"But counselor, they don't like Catholics in Passaic."

"I'm aware of that," the lawyer said.

"If you were aware of that, counselor, why didn't you sue in Hudson County?"

"But the judge would have thrown it out in Hudson."

"*What* judge would have thrown it out, counselor?"

"Well, I guess I get what you mean, but the Court of Errors and Appeals would have thrown it out eventually, so what's the point?"

"*What* Court of Errors and Appeals would have thrown it out?"

The lawyer dropped his head, like a little kid. And the emissary from Hague twisted the shiv.

"I was going to take you to see the Boss, counselor," he said. "But seeing how goddamn dumb you are, your presence would insult him."

Wet behind the ears we may have been, but we all understood that story perfectly. Everything was bosses and connections, what else was

"In 1961 it never occurred to us that any political appointee would breathe without the okay from the county leader."

Sidney Zion

ASPECTS OF A MODERN HERO

there to politics? Issues were for the League of Women Voters.

Herb Stern makes it no secret that he has never entered a political clubhouse, that he doesn't know the party affiliations of his assistants, that no leader would dare send him an applicant for a job. This is admirable, to be sure, but more than a bit misleading for its implication that anyone could have done the same at any time. In 1961, when I was looking for a job in Stern's office, the then U.S. Attorney, David M. Satz, Jr., might have hired a couple of assistants on his own, but no more than a couple. In those days, it never occurred to us that any political appointee was an independent agent. We knew, as well as we knew DiMaggio's number, that no official would breathe without the okay from the county leader.

A story from those days makes the point forcefully. One of the people sworn in a few weeks after me had been an assistant county prosecutor in Hudson County. He was ten years older than most of the staff. One night I asked him how he came to join us.

"Not my choice," he said. "I was happy with the prosecutor's office. I had my own practice, the money was good, it was an easy life.

"Then one day while I was making a speech for a candidate in Journal Square, a guy grabs my elbow and tells me to stop talking. Just like that, he says, 'Get down from there, pally, you're Hatched.'

"How could I be?" I said.

" 'You're goin' to the feds, no more politics.'

"But I don't want to go to the feds."

" 'I know how you feel, kid, but it's for the party. We need a guy with the feds, you gotta do your part.'

"But why me?"

" 'Cause, kiddy, you're the only one could get through the FBI search.' "

By 1962 I was handling a tax case for the government in the Hudson County Courthouse. My argument over, I walked into a mob scene in the hall. It was swearing-in day for the new county prosecutor, the Hon. James A. Tumulty. The county boss, John V. Kenny, was in the first row of the crowded courtroom, sitting with half the entourage that Stern would later ship off to the federal penitentiary. The sheriff had the honor of introducing Tumulty to the throng. "To be prosecutor of Hudson County," he said, "you need the wisdom of Solomon, the patience of Job, the strength of a lion, the cunning of a tiger—and the okay from Johnny."

Before the laughter could subside, State Sen. William Kelly hopped up from the audience and said: "And if he's got the last qualification, he don't need the rest; and if he lacks the last, all the rest won't buy him a subway token."

When I got back to the office, I told the story to the staff. Everyone applauded.

Nixon fights co

IF IT'S TRUE THAT everything Richa touches turns to irony, it was never as in New Jersey. Senatorial courtesy that the senior Senator of the Preside is the effective appointing agent of U. neys. The Senator traditionally sends up and unless the White House has pictur guy *in flagrante*, he's likely to get th 1969 Clifford P. Case was the man N to defer to, a circumstance honeycom irony. For Senator Case was the very e radiclib in the Nixon-Agnew view. Fu never liked the President and supporte feller at the 1968 convention. In Nev Case, for more than two decades, has tacking the politics of both parties as in the nostrils and an offense in the the world." Nixon's election gave chance to effect a cleanup, and he n most of it.

Case chose Frederick B. Lacey for torney. Lacey, then forty-eight, had im credentials. He was a first-rate trial law a partner in a prestigious Newark firm, had served as first Assistant U.S. Atto the early Fifties. He wasn't politically but his Republican stripes were in pl Case had no trouble passing him throug House and Justice Department muster.

Lacey hired Stern as his chief a largely as a result of having opposed th lawyer, unsuccessfully, in the Colonial Case in 1968. Stern, who had joined the Department's Organized Crime and Ra ing section late in 1965 after almost fou in Frank Hogan's office in Manhattan, in Newark for years in an effort to br bribery shakedown of Colonial, ot known as the Big Inch, the largest pipeli ect in history. Lacey, a private lawyer case, was impressed with Stern, as should have been. Colonial turned out t prototype of the Stern Method; the ca broken, as many would be in the future, massive subpoenaing of books and reco

At bottom, the Method is simply the a tion of the adage that wherever you see cians, businessmen, and labor leaders t you just throw an egg and hit a guilty In execution, of course, the work is painst but fundamentally that's the ticket. Lac Stern, who quickly became known in the as Batman and Robin, used the Method t effect in the trial of Mayor Hugh J. Add and the Newark City Hall gang.

After Lacey went on the federal be early 1971, Stern streamlined the Metho began to go into cities cold, without a sh evidence or even a lead, and out he'd com

t just could be the conversation piece of the year."



Mow the man down!

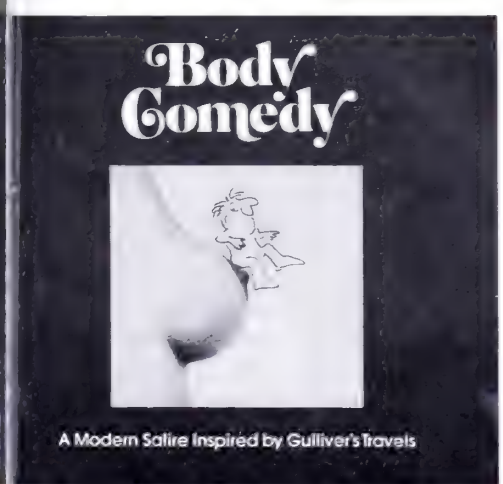
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baskets full of convictions. But as easy as it had been for Senator Case to sail Lacey through, the reverse was true in the Stern nomination. It took thirteen months for Stern to be nominated by Nixon, with the Nixon Administration sitting on its hands, hoping that something would happen in New Jersey to force Case to withdraw the nomination. No administration wants its prosecutors to be independent of the Justice Department, and the New Jersey office had amply demonstrated that it was going its own way, with the press and public strongly in its corner. Moreover, Lacey and Stern had begun to investigate Republicans, including State Chairman Nelson Gross, a loyal Nixon man and the party's candidate for the Senate. Such a situation could obviously get out of hand, and of course it did. It is hardly surprising, then, that the Administration stalled on Stern; what's impressive is that Case stood fast, and won.

Why now?

FROM THE BEGINNING of Lacey's and Stern's reign of terror in New Jersey's county politics, the question has been asked, Why didn't anyone go after the scoundrels before? It was put to me three years ago, when I gave a lecture at Montclair State College. The chairman had introduced me as a former Assistant U.S. Attorney, and during the question period a lady asked how I could presume to talk on law and order when I had worked for an office that had permitted lawless political machines to flourish.

"I was in the civil division," I said.

Dave Satz didn't have it so easy. I hadn't talked to my old boss for a couple of years, but it wasn't hard to imagine the kind of heat he was getting. I called Dave at his Newark law office and told him I was doing a story on Stern and wanted his views.

"Are you going to make him an archangel, like everyone else has?" he said. "Sammy Glick the archangel?"

We scheduled lunch.

Satz had been something of a boy wonder himself. He started his career in the State Attorney General's office, rose quickly to first assistant, and became U.S. Attorney in his mid-thirties. He stayed for eight years, until the summer of '69, and he'd probably be a federal judge today had Lyndon Johnson not decided to freeze all judgeships after announcing his abdication. In a tough town like Newark, such breaks are held against you. As Johnny Sain, the great pitcher, used to say: "The world doesn't want to hear about labor pains, it only wants to see the baby."

I told Satz that I thought he was getting a bum rap, and he agreed—but as it turned out, for different reasons. "We didn't have the manpower to go after political corruption," he "We had eighteen assistants to their fift We concentrated on organized crime, ar had all we could do to handle it, given our staff. Most importantly, Stern has the Streets and Crime Control Act, which let grant immunity to witnesses any time he v To get people to turn in higher-ups you ha be able to grant immunity. It was very for us to do under the existing statutes."

If Satz was right about immunity, it se to me that he had a perfect defense. I couldn't find anyone who would agree with He gave me the names of lawyers to call, called them (and others), but the answers the same and always not for attribution: " if that's what Dave wants to say . . . but know there have always been ways to giv munity." Stern, generally the model of prop when Satz's name came up, scoffed at the "There were ninety-two ways to confer i nity before the Safe Streets Act," he said.

It doesn't really matter. Dave Satz cou have gone after such as Johnny Kenny and Addonizio with a thousand immunity stat Bobby Kennedy would have had his head so much as mentioned it. So would LBJ.

IT WAS MUCH THE SAME, and still is, ou of New Jersey. Did Robert Morgenthau, e plary as he was, ever subpoena the books contracts of Bronx County? Has any U.S. A ney tried to bust the Boston machine? P delphia? Cleveland? Until Lacey-Stern, p cutors rarely went beyond the Mob. Somet they included the business community. V few exceptions, no one was interested in g after the political leaders of either party. has that changed significantly, despite the sey example.

Would Herb Stern have acted as Satz did, he been appointed ten years earlier? The p is that a guy like Stern would not have h chance to prove it either way; they woul have let him within miles of the U.S. Attorn Office.

Stern was the quintessence of the right in the right job at the right time. Luck and cumstance were there in abundance, but to this is in no way to denigrate his accompl ments. What Stern accomplished required g ability, limitless guts, and (probably) a d seated moral compulsion.

"When you indict a Gallagher or a Kenn Stern says with his usual candor, "you are r ing as a prosecutor almost as much as they as defendants. You won't go to jail if you l but you may ruin your career, destroy y credibility. You'll be regarded as a fool, an competent, a headline hunter. And if you w you won't have many friends."

why take the risk? What made Herbie

ualified the need for a deep-seated moral
nitment in a crusading prosecutor because
not sure it's always necessary. But Stern
t in quadruplicate; it spills out of him.
can be power in it, infectious power,
he denounces the corrupters of represen-
government; there can be charm in it,
, between martinis, he drops a line from
ln Steffens. But it can be scary, for Stern
beyond the brink of righteousness, of zeal,
his has been the most serious charge raised
st him. Boy scout, moralist, prig—you
those words often when you mention Stern,
not just from his enemies. The only time
t overzealous with me was when I told him
others had accused him of being a zealot.
e were having steaks at the Derby, the one
zed spot on MacDougal Street, Greenwich
ge. We were talking about informers and
d that squealing seemed to be instinctive
nildren, since no matter how I tried I
ln't convince my kids not to turn each other
me or their mother.
What would you tell them to do if they saw
ssmate cheating in school?" Stern asked.
'd tell them to shut up about it, it's none
eir business."
h," he said, cocking his head six inches.
n what if they saw a murder?"
Herbie," I said, "ratting on friends isn't the
as letting a killer get away, don't you
?"
h, but how do you make the distinction?"

THERE IT WAS. I had always felt uneasy
bout Stern, although I had grown to like his
any and respected his work. The feeling I
had at the outset—that I wouldn't like him
use he was a crusader, because he so obvi-
despised a system that filled me with warm
ories—was mostly dispelled. My mind, it
ared, had overruled my sentiment, and I
feeling good about it. But there remained
easiness, as if I were glossing over a chasm
een us.
How do you make the distinction?" Did
Stern really say that? I never knew any-
who would *think* it.
was weaned the other way. Where I grew
you weren't even allowed to rat on your
ies. We didn't call it honor; it was just
thing that went without saying. Nothing
more important than loyalty, and the few
y few) weak fellows who violated the stric-
got the cold stare for life.
it possible that to be an effective prose-
r you've got to think the other way? I don't
turning in friends or indicting them—
"opportunities" seldom occur in the life of the most relentless district attorney. I wonder whether, in the broad sweep of the job, it requires a mind-set, a way at looking at life, that would rule out my kind of street loyalty.

I've asked myself that question, casually, for years, because I didn't like being a prosecutor and I never quite knew why. I didn't approve of criminals, but I felt a little dirty about convicting them. Stern brought me up short, got me to consider it again, this time more seriously.

And of course there turns out to be another side to the loyalty coin. For it's a short psychological walk from never turning in a pal to believing that what he did was not so bad after all. And if what he did is not so bad, can it become worse because a stranger does it?

Which, I suppose, is called Moral Laxity. Obviously, the politics of special privilege is just around the corner. Herb Stern smashed nearly every political machine in sight; and machines, I must admit, live fundamentally on the granting of special privilege to the faithful and the trusted.

It's bossism, however nicely it's phrased, and I don't believe in it. It's a basic, abiding threat to representative government. If a boss never took a dime, I'd have to be against him for his power to decide who shall live and who shall die in the political arena.

And yet I've hardly met a boss I didn't like. I'm comfortable with them, and, what's worse, I'm pleased with the way they have of greasing the wheels. I like to know that if the hour is dark, if I or my friends or family are cornered by circumstance—or by our own acts—a phone call can get us even again.

The political contract was the way of the world in my city, and money often had nothing to do with it. When I was in the fourth grade, I was pulled out of school because of redistricting and tossed into a place where I knew nobody. It was probably the worst thing that ever happened to me. My parents got to the Republican boss—it made no difference that we were Democrats—and before the week was out I was back with my pals.

I know that the kind of system that would move a ten-year-old out of his surroundings is basically created by politicians who appoint the superintendent of schools to begin with. And I understand that a boss who does a favor for nothing has the power to do a favor for something. A money contract is surely the twin brother of the service contract. But if they caught that old boy who helped me out, caught him robbing a bank, I'd swear false witness for him without question.

I can't square it. Herbert J. Stern was the finest prosecutor in our time, perhaps the greatest in our nation's history. If we had more like him, we'd have a better world. I like to think I wouldn't be good enough to live in it. □

"I didn't approve of criminals when I was a prosecutor, but I felt a little dirty about convicting them. Stern brought me up short, got me to consider it again, this time more seriously."

NETWORKS

Networks exist among people who share an idea, problem, experience, attitude, involvement, or hope. They define nongeographic communities of interest that are maintained informally, mostly by word of mouth, telephone, letter, and occasional publication. Networks are invariably light on structure and heavy on the principle of equal access, which allows any member of the net to draw on the resources of the whole.

This new section in Harper's *is a sort of bulletin board for networking, a service designed to help in the process by which people connect with one another. The following kinds of material will appear here:*

QUERIES *from individuals or groups who want to hook up with others who think similarly, or who are curious about finding out where to learn about something that concerns them;*

STRATEGIES *recounting specific experiences of how networks have been set up and what they've accomplished, with special attention to the practicalities of network operation;*

OPPORTUNITIES *providing information about various instruments of networks—periodicals, catalogues, people—that are easily available but not generally known, and that will welcome more people.*

"Networks" will soon focus on a particular subject each month. We can then provide more detailed information and retrieve it easily whenever anyone has need of it. Two subjects we're especially eager to concentrate on are consumer action and Bicentennial preparations. If you're involved—or would like to be; if your group has some fruits of experience it can pass around; if you're just starting out and could use some help, let us know.

To contribute to this section—on any topic at all—write Networks, Harper's Magazine, Two Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016. Because of space limitations, we have special regard for brevity and crispness, and we reserve the right to edit accordingly.

QUERY

A New Chautauqua

The following note is from the May 1974 issue of *Futures Conditional,* a new magazine founded and edited by Robert Theobald:

"It is clear that there are many ways of 'packaging' values information that could result in more effective communication. It is generally known that the more channels that are used to move information, the more effective the learning process.

"There is a growing interest, therefore, in putting together overall packages in which entertainment and the movement of information about the future can be effectively combined. One of the primary models for this is the chautauqua; another possibility would be an enlargement of the purposes of the state and county fair. Similarly, it would not be difficult to imagine a restructuring of school and college activities so that learning encompasses both formal and informal activities: the role of the college union could be particularly critical."

Those interested in this app[roach] and particularly the chautauqua [mod]el, should contact Hewitt [Gal]Stanford Research Institute, [Men]Park, California 94025.

OPPORTUNITY

Retreat and Advance

Tarthang Tulku Rinpoche is a[vail]from a monastery in eastern [Tibet]Since the Chinese takeover [of] country, he has taken refuge in [Ber]keley, California, where he h[as] tablished the Nyingma Medi[tation] Center. The center is offering s[ome] seminars and retreats, the latte[r] viding a time for intensive m[edi]tional practices. "These semina[rs] highly recommended for indivi[duals] who may not have the time or o[p]tunity to participate on a re[gular] basis, since Rinpoche offers va[rious] meditational techniques which [one] may continue to practice and [inte]grate into one's own daily life," [says] the brochure. For further info[rma]tion, write the Nyingma Medit[ation] Center, 2425 Hillside Avenue, B[erke]ley, California 94704.

OPPORTUNITY

Folks

A reader has written to us a[bout] the Community Publications C[oop]erative (Twin Oaks Commu[nity] Route 4, Box 169, Louisa, Vir[ginia] 23093): "It's often hard to find [the] initial contact which opens a n[ew] limitless box of information on [a] given subject. If one happens t[o] *New Schools Exchange* or *Edce* [or] in the field of education, for exan[ple] one suddenly finds more info

vailable than one can absorb. agazine, *Communities: A Jour- Cooperative Living*, and our deal with contemporary ex- ents in living cooperatively. erome, in his new book, *Fam- n Eden*, estimates that nearly rter of a million folks are en- in various attempts to live ork cooperatively. Only about) know of our magazine, how- since publicity is so expensive economically, we live pretty nally.

mmunities is the bimonthly ef- of six different communal s. In it we try to describe the ences of living together—child individuality, intimacy, spiri- , and so on. We also give up- information on various groups, ptions of groups looking for members, and resources avail- o people trying to set up coop- e-living situations. Our March/ issue contains the most com- nsive list of communes and communal service groups available. It can be ordered from us for $1. A year's subscription is $6. We also have a brochure of books related to communal living. Our goal is to learn how to be together in a non-competitive, nonviolent way."

QUERY

Mining Money

The Human Resources Network, a nonprofit, educational corporation which maintains a data bank of information on funding for social projects, is now compiling a series of books called *Finding Funding*. The books (which will cost $4 or $5) will not only include information on how to raise funds but will also provide lists and descriptions of the most prominent and likely funding sources for particular types of proposals. The listings will include foundations, corporations, nonprofit funders, and federal, state, and local government agencies. The series will be national in scope.

Dena Sukol Wright, the group's research director, has sent about 10,000 letters requesting information on funding programs from major philanthropic organizations. Now she's looking for the numerous small but important agencies which are strategic sources of funding for local programs.

If you send her the names and addresses of people and organizations that have money to give away, she'll do the rest. Any ideas at all will be welcome. Write Human Resources Network, 2010 Chancellor Street, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania 19103 or call (215) 567-8011.

OPPORTUNITIES

Women at Work

How does a woman return to the land without returning to the old patterns of farm-wife serfdom? *Country Women* (Box 51, Albion, California 95410) is a magazine that addresses itself to the concerns of the rural feminist. Articles in recent issues have been on everything from veterinary medicine to head massage to pump repair to "The Country as a Spiritual Speedway." Subscriptions are $7 for twelve issues. *Folklore Feminists Communication* (2839 Shoal Crest, Austin, Texas 78705) which comes out three times a year, is along more scholarly lines.

Helping women everywhere survive is the goal of the Boston Women's Collective. "Our research has made us increasingly aware that women in situations of distress unique to their own role have limited avenues to turn to for help," they say. "Most sources of help are scattered and difficult to locate. It is difficult for male-dominated service agencies to understand the dynamics of situations they have never experienced." To help women solve their problems, the collective has produced *The Women's Yellow Pages: The Original Source Book for Women* (published annually by the Boston Women's Collective, 480 Beacon Street, Boston, Massachusetts 02115; $1.50) It provides specific guidance concerning children, education, employment, nutrition, health, aging, law, media, money, self-defense, welfare, and women's groups in the Boston area. Plans are afoot to publish Yellow Pages for other metropolitan areas in the fall. We will provide information on them at a later date.

ORTUNITIES

is a Family?

EES

line Dusky, a free-lance writer board of the Adoptees Liberty ment Association, sent us this ation:

you're adopted, have you ever t of searching for your natural ts? You are not alone. Adult ees, natural parents, and adop- arents have now banded to- to help each other with "the " and to fight the practices of on agencies and the legislation states (except Alabama, Arizo- onnecticut, and Kansas) that doption records to the parties ned forever. The Adoptees Lib- Movement Association, a New based organization, plans even- to take the issue to the courts, on behalf of approximately 2.5 n adoptees over the age of eigh- In New York State, individual re already surfacing and being d in favor of adult adoptees." MA has on file approximately letters from adult adoptees atural parents looking for one r; the staff is computerizing formation to facilitate match- Chapters are being organized ifornia and New Jersey. If you are over eighteen and interested in joining ALMA and becoming a part of their search network, send $20 for an annual membership and newsletter subscription to ALMA, P.O. Box 154, Washington Bridge Station, New York, N.Y. 10033.

NEW FORMS

The Center for Family Change describes itself as an "alternative resource for people trying to make new marriage and family styles work. We continue to research, publish, and lead workshops. We are starting a support/learning group; we provide couple/group/family therapy and referrals; we plan an alternative non-academic training facility." For further information, write to Larry and Jean Constantine, Box 674, West Acton, Massachusetts 01720.

NON-PARENTS

There is now an organization for people who have decided not to have children and who are looking for support in facing not only a critical society, but also their own parents (who don't usually take kindly to the idea of never being grandparents). National Organization for Non-Parents, 61 Center Street, Brookline, Massachusetts 02146.

BOOKS



FOUNDING FATHER AND SON

by Frederick Brown

The Freud/Jung Letters: The Correspondence between Sigmund Freud and C. G. Jung, edited by William McGuire, translated by Ralph Manheim and R. F. C. Hull. Princeton University Press, Bollingen Series XCIV. $17.50.

ON FEBRUARY 2, 1910, Freud wrote Jung a letter that begins: "Dear friend, Although experience has taught me to harden myself against the anticipation of your letters, the one that came yesterday gave me great pleasure and even consoled me with its varied contents. Living so far apart, we are bound to have experience of all sorts that we cannot share. You are living on the high seas, while I often can't help thinking of our little Dalmatian island where a ship puts in every second Monday." At the height of their intimacy, the correspondence Freud and Jung sustained was not merely an epiphenomenon of each man's psychoanalytic investigations but a clock tolling some profound emotional necessity. One fortnight without news from Jung, and Freud would begin to feel the loneliness of Moses abandoned by Joshua or stranded in an ark of bulrushes, hungering. The first lines of their letters tell a tale in themselves: Freud's often express appetite satisfied, as above, and Jung's, guilt assuaged ("I am a lazy correspondent," "*Pater peccavi*," "I have to be continually thanking you"). Therein lies the schism to come, indeed, the substantive difference between their two bodies of thought.

Writing to one another from Zurich and Vienna, they had a largely epistolary friendship. It began in 1906, inspired about seven hundred letters, and trailed into angry silence eight years later. The correspondence, still nearly intact, has survived heaven knows how many urges to mislay or destroy it, as if it were buried affection which its authors inadmissibly wanted posterity to excavate. In 1970 Freud's son Ernst and Jung's son Franz —both of them architects—met and amiably magicked away all the defenses raised against its publication.

We owe them a debt of gratitude, for this correspondence, aside from its usefulness to historians of the psychoanalytic movement, unfolds like great tragedy. Freud, that intellectual conquistador, that eponymous hero of the unconscious, discerning little by little a New World in each man's antiquity, finds an heir. He grooms Jung. He takes pride in Jung's analytic prowess and social flair. He curbs his own authority as best he can when the younger man would assert himself by jibbing at nomenclature or introducing occult phenomena, buoys him when he despairs of the land's very existence, gives him the helm, then watches him take a paranoid leap into religious mysticism, or what Aeschylus called "the orders of an elder time." Brokenhearted that his theory should have been confirmed by th defection, that the unconsci makes cowards of us all, sl made a coward of one Freud took arms against a son who sought to usurp th denying the kingdom—like self-castrated priests—an a warrior tract entitled *Th of the Psychoanalytic Mov* epigraph is the motto on t Paris's coat of arms, whi sents a ship: *Fluctuat nec m* "It is tossed by the waves, not sink."

What ultimately divided brought them together in place. For Jung, seeing hidde was a family heritage. His kept a diary in which she her experiences with "spooki nomena. As a child she foun assigned the task of protec father, the Reverend Samue werk, from "spirits"; Samue of the reformed clergy of Ba their malignant proximity w he wrote his sermons, unle Emilie sat behind him. Ever at the same hour, he convers his deceased first wife—a his second wife considered m pious than daffy, for she, to apparitions, having acquired " sight" in girlhood after a ca trance that lasted thirty-six h Jung needed any other justif

Frederick Brown is the author of chaise: Elysium as Real Estate *(Viki*

liefs than Emilie Jung's dark
ions of a "secret" world—
called "my mother's No. 2
-he claimed that two inci-
luding rational explanation
ace in the summer of 1898.
solid walnut table in the
oom split from rim to center,
uck by lightning. Two weeks
came home to find his moth-
ister greatly agitated. "About
earlier," he writes in *Memo-*
here had been another deaf-
eport. . . . The noise had come
e direction of the sideboard."
amination, he found that a
ad broken into four pieces,
aced in the corners of a bread-
Jung attended table-turning
conducted by a fifteen-year-
nale cousin, and four years
corporated his observations in
oral thesis entitled *On the Psy-*
y and Pathology of So-called
Phenomena. Freud was the
ign medium.

Freud, in turn, know that
a son and grandson of pastors,
ed the shards of that bread-
ike bits of the True Cross? He
have guessed it from a saluta-
November 11, 1908, *Magna*
veritatis tuae et praevalebit
at is the power of your truth
shall prevail"—an adaptation
Esdras II), or from his apos-
sterical fits of innocence, when
ole theory of sexuality would
ly seem dubious, opaque, or
"for the first time." Isn't forget-
a penitent's typical form of
sion? Did he suspect that
intellectual allegiance would
y come to grief on his desire
maculate birth and transcen-
cest? Indeed, Freud did guess
y on. "What you say of your
developments," he wrote on
ber 15, 1907, "sounds reassur-
transference on a religious ba-
uld strike me as most disas-
it could end only in apostasy,
to the universal human ten-
to keep making new prints of
chés we bear within us. I shall
best to show you that I am un-
e an object of worship."
something in Freud refused to
his suspicions.

WAS AN ALLY more powerful
n, say, Karl Abraham or San-
erenczi, for being a convert.
tely acquainted with the poli-
tics of neurotic resistance, Freud foresaw correctly that proper gentile folk would strive to discredit psychoanalysis as the self-portrait of a Central European Jewish clique; that they would project their devil into a scapegoat, then incarcerate it by temporal and geographic specifics; that the "Viennese Jew, circa 1900" would constitute the world's anachronistic mug shot. It therefore devolved upon a Swiss steeped in the pastoral tradition, someone with impeccable credentials, to universalize his discovery. This rational view of psychoanalytic foreign policy had its emotional underside, however, in what one might call Freud's island complex. Though sheer genius had in fact set him apart, he went further than he need have and disclaimed his personal charm, as if that disclaimer were a stratagem—allowing him to say the unsayable or to husband his energy—which had unwittingly become a conviction. "I am just a little Dalmatian island and you the high sea" meant "Assume the administrative tasks of our cause," but we have no reason to doubt that Freud believed it. One of the loveliest letters in their correspondence, dated September 2, 1907, reaffirms his image of himself as satyr to Hyperion, a ponderous creature who had, in Jung, found his winged nuncio:

> *I know you are now in Amsterdam, just before or after your perilous lecture, engaged in the defense of my cause, and it strikes me as almost cowardly that I should meanwhile be looking for mushrooms in the woods or bathing in this peaceful Carinthian lake instead of fighting for my own cause or at least standing by your side. I take comfort by telling myself that it is better for the cause this way, that you as the other, the second, will be spared at least a part of the opposition that would have been in store for me, that for me to say the same thing over and over would be mere useless repetition, and that you are better fitted for propaganda, for I have always felt that there is something about my personality, my ideas and manner of speaking, that people find strange and repellent, whereas all hearts open to you. If a healthy man like you regards himself as an hysterical type, I can only claim for myself the "obsessional" type, each specimen of which vegetates in a sealed-off world of his own.*

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Where Freud enlisted the manners of a charming son in his cause, Jung craved the weight of a powerful father. "My veneration for you has something of the character of a religious crush," Jung confessed. "I marvel at your colossal capacity for work which enables you to produce scientific articles on top of your daily labours. That would be quite beyond [illegible]. "The remark in your last letter that we can 'enjoy our riches' is admirable. I rejoice every day in *your* riches and live from the crumbs that fall from the rich man's table." "I am very glad to know that you too have 'mellow' moods. I fancied you in permanent possession of the highest esoteric wisdom, which I as your *famulus* would have to emulate. Not all my goals are unattainable, thank heavens."

Such compliments, invariably framed within the black border of his own diminutiveness or impotence, could not but lead to silence. Freud's salutations reflect a growing intimacy: he first addressed Jung as *Sehr geehrter Herr College* ("Very Esteemed Mr. Colleague"), but quickly abandoned that formula for *LieberFreund*,("Dear Friend.") Jung's *Lieber Herr Professor* hangs over his letters until the last, like a reverent icicle that was always destined to drop and impale his correspondent, immaculately; when he abandons it, the correspondence ends, and ends precisely where it began, in occultism —this ultimate fit of innocence having erased Freud for good.

Yet, one never forgets that the formal shaft, held defensively outward, had a lover's point as well, buried in the holder's breast. "Perhaps I may take this opportunity to express a long cherished and constantly repressed wish," Jung wrote a year after their first encounter. "I would dearly like to have a photograph of you, not as you used to look but as you did when I first got to know you." On the one hand, his salutation never thawed; on the other, he consecrated love at first sight. With Jung, there was no *growing*, no changing, no experiencing, only a perpetual dawn of archetypes and babes in the woods. His whole theory of "autonomous complexes" accommodated his bad memory, or mirrored an actor in him who consistently turned the inside out (like modern structuralists), making his unconscious life a well-fashioned ancient mask, a cultural heritage, an immortal scenario, then left him wondering why he felt an imposter. In the speculations on paranoia and hysteria that run throughout this correspondence, Jung, often unselfconsciously, limns a psychic self-portrait of himself: "The paranoiac always seeks inner solutions, the hysteric outer ones, probably, and often quite obviously, because in paranoia the complex becomes an absolutely sovereign and incontrovertible fact, whereas in hysteria it is always a bit of a comedy, with one part of the personality playing the role of a mere spectator."

If Freud was loath to send him a photograph, was the vanity he claimed ("in the last fifteen years I have never willingly sat for a photographer, because I am too vain to countenance my physical deterioration") his courteous way of not voicing discomfiture at Jung's need for graven images? Or suspicion that Jung's inability to perceive the reality of psychoanalytic ideas except embodied in Father boded patricide? Time and again, Jung complains about a weightlessness that he describes, in French—the foreign tongue perhaps distancing the thought it articulates —as a *sentiment d'incomplétude*. One thinks straightaway of his compulsive childhood fantasy in which a turd falling from under God's throne shatters the roof of Basel's cathedral, or of his mystical union with a stone on which he used to sit feeling impenetrable, secret, powerful, depersonalized. The ideas formulated by Freud's mind, being opaque *matter*, might fall to iconoclastic effect; Jung's could not but rise like seraphic bubbles.

Thus did Jung transcendentalize his very excrement. Stones slung at God's house (his father, let it be recalled, was a pastor) originated not from below, but from above, from God himself, who had put the notion in his head autonomously. As he recalled in *Memories*, "God had also created Adam and Eve in such a way that they had to think what they did not at all want to think. . . . It was obedience which brought me grace."

HOWEVER TRAGIC the outcome of their relationship, its twists sometimes verged on the comic. In March 1909, Jung spent several days in Vienna. During one discussion, Jung raised the subject of precognition and parapsychology. Freud sooner pronounced it "nons[illegible] than a loud report from in[illegible] bookcase left him dumbstruc[illegible] predicted that they would h[illegible] other, and, to Freud's am[illegible] the prediction was immediate[illegible] out. Several days elapsed [illegible] Freud could collect himself s[illegible] ly to meditate upon the c[illegible] streak in his nature that ac[illegible] for the discoveries he had ma[illegible] he not believed neurotic pat[illegible] the first place, he would nev[illegible] discovered that every lie t[illegible] truth), and for certain blun[illegible] well. This meticulous toiler [illegible] depths, this powerful quarri[illegible] despite himself, magnetically [illegible] ed to prodigies of insight, as [illegible] er to a soothsayer, or a fashi[illegible] epics to a lyric poet. Years [illegible] Freud had come under the i[illegible] of one Wilhelm Fliess, enthra[illegible] the latter's numerological my[illegible] Now Jung's occult outburst ma[illegible] feel plodding and prosy. "[illegible] deny that your stories and y[illegible] periment made a deep impres[illegible] me," he wrote.

> *My credulity, or at least willingness to believe, vani[illegible] with the magic of your pers[illegible] presence; once again, for s[illegible] inward reasons that I can't[illegible] my finger on, it strikes m[illegible] quite unlikely that such phen[illegible] ena should exist; I confront[illegible] despiritualized furniture as[illegible] poet confronted undeified Na[illegible] after the gods of Greece [illegible] passed away. Accordingly, I [illegible] my fatherly horn-rimmed s[illegible] tacles on again and warn my [illegible] son to keep a cool head, for [illegible] better not to understand so[illegible] thing than make such great sa[illegible] fices to understanding. I [illegible] shake my wise head over psyc[illegible] synthesis and think: Yes, th[illegible] how the young people are, [illegible] only places they really enjoy [illegible] iting are those they can visit w[illegible] out us, to which we with our sh[illegible] breath and weary legs cannot [illegible] low them.*

Jung, in turn, gloated:

> *That last evening with you I [illegible] most happily, freed me inwar[illegible] from the oppressive sense of y[illegible] paternal authority. My unc[illegible] scious celebrated this impress[illegible] with a great dream which has [illegible] occupied me for some days [illegible] which I have just finished a[illegible] lysing. I hope I am now rid of*

unnecesary encumbrances. Your cause must and will prosper, so my pregnancy fantasies tell me, which luckily you caught in the end.

To undermine the authority of Father, Jung played Emilie, whose premonitions had betokened for him something "archaic and ruthless," or what he liked to call "the natural mind"—usurping his intellectual superior with references to some ineffable source of knowledge, blunting keen reasoning with the unanswerable argument mothers have ever employed: "But I *feel* more deeply than you." Pregnant, he was pregnant not with Freud's cause, but, on the contrary, with a turd catapulted four years later at God's house.

A word about this edition. Jung's alchemy, which endeared him to wealthy Americans, never transformed garden-variety neuroses into cultural artifacts more brilliantly than in the Bollingen Series, an offshoot of the Bollingen Foundation, named for the round house Jung built after his mother's death. The series includes significant works, admirably edited, translated, and produced. This one is certainly no exception. Messrs. William McGuire, Ralph Manheim, R. F. C. Hull, and their editorial adviser, Wolfgang Sauerlander, have created a masterpiece.

The book contains seven letters written to Freud by Emma Jung in 1910 and 1911 in an attempt to mend the growing rift. Instead of making one out of two, she complicated matters all the more, materializing her husband's psychic trinity. □

A LIVING LEGEND

by Mary Richie

Conundrum, by Jan Morris, Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, $5.95.

WHEN JAMES MORRIS had himself changed into Jan Morris, it was somewhat a case of swan into duck. A sitting duck for one thing, courageously exposed to the curiosity of the prurient and the scorn of the blasé. A duck in the sense of an amiable, somewhat trivial, dearie. A duckling, though not at all ugly: for in his male form Morris had indeed been a swan, a dashing trumpeter from the heights (literally, in the case of his brilliant world scoop of the first successful climbing of Mount Everest). Now, reborn and so still a bit of a duck, the female Morris must patiently paddle about for a while, wisely enjoying duckness, trusting that the legend, like the sexual identity, will work out for her.

It is disconcerting when a very successful foreign correspondent and author, a husband and father, writes a beautiful book describing with great delicacy how and why he became a she. The more conservative critics were impressed by the persuasiveness of the writing and were carefully sympathetic. Those of raunchier repute felt they must take a more critical stance and so, bold country folk at court, they poked fun at the royal trappings.

Morris, said some, should have had the whole thing done before the age of forty-five, even though Morris, no mere narcissist, explains that she tried as long as she could to put her children's needs before her own, and even though, at any age, she couldn't have borne children. Others say Jan Morris is an unliberated woman, reveling in the dependency and trivialities other intelligent women strive to escape, a middle-aged Mrs. Miniver. Some complain that Jan Morris cannot be the one to tell us what the real differences are between the sexes because, though she has been given women's outer parts and doses of hormones, she cannot have a full woman's life, and by her own claim never really felt herself a man. The point is, however, that Jan Morris thinks of herself as the ultimately liberated person, beyond sex, an angel if you will, and this is an unsettling idea to her contemporaries who have learned to differentiate among their own erotic sensibilities as expertly as entomologists watch over the manipulation of proboscis and pedicel.

Morris tells us what it is like for her to be a woman—that she feels less psychic drive but more sensory openness, less introspectiveness, less gregariousness, and more self-containment. These are such conventional notions that one wonders if they are observations or responses. There is a curious air of fiction about

Mary Richie is the author of the novel A Romantic Education.

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ALL IN HARPER'S!

Morris's descriptions of herself as a woman. It is as if she were trying to imagine how it is to be a woman and was accepting other people's signals as a guide. Many women and men do this, of course, in trying to find an identity. But in Morris's case it is different, for, as she tells us, she is living a legend.

This is a most interesting phenomenon, the writer as legend. Transmitter or inventor of legends, the writer is particularly subject to the pressure of making himself into a legend. And others expect this of him, just as they assume that most novels are somewhat autobiographical. Sooner or later the writer gives in; young Byron turns soldier, old Tolstoy turns seer. Only a few years ago we had the appalling spectacle of the protean Japanese novelist Yukio Mishima turning himself into a bloody sacrifice to purify his country of its weaknesses and excesses. Mishima was a strong man trapped in a small (though systematically developed) physique, a warrior heart buried in sensibility. Mishima was also forty-five when, exhausted perhaps by the completion of his masterwork tetralogy, he became the samurai who sacrificed himself for his country, stabbing his swordsman's taut belly before having his own head sliced off.

WHY THIS NEED for self-mutilation in two men who, more than many other writers, have enjoyed the beauty of their bodies? The middle years bring their compulsion for definition. Mishima's racial memory was dominated by the code of Bushido; in the proliferation of gods in the ancient Japanese pantheon, Eros hardly counts, sex being a necessary activity most people are assumed to enjoy. Morris comes not only from the kinky world of the privileged British, but also from the Greco-Mediterranean perplexity in which gods make harsh sexual demands on their worshipful paramours.

Miss Morris certainly does not see her sex-changing act simply as a matter of having altered the physical reality to match inner convictions. She writes, "I sometimes seem, even to myself, a figure of fable or allegory." But what fable, what allegory, led her to swallow at least 12,000 pills made from the urine of pregnant mares and in the end to submit to a series of mutilating operations at a horror clinic "in foreign parts beyond the law"?

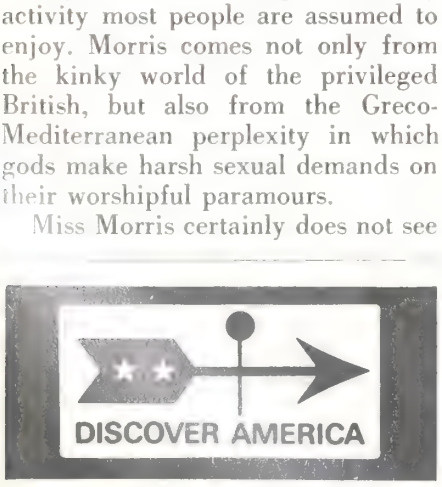
There are oddities in her telling of the myth, omissions, excesses. She tells, in recounting her significant and mysterious first memory, that "I was three or perhaps four years old when I realised that I had been born into the wrong body, and should really be a girl." And where was the little boy at the time of this revelation? Sitting beneath his mother's piano, while she played Sibelius, "her music . . . falling around me like cataracts." This wonderfully powerful mother then disappears from the narrative, and her influence is replaced by that of "eternal womanhood." Morris as a boy of nine was sent to the choir school of Christ Church, where was fostered "a virginal ideal . . . a sense of sacrament and fragility, and this I came slowly to identify as femaleness." He prayed to become a girl.

For a long time this wasn't possible, so he lived as best he could, and with great success, as a man, belonging to a fine regiment, adventuring round the world as a foreign correspondent, marrying. If he could not be a mother, as he really wished, then he would "spark the fire" of his children's creation. Yet, blessed though he was, he was never happy; and the life of a homosexual or transvestite seemed quite beside the point of his desires. For a time, thanks to massive doses of hormones, he was virtually a hermaphrodite, a source of stares, smiles, "an object of wonder even to myself." And then he made the final choice. With his wife's consent he went off to a clinic in Casablanca and had his male organs cut off, and a semblance of female parts patched together.

He had gone to sleep the night of the operation while "a street vendor outside played a delicate arpeggio upon his flute." He, now she, awoke feeling "above all deliciously clean" and very happy for now she had attained not only womanhood but a condition she refers to as divine, of great spiritual importance. We heard this story before, of cours Catullus, where the worshiper Cybele, the great Mother God slash off their privates as a gi that source of fertility. They whipped on by drums, and by l gian pipes fluting a special called "The Mother's Air." awoke in comfortless grief, M awoke in joy. She tells us, how that many who have had thei changed surgically now live ir spair, Cybele having sent no li claw the brain to happy deliriun

The followers of Cybele muti themselves in the belief that th of their generative organs was a of love, an impregnation of the dess so that she could give back to the world. "Images of magic abounded in this book," writes Morris. "To my journey there always the trace of mysticism madness if you will."

Now she is a woman, always i eyes the highest of beings. Per her act is a prophetic breaking of the barriers of sex and if so gift of freedom to the world, any rate she says she sees more ly and is more emancipated in feelings. The Casablanca doctor promised her, "Now you wil able to *write*." Fiction beckor her. Perhaps in time, though she cannot play Sibelius on her mot piano, she will produce cascad words, fables that will inform us new and wondrous sensibility.



STICKING TO THE RIBS

by Nelson W. Polsby

American Fried: Adventures Happy Eater, by Calvin Tr Doubleday, $6.95.

IN *American Fried*, Calvin Tr the food pornographer, has ered together in one place som his more entertaining and impo essays in praise of gluttony. redeeming social value lies in rather equivocal challenge they to A. J. Liebling's dictum that is nothing worth eating, at lea public, in the United States on

Nelson W. Polsby is the author of a coming book of low-calorie essays, Po Promises *(Oxford University Press)*

er strays more than a hundred or so from a coastline.

we are to abide by strict rules sifiability, such as are proffered e followers of Sir Karl Popper, Liebling's theory has to be g, owing to Trillin's childhood very of the presence in Kansas his hometown, of the best ham- rs, the best fried chicken, and est barbecued ribs in the whole l. Kansas City, though nowhere a coastline, boasts Arthur Bry- Barbecue, whose spareribs make best restaurant in the world, Winstead's Drive-in, where Tril- mong other things, relishes the urgers.

oreover, there is the case of Cin- ti, Ohio, in which Trillin found irst-class chains of chili parlors, ress and Skyline. Trillin appar- recommends the "three-way" (chili sandwiched between spa- i and cheese). I say "apparent- ecause it is not always easy to what Trillin likes best when he s with his mouth full.

ese two cases may falsify Lieb- theory by strict standards of cation. People have to eat in a f inland places beside Cincin- and Kansas City, risking goiter heaven knows what else, and so nust ask, What does the pre- erance of Trillin's evidence dis- ? By this criterion, Liebling may ght after all. The issue is, at the nt writing, in doubt.

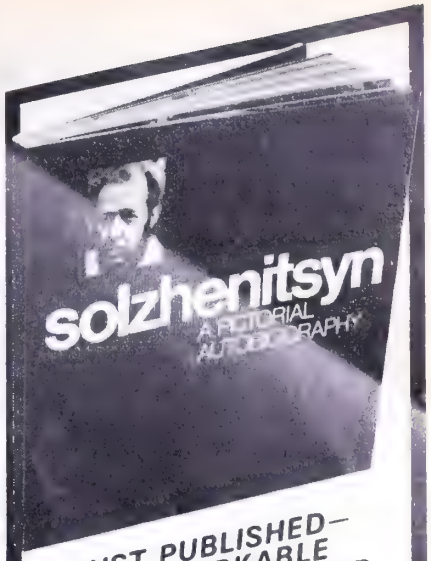
sentially, the problem is this. in, a skilled and indefatigable archer who travels about the try a great deal in order to write "U.S. Journal" for *The New er,* believes that in countless rican communities there are little out-of-the-way restaurants ng local specialties, and unsul- by pretentiousness or a fast- franchise. This, however, is only tter of conjecture because, Tril- ays, the hometown gentry refuse ll him where these restaurants Instead, they are forever touting onto high-priced fake "Continen- eateries, places with lots of decor, winded menus, revolving views ne surrounding wasteland, and ole food. When hunger strikes in range town, he despairs of in- ewing local informants, and he aken to rummaging through the urant section of the Yellow s, looking for restaurants hav- no display ads or those called by only the first name of the proprietor.

He reports that none of the systems he has tried so far works very well. So whether the American-fried grail is really out there in middle America comes down to a matter of faith. For the bulk of this book, Trillin celebrates neighborhood eating in the three or four places he knows well: his hometown, of course; New York, where he lives now; Martha's Vineyard, where he has evidently summered; and New Orleans and environs, whose restaurants are justly famous and easy for tourists to find. There are also a couple of stray allusions to eating in New Haven, Connecticut, where Trillin went to college, but like most Yalies he never really learned the territory. It is painful to see that in what must have been four wasted years he overlooked the truly spectacular fried clams and lobster rolls at the Glenwood Drive-in, out Whitney Avenue just past Dixwell. It will certainly not do for him to protest that his mind was on higher things in those days because, as he continually notes, there are no higher things.

On the back cover of this admirable book there is a portrait of the author, surrounded by food. Yet he is thin. Can it be that inside the svelte Trillin there was a fat man who struggled, and managed to get out? Another possibility tugs at the reluctant mind: that Trillin only talks a good game—talks, that is, when he should be chewing.

Otherwise, how do we account for Trillin's peculiar neglect of that other great American eating town, San Francisco, with its sourdough bread and Dungeness crab, its endless phalanx of superb Chinese restaurants? His unaccountable failure thus far to have stumbled across the best ice cream for sale in the Western Hemisphere, at Avignon Frères in Washington, D.C.? His apparent ignorance of Montreal smoked meat, that magnificent permutation of brisket, a cut of meat that Trillin seems to recognize only when smothered by Arthur Bryant's modernized version of Henry Perry's barbecue sauce?

There is hope, of course. Trillin is a young man, evidently still in fighting trim and just warming up. But after a little more experience, a couple more tablets of Gelusil, a few more miles of travel, he may regret that he did not title the present book *Salad Days.* □



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PERSONAL SALVATION

by William Sloane Coffin, Jr.

...rican Life: One Man's Road ... Watergate, by Jeb Stuart Magruder. Atheneum, $10.

AS EVERY JOURNALIST KNOWS, once all the facts are in, the truth may still be missing. In Jeb Magruder's book, the facts are all there, but I found few truths of significance. The trees are all counted, but the view of the forest is missing.

The trouble is, I think, that the book was written too fast. Speed and profundity rarely go together. I'm also troubled by the unacknowledged fact that the book is ghostwritten. "Invaluable assistance" doesn't tell the whole story and represents in Magruder's case another instance of "slippage," to use his word. And that means that someone else is, to some degree, still telling Magruder who he is.

The facts, however, are fascinating. Jeb describes candidly his pre-Watergate self: he didn't want to be "just another commuter on a crowded freeway," he had a "craving for power," he was "on the way up, all the way to the top," he "wanted the job no matter what the conditions."

Early in his business experiences he concludes that it doesn't pay to challenge the system, for the system is stronger than any individual. (I wish he had returned to that problem.) In recounting his early political experiences, he documents the case that "practices that might not seem ethical were nonetheless common in the heat of a campaign."

Even more intriguing are his descriptions of G. Gordon Liddy, an incredibly inept James Bond, and of Haldeman and Colson, whose fascination for power was, of course, their undoing. For the "evil genius" Colson, power seems to have been much like alcohol to the alcoholic, something to be indulged in for its own sake, requiring no stimulus other than addiction. Indeed, all the men around Nixon appear to have been extraordinarily ambitious, some only more blatantly so than others. If their "tougher than thou" complexes weren't so destructive, these men would be pathetic—as pathetic as their need to have enemies to define them as people.

Magruder has a good deal to say about Martha Mitchell that is both funny and sad, and about his own personal devotion to John Mitchell, who seems to have been something of a father figure to many of the younger men.

Perhaps the most frightening facts in the book are those describing the technological systems and devices that can be used by corrupt men in high places: systems and devices that allowed the Committee to Re-elect the President to stage rallies, mailings, and campus elections, and to plant spies and bugging instruments. The Committee rationalized the use of these devices as necessary to protect "national security," to "safeguard world peace."

It is difficult to break the habit of rationalization. Shortly after his arrest, Magruder came to visit me. "You have to understand, Bill, we weren't like bank robbers. We didn't set out to break the law."

I pointed out to him that bank robbers, too, don't set out to break the law; they set out to get money. And only because they want it badly enough do they break the law to get it. Jeb and his friends obviously wanted power badly enough to do the same. The only difference is in us: banks know when they are robbed.

The facts are all in—all the relevant grisly facts—and these make the book interesting and important, if unpleasant, reading. The reading is easy because the writing is good.

But I wish that he had taken the time to agonize a little longer. His suffering is real, there is no doubt about that, but the book gives me the feeling that Magruder's suffering is primarily the suffering of a bruised ego. It doesn't seem to bring him in touch with the suffering of others. His is not the suffering of a man trying to work out the dilemma that what we Americans say we believe and what our society rewards as belief are apt to be two very different things.

In regard to power, for instance, there are two ways to be satisfied with it: one is to attain it, the other to reduce one's need for it. But does a man like Magruder, w... like so many of us, now reduc... appetite for power when he ... among citizens who believe that ... er is part of the solution and no ... of the problem?

I also wish he had talked ... about the hypocrisy involved in ... lic relations." Not for nothing ... pocrisy called "the vice of vi... and I'd be curious to know ... Magruder thinks the President ... to his country when he uses v... to conceal rather than to revea... truth. Our problem in America i... only our lack of conscience bu... lack of data. One doesn't have ... Lewis Mumford to know we ar... ing in a dreamland, or, for ... Americans, a nightmare. But ... can't deal with our problems ... they are first specified, and Pres... Nixon's consistent tendency has ... to disguise rather than to clarif... pleasant truths.

AS A CHAPLAIN, and at one ... Magruder's chaplain, I wis... had talked more of his religiou... liefs. He is a Presbyterian a... churchgoer, but I have a mean... picion that in his mind the bene... the doubt still goes to the thing... Caesar.

Why didn't he say anything a... the war in Vietnam? Does he ... believe in it? And what about ... problems of youth? He does mer... the violence of the late Sixties ... early Seventies. What we were ... witnessing was the need of many ... lege students to break out of the ... trations and compromises of the ... cial order and even to endow vio... outbreaks with moral sanctifica... But students and others who felt ... still feel these frustrations will ... little help from Magruder. He se... only to oppose the violence, no... understand its causes.

In regard to the poor, I'm ... Magruder as an individual would ... inclined to be generous. But woul... it be more in line with generosit... change the institutions oppres... poor people than to help individ... try to achieve successes that are n... ly impossible? Magruder doesn't ... this question.

In short, I'm still suspicious of ... "conversion," as I'm suspicious ... all conversions that aren't acc... panied by a change in social ...

William Sloane Coffin, Jr., is university chaplain at Yale.

It smacks of the gospel of pri- alvation. And I'm saddened by ought that I and the many other rs of Magruder's book will bly gain more in the reading of n he did in the writing of it. □

E MEDALS CRE EARNED

ouis Berg

'ew, We Happy Few, by David dson. Crown, $6.95.

ROISM AND LEADERSHIP are ualities in men that go virtually umined in contemporary liter- . Like war, the great stage of display, they are seen at best as barrassment, at worst as repug- *We Few, We Happy Few* goes st that grain. It is concerned vith courage as an intrinsic vir- good for all seasons, than with aneous and fortuitous acts of sm—the kind that wins medals. l Davidson's scene is an aircraft r, the U.S.S. *Jefferson,* one of legends of World War II. ed and torpedoed, her decks a bles, her hull an inferno, the nt ship fought on, beating off kaze attacks and inflicting heavy ge on her attackers, her skip- rejecting permission to aban- ship, the decimated crew re- ling heroically to the occasion or without orders.

w the gallant ship is a rusting in dry dock, destined to be ped. It is boarded by survivors by a television unit assigned to a commemorative documentary. ing the unit is a Jewish script- r and producer. His skeptical rejects the official Navy ver- he is determined to get at the whether he can make use of or not.

this point, the novel almost the form of a whodunit. The r-producer, who is also the nar- , serves as the traditional pri- eye, rejecting surface evidence, ing his hunches, even when they o his detriment. There is even sual romance, a love-'em-and- -'em interlude, as in a Ross Mac-

Berg is a free-lance writer who has con- ed to several literary journals.

donald mystery. The novel's own private eye, however, is not after the "who" but the "why." His quarry is not the criminal but the hero of society; the probe is into acts approved of and glorified by the authorities.

The tone is set in an exchange between the producer of the documentary and its director, a cynical Hollywood type who is not without his own integrity—there are no villains in Mr. Davidson's story.

"What genius wrote this horseshit?" asks the director, referring to the Navy handout. "No saga can be that hygienic. I know that in every hero sandwich I'm going to find a couple of slices of everyday cowardice. Sure as hell we'll find that quite a few of the medals were faked up by Navy con artists."

"Have you considered," says the producer, "that there may be such a thing as a good motive?"

The director is wrong. Nevertheless, the story challenges the Establishment version. It was not patriotism that moved the crew to extraordinary acts of heroism and sacrifice. Nor was it discipline—the greater fear of the consequences of disobeying orders—for the communications system was wrecked on the *Jefferson,* and each hero acted on his own and for private reasons. Nor yet loyalty to one's buddies, for on a carrier the crew is so large and so diffused that one got to know few of one's shipmates, and the perilous rescue of trapped men was done on behalf of strangers. It would be unfair to the mystery element in the novel to disclose the unvarnished motivations.

Mr. Davidson is rougher on the theme of leadership. The nearest thing to a villain in his book is the carrier's blood-and-guts skipper. He alone acted for vain and stubborn reasons, raising the question, How commendable is bravery to no good end?—for the action of the skipper was a ghastly error, wasting many lives and involving ships in futile and costly rescue work.

Nearly a quarter of a century ago, Davidson wrote a novel, *The Steeper Cliff,* focused on an anti-Nazi hero, which similarly probed for the story behind the story. It was deservedly praised by the critics. In the interim he wrote three other novels that were all but ignored. It would be a great pity if *We Few* were to be similarly dismissed. It's a good book, and Davidson's a good writer. □

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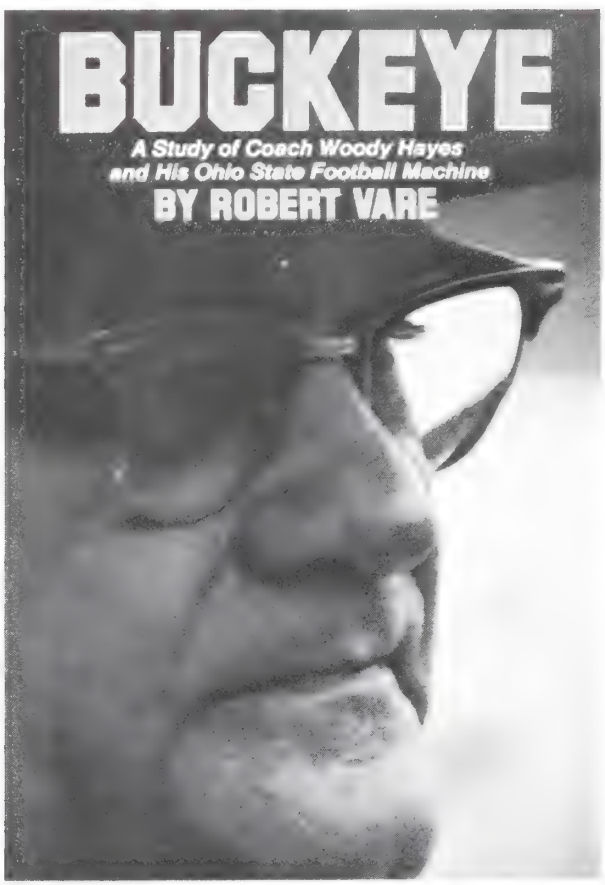
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Once there was a man who went to heaven, where he was met by St. Peter and taken to a huge football stadium for a game. Down on the field along the sidelines, he spotted a fat old man in a baseball cap, running back and forth, jumping up and down, and gesturing hysterically.

"Who is that madman?" the new arrival asked St. Peter.

"That's God," St. Peter replied. "But he thinks he's Woody Hayes."

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sh to thank the Theodore Gordon Flyfishers for their help issue of Tools. Named after the "father" of American g, this New York-based club fights for cleaner waters by teams of pollution detectors who test rivers and streams the U.S. each month. These "Water-Watchers" use their confront polluters, stir up government officials, and help ts. TGF has, with other groups such as Trout Unlimited eration of Fly Fishermen, been instrumental in creating sections on waterways; these serve to increase the fish on within the no-kill area and on either side of it.

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—Mel Wathen

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men are gregarious, lit- d concerned about con-. If they all got togeth- could exert tremendous to save and multiply they love to catch.

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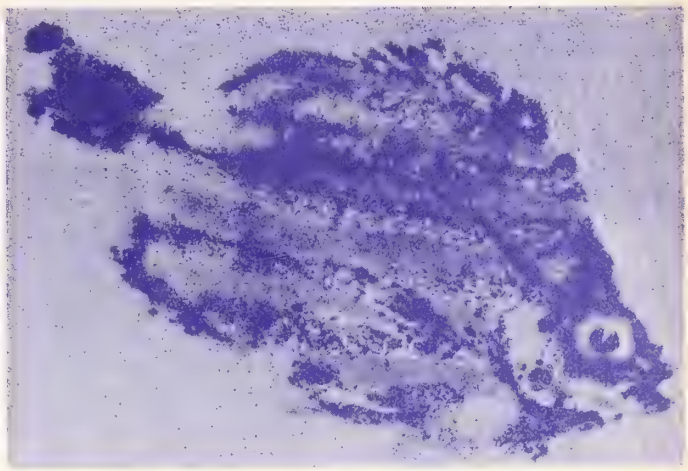
Want to learn to cast or improve your technique? For the address of the casting club in your area, write to American Casting Association, P.O. Box 51, Nashville, Tenn. 37202.

SOURCES

"Just stare *at the machine. There's nothing wrong with that. Just live with it for a while. Watch it the way you watch a line when fishing and before long, as sure as you live, you'll get a little fact asking in a timid, humble way if you're interested in it. That's the way the world keeps on happening."*

—from *Zen and the Art of Motorcycle Maintenance* by Robert M. Pirsig (Morrow, $7.95)

Robert Pirsig is a magnificent fisherman. In search of philosophical ideas about such elusive topics as reality and value, he reels them in—still fresh and fascinating—by using his motorcycle as bait. At the same time and with the same motorcycle, he sets up a narrative line that readers will follow with mounting interest and compassion. If you have even a glimmering of curiosity about man's place and powers on this planet, you should read Pirsig's story. He's a brave and astute guide to what matters.



Dr. D. F. Waterhouse

EDIBLE ART

Gyotaku—pronounced gee (as in geese)-o-tarku—the Japanese art of fish printing—dates back at least a century. But a substantial revival of interest has occurred over the past twenty years or so, led mainly by Prof. Yoshio Hiyama and several of his colleagues in Tokyo.

The first example of *gyotaku* I saw was of a magnificent, but rather grotesque, five- or six-pound fish. When I came upon it in 1966 in a Tokyo shop selling fishing tackle I immediately resolved that it must adorn the wall of my seaside cottage back in Australia. Alas, it was evidently a record for its kind and was, in spite of earnest pleading, not for sale. So, I returned home with only a rather inadequate mimed account of how to make a print, delivered by a wizened but friendly old fisherman who knew no English. Others need not suffer the same frustrations as I did over the ensuing months, since the basic steps are really quite simple.

There are two methods. In the direct method the ink is first applied to the surface of the fish, and a sheet of paper is then pressed gently onto it so as to transfer the inked impression of the fish to the paper, as with a woodcut. In the indirect method the paper is placed on the uninked fish, moistened slightly, so that it softens to fit the contours of the fish, and is then allowed to dry. Next, after the fashion of a brass rubbing, ink or other pigment, which has been absorbed on a small silk-covered pad, is applied by gently stroking the paper until the outlines of the fish appear on it.

Suitable paper is particularly important. It must be pliable enough to be molded to the contours of the fish and have enough wet strength to resist tearing when moistened with ink. Many of the finer handmade papers used by Japanese artists will do nicely. If these are unavailable, fine cottons or linens can provide excellent results. Choose your ink or other pigment with care. Calligraphy ink (which is known as sumi,* and is best prepared, as required, by grinding a sumi stick made of especially treated carbon) produces striking prints that often have an attractive, but rather crude, fossil-like appearance. Watercolors, poster paints, and acrylic paints can also be used.

Then there is the fish: it should be freshly caught and undamaged, at least on the side from which the print is to be taken. Any mucus must be gently washed off the surface, and excess moisture should be removed with absorbent paper or cloth.

Interesting and decorative prints can also be made of crabs, prawns, shells, leaves, or, indeed, any other object of an appropriate size with a textured surface.

When sumi ink is used to print a fresh fish, the fish is perfectly edible thereafter. In fact, it has been my pleasure to hang a newly produced *gyotaku* on the wall for the assembled company to admire as they feast upon that very catch. —D. F. Waterhouse

D. F. Waterhouse is chief of the Division of Entomology of the Commonwealth Scientific and Industrial Research Organization in Canberra City, Australia.

* Sumi ink can be purchased in many art-supply stores and in some Japanese craft shops or you may order a stick of it with a 48-sheet pad of rice paper from us for $5.95, plus 75 cents postage and handling.

ROUND CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10

AROUNDOWRAPAROU

SOURCES

The seminal, or, rather, oviparous work on fishing is, of course, Izaak Walton's *The Compleat Angler* (Oxford University Press, $2.50), which is now slightly less practical but no less charming than when it was first published, in 1653. In it, Piscator, a fisherman, tries to convince Venator, a hunter, of the superiority of fishing. There are instructions on how to fish for bream, trout, pike, and eel, among others; directions for cooking the fish or keeping them in ponds; and stories of the Gypsies, as well as an interlude with a milkmaid and her mother, who sing. In the end, Venator is utterly won over: "Well, if you hie you not apace, I will be at the river before you."

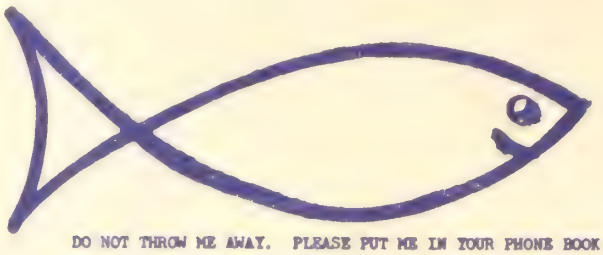
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The last third of the catalogue presents one of the best selections of books on fly-fishing around. Most of these are also offered at a discount. We thought it especially helpful of Sam Melner (who left the presidency of a publishing company to start the *FFB*) to review books in advance of their publication and to mention the publishing date, so fishermen can order a book even before it appears in bookstores.

As a special service in these gas-poor days, the *Bookcase* organizes car pools for anglers.

We think this catalogue will be of great service to all fly-fishers. If you would like *The Fly Fisherman's Bookcase*, send your name and address to Tools for Living and we'll see that you receive the latest edition.



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TEENAGE-ADULT COMPANIONSHIP
REFERRAL SERVICE

**Starred items can be provided only on an emergency basis.*

Flyers like the one pictured here have called attention to the movement known as FISH, organized into local chapters for the purposes outlined above. Each chapter works toward filling needs in its own community. Anyone may apply for FISH's services, regardless of religious affiliation.

The story of Father Howell's adaptation of the FISH plan for an American parish from its English original is told in his book, *Fish for My People* (Morehouse-Barlow, $2.50). For those who would like to start a FISH chapter in their community, Philip Deemer's *Starting a Local FISH Chapter* (Jarrow, $2.50) will be helpful. It draws upon the experiences of various FISH groups around the world for ideas about volunteer recruitment, scheduling, and training, and it also suggests some innovative services. (Deemer's book is printed in larger type than we are used to seeing, which makes it unusually easy to read.)

FULLY EQUIPPED

"Having fished since I was eight, and having been an avid weekend fisherman for the past three years, I feel my opinion of the *Complete Buying Guide to Fishing Equipment* (from the editors of *Consumer Guide*, $1.95) may be of some use," wrote Kevin Connolly, whose piece on the walking catfish appears on page 8. "For the angler willing to take time, this ambitious work offers much valuable information.

"Every area of specialized fishing equipment is covered right down to waders, bait buckets, and electronic sounding devices. I was hard put to find any mistakes, although such things as discount prices do tend to be quite variable. Thrift seems to have dictated the printing of all pictures and drawings in black and white. I would have preferred some color, especially in the section on lures; they tend to look a bit bland in chiaroscuro.

"Barring that single fault, however, this fisherman's guide is a praiseworthy attempt to make some sense of fishing equipment—long noted for catching more fishermen than fish.

"It's well worth the price, particularly to the beginner."

The Ultimate In Tempting Trout

Trout are picky abou
they eat. You can't just
them any old fly and
them to gobble it dov
your hook along with i
can be tempted by the
hues of mayflies' wings
ing above them, or the
of nymphs struggling to
Their appetites are whet
the seasons' changing te
tures and the patterns
water in which they live.

Until recently the tro
gler needed to be an en
ogist, biologist, and son
of a magician to duplica
mayflies through the ra
cles of their lives. No
Caucci and Robert Nastas
collaborated on what mus
ly be one of the jewels o
fly research. Pooling the
fishing experiences on the
fished public waters, the
created a system of iden
the various stages of may
velopment that will hel
know "what they're
now."

Compara-Hatch is actu
pair of books. A paperba
lustrated in black and wh
be studied at leisure, ou
the life cycles of regional s
of mayflies in great detail
volume suggests tactics a
as tying patterns.

Scientifically designed fo
angler's use on the stream
second volume is a ru
weatherproof, spiral-ring
that tucks into your fishin
for instant reference. All
do is catch a live insect
fish are biting on the surfa
the stream. Flipping oper
book, you then find mat
color photographs of the i
and its man-made imita
you thus know which fly to
all in a few seconds. The
of each page offers a guic
fishing tactics for different
ter conditions. A cale
shows the times of greates
activity right down to the h

Nastasi and Caucci have
veloped patterns that will te
even the wariest trout. Whe
you're a master fly-fisher
beginning fisherman, you
learn much about the ma
and about what trout betw
the East Coast and the
west prefer. This pair of bo
is sold in fine angling shop
may be purchased from us
$7.95, plus 50 cents pos
and handling.

re
General

e breast of every fish-
urks the heart of a
/hen with great satis-
e catches and kills his
ites Leslie P. Thomp-
is only when he enters
en, with its long shelf
books, that he be-
civilized being."

assume we have en-
kitchen. Look at your
or purchase). Are its
ht, clear, and bulging?
gills clean and red-
re the scales bright,
nd tightly adhering to
' Is the flesh firm and
to the touch? If the
o all these questions is
smell your catch. No
or unpleasant odor?
art cooking.

tunately, many people
believe that the more
k a fish the better it
ot so. The Fishery
of New York has laid
e law: "Fish is cooked
op flavor, not to make
." As soon as the in-
mperature of the fish
ooking reaches 150 de-
's done and should be
from the heat imme-
It will continue to
the serving platter. If
smell the distinctive
fish cooking, you're
king it. Do not salt fish
t's cooked: salt draws
the juices. As for boil-
elle Davis warns: "To
is nothing less than
l treatment of good

like your fish cooked,
ak Walton's recipe for

open your Pike at the gills, and if need be, cut also a little slit towards the belly; out of these, take his guts, and keep his liver, which you are to shred very small with *Time, Sweet-Marjoram,* and a little *Winter-savoury;* to these put some pickled *Oysters,* and some *Anchovies,* two or three, both these last whole (for the Anchovies will melt, and the Oysters should not) to these you must adde also a pound of sweet butter, which you are to mix with the herbs that are shred, and let them all be well salted (if the *Pike* be more than a yard long, then you may put into these herbs more than a pound, or if he be less, then less Butter will suffice:) these being thus mixt with a blade or two of *Mace,* must be put into the *Pikes* belly, and then his belly so sowed up, as to keep all the Butter in his belly if it be possible, if not, then as much of it as you possibly can, but take not off the scales; then you are to thrust the spit through his mouth, out at his tail. And then take four or five or six split sticks, or very thin lathes, and a convenient quantity of Tape or Filleting, these lathes are to be tyed round about the *Pikes* body from his head to his tail, and the Tape tyed somewhat thick to prevent his breaking or falling off from the spit; let him be roasted very leasurely, and often basted with Claret wine, and Anchovyes, and butter mixt together, and also with what moisture falls from him into the pan: when you have rosted him sufficiently you are to hold under him, (when you unwind or cut the Tape that ties him) such a dish as you purpose to eat him out of; and let him fall into it with the sawce that is roasted in his belly, and by this means the *Pike* will be kept unbroken and compleat: then, to the sawce which was within, and also that sawce in the pan, you are to add a fit quantity of the best *Butter,* and to squeeze the juyce of three or four Oranges: Lastly, you may either put into the *Pike,* with the *Oysters,* two cloves of *Garlick,* and take it whole out, when the *Pike* is cut off the spit, or, to give the sawce a *hogo,* let the dish (into which you let the *Pike* fall) be rubbed with it: the using or not using of this Garlick is left to your discretion."

And if you like it uncooked, try Michael Field's recipe for seviche, from *All Manner of Food* (Alfred A. Knopf, $8.95).

SEVICHE

serves 6-8

- ¾ cup fresh, strained lemon juice
- ¾ cup fresh, strained lime juice
- Peeled garlic cloves, *enough to make ½ teaspoon finely chopped*
- 1 tablespoon chili powder
- Fresh ginger root, *scraped, enough to make 1 tablespoon finely chopped,* or 1½ teaspoons dried cracked ginger, *finely pulverized with a mortar and pestle*
- ½ teaspoon hot red pepper flakes
- 1 teaspoon salt
- Freshly ground black pepper
- 2 pounds fresh (*not* frozen) sole fillets or any other firm, white, delicately textured fish, *skinned, separated into 2 halves lengthwise, then cut crosswise into approximately 2-inch pieces*
- 2 medium-size red onions, *peeled, sliced ⅛ inch thick, and separated into rings*
- 2 heads Boston or Romaine lettuce, *separated into individual leaves, washed and thoroughly dried*
- Fresh coriander (cilantro) or parsley, *enough to make 2 tablespoons finely chopped*

Combine the lemon and lime juices in a shallow glass or ceramic baking dish just large enough to hold the fish in one layer comfortably. Add the chili powder, garlic, ginger, red pepper flakes, salt, and a liberal amount of freshly ground black pepper, and beat with a whisk until the ingredients are thoroughly mixed. Lay the fish pieces in the marinade, side by side, and scatter the onion rings on top. If the marinade doesn't quite cover the fish and onions completely (and it may not, if your dish is too large), add more strained lemon and lime juice in equal amounts. Cover with plastic wrap and refrigerate for at least 6 hours, or until the fish is firm, white, and opaque, indicating that it is fully "cooked." Covered and refrigerated, *seviche* may be safely kept for as long as 2 or 3 days; in fact, the longer marination enriches the flavor. It is well to note, however, that very thin fillets such as young flounder will tend to disintegrate if marinated too long. Fillets at least ¼ inch thick are advisable in any case.

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THE BIG PICTURE

Here's a document that may be the penultimate "everything-you-always-wanted-to-know-about-fish-and-fishing-but-didn't-know-whom-to-ask." It's a forty-five-by-twenty-eight-inch poster that depicts fish in their natural colors, identifies them by their Latin and common names, and offers information about each. It discusses the science of locating fish, lures, poles, and other fishing equipment; gives directions for tying various useful knots; illustrates the principal techniques of fishing; and pictures many other creatures that live in or near the water.

Printed on heavy stock, this fish poster can be ordered from us for $4, plus 95 cents postage and handling.

THE JOY OF...

Arnold Gingrich's urbane *The Joys of Trout* ($7.50, Crown) delights as it informs. A large section of the volume —"The Angler's Best Companions: A Congeries of Aids, Authors, Organizations and Purveyors . . ."—is one of the most useful compendiums we've seen, and there's an extensive trout bibliography as well. Even ichthyophobes will like this one.

ROUNDWRAPAROUND



TAKE A LOAD OFF YOUR FEET

Did you know that human feet are hazardous to fish? When the feet of the fishermen pace back and forth in streams and rivers, they disturb the natural bottom and destroy the minute forms of life that dwell there. Fry that have sought shelter in these areas are also endangered by moving feet. Because feet decrease the food supply for larger fish, many fishermen advocate casting from the bank, staying back from the water's edge and out of the shallows.

The Water Walker, an inflated circle of handcrafted yellow Dupont neoprene-coated nylon material, meets military specifications for inflatables. It has a comfortable built-in seat and shoulder straps. Wearing your swimsuit or a pair of armpit waders you step into the "walker" and float out to wherever they are biting by propelling yourself forward with your feet, or, for extra propulsion, with fins.

Not a toy, the Walker will support over 300 pounds in the water, although it weighs only 2.8 pounds itself. Constructed with a dual-chamber design, it will not pop and sink like the old inner tube if you get snagged on a nail. Its waterproof zippered pouches can hold lures, tackle, or even a sandwich. We're especially entranced with its method of inflation: the carrying case turns inside out to become the pump which inflates the float in a few minutes.

The Water Walker figures to be handy not only for fishing but also for gathering aquatic specimens, photographing birds in marshes, or just enjoying the water offshore. Water Walkers are found in many sporting goods stores or may be ordered from us for $50, plus $3.50 postage and handling.

AS THE STORY UNFOLDS...

There's a new series of fold-out books from Storyfold, Inc., for children aged four to eleven. Turn the pages one way and they tell a story in verse. Turn them another way, and you'll find suggestions for things to do, and instructions for conducting experiments. For the most part, children can use the books without adult supervision.

The *Brook Book* is a delightful fantasy in which the brook discusses with its neighbors along the bank where it comes from, where it is going, how it grows, and who it helps on its trip to the Great Sea. There are illustrations both for the story itself and for crafts and experiments; how to make toy boats, a water scope, a vivarium, a fishing pole, and more. And there's an S.O.S. (Save Our Streams) game.

In the *Sea Book,* a young scuba diver encounters turtles, whales, strange glowing fish, and squid among the canyons and mountains of the ocean's depths. The projects section of the book tells how to fashion wind chimes from seashells, make a seamobile, sculpt creatures out of soap, and race paper fish, among other things.

When ordering these books from us be sure to specify whether you would like the *Brook Book* or the *Sea Book* or both. Each is $3.95, plus 50 cents postage and handling.

CASTING ABOUT FOR HELP?

If you're tired of groping through a mess of fly-tying materials in a motley collection of cigar boxes and plastic bags, try the Fly-Tier's Carry-All. A heavy-duty waterproof brown canvas case, it holds all the tools and materials for a complete hatch-matching kit that will enable you to tie flies at streamside or even en route in the car. Inside, all materials are held securely—and visibly



—in a compact combination of clear pockets and boxes.
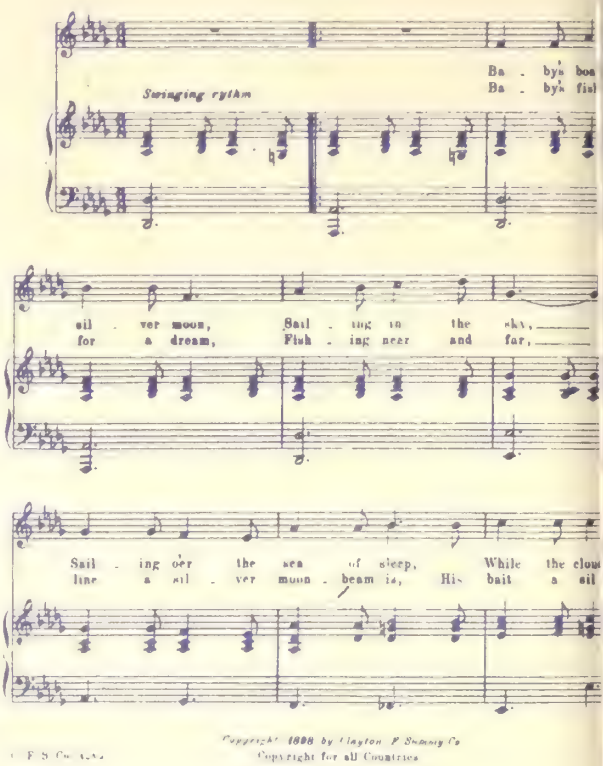
The Carry-All will hold a dozen or more rooster necks, squirrel and bucktails, spools of thread, tinsel, floss, a dozen boxes of hooks, and all the fur, feathers, and wool that you'll need for the season. A white plastic lapboard is provided, with an attached tool case that will hold bobbin, wax, bodkin, scissors, half-hitch tool, hackle pliers, and a hand vise.

Elastic bands around the board and the magnet attached to it will hold your tools securely while you work, even in brisk winds. There is also a bracket for converting your hand vise to a table vise.

The Fly-Tier's Carry-All is found in fine tackle shops or may be ordered from us for $39.95, plus $2.50 postage and handling.

THE SLUMBER BOAT.

Words by ALICE C. D. RILEY. Music by JESSIE



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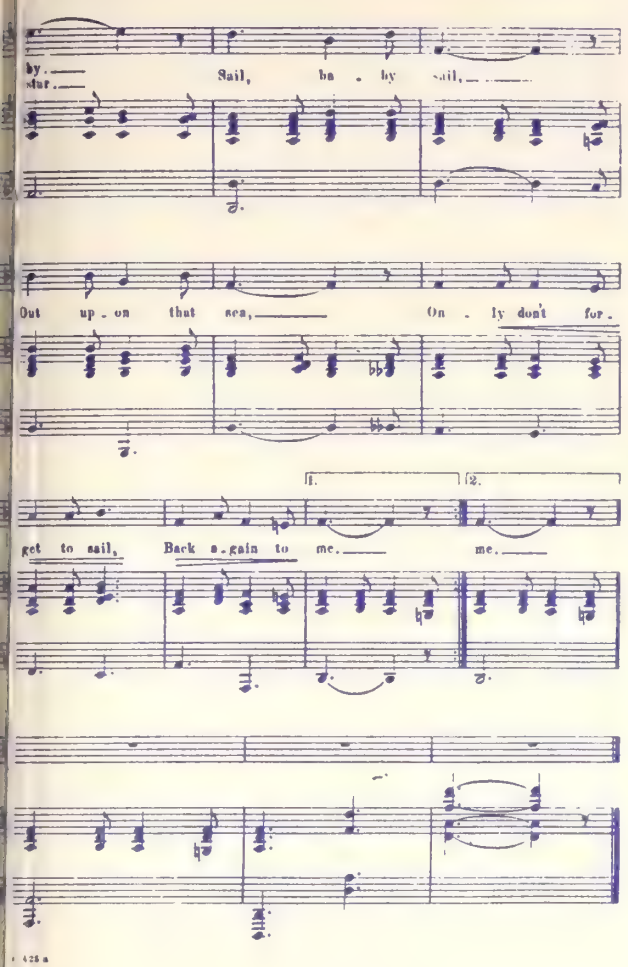
Music Division, The New York Public Library at Lincoln Center, Astor, Lenox and Tilden Fo

SOURCES

The Life Story of the *His Manners and Morai* Brian Curtis (Dover, $. Some people—very few—probably write a fascin book about, say, elbows. Curtis must have been o them. Given the distinctly promising subject of fish has produced an uncomm charming and immensely formative volume.

Who knows what *Trout* *ing in America,* by Richard tigan (Dell, 95 cents), is al It is labeled a novel, but it like fly-casting, and it ha same thickness and flavor pan-fried rainbow trout; if don't like metaphors like t you'd better go fishing ins

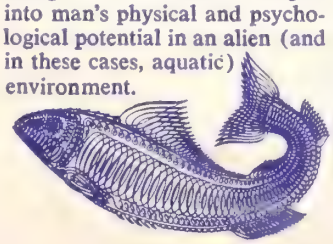
PARROUND READERS



e Sea Around Us, by Ra- Carson (Signet, $1.25), is, ıy standard, a classic. It is t the sea and its inhabi- and the mystery that es them all together. Miss ɔn remarks, "It is a curi- ituation that the sea, from h life first arose, should be threatened by the activ- of one form of that life. he sea, though changed in ister way, will continue to , the threat is rather to life ."

sherman's Bounty, edited ick Lyons (Crown, $6.95), collection of fish lore, po- and fiction that is artful, nt, humorous, and beauti- illustrated with appropriate avings. Even if you don't v a creel from a crappie, will find this book a sump- s entertainment.

Staying Alive! by Maurice and Maralyn Bailey (McKay, $6.95); *Survive the Savage Sea,* by Dougal Robertson (Praeger, $7.95). Human adaptability is awe-inspiring. After their yacht sank, the Baileys survived, adrift on the ocean, for 117 days by catching and consuming fish (and turtles and rainwater). The Robertson family's experience was similar but less prolonged. Though Dougal Robertson is a better writer than either of the Baileys, both books offer drama along with valuable insights into man's physical and psychological potential in an alien (and in these cases, aquatic) environment.



PLUS AND MINUS

In the May issue, we observed that "we all have moments of special transparency when an immutable law of the universe curls into aphoristic form and presents itself to us with stunning simplicity and elegance," and we invited you to share some of those moments with us. We've been delighted with your responses and have even evolved one of our own: "The expansion of the universe is due to the proliferation of universal laws." We already have more laws than will fit into the available space in the magazine. Nevertheless, we feel we owe it to the universe to continue collecting them. If you can think of any more, please let us know. We'll try to run them at a later date.

I have been a casual collector, over the years, of whatever laws I have come across since early Parkinson. If I must choose a few favorites, out of my own collection of Crosby, Brogan, Brown, Fetridge, Finagle, Forrester, Gomersall, Gumperson, Hansen, Issawi, Johnson, Murphy, Parkinson, and Uriah, they would have to come from the collection of H. Allen Smith, published in his *A Short History of Singers and Other State Papers,* (Little, Brown, 1963). His Gumperson's Law (for which he gives credit to *Changing Times*) is defined: The contradictory of a welcome probability will assert itself whenever such an eventuality is likely to be most frustrating, or, in other words, the outcome of a given desired probability will be inverse to the degree of desirability.

Illustrating Gumperson, Smith notes that grass seed planted in rich soil, fertilized and kept moist, will not grow, although a few seeds may blow onto the blacktop driveway, settle into a crack, and there take root and flourish.

Smith is also the source of Fetridge's Law, the one which you used as an example: Buttered bread always falls to the floor with the buttered side down. (Surely some other reader will submit another example of Fetridge's Law concerning the thirty-two points to the compass. It was a chemistry professor, Louis Sattler, who found that the juice of a grapefruit almost invariably flies straight to the human eye.) What initially seemed to be a simple reaction-solution to the problem posed by your innocent invitation has resulted in this final illustration, known both as Finagle and Forrester, their maxim holding that "in complicated situations efforts to improve things often tend tc make them worse, sometimes much worse, on occasion calamitous."

—Ivan T. Yost
Rome, N.Y.

Living causes mortality.
—E. S. Pondiczery
Evanston, Ill.

You never find an article you have lost until you replace it.
—Otto Kleppner
Wardsboro, Vt.

A lone dime always gets the number nearly right.
—Stephanie Southerland
Vallejo, Calif.

Junk expands to fit the space available to store it.
—Constance Howard
Seaford, N.Y.

Gravity likes rocks.
—M. H. Scheele
Schererville, Ind.

Every knot has a couple of loose ends. **—Marielien Jeffers**
Mansfield, Ohio

There is a fifty-fifty chance of anything, because either it will or it won't.
—Hank Phillippi
Washington, D.C.

If you are good, only 50 percent of your decisions will turn out badly. Acceptance of this brings power and freedom to your choices.
—Frank Urbanowski
Pipersville, Pa.

Murphy's Law: If anything can go wrong it will.

Murphy's Second Law: Of the things that can't go wrong, some will.

Murphy's Associated Laws: Left to themselves things go from bad to worse. Nature always sides with the hidden flaw. Mother Nature is a bitch. If everything seems to be going well, you've obviously overlooked something.

Parkinson's First Law: Work expands to fill the time available for its accomplishment.

ROUNDWRA INFORM

Parkinson's Second (or Mrs. Parkinson's) Law: Expenses expand to consume income.
—**Joseph R. Bobbitt III**
Los Alamos, N. Mex.

The following law has been applied repeatedly to the solution of problems resulting from Murphy's laws: A problem is the least common denominator of its parts. —**Harwell F. Smith**
Oak Ridge, Tenn.

Ninety-nine percent of everything is bullshit.
—**Theodore Sturgeon**
Los Angeles, Calif.

Everything takes more time and money. —**Annie DeCaprio**
High Bridge, N.J.

If the project works, you must be using the wrong equipment.

The accessibility, during recovery, of small parts which fall from the workbench, varies directly with the size of the part and inversely with its importance to the completion of the work in progress.

The nearest living relative of the football player you are criticizing is sitting directly in front of you in the football stadium.
—**Gerald Neely**
Billings, Mont.

If for every rule there is an exception, then we have established that there is an exception to every rule. If we accept "For every rule there is an exception" as a rule, then we must concede that there may not be an exception after all, since the rule states that there is always the possibility of exception, and if we follow it to its logical end we must agree that there can be an exception to the rule that for every rule there is an exception. —**Bill Boquist**
San Francisco, Calif.

Just when you get really good at something, you don't need it anymore.
—**William P. Lowry**
Sidney, Ill.

Sex is hereditary. If your parents never had it, chances are you won't either.
—**Joseph Fischer**
W. Melbourne, Fla.

The Other Line moves faster. This applies to all lines—bank, supermarket, toll booth, customs, and so on. And don't try to change lines. The Other Line —the one you were in originally—will then move faster.
—**Barbara Ettorre**
New York, N.Y.

There's a rubber duck in your future. —**James Martin**
San Anselmo, Calif.

A law of precinct politics: Your supporters die or move away; your opponents do neither. —**Maurice Flagg**
Arlington, Va.

The probability of two unlikely events occurring in the same given time frame increases in direct relation with the degree to which one inconveniences the other. (This experience can be expressed in quasi-syllogistic form, omitting the final element of the usual tripartite structure, whose expression would belabor the obvious; e.g., I rarely suffer severe headaches: I rarely get unexpected visitors.) —**Nancy La Roche**
Hartford, Conn.

No matter where you live, it's always the same side of the street. —**Jeff Cox**
Alburtis, Pa.

If you don't quit tampering with it, you're going to bust something. —**J. F. McCleary**
San Diego, Calif.

People will accept your idea much more readily if you tell them Benjamin Franklin said it first. —**David H. Comins**
Manchester, Conn.

The guy you beat out of a prime parking spot is the one you have to see for a job interview. —**Cal Robinson**
Edinboro, Pa.

Let T_1 denote the time required for a person who has dialed a telephone number to become discouraged and hang up. Let T_2 denote the time required for a person to reach his telephone after he has heard it ring. Then $T_1 = T_2$.
—**Sam W. Young**
Opelika, Ala.

If you know the answer, then you don't know the question.
—**Anne Noris**
Spokane, Wash.

CLASSIFIED RATES

Rates: $1 per word. (10-word minimum. Deduct 10¢ a word if ad is to run six times; deduct 20¢ a word if ad is to run twelve times.)
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Bicycle tour Maui Hawaii—the only way to see the most exotic landscape. Maui Tours, Box 192, Lemont, Pa. 16851.

Village museum and Unitarian church will take few teen-age boys for year of history, travel. Standish Museums, East Bridgewater, Mass.

Whitewater float trips. Utah, Wyoming. Slickrock River Co., Box 10543, Denver, Colo. 80210.

REAL ESTATE

Government lands . . . from $7.50/acre! Vacationing, Farming, Investment! Exclusive "Government Land Buyer's Guide" . . . plus "Land Opportunity Review," listing lands throughout U.S. Send $2 Surplus Lands, Box 6588-HV, Washington, D.C. 20009.

Nova Scotia—Shorefront, recreational, retirement. Governor Parr Realty Co. Ltd., Shelburne, Nova Scotia. Bot. Iwo. Tel (902) 875-3611 or 2443.

Central Ontario—Choice sportsmen's paradises still av. $20 plus $6.50 taxes yearly pictures, $2 (refundable). Inf Bureau, Norval 64, Ontario,

Mexican haven, private devel Sensibly priced gracious hom dant mountain valley, marvel tas, ideal climate. Details: Jungapeo, Mich., Mexico.

RESORTS

Healthful vacationing—Fasti ducing. Rejuvenation. Wh foods. Organic gardens. Peac roundings. Pool, boats, so Beaches. Health classes. SH LA, Bonita Springs, Fla. 339

VACATIONS

Relaxed island tropadise rooms, efficiencies, endless pool. Write Rod and Ruth Caribe Adventure Inn, Box Sanibel Island, Fla. 33957.

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Collect military medals. Lis Vernon, Box 387-HM, Baldwi 11510.

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Playing the recorder is easy. F alogue recorders, recorder mu ginners' Pearwood Recorder, tion Book, $11.95. Amster R Co., 1624-H Lavaca, Austin, 78701.

Kits! Build dulcimers, guitars laikas, thumb pianos, harps. $2.95. Finished dulcimers from 8665 West 13th Avenue, HM, Colo. 80215.

The Harpsichord quarterly. De articles on buying, building, tuning. Photographs. Drawings views. Letters. $8 annually ($9). Box 4323H, Denver, Colo.

Sperrhake harpsichords and chords. Excellent, dependable, ful. Robert S. Taylor, 8710 G Street, Bethesda, Md. 20034.

TAPES

Scotch tapes. Discounts! Ca 10¢. Tower, 11618 Fulham St., Spring, Md. 20902.

8-track tapes. 52¢. Directory facturers, $3. Star Enterpris HM2 Woodcrest, Dayton, Ohio

Behavioral sciences tape lib Leading psychiatrists and p ogists discuss psychotherapy, phrenia, adolescents, drugs, sexuality, etc. on cassettes. Fr alogue. Over 300 tapes for s rental. BSTL, Dept. 808, 240 Ave., Leonia, N.J. 07605.

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Show albums—rare, out-of-prin 52-pg. list, 50¢. Broadway/Holl Recordings, Georgetown, Conn.

Aikido—Korean Karate—Kung Fu—Tai Chi—Zen Archery—unique s mer programs in self-defense, mind-body harmony and meditation ta by oriental masters. For information write immediately. Enrollment li ed. Aspen Academy of Martial Arts, P.O. Box 1939, Aspen, Colo. 81

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This month we invite readers to write the opening lines of a letter that might have been written by a historical personality or organization trying to avoid a disagreeable predicament.

Send your entry to "The Mailbag," Harper's Magazine, Two Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016, no later than August 9. Entries become the property of *Harper's Magazine*. Winning entries will be published in the October issue. Decision of the editors is final.

First Prize: *A Treasury of Traditional Wisdom*, by Whitall N. Perry (Simon and Schuster).

Runners-up: *Six in the Easy Chair*, edited by John Fischer (University of Illinois Press).

ners of "Rate the Great," the game that asked readers to make ie report card of a well-known n from the past or present, are:

Prize
Pacer electric ice cream freezer:

Marx: Studies hard in library; a leader; argues till you see red.
—Seymour Bernstein
New York, N.Y.

ners-Up
Edward Penfield *Harper's* poster:

amin Franklin: Exhibits great po- al for writing and speaking, but stop spending so much time fool- with gadgets.

f Hitler: Shows little talent in art, has great ability to organize others roup games. Seems to be intolerant ie views of others.
—Allen Brookins-Brown
Minneapolis, Minn.

iam Shakespeare: Might not be y for promotion out of 2A section 2B or not 2B—that is the question.
—Nina L. Gilbert
Teaneck, N.J.

osthenes: An eager pupil, but dif- t to understand. Often sounds as if mouth were full of pebbles.
—Charles Glennon
Silver Spring, Md.

Oscar Wilde: He tends to take his assignments too frivolously. It is obvious that he doesn't know the importance of being earnest.
—Robert Hilts
Albany, N.Y.

Sherlock Holmes: An excellent student. We recommend advancing him two grades. The work at his present level seems to be too elementary.
—R. Hurlburt, Jr.
Tallahassee, Fla.

Greta Garbo: An intense student, but shows no interest in working and playing well with others.
—Rita Jacobs
New York, N.Y.

Houdini: Has exhibited a very strange behavior by continually locking himself in the closet and attempting to reopen the door without the use of a key. As a result of this behavior, he is a very lonely child.
—David Jensen and Gary Roenig
Chula Vista, Calif.

Gandhi (refers to himself as Mahatma): Seems to be a leader among his peer group, but refuses to eat his lunch.
—W. M. Kornbluth
Gainesville, Fla.

Hank Aaron: Will break no class record. Runs home too often.
—J. M. Kowalczyk
Syracuse, N.Y.

Alexander Graham Bell: Hates to write letters.
—Janice Lewis
Danville, Ill.

Marcel Marceau: Phys Ed—A+; Public Speaking—F.
—Jean Ann Loftus
Cincinnati, Ohio

Ralph Nader: Alert, conscientious student. Inclined to criticize; e.g., disapproves of present report-card system.
—Sylvia Miller
Washington, D.C.

Jane Fonda: Demonstrates a talent for rhetoric when rallied.
—Dennis M. O'Gorman
Columbus, Ohio

Vincent van Gogh: Good in art, but needs to develop a smoother brush technique.
—Connie L. Ojala
Boise, Idaho

James Joyce: Very poor in English; cannot master even the rudiments of grammar, punctuation, and spelling.
—Peter A. Porter
Providence, R.I.

John Ford: Works and plays well with others, but should control his tendency to tell them what to do.
—Gloria Rosenthal
Valley Stream, N.Y.

RE GAMES: Readers are invited to submit their own suggestions for games.
who invent games eventually published in the magazine will receive credit lines and prizes.

LETTERS

A short and senseless war

"Letters Home" [Thomas Kingsley, June] laid bare the realities of the Vietnam war, something which, until now, could not or would not be done.

I am left with feelings of compassion and anger. It is numbing to realize that I could have lived and died as he did.

Anger—not compassion—however, provoked me to write this letter. Tom Kingsley's death was a goddamn waste. The publishing of his private letters makes it less so. My thanks to you and his parents.

WENDALL CURTIS
Venice, Fla.

Ah, the sweet enlightenment of "postwar" 1974. After suffering through the deluge of external facts and circumstances of our involvement in Vietnam, "Letters Home" let us hear the until now silent psychic turmoil of the millions of Toledo, Ohio, sons who attempted to survive the unknown madness. If this experience is to outlive the politicians who made it possible, a literature of the war must be conceived. Certainly, if the cries of the disabled and the anguish of the stricken families do continue, the people's history of Vietnam may be the only history that really matters.

BOB TENEYCK
Royal Oak, Mich.

Paranoia

Thank you for the article "Paranoia" [Hendrik Hertzberg and David C. K. McClelland, June]. I have been suffering under the delusion that retail clerks have become surly and uncooperative, that repairmen give less and less service for more and more money, that the post office is delaying or misdelivering my mail, that suburban commuters are filling my inner-city neighborhood with freeways and my lungs with a clear undetectable gas called carbon monoxide, that economic theorists are reducing my dollar to zero purchasing power, that the mass media are rejecting the few last shreds of my middle-aged, middle-class values, and that many of my government's officials are striving to reach new highs of asinine and/or venal behavior. I was very much relieved to read this article and discover that I am only paranoid. I had thought I was being realistic, and it scared the hell out of me.

MARY B. ELMBLAD
Denver, Colo.

The scourge of famine

The June issue of *Harper's* was an unhappy experience. It exposed us to the gratuitous racial prejudice of Richard Selzer ["Strangulation in the Open Air"] in his piece on a subject which surely emphasizes the need for interracial understanding and the interdependence of humanity on this globe.

I have a wry appreciation of Selzer's trilevel racial put-down in one brief sentence: his attribution of MacSwiney's astonishing act of will to "the thickness of an Irishman's skin," to his "state of preservation from alcohol," with the implied "all Irish are drunks" stereotype, and even to the climate of the unfortunate man's homeland.

With starvation real or threatened in mostly African and Asian countries, perhaps we should be grateful that the doctor does not attrib[ute] tragedy to the "shiftlessness" [of] inhabitants.

JOSEPH G. O'[H]
New York

RICHARD SELZER REPLIES:

I regret that my reference t[o] ence MacSwiney's fast was m[is]as a racial slur. Nothing could [be] ther from either the truth, or th[e] uine affection that I hold for I[re] and its offspring. That my lit[tle] tempt to leaven a literary arti[cle] hunger with some wit should c[ast] in the role of slurring racist[s] point up the risks one takes wh[en] (a) writes and (b) reads.

Comments on Comme[nts]

Susan McDonald's "Commen[ts] article on natural childbirth [...] not only missed the boat, bu[t] ocean as well.

In the first place, I don't fe[el] was talking about childbirth [at] since not one word was ment[ion] of the positive or negative effe[cts] natural delivery has upon the [...] ber-one beneficiary: the child. [Per]haps it is her academic isolation [that] allows her to regard childbirth [as] event for only mother and fath[er].

Secondly, I feel what she [...] was writing was an outlet for [...] antisuburbia, antifad anger. [...] but at least point the gun at the [...] party.

PETER D. FRI[...]
Minneapolis, M[...]

Re "Natural Childbirth," by S[...] McDonald—huzzah and hallel[ujah] —a voice of sanity in the dark[ness]. Tell her to keep it up.

IRWIN A. HERMAN, [...]
San Leandro, C[...]

ARTHUR MILLER on RICHARD NIXON

Exterminating the SLA / Exploiting Life After Death

September 1974 $1.00

Harper's

Magazine

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e of Power



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FEATHER BONNET
With white hackle (feather). Coloured hackles are used in the British Army to differentiate between regiments.

SILVER COLLAR BADGES
The Dewar's Highlander wears the Saltire of St. Andrew, Patron Saint of Scotland.

SHOULDER PIN
In cold weather, or at night, a clansman in the field would unfasten the shoulder pin so that his plaid became a warm cloak or a blanket.

"WING" EPAULETS
To protect the shoulders from sword cuts.

DRUM MAJOR'S BATON
The Scots have marched into battle to the skirl of the pipes, from Bannockburn (1314) to Aden (1967).

SCARLET DOUBLET
Known the world over as the Scottish and British soldier's colour.

METAL "BREASTPLATE"
Worn where belt and sash cross, and carrying the drumsticks symbolic of the role of the Drum Major.

GOLD SASH
Always worn over the left shoulder

SPORRAN
Originally a leather wallet, worn suspended from the waistbelt to carry the day's ration. There are no pockets in the kilt.

SWORD
with basket hilt. Worn at the belt, it is called in Gaelic the *claith veg*, (claybeg), or small sword, to distinguish it from the *claith mhor* (claymore), or great sword.

KILT
Formerly in one piece with the shoulder plaid, but now worn separately. Highland regiments of the British Army wear the kilt.

PLAID
means a garment, the main garment of early times, which was kilt and blanket-wrap all in one piece. Tartan is the characteristic cloth of Scotland, woven in stripes.

HOSE TOPS
Gaelic name, *caddis* meaning striped.

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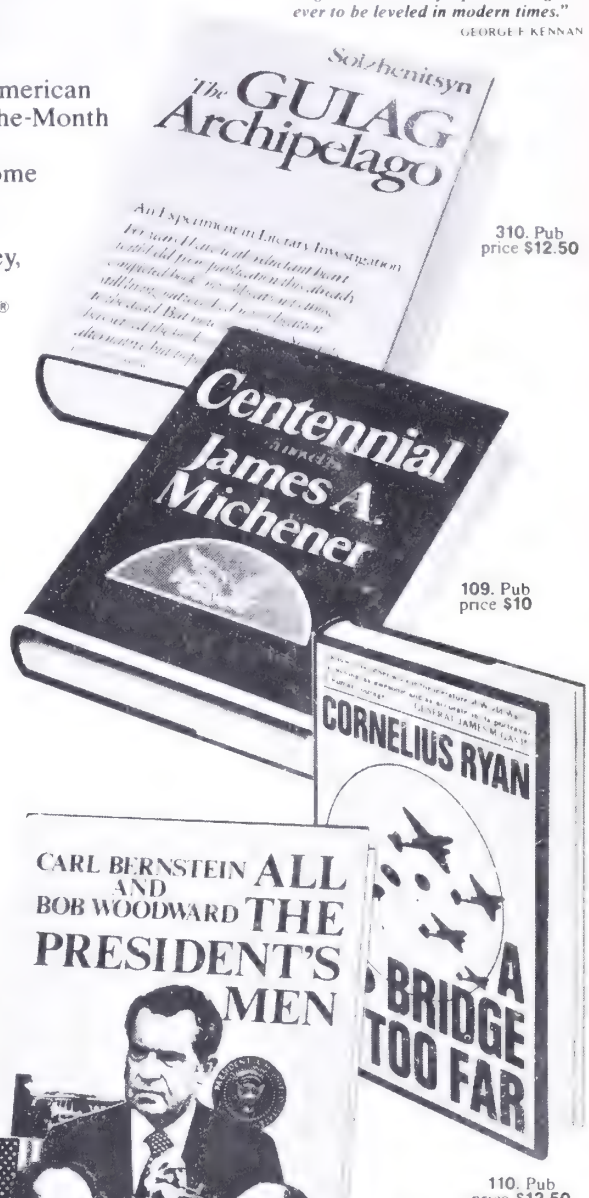
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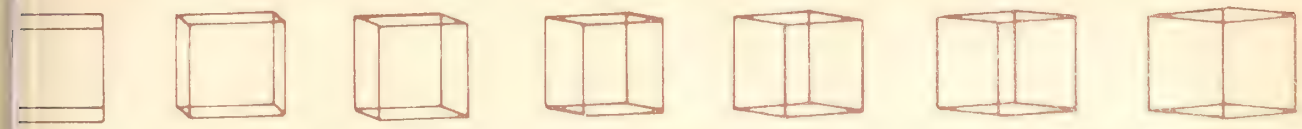
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WRAPAROUND

MAKING IT NEW:
Swords into Plowshares, Geld aus Dreck, New Wine in Old Bottles, and Other Transformations



We are all surrounded by an amazing amount of clutter. Always have been. Archaeological excavations often center on middens, from which can be derived rather detailed portraits of ancient cultures. When all other traces of man vanish, his garbage lingers on.

In recent years, there's been a lot of talk about garbage (as if we'd just discovered its existence) and what to do with it. It's certainly a good thing that more and more people are concerned with the junk heaps, automobile graveyards, and littered landscapes that have accompanied our rising civilization. But stop for a minute and look at the stuff of your own life: the atoms within you were once scattered around the cosmos; the tennis shoes your son outgrew and passed along to his cousin were given by his mother to charity, bought by someone passing a bin at a thrift shop, worn by a stranger, left benind at a picnic, and now one of them lies moldering on a river bank three states away and the other may just be that nondescript lump the dog brought home and left in your cellar; the social organization of prehistoric Greek tribes lives on in the vast aggregate we call the American government; and your earliest emotions, though located many strata below the present moment, can, under the right conditions, suddenly surface in all their original intricacy.

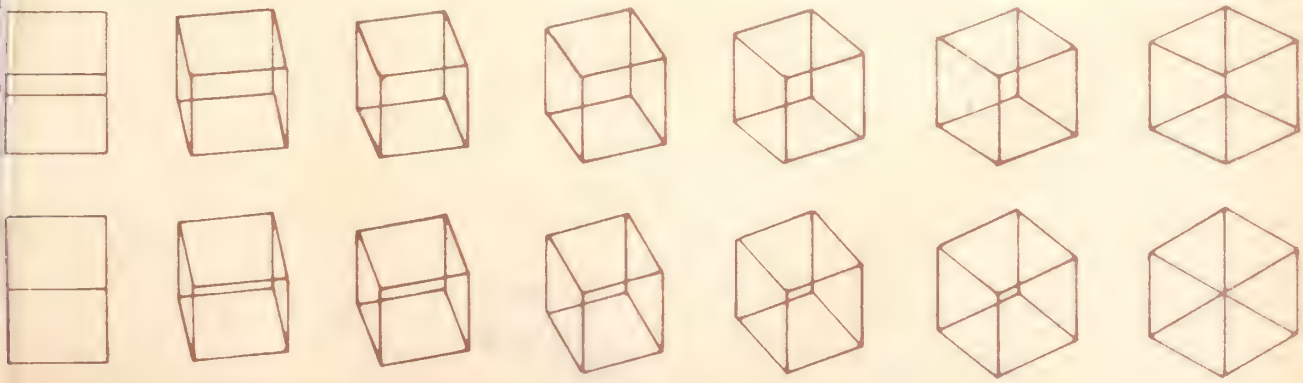
Nothing is ever lost. This may be a consolation, but sometimes the outworn, the used-up, the unnecessary, and the forgotten that we haphazardly arrange around us in the form of our lives presses in on us with a suffocating intensity.

One solution is to forget about it, but you can no more put something out of your mind than you can put matter outside the space-time continuum.

Another solution is to pay attention to what you have, sort through it, and then try to transform it—with your brain and hands and being—into something else you like better.

Consider what you have about you in the way of things, thoughts, feelings, social constructs, people, whatever. Winnow the burdensome from the rewarding, the inert from the lively, and try regarding your rich and varied assemblage as if for the first time. We hope this month's **WRAPAROUND** will give you some guidance about what to do next.

—Gwyneth Cravens



Drawings from The Language of Pattern, *by Keith Albarn, Jenny Miall Smith, Stanford Steele, and Dinah Walker.*
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WRAPAROUNDWRAP

OPPORTUNITY'S KNOCK

In present-day society one area where a serious social problem might be solved by making it into an opportunity could well be the fatigue, frustration, and "burning-out" of the middle-aged knowledge worker and his need for a second career. The hidden cost of the middle-aged knowledge workers—managers and knowledge professionals—who have "retired on the job," have lost interest, and just go through the motions, may well be larger than that of Ford's labor turnover in 1913. At the same time, the frustration and silent despair of these men and women may pose as great a social danger to society as the misery, bitterness, and despair of the suffering manual worker of yesterday. Nothing is as corrosive as success turned into frustration. The first company which tackles this problem as both a social problem and an opportunity might well reap benefits fully as great as those reaped by Ford sixty years ago and Olivetti and IBM forty years ago.

—Peter F. Drucker
Management, 1974

"Do you know what the country needs today? A seven-cent nickel.... If it works out, next year we could have an eight-cent nickel.... You could go to the newsstand, buy a three-cent newspaper, and get the same nickel back again. One nickel carefully used would last a lifetime."

—Groucho Marx, in *Animal Crackers*, 1930



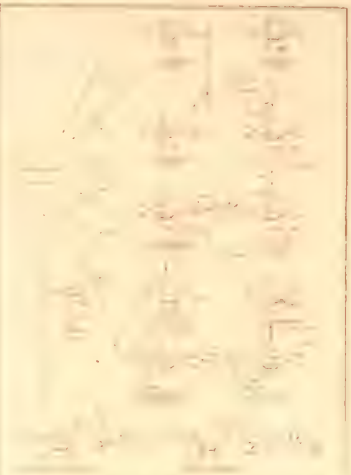
"I'm afraid, Son, this will never be yours. I'm having myself cloned."
Drawing by Lorenz; © 1973 The New Yorker Magazine, Inc.

WHAT DEATH IS

The obituary pages tell us of the news that we are dying away, while the birth announcements in finer print, off at the side of the page, inform us of our replacements, but we get no grasp from this of the enormity of scale. There are 3 billion of us on the earth, and all 3 billion must be dead, on a schedule, within this lifetime. The vast mortality, involving something over 50 million of us each year, takes place in relative secrecy....

Less than a half century from now, our replacements will have more than doubled the numbers. It is hard to see how we can continue to keep the secret, with such multitudes doing the dying. We will have to give up the notion that death is catastrophe, or detestable, or avoidable, or even strange. We will need to learn more about the cycling of life in the rest of the system, and about our connection to the process. Everything that comes alive seems to be in trade for something that dies, cell for cell.

—Lewis Thomas
The Lives of a Cell, 1974



Metabolic Miracles

As a child, I used to watch caterpillars turn into Monarch butterflies in a peanut-butter jar on my desk and think how beautiful it was that the caterpillar knew just what to do. And how simple the process must be for a caterpillar to be able to do it!

Even plants know what is expected of them. Sow a zinnia seed—you get a zinnia ("Plant a carrot, get a carrot, not a Brussels sprout"). Simple. Uncomplicated. Beautiful.

Consequently, I was incredulous the first time I came face to face in my first biochemistry course with the charts of Intermediary Metabolism. I wanted to close my eyes, to turn away. The cell's most basic functions were so complicated as to be a maze when reproduced on paper for the sake of an already confused undergraduate.

I still gasp at this chart and try to avoid it. But I see it in quite a different way now. If the cell is not elegant in its simplicity, it is elegant in the integration of its complexity. The myriad pathways that it has developed to digest its food, to respire, to grow, and to reproduce are exquisitely meshed. The end product of one pathway becomes the initial product of another. There is little waste—and whatever waste one cell produces serves frequently as the necessary diet for another cell. The life process depends on conserving almost every by-product.

I no longer see caterpillars and zinnias as simple creatures, but I'm still fascinated by their elegance and awed by their wisdom.

—Susan Zolla
Susan Zolla is on the faculty of New York University Medical Center.

The Uses of the Past

Imperious Caesar, dead [illegible]
turned to clay
Could stop a hole to ke[illegible]
wind away.

—H

What does one do wit[illegible] traces of an earlier civiliz[illegible] Half of Western Europe [illegible] travels by the line of th[illegible] man roads, while of al[illegible] achievements of the Am[illegible] Indians, how few—the [illegible] the moccasin, some val[illegible] crops—are put to use tod[illegible]

Tombs in Egypt were ro[illegible] and their occupants pou[illegible] down into a drug—some[illegible] taken medicinally, some[illegible] for pleasure. At times of [illegible] treme persecution, the Ja[illegible] ists of Port Royal would di[illegible] the bones of their most [illegible] teemed members to flavor [illegible] soup with holiness. Queen [illegible] toria made Kitchener [illegible] from using the Mahdi's [illegible] as a paperweight. And s[illegible] Ancient authors report tha[illegible] Persia the ceremonial seat[illegible] judges were upholstered [illegible] the skins of corrupt prede[illegible] sors in office. Hugh Lati[illegible] energetically suggested that [illegible] custom be revived, but ther[illegible] no visible enthusiasm for [illegible] notion, even in the most s[illegible] mary modern jurisdictions.

Sometimes the past is m[illegible] difficult to eliminate than [illegible] preserve. The foundations [illegible] which some Middle East[illegible] towns still stand, and wh[illegible] carried some of the proud [illegible] cities of the classical age, [illegible] heaps of the brick and rubb[illegible] of centuries of predeces[illegible] towns, piled up to the height [illegible] low hills: fortresses of rubbi[illegible] The replacement of successi[illegible] fortifications of Paris by bro[illegible] encircling avenues has chang[illegible] the word "boulevard" from [illegible] original meaning of bulwark.

Swords are supposed to [illegible] beaten into plowshares, b[illegible] sometimes the new use is as i[illegible] flammatory as the old. Th[illegible] metal of the Victoria Cross [illegible] still that of Russian guns ca[illegible] tured in the Crimea. The fam[illegible] ily of an admiral killed in th[illegible] third Anglo-Dutch War had th[illegible] fatal cannonball embedded [illegible] his tombstone—inscribed *"In[illegible] trumentum mortis et immorta[illegible] itatis."* More pleasantly, one [illegible] the crucial obstacles to earl[illegible] radio astronomy, the provisio[illegible]

UNDOWRAPAROUNDOW

eap but efficient turning as solved when P.M.S. ord) Blackett, naval of- urned Nobel Laureate, ed the gun turret of a d battleship.

ng over the merely im- nt (Lord Liverpool's once had to ban a side- exhibition of what was certainly Oliver Crom- head); the exaggeratedly al (dentist's suppliers attached to eighteenth- ineteenth-century armies in sound young teeth af- ttles); or the obsessive laria Theresa dollar was ed with such veneration Middle East that the government had to buy ining rights from Austria nint it for over a hun- ears after the Empress's —passing over all such ties, the prize for imag- reuse of materials may o to the wretched corsairs giers. When bombarded eign squadrons come to slaves, the corsairs sim- ized the local diplomatic oreign-merchant commu- hrust them in cannons, ired them back. Within memory a gun on the rts of Algiers was known *consulaire.*

—Timothy Dickinson

y Dickinson is a contributing of Harper's.

nd Out he Fireball

can be observed by visit- he offices of major cor- ions, government bureaus, olice departments during ing hours, the universe days is dominated by mat- ot energy.

may not always have been n the universe, not the of-). If the universe began in bang perhaps 20 billion ago, it was at that time entirely, or almost entire- ut of energy. Nothing but , you might say. As the all expanded and cooled, er began to form. (Indus s efforts have been made igure out just how this ed, but to so little avail any physicist who claims nderstand it thoroughly is y to earn a professional rep- on for twisted wit.) To- matter dominates; energy is slowly, steadily losing ground; and if the expansion of the universe persists, eventually all the stars now shining or yet unborn will have burned out and cold dark matter will reign supreme forever. Compared to that, Monday night in Noma, Florida, is Times Square.

So the question is: will the expansion go on forever? If so it spells oblivion for our descendants 50 or 100 billion years hence—assuming they will have dealt successfully with such other problems as the prior demise of the sun and the fact that the tax on a hot dog in New York City will have climbed to about $800 million.

Big as it is, this question can probably be answered. On a large scale, matter and energy may be considered equivalent (the nice thing about big questions is that while nearly insoluble, they are simple), so we can lump them together under the term "stuff." If there is enough "stuff" in the universe, the galaxies one day will be reined to a halt by their own cumulative gravity. The universe will pause a moment like a child at the high point of a swing, then contraction will begin. For billions of years the galaxies will rush back toward one another, finally to merge into a new fireball. All the atoms of the universe—including those currently taking residence in you, me, and this page—will be stripped again to energy, from which a fresh new cosmos conceivably could erupt outward. This prospect of an oscillating universe strikes many people as elegant and comforting, for some reason.

Current estimates suggest that the density of the universe is too little, by a factor of about fifty, to produce an oscillating universe, but these estimates are based on our still-rudimentary knowledge of how the galaxies are put together. By any calculation the amount of stuff is quite small, relatively speaking, because the universe is made almost entirely of space. We are made of stuff ourselves and tend to think of other stuff, like horses, trees, planets, stars, and galaxies, as the important things, but to the cold objective eye, matter and energy are little more than trace components of the cosmos. God appears to have loved space and time, he made so much of it.

Astronomers interested in these matters are trying to predict the fate of the universe either by determining how much stuff there is or by observing the expansion rate of the galaxies to see whether they are beginning to slow down, presaging contraction. The task is difficult and answers seem far away, but ultimately we may actually know whether the cosmos is to perish in fire or ice.

If a fireball occupies our past, future, or both, it may also mark a permanent frontier of human knowledge. An event like that consumes everything; no measuring rod can be withheld to examine it. It may well be theoretically, not just practically, impossible for physics to say what preceded the fireball, or what will follow the next one, if there is to be one.

This has not discouraged scientists from hypothesizing about the extreme past and future in sophisticated fireball cosmologies, some of them as much fun to read as medieval cosmology, if you don't mind headaches. One of my favorites comes from Richard Gott III at Cal Tech. He works the Einstein field equations so as to generate three universes from the big bang. One universe is dominated by matter and runs forward in time—we live there. A second is made of tachyons, which never go slower than light—we are permanently separated from it like God's finger from Adam's on the Sistine ceiling. The third Gott universe is dominated by antimatter—time runs in reverse there, and that universe has been backing away from ours in time since creation. **—Timothy Ferris**

Timothy Ferris is working on a book about the edge of the universe.

READERS

Robert Adams of Mooresville, Indiana, suggests that the U.S. Army is an organization that has outlived the purpose it was built to serve. If so, there must be some good, new uses for armed forces materiel and personnel. You are hereby invited to describe them. Send visions and proposals to WRAPAROUND, Harper's Magazine, Two Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016.



The table was a tree trunk; the tree trunk is a table.
L.C.S., Inc., N.Y.

"MATTER IN SPACE TERMED LIMITED
Scientists Make Estimate Lower Than Expected."
—the *New York Times*
August 21, 1973

IDEAS

New York, Detroit, Chicago, Los Angeles, and all the other large urban centers in the U.S. are ugly, violent, polluted dens of round-the-clock alienation and hostility. On the other hand, the country—a catch-all for everything between farms and small towns—is a chlorophyll-clean, howdy-neighbor, peace-and-quiet, downright good place to raise a family.

These stereotypes persist, partly because the press keeps telling us they are true, partly because the "good life" has traditionally been associated with open spaces and slow-paced life-styles, and just maybe because the stereotypes are true.

WRAPAROUND invites you to consider whether this is the case. Is the country really friendly and free of violence? Have kindness, serenity, and beauty really deserted the cities? Perhaps you have encountered something in your life that contradicts or confirms these truisms. Let us know what you think; in a 200- to 400-word essay, describe your own experiences and your thoughts about the city-*v.*-country debate. Send your contributions to WRAPAROUND, Harper's Magazine, Two Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016. We hope to print selections from responses in a forthcoming issue.



Molyneux, 1934

Gilding the Sparrow

I looked at the trees where sparrows flitted from branch to branch enjoying the stillness of the afternoon. Suddenly the thought entered my head: "Why not try to make money with the sparrows? The inhabitants of this place, the Sarts, are very fond of canaries and other kinds of song birds; is a sparrow any worse than a canary?"

On the street which ran alongside the town gardens was a cabstand, where a number of drivers were resting and dozing on their boxes in the afternoon heat. I went over and plucked from the horses' tails the hairs I needed, made snares of them and set them in various places. . . . A sparrow soon fell into one of the snares. I carefully took it out and carried it home.

At the house I asked the landlady for scissors, clipped my sparrow to the shape of a canary, and then colored it fantastically with aniline dyes. I took this sparrow to Old Samarkand, where I immediately sold it, claiming that it was a special "American canary." I charged two rubles for it. With the money I at once bought several simple painted cages and from then on began selling my sparrows in cages. In two weeks I sold about eighty of these American canaries.

—G. I. Gurdjieff

Meetings with Remarkable Men, 1963

WINNING WAYS

When I was very young I knew that there was a way of winning by being winsome. Listen to me nevertheless.

Anybody who is a baby or has been one knows this way.

Then later one knows that there is a way of winning by having been winsome.

Perhaps yes nevertheless.

Later one knows there is a way of winning by being intriguing.

Later one knows that there is a way of winning by having been intriguing.

Later every one knows there is a way of winning by simply being able to have them know that you can be displeased by their being displeasing.

Then later there is a way of winning by having been winning.

—Gertrude Stein

Look At Me Now and Here I Am: Writings and Lectures 1909-45, 1971

Keep on Truckin'

First I thought I was rebuilding an old truck because I needed a truck. Then I thought I was doing it to thumb my nose at modern motor vehicles. Then I thought—notice how the rationales got gaudier as I got further from the old truck standing in the driveway and deeper into a barnful of junk truck parts—that truck rebuilding was a political act. Revolt against the technocracy.

Down with the techno kings; know thy gadgets. No more puzzled eternities, standing and staring at another dead appliance, a failed black box, with no recourse other than to take it in and exchange it for another, equally mysterious, black box. Keep what I could *fix*, and throw out the rest. Start with a truck, the last rational motor vehicle. Dreams of honest workingmen, good tools, real labor. Romanticism compounded: I swore I would know every nut, washer, and cotter pin, the underside of every coat of paint.

Lessons one, two, et cetera, in no particular order. You can't know every nut; a carburetor can thus turn into a career, and the process invites compulsive neurosis. You can't escape the techno kings either. Worn and unworn parts cannot be combined whimsically. ("A difference of a tenth of an inch, and the Heaven and Earth are found apart.") Parts must be measured and aligned and machined. Thousands of dollars for micrometers and machine tools, or turn the work over to the specialists. The specialists refuse to do their magic for an obsolete 1950 Dodge flathead six; it is cheaper to put in a replacement engine (black box) than to fix an obsolete one. Throw it away. ("But then I wouldn't understand it." "Yeah. Well?") Only cash prevailed.

Service manuals are intractable hymnals of conservative ideology, based on metal against metal, what will go and what, absolutely, will not. They are not pragmatic. There is never a hint of "Try this, then this, and if that fails, try this"—the only way real-world machines actually are repaired. Manuals despair over the necessity, in an imperfect world, of having to supply tolerances, admit imperfection. The manual p
perfect machine, then tel
how, when some dolt like
self has profaned it by a
using it and making it we
it can be brought back t
fection. Niggling guilt ove
of an inch.

Hundreds of lessons, m
the time. Finally, after
years, this one: you do
build a truck and then h
truck. That is workshop m
thinking, a beginning (buy
junked truck), a middle (
repeating the magic word,
cess," which stopped being
ic), an end (having an ide
perfect old truck). I di
ceremonial beginning, lost
of the middle, and—no
know—there is never any
The mistake is in thinking
truck as something that e
works or needs fixing. A t
works *and* needs fixing. Sep
ing work with truck from
on truck is indulging in spu
dualities. With luck, you l
that *having* a truck—the c
nal notion—wouldn't have i
fun anyway. Maybe that's w
the politics lies. **—John Jer**
John Jerome wrote The Death o
Automobile *and is now writing* T

Who Needs It?

A very nice couple in P
land, Oregon, donated the do
stairs part of their house for
day-care center. Imagine, us
the ground floor, the basem
and the backyard for fift
little children. Naturally,
were anxious to keep the pl
in good condition and to foll
any rules.

Unfortunately, these gener
people were recyclers.

After snacks we parents h
to peel the labels off the ju
cans and flatten them. Af
lunch we had to wade throu
the kiddie litter, separating
ganic from inorganic. At t
end of the day we collected t
accumulated apple cores a
orange peels to bury in the co
post heap.

We all seemed to think th
was very moral behavior, qui
in keeping with our concept
a co-op. But deep down I a
ways resented the idea of bei
so good.

One day, while I was runni
hot water over a grape-juice bo
tle so that I could clean off th
label before putting it in th
proper receptacle, the whol
thing shattered. (Not the bo

t my sense of why we
oing it all.)
at kind of nonsense is
I shouted. "I've got fif-
ids to take care of, and
am washing labels off
while a machine is slap-
em on faster than all the
women of Portland can
y peel them off."
nsidered taking Juliet out
nursery school.
her it's right to paste pa-
abels on bottles or it's
," I reasoned. "If it's
, you don't sit there scrap-
em off. You go down to
tory and make them stop.
ut the evil, root and
!"
ybe I'm just a hard-liner,
-and-order type, but I
think that the *victims* of
should pay. I held on to
convictions; in fact, they
stronger. But I never could
ace anyone else in the
y school.
the natural course of
, Juliet graduated into
school. When she came
from kindergarten and
me, "The Jews killed
t," I didn't feel any need
fend myself. But when she
home from the first grade
old me, "People start pol-
; people can stop pollu-
I was furious.
ou didn't start pollution!
n't start pollution! You're
ears old, young lady, and
me you realized you're liv-
a class society. Some peo-
profit from pollution. The
of us could stop them if . . ."
ut, mommy . . ."
nd furthermore, I forbid
o join the Brownie Scouts."
ut . . ."
forbid you to go on neigh-
ood cleanups and paper-re-
ng campaigns."
ut . . ."
f you want to clean up the
onment, join a revolution-
socialist organization."
ut . . ."
nd if there isn't a nice one,
one. You've got a long

ut, mommy, all the girls I
in the second grade are in
Brownies."
know," I sighed, "I know.
all the nice grown-ups are
e recyclers, not revolution-
s. That's why we have pol-
n." **—Barbara Garson**

ara Garson, the author of Mac-
is currently writing a book
t routine jobs under a grant from
ouis M. Rabinowitz Foundation.

Rings

Look on the ring finger of your local radical. If he or she has had any dealings with the Vietnamese, then your friend may be wearing an aluminum ring, flat on the outside with a small metallic engraving etched on it. The engraving is usually of a falling plane, and beneath it a number.

For instance, if the ring is marked 3,200, that means, according to its distributors, that some of the metal from the 3,200th U.S. aircraft shot down over Asia was made into rings. (Other rings simply have the initials of a Southeast Asian guerrilla group.)

The Vietnamese give these rings to allies around the world, usually people with whom they come in contact in Canada, Havana, Paris, Hanoi, and elsewhere. Mine came as a result of a planned trip to Cuba which never took place. A group of us were to meet with Vietnamese and others from socialist countries to exchange cultural and political ideas. The ring came attached to a card that read, ". . . in hopes that we may soon meet in peace."

Witness the ingenuity of the Vietnamese: here was metal, manufactured by machine in the United States, sent over for warfare, shot down, and handcrafted to be returned to this country. All this without wasting a bit of their own resources. It is a novel form of propaganda, but, more important, it is the intensity of war rendered nonviolently into friendship.

—Tom Miller

Tom Miller is a free-lance writer living in Tucson.

BIPARTISANSHIP

We visited a bicycle factory in Thanh Hoa City where almost 200 workers, 80 of whom are women, turn out 400 bicycle frames a month, mostly from scrap metal of downed U.S. aircraft and bomb casings. The debris is melted down and hammered into spokes and frames. The factory director proudly showed us his own bike, part of which was made from the debris of the Johnson bombing and part from Nixon's bombing. **—Jane Fonda**

"Rebirth of a Nation"
Rolling Stone, July 4, 1974



READERS

Organizations are dynamic structures that appear to follow the pattern of man's life—to be born, grow, mature, become old, and die. But organizations, which must follow the laws of systems, reach their dotage when rigidity or featherbedding build up or communication breaks down. Drastic surgery at a late stage may appear to offer some chance of regeneration, but generally it only weakens further a structure designed to function in a world that has outgrown it.

People, however, possess an almost infinite capacity for regeneration and self-repair, and its name is free will. People who feel trapped in impossible situations, therefore, can do one of two things: (a) Stay—bear it if the alternative is more painful than the boredom, frustration, or spiritual degradation of the existing situation. Sometimes one can compensate by taking up a new hobby during the hours away from the job. Or (b) Leave. **—Shirley Green**
Sharon, Mass.

My husband had been a salesman all his life. His product was a home-workshop power tool, and his territory was the United States and Canada. When his company ceased production, he retired earlier than he would have chosen.

After a short period of trauma and experimentation with a variety of small jobs (who wants to hire a fifty-eight-year-old man?), he decided to pursue his hobby, woodworking, on a full-time basis. He turned our basement into a veritable shop and me into a first-rate shrew who complained constantly about finding sawdust and wood shavings all over the house. To keep our marriage intact, he purchased a small piece of land in the country, close by, remodeled an old chicken coop on the property, and moved his equipment into it. Then I suggested that we build a home on the land in front of the coop, and we did.

"The Coop" is now the social headquarters for several retired men who putter around out there daily. Because he enjoys doing it, my husband conducts two woodworking classes a month for forty to fifty men and women. A local lumber company picks up the tab for the coffee and doughnuts, furnishes scrap lumber—and, incidentally, gets some free publicity. People bring their antiques to be repaired. As a salesman my husband enjoyed being with people and as a retiree he has established a way of working with and for them that is now in its sixth year of operation.

—Ethel McDowall
Holt, Mich.



Made in Pennsylvania about 1869, this quilt is shown in full on the facing page. Above, a detail.

Beauty Before Age

He threw himself into a chair and began to think. Suddenly there flashed across his mind what he had said in Basil Hallward's studio the day the picture had been finished. Yes, he remembered it perfectly. He had uttered a mad wish that he himself might remain young, and the portrait grow old; that his own beauty might be untarnished, and the face on the canvas bear the burden of his passions and his sins; that the painted image might be seared with the lines of suffering and thought, and that he might keep all the delicate bloom and loveliness of his then just conscious boyhood. Surely his wish had not been fulfilled? Such things were impossible. It seemed monstrous even to think of them. And, yet, there was the picture before him, with the touch of cruelty in the mouth.

—Oscar Wilde
The Picture of Dorian Gray, 1891

LET THERE BE LIGHT

Last year, somewhere in Florida, on the leaves of a forgotten sugarcane plant, a bit of sunlight ended its eight-minute dash to earth. Somehow, the plant turned that sunlight into sugar. Somehow, that sugar got into my sugar bowl and into my morning coffee. I sipped last year's sunshine at breakfast. Now it's in my blood, and it starts to feed these old architect-muscles. It's dark now, and I start for home on my bicycle. The muscled sunlight suddenly becomes pedal-power, then chainpull, wheelspin, generator-whine, filament-heat, and finally—from the headlamp—light again!

Miracle! **—Malcolm Wells**
Environmental Action Bulletin
December 1973

The Transformation of Cadmus

"Come, my wife, my most unhappy wife," he said. "Come, and while something of me yet remains, touch me: take my hand, while it is a hand, before I am entirely changed into a snake." He tried to say more, but suddenly his tongue divided into two parts—though he wished to speak, words failed him: whenever he made an attempt to lament his fate, he hissed. That was all the voice that Nature left him. . . . All who were there—for their friends were with them—were terrified: but his wife stroked the glistening neck of the crested snake, and suddenly there were two of them, gliding along with coils intertwined, till they disappeared into the shelter of a neighboring grove. Even now they are friendly snakes, and do not shun mankind, or do them harm, for they remember their former state. **—Ovid** (*43* B.C.–17 A.D.)
Metamorphoses

An Eye for an Eye

"*¡Estropeado!*" was what Dr. X told me. "Beyond repair" would be a mild translation of the Castilian word, but the opinion did not surprise me. I had already been told by eleven other doctors in two other cities that the cornea of my left eye was beyond "conservative medical help." At the age of thirty-three, I was rapidly going blind in one eye because of a childhood injury, and I had had to stop work as a sculptor. Dr. X seemed to be my last resort. I asked him if he could perform a transplant (I could tell I had phrased it all wrong). He looked hard at me and said, "I wrote the book." But then he referred me to yet another specialist, Dr. Y.

Dr. Y was honest about the possible success or failure of the operation. In my case, if the cornea was replaced, there was a 50-50 chance that some of my vision would be restored. I decided to take it.

For several weeks, I waited for a cornea to become available. The day of the operation, I arrived at the hospital. The nurse showed me to a bed and told me to put on my pajamas. At the same time, a doctor was examining and questioning me—"Have you ever had bubonic plague?" "Have you ever smoked pot?" (Do I tell him the truth?) I wanted to talk about the fact that I didn't even *own* a pair of pajamas. I had been refused entrance at restaurants for being improperly attired, but I hadn't realized I was supposed to dress up for this event. Finally, the staff found me a paper gown —size Small—but putting it on was like trying to wrap my 210 pounds in a Kleenex. I could only think of how embarrassed I was going to be during the operation.

As it turned out, I had other things to occupy my thoughts. Viewed by the cornea-less eye and a mind stoned on painkillers, the operation, performed under a local anesthetic, was much like the psychedelic light shows of the Sixties—intense light, living-color projections, flashing in and out of reality. My only conscious notion was that *I must not move*. I guess I did well, since somebody kept poking me in the chest with a stethoscope to see if I w breathing. Then someon "That was a beautiful plant," and I felt a sigh o travel through my entire

Dr. Y describes the tion as "simply removir center of the cornea and ing another, healthy cen its place," in much the way as one might de sculpture as "simply rem what you don't want."

Today, after four m my cornea is clear, and m is capable of 20/40 vision corrective lenses. I am gr to the doctors who deve the transplant technolog my conscientious and surgeon, and to whoever i who gave his or her corn that I might see again.

—Luis Jim

Luis Jimenez hopes soon to to work on Progress, *a seri sculptures depicting the histo the Southwest from the India to the machine age.*

Compulsory Change

Prof. Richard R. B. Po was recently voted "outstan lecturer" by the student of Hastings College of La San Francisco. Professor Po will be eighty-four on Oct 11. Before his forced re ment in 1959, he had taugh Columbia Law School for ty-eight years.

"I favor the existence o fixed age for retirement academic institutions," Pro sor Powell told me. "It you out of a rut, and o stimulates a new burst of ergy."

Invitations to teach began riving in abundance for Pow back in 1959, but most of th were good for no more tha semester or a year, beca having retired teachers on faculty for a longer per would have made it difficult schools to enforce retirem rules for their regular sta Thus, between 1959 and 19 Professor Powell taught at N York University, Harvard, B ton College of Law, Corn and Michigan.

Hastings College had beg appointing retirees to its fac ty twenty-three years earlier, 1940, when it was a poor sch with a small enrollment, a the administration was frantic ly searching for a teacher fill a vacancy. Lack of fun

WRAPAROUND WRAPA

ented the school from
a retirement system,
then dean, David E.
s, decided to turn this
into an asset. Because
have a mandatory re-
rule, he reasoned, the
ould offer employment
guished legal scholars
been forced to retire
e.
gs' faculty soon be-
remarkably prestigious
n of legal educators. In
e board of directors
pointing retirees official
nd that policy is un-
today. Hastings is now
est law school west of
tis, and, while some-
unger teachers are also
red at present, the Six-
Club of older faculty
s still comprises about
ent of the total faculty.
vor the stimulation of
ons like Hastings," Pro-
Powell says—"not only
but also in medicine, in
y, and in engineering,
hose still able to do a
b of teaching can con-
do so on a year-to-
sis.
hink the experience I
since 1959 has been very
e to me. I would not
een happy if, after 1959,
had to shift into a new
work or been forced into
"

—Dorothy Winter

*Winter is executive director
Skills Foundation, Inc.*

ADERS

been energy-conscious
any years because of a
al definition of value.
can be created only by
ansfer of human labor
from the mind-body. As
mple, one might transfer
human labor energy to
n ore as it is made into a
n pot.
years this concept has
me respectful of water
ectricity around my home
ll as of worn-out under-
nd socks (which get used
eaning and dusting by our
h custodian) and of in-
of old envelopes (which
sed for note-taking as I
to radio lectures). All
contain congealed human
energy and therefore
be respected if we respect
n beings.

—David Seidman
Los Angeles, Calif.

"You will never make a sattin purse of a Sowes ear."
—Randle Cotgrave
Dictionary, 1611

"You cannot make a whistle out of a pig's tail."
—Benjamin Franklin, 1742

"[He] has made many a silk purse out of a sow's ear."
—Clifford Odets
Golden Boy, 1937

From This Moment On

The realization sometimes comes slowly—perhaps not until it's too late—and sometimes so abruptly that it can't be denied. But everyone reaches a point where he asks himself, "Is it time for a change—in my life, my career, my aspirations and expectations?" In our research on plateaus in managerial careers, we have spoken with many people who have wondered how you know when you ought to consider your personal needs for recycling and renewal. One manager said, "For me, the crisis hit when my personal 'age of heroes' passed—when I realized that I was now older than the sports stars I wanted to be like when I grew up. I finally sat down and asked myself, 'What have I done and what to do?' "

We have listed below some probing questions—and some comments—which our research indicates are important for deciding whether you are ready for a change. If you find yourself answering yes, you ought to think seriously about your renewal needs and plans.

1. *Are you worried about where your next accomplishment will come from?*

Mastery of a job or an activity brings pride, but it also often brings boredom and a need for new challenges. To quote a highly successful manager, "I'm the kind of guy you call in and ask to drain your swamp and build your condominium—but don't ask me to run it after it's done. What's going to keep me going? Are there enough problems for next year?"

2. *Do you find that much of your life is predetermined?*

"If it's Tuesday, this must be the Finance Committee." Life tends to fall into habits and patterns, so that we can comfortably predict what we will be doing—and with whom—every hour of the day. Stability is a virtue—until we become bored spectators of our own lives.

3. *Are you mainly concerned with your own activities and duties?*

Individuals who focus inward on themselves—their jobs, their children, their homes—have difficulty in recognizing and seizing new experiences. As one manager described a subordinate who had stagnated, "He had no curiosity beyond his own job—no sense of his boss's scope or responsibilities."

4. *Do you feel that new ways of doing things probably won't work as well as old ones?*

You may be right—but are you really testing the new? The equation familiarity = simplicity = success is deceptive; the familiar may seem simple, but its success is decided in a changing world. Organizations and individuals are often haunted by the way "the old man would have done it"—but he might have done it differently if he had known how.

5. *Did you achieve the dream of your youth—only to find the reality bland?*

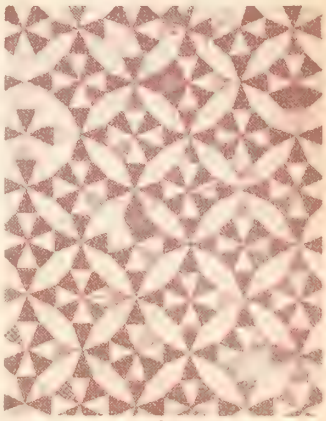
We are motivated by our dreams, aspirations, expectations—but are often disappointed when the realization doesn't match up. We fail to realize that much of the satisfaction comes from the striving itself and that realization is a signal for a new dream.

6. *Do you feel that these ideas about change are fine in the abstract but that you are locked in by past choices?*

Economists and folk wisdom warn us about the dangers of sunk costs and spilt milk. Most of us have reached our present state through a combination of conscious choice, happenstance, and drifting. There is an alternative—we can prepare and commit ourselves to life and career plans—to assessing strengths and weaknesses; setting targets, identifying the steps, and measuring progress. There is evidence that the act of forming explicit plans and setting goals is itself a major step toward accomplishment and renewal.

—Thomas P. Ference
H. Kurt Christensen
James A. F. Stoner
E. Kirby Warren

The authors are members of the faculty of the Graduate School of Business at Columbia.



From The Pieced Quilt, *by Jonathan Holstein (New York Graphic Society, Ltd.).*

CAMP LAMP

A friend of mine owned an old bed with huge hand-carved posts. She sawed off one of the posts, had it wired, and bought an expensive raw silk lampshade for it. This was a conversation piece. All of her friends commented on it. They said, "Good Lord, Peggy, isn't that a bedpost and aren't you even going to paint it or something?"

—Jean Kerr
Please Don't Eat the Daisies
1957

Seventy-one percent of American adults approve of changing occupations in the middle of one's career, according to a 1973 Institute of Life Insurance survey.

Marx, Stalin, and Linen

The dickey was an invention of Ruska Doronin, and many others had adopted it. It was a piece of white cloth, from a sheet which had been torn into thirty-two parts—though the supply room did not know that—to which a white collar had been sewn. That piece of cloth was just sufficient to cover the opening at the throat of the coveralls where the undershirt showed with its black stamp "MGB-Special Prison No.—." And it also had two strings which tied at the back. The dickey helped create that appearance of well-being which was desired by all. Not difficult to wash, it served faithfully on weekdays and holidays, and while wearing it one was not ashamed before the free workers of the institute.

—Alexander Solzhenitsyn
The First Circle, 1968

WRAPAROUND

THE BABY BOOTIE CIRCUIT

Because it was my third [baby] I was saved a lot of unnecessary discomfort. No one sent me any dainty pink sweaters, for instance. We only received one pair of booties, and those were a pair of rosebud-covered white ones that someone had sent my first child when he was born and which I had given, still in their original pink tissue paper, to a friend when *her* first child was born; she had subsequently sent them to her cousin in Texas for a second baby, and the cousin sent them back East on the occasion of a mutual friend's twins; the mutual friend gave them to me, with a card saying "I was so lucky," and the pink tissue paper hardly rustled. I have them ready at [illegible] because I know someone will [illegible] a baby in June.

—Shirley Jackson

"The Third Baby's The Easiest," *Harper's*, May 1949

"As we rush toward super-industrialism . . . we find people adopting and discarding life styles at a rate that would have staggered the ingenuity of any previous generation. For the life style itself has become a throw-away item."

—Alvin Toffler, *Future Shock*, 1970

Displacement, Transmutation, Transfiguration, Scumbo

Scumbo, a substance, found in great quantities in the Crab Nebula, has made its way to Earth. It has no use. It can be recycled only into other materials with no useful properties. More people spend their time recycling scumbo than you might suspect. For example, you probably have some that was in your bureau drawers before you put it away in your closets, then moved it to your basement, where your kids discovered it and lugged it upstairs to keep in *their* drawers, where it is now poised for another trip.

Family

Unless you're an orphan, you have a family. Up to a certain point, a family is a fine thing to have. After that point, a family means trouble. There really is no easy way to eliminate your family, so you might as well recycle it.

There are two ways to recycle your family—the Fun Way and the Ugly Way. The Ugly Way involves living out your life inside the boundaries set by your family's psychological conditioning. Following this path, one marries, makes a new family, and imprints the little offspring with the Inherited Superego. There are variations, often more obviously pathological.

The Fun Way involves dismantling your own Inherited Superego and using the energy gained thereby for improving your own life. People who follow the Ugly Way believe the Fun Way to be impossible, illegal, or something even worse.

What's our preference? Really, now, think for yourself.

Nu Scholan Herian Heofonrices Weard

In seventh-century England there lived a man named Caedmon. We know little of his early life. According to the Venerable Bede, Caedmon was walking through the countryside one day when he passed out cold. When he woke up, he was suddenly the greatest living English poet. All we have left of his work are the nine lines of Caedmon's Hymn, but it confirms his reputation. He taught poetry and other things during the remainder of his life, and a lot of his pupils' work survives.

In those days, the instant transformation of an inarticulate peasant into a great poet did not seem too strange. Bede recounts it as a normal miracle. The changing of a whole individual into something entirely new and useful may seem like a fanciful notion today. But Caedmon, who 1,300 years later had a record company named after him, didn't care whether it was possible or not. In those days, God oversaw retooling of individuals, and Caedmon thus saw fit to open his hymn with the words, "Now all men should offer praise to the heaven-rich Lord."

—Henry Korman
David C. K. McClelland

Henry Korman is an architect. David C. K. McClelland is a free-lance writer.

"Screenplay by Block,
From a stage play by Motz,
From a story by Glick,
From a chapter by Ronk,
From a sentence by Doakes,
From a comma by Stokes,
From an idea by Grokes,
Based on a Joe Miller joke."

—Danny Kaye, in *Up in Arms* (1944)

SOME DUMP

It's long been a conviction of mine that right will prevail when people find it to be in their own interests. That was the case, it seemed to me, at the Mariposa, California, county dump.

The dump was being run by Jennie Enos and her husband, Manuel, as a kind of ad hoc salvage center and flea market. When you backed into the sun-blasted, fifty-acre site, Mrs. Enos looked over your load. Trash, and I mean real trash, went over the edge into a great pit. Anything remotely usable was placed somewhere in a two-acre field that was filled with broken washing machines, window sashes, rusty fencing material, bed springs, half bicycles, shattered aluminum lawn furniture, discarded electric coffee pots—oh, I could go on.

It was a treasure trove. For 50 cents I got a pair of solid-rubber bike tires to make a garden cart. I got all the windows for a cabin. Probably as many families in this poor, mountain county shopped at the dump as at any store in town.

To the uneducated, the doorless and rusted refrigerators look beyond reclamation, like real trash. Everybody knows enough to pull the motor and compressor out, but what else can there be? Well, Manuel and Jennie stripped the copper wire and brass fittings, even the sheet metal, from the box (worth $29 a ton, she said) and sold it to a scavenger in Fresno.

Jennie Enos collected a bit over $13 a day from the county for keeping an eye on things, and who knows how much more for keeping an eye open for herself. "People throw a lot of good stuff away," she said. "Look at that stee over there. Somebody $3 for that to burn paper Jennie Enos stood guard b back door of the economy final arbiter of what was less.

All of that is gone Since the first of the year dump has been a neat sh of its former self. "It's no er a dump," an official told "It's a sanitary landfill You can look through e thing Jennie Enos is all to save there in five or minutes.

The dump was [illegible] pursuant to regulations the new state agencies em ered to protect what rem of our natural environm The regulations govern the wh state; they are the same fo county with a few thous residents as for one with million. For Mariposa, mo meant closing seven safe dumps conveniently loc around the county and cha ing the main dump into a and-fill operation where brand-new bulldozer puts th feet of dirt on top of ev thing that comes in every and a new compactor dr back and forth to make everything breaks. The co official told me it cost $150, to buy the new tractors, to trucks and bins to haul in the old outlying dumps, and convert the main dump. used up one entire year's eral revenue-sharing money cleaned up an admitted aesth ic disaster in an out-of-th way spot of an out-of-the-w county. It quadrupled $13,000 yearly public cost running the dump. It cut off from my source of che recycled aluminum roofing build chicken coops.

Jennie Enos still has county job as dump attend and enough space to save a minum beer cans, a few bo of discarded clothes, so books, and a couple of brok TV sets.

And by December of year, the county must subm to the same state agencies solid-waste management pl that includes a recycling e ment. "I guess our plan w say we can't afford to recycl the county official said.

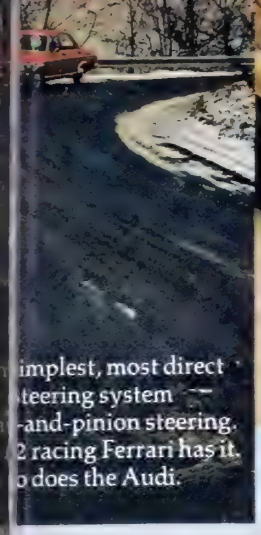
—Tom DeVr

Tom DeVries is a writer now ba in California.

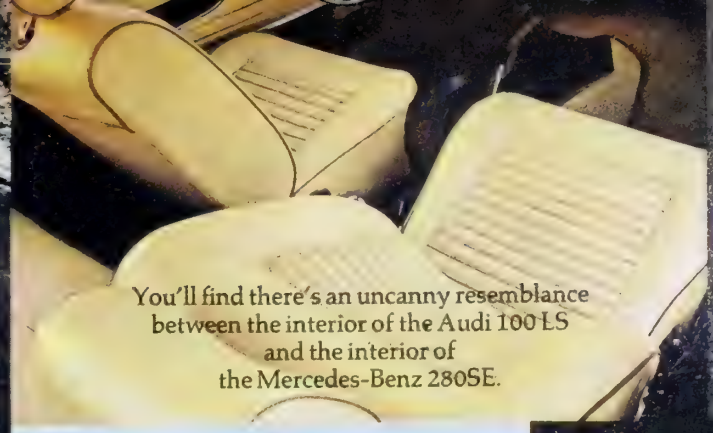
"Meat fried 'fo' day won't las' twel' night."

—Joel Chandler Harris
Uncle Remus: Plantation Proverbs, 1880

WRAPAROUND CONTINUES ON PAGE



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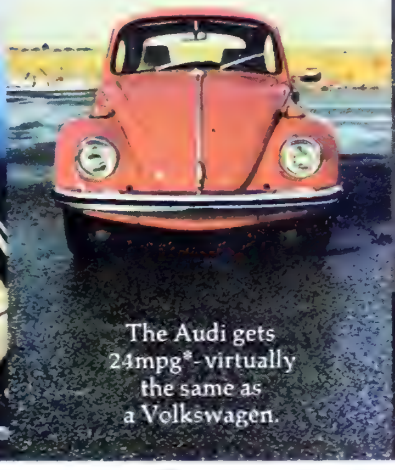
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HE LIMITED HANG-OUT

dialogues of Richard Nixon as a drama of the antihero



'S BEGIN with a few meaningless atements. The President is the law-enforcement officer of the d States. He also represents is best in the American people, in his every action then certain- his aims. These assertions were ed by Lyndon Johnson, John edy, Dwight Eisenhower, and klin Roosevelt, not once but times in each case. Johnson cated the Tonkin Gulf hysteria. edy set the country on the rails Vietnam even as he espoused anistic idealism. Eisenhower d the stomach to scuttle Nixon te his distaste, if not contempt. Nixon's unprincipled behavior. evelt tried to pack the Supreme t when it opposed him, and l by watching the destruction of panish Republic by Fascism be- he feared the outrage of the olic hierarchy if he supported a democracy. And so on and on. hen necessity dictates, our laws as bendable as licorice to our idents, and if their private con- ıtions had been taped an awful f history would be different now. t Nixon stands alone, for he e is without a touch of grace. It is gracelessness which gives his mendacity its shine of putrescence, a want of that magnanimity and joy in being alive that animated his predecessors. Reading the Presidential transcripts, one is confronted with the decay of a language, of a legal system; in these pages what was possibly the world's best hope is reduced to a vaudeville, a laugh riot. We are in the presence of three gangsters who moralize and a swarming legion of their closely shaved underlings.

Let us, as the saying goes, be clear about it—more than forty appointed cohorts of Richard Nixon are already either in jail, under indictment, or on the threshold of jail for crimes which, as these transcripts demonstrate, the President tried by might and main to keep from being discovered. The chief law-enforcement officer could not find it in his heart to demand the resignation of even one of them for betraying the public trust. Those whom public clamor forced to depart were given sad Presidential farewells and called "fine public servants."

This, to me, is the unexpectedly clear news in these transcripts—that, had he had the least civic, not to say moral, instinct, Richard Nixon could have been spared his agony. Had he



Eric Sparre

r Miller is currently working on the pro- on of his first musical, Up From Paradise.

known how to be forthright, and, on discovering that the direction of the Watergate burglary came, in part, from his own official family, stood up and leveled with the public, he would have exalted his partisans and confounded his enemies, and, with a tremendous electoral victory in the offing, he would have held an undisputed national leadership. Nor is this as naive as it appears; it seems believable that he need not have literally given the order to burgle Ellsberg's psychiatrist, was surprised by it, in fact. If, as also seems likely, he gave the nod to an intelligence operation against the Democrats at some previous meeting, it would not have been the first such strategy in political history, and he could have assumed the responsibility for that while disclaiming the illegal means for carrying it out. The nut of it all is that, even on the basis of self-survival, he marched instinctively down the crooked path.

So we are back with Plutarch, for whom character is fate, and in these transcripts Richard Nixon's character is our history. But to ask why he could not come forward and do his duty as the chief law-enforcement officer is to ask who and what Nixon is, and there is no one we can ask that question. All one can really affirm is that these transcripts show certain attributes which now are evidentiary. Like a good play these dialogues spring from conflict surrounding a paradox: his power as President depends on moral repute, at bottom; therefore, one would expect him to go after any of his associates who compromised him. Instead, something entirely different happens. He sits down with Haldeman and Ehrlichman and proceeds to concoct a double strategy: first, to convince the public that he was totally ignorant of the crimes, which is an intelligent decision, and, second, to make it appear that he is launching an outraged investigation of the facts in order to reveal them, when actually he is using his discoveries to keep his associates' infractions concealed. The latter objective is impossible and therefore stupid, and in short order he finds himself in possession of guilty knowledge, knowledge an honest man would have handed over to the requisite authorities. So the crux is always who and what he is. Another man need not have been swept away by events.

IN THE FACE OF the sheer nun his appointees and their und who turn out to be unprincipl yond the point of criminality, sue is no longer whether he li gave the orders for the burgla the other crimes. The subordin another kind of man would known that such despicable act intolerable to their patron and simply by their sense of his n That more than forty—thus far incriminated or in jail speaks consistency of their understand what this President was and wh stood for. Many of his staff me he barely knew personally, yet them obviously had caught the of that decay of standards eman from the center, and they knew was allowed and what was exp of them. The transcripts provid evidence of the leader's nature, cifically his near-delusionary n that because he was "the Presi he could not be doing what it clear enough he was, in fact, d

At one point he and Haldeman Ehrlichman are discussing the tion of getting Mitchell to take entire rap, thus drawing the ning, but they suddenly remer John Dean's earlier warning that two high assistants might well b dictable themselves.

NIXON: *We did not cover u though, that's what decides, that what's* [sic] *decides . . . Dean case is the question. And I do n consider him guilty . . . Becaus if he—if that's the case, then ha the staff is guilty.*

EHRLICHMAN: *That's it. He' guilty of really no more except i degree.*

NIXON: *That's right. The* [sic] *others.*

EHRLICHMAN: *Then* [sic] *a lo of . . .*

NIXON: *And frankly then* [sic] *I have been since a week ago, two weeks ago.*

And a moment later, Ehrlichm returns to the bad smell:

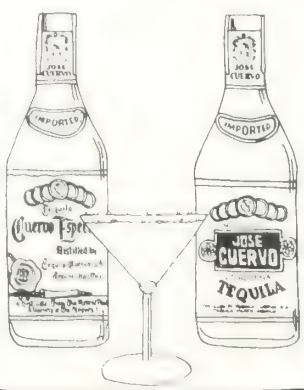
But what's been bothering me is . . .

NIXON: *That with knowledge, we're still not doing anything.*

So he knew that he was, at a mi mum, reaching for the forbidd fruit—obstruction of justice—sin he was in possession of knowled of a crime which he was not reve

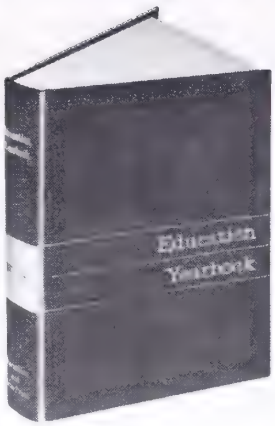
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ing to any authority. One has to ask why he did not stop right there. Is it possible that in the tapes he withheld (as of this writing) there was evidence that his surprise at the burglary was feigned? that, in short, he knew all along that he was protecting himself from prosecution? At this point there is no evidence of this, so we must wonder at other reasons for his so jeopardizing his very position, and we are back again with his character, his ideas and feelings.

There is a persistent note of plaintiveness when Nixon compares Watergate with the Democrats' crimes, attributing the press's outcry to liberal hypocrisy. The Democratic party is primarily corrupt, a bunch of fakers spouting humane slogans while underneath the big city machines like Daley's steal elections, as Kennedy's victory was stolen from him in Chicago. Welfare, gimme-politics, perpetuate the Democratic constituency. The Kennedys especially are immoral, unfaithful to family, and ruthless in pursuit of power. Worse yet, they are the real professionals who *know* how to rule with every dirty trick in the book. A sort of embittered ideology helps lower Nixon into the pit.

For the Republicans, in contrast, are naive and really amateurs at politics because they are basically decent, hardworking people. This conviction of living in the light is vital if one is to understand the monstrous distortions of ethical ideas in these transcripts. Nixon *is* decency. In fact, he is America; at one point after Dean has turned state's evidence against them, Haldeman even says, "He's not un-American and anti-Nixon." These men stand in a direct line from the Puritans of the first Plymouth Colony who could swindle and kill Indians secure in the knowledge that their cause was holy. Nixon seems to see himself as an outsider, even now, in politics. Underneath he is too good for it. When Dean, before his betrayal, tries to smuggle reality into the Oval Office—by warning that people are not going to believe that "Chapin acted on his own to put his old friend Segretti to be a Dick Tuck on somebody else's campaign. They would have to paint it into something more sinister . . . part of a general [White House] plan"—Nixon observes with a certain mixture of condemnation and plain envy, "Shows you what a master Dick Tuck is."

THIS IDEOLOGY, like all ide is a pearl formed around tating grain of sand, which, f on, is something he calls the lishment, meaning Eastern Ol ey. "The basic thing," he sa the Establishment. The Establi is dying and so they've got t that . . . it is just wrong [the gate] just because of this." S is a certain virtue in def now what the mere duty he to uphold requires he root out diabolical sense he seems to se self clinging to a truth which, o the moment, appears nearly cri But the *real* untruth, the real i ality shows up in his mind very ly—it is Kennedy, and he is w ing if they can't put out some d Chappaquiddick through an inve tor they had working up there like every other such counter this one falls apart because it lead back to Kalmbach's payin investigator with campaign fun illegal usage. So the minuet star and stops time after time, a t blunted by the realization that i only throw light upon what mu kept in the dark. Yet their convi of innocent and righteous inten stands undisturbed by their k edge of their own vulnerability.

And it helps to explain, this i cence and righteousness, why so failed to appraise reality, in ticular that they were *continuin* act in obstruction of justice by cealing what they knew, and they knew they knew, and what told one another they knew. It is dissimilar to Johnson's persist in Vietnam despite every evid that the war was unjust and ba rous, for Good People do not co crimes, and there is simply no around that.

Yet from time to time Nixon se that he is floating inside his psyche. "If we could get a feel," says, "I just have a horrible fee that we may react. . . ."

> HALDEMAN: *Yes. That we ar way overdramatizing.*
>
> NIXON: *That's my view. That's what I don't want to do either. [A moment later] Am I right tha we have got to do something t restore the credibility of the Pres idency?*

And on the verge of reality ideology looms, and they scuttle b into the hole—Haldeman saying, "

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course you know the credibility gap in the old [Democratic] days." So there they are, comfortably right wing, the only problem being how to prove it to the simpletons outside.

Again, like any good play, the transcripts reflect a single situation or paradox appearing in a variety of disguises that gradually peel away the extraneous until the central issue is naked. In earlier pages they are merely worried about bad publicity, then it is the criminal indictment of one or another of the secondary cadres of the Administration, until finally the heart of darkness is endangered, Haldeman and Ehrlichman and thus Nixon himself. In other words, the mistake called Watergate, an incident they originally view as uncharacteristic of them, a caper, a worm that fell on their shoulders, turns out to be one of the worms inside them that crawled out.

So the aspects of Nixon which success had once obscured now become painfully parodistic in his disaster. He almost becomes a pathetically moving figure as he lifts his old slogans out of his bag. He knows now that former loyalists are testifying secretly to the grand jury, so he erects the facade of his own "investigation," which is nothing but an attempt to find out what they are testifying to, the better to prepare himself for the next explosion: he reverts time and again to recalling his inquisitorial aptitude in the Hiss case, which made him a national figure. But now he is on the other end of the stick, and, after a string of calculations designed to cripple the Ervin Committee, he declaims, "I mean, after all, it is my job and I don't want the Presidency tarnished, but also I am a law-enforcement man," even as he is trying to lay the whole thing off on Mitchell, the very symbol of hard-line law enforcement, the former Attorney General himself.

Things degenerate into farce at times, as when he knows the Ervin Committee and the Grand Jury are obviously out of his control and on the way to eating him up and he speaks of making a "command decision." It is a sheer unconscious dullness of a magnitude worthy of Ring Lardner's baseball heroes. There are scenes, indeed, which no playwright would risk for fear of seeming too mawkishly partisan.

For example, the idea comes to Nixon repeatedly that he must act with candor, simply, persuasively. Now, since John Dean has been up to his neck in the details of the various attempts to first discover and then hide the truth, should Dean be permitted by the President to appear before a grand jury, eminently qualified as he is as the knower of facts? The President proceeds to spitball a public announcement before Ehrlichman's and Ziegler's sharp judgmental minds:

> NIXON: *Mr. Dean certainly wants the opportunity to defend himself against these charges. He would welcome the opportunity and what we have to do is to work out a procedure which will allow him to do so consistent with his unique position of being a top member of the President's staff but also the Counsel. There is a lawyer, Counsel... [it starts breaking down] not lawyer, Counsel—but the responsibility of the Counsel for confidentiality.*
>
> ZIEGLER: *Could you apply that to the grand jury?*
>
> EHRLICHMAN: *Absolutely. The grand jury is one of those occasions where a man in his situation can defend himself.*
>
> NIXON: *Yes. The grand jury. Actually, if called, we are not going to refuse for anybody called before the grand jury to go, are we, John?*
>
> EHRLICHMAN: *I can't imagine (unintelligible).*
>
> NIXON: *Well, if called, he will be cooperative, consistent with his responsibilities as Counsel. How do we say that?*
>
> EHRLICHMAN: *He will cooperate.*
>
> NIXON: *He will fully cooperate.*
>
> EHRLICHMAN: *Better check that with Dean. I know he's got certain misgivings on this.*
>
> ZIEGLER: *He did this morning.*
>
> NIXON: *Yeah. Well, then, don't say that.*

REFUSING HIMSELF his tragedy, Nixon ends in farce. After another of many attempts at appearing "forthcoming" and being thwarted yet again by all the culpability in the house, he suddenly exclaims, "What the hell does one disclose that isn't going to blow something?" Thus speaketh the first law-enforcement officer of the United States. Excepting that this government is being morally gutted on every page, it is to laugh. And the humor of their own absurdity is not always lost on the crew, although it is understandably with pain. They debate whether Mitchell might be sent into the vin Committee, but in an exec session barred to the public and and under ground rules soft en to tie up the Old Constitutionali crippling legalisms.

> NIXON: *Do you think we wa to go this route now? Let it ha out so to speak?*
>
> DEAN: *Well, it isn't reat that . . .*
>
> HALDEMAN: *It's a limited han out.*
>
> DEAN: *It is a limited hang-ou It's not an absolute hang-out.*
>
> NIXON: *But some of the que tions look big hanging out pu licly or privately. [Still, I presses the possibility.] If opens doors, it opens doors . .*

As usual it is Haldeman who is to interpolate the consequences.

> *John says he is sorry he se those burglars in there—and th helps a lot.*
>
> NIXON: *That's right.*
>
> EHRLICHMAN: *You are ver welcome, sir.*

(Laughter), the script reads t and along with everything el adds to the puzzle of why Nixon dered his office bugged in the place, and especially why he did turn off the machine once the ma tude of Watergate was clear to After all, no one but he and the t nicians in the secret service knew spools were turning.

As a nonsubscriber to the schoo psychohistory—having myself ser as the screen upon which Nor Mailer, no less, projected the lesi of his own psyche, to which he g my name—I would disclaim slightest inside knowledge, if that necessary, and rest simply on public importance of this quest itself. Watergate aside, it is a v odd thing for a man to bug hims Perhaps the enormity of it is bet felt if one realizes that in a preel tronic age a live stenographer wo have had to sit concealed in Nixo office as he exchanged affections w a Haldeman, whom he admired a whose fierce loyalty moved him de ly. At a minimum, does it not spe a certain contempt even for those loved to have subjected his relati ship with them to such recorded sc tiny? Can he ever have forgott that the record was being made

ghed with friends, heard their al troubles and perhaps em- sing secrets? What manner of an so split himself? How could ve made this jibe with any no- honor? And again, why didn't n the damned thing off once he where Watergate was leading It seems to me that the very of his perplexing nature is in uestion. Is it conceivable for an ower, a Truman, a Kennedy, sevelt to have done this? It 't seem so, and the reason is sting—these men, different as were, possessed a certain spon- y which could not have borne eight of knowing they were ing into a microphone from ng to night, and spontaneity is n of grace that Nixon lacks.

E CAN IMAGINE two purposes or Nixon taping his own life. A record would help in case he d it to confound political ene- who might distort what he told But this has a paranoid impli- n. It means that he must have imself utterly alone, surround- enemies. Secondly, the tran- s show him as wishing to go in history as the great peace- r, and his public speeches dem- ate that he relies heavily on his making role to justify the high- lace in history. The pre-Water- rationale can very possibly have a desire to monumentalize him- an emotion by no means un- dented in leaders. But to offer every relationship to this monu- is to live, in effect, as though were already dead. In the act of permanently taped he becomes wn subject, his own feminine, at the same time he controls or ers whoever is sitting obliviously e him. He partakes secretly of godhead which remembers every- and thereby holds control. Tap- is life is the conception of a desperate for reassurance as to ower, and it was to that power Nixon offered up himself and ssociates, friend and foe alike, after day.

ne transcripts make it easier to rstand why he should so doubt innate potency, his authority. ichman and Haldeman interrupt at will as though he were an l or less, cutting across his state- s so frequently that I am sure a



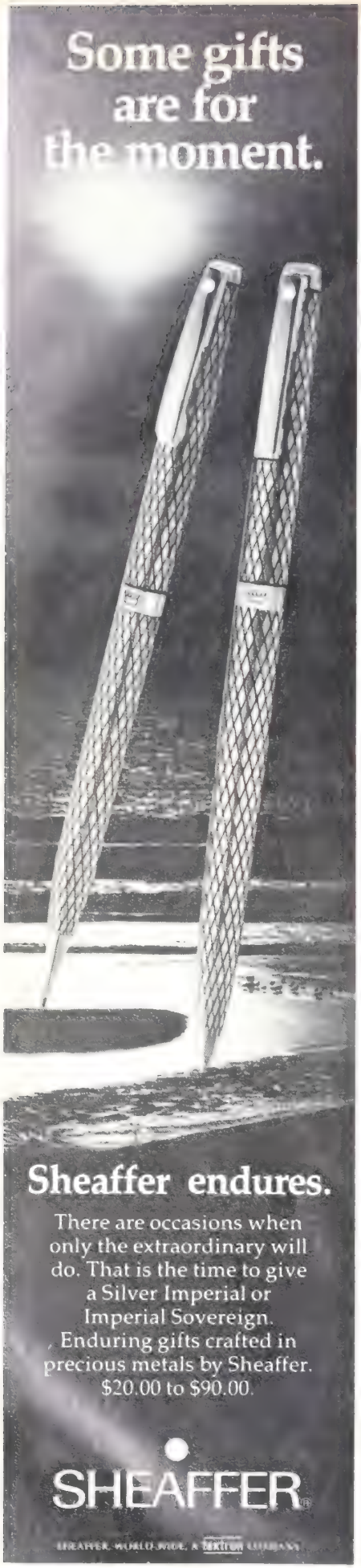
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count would show he has more broken speeches by far than anyone in those pages. He is almost never addressed as "Mr. President," or even as "sir," except by Henry Petersen, whose sense of protocol and respect, like—remarkably enough—John Mitchell's, stands in glaring contrast to the locker-room familiarity of his two chief lieutenants. He can hardly ever assert a policy idea without ending with, "Am I right?" or, "You think so?" It is not accidental that both Ehrlichman and Haldeman, like Colson, were so emphatically rough and, in some reports, brutal characters. They were his devils and he their god, but a god because the Good inhabits him while they partake of it but are his mortal side and must sometimes reach into the unclean.

To turn off the tapes, then, when an elementary sense of survival would seem to dictate their interruption, would be to make an admission which, if it were made, would threaten his very psychic existence and bring on the great dread against which his character was formed—namely, that he is perhaps fraudulent, perhaps a fundamentally fearing man, perhaps not really enlisted in the cause of righteousness but merely in his own aggrandizement of power, and power for the purpose not of creativity and good but of filling the void where spontaneity and love should be. Nixon will not admit his share of evil in himself, and so the tapes must go on turning, for the moment he presses that STOP button he ends the godly illusion and must face his human self. He can record his own open awareness that he and his two bravos are quite possibly committing crime in the sun-filled, pristine White House itself, but as long as the tapes turn, a part of him is intrepidly recording the bald facts, as God does, and thereby bringing the day of judgment closer, the very judgment he has abhorred and dearly wants. For the hope of being justified at the very, very end is a fierce hope, as is the fear of being destroyed for the sins whose revelation and admission will alone crown an evaded, agonized life with meaning. The man aspires to the heroic. No one, not even his worst enemies, can deny his strength, his resiliency. But it is not the strength of the confronter, as is evidenced by his inability to level with John Mitchell, whom he privately wants to throw to the wolves but face to face cannot blame rather the perverse strength private hero testing his presum about himself against God, sto an entrance into his wished-for which never seems to embrac but is always an arm's length Were he alive to a real author him, a true weight of his own ing, such a testing would never to him. There are leaders who power because they have found selves, and there are leaders wh power in search of themselv score of times in those pages refers to "the President" as t he were the President's emissa *Doppelgänger*. Excepting in o documents did Roosevelt, Eisenh Kennedy, even Truman, so re himself? Surely not in private versation with their closest fri But to stop those tapes would the end of innocence, and in a cruelly ironic way, an act of forthrightness.

If such was his drama, he fo the sword that cut him down. It a heroic struggle except tha lacked the ultimate courage of judgment and the reward of ins Bereft of the latter, he is unjus himself and shows the world worst while his best he buries u his pride and the losing hope th resurrected public cynicism will cue his repute. For it is not enc now, the old ideology that the De crats are even more corrupt. President is not a Democrat or publican here, he is as close as get to God.

And if his struggle was indee imprint his best presumptions u history, and it betrayed him, it marvel that it took place now, w America has discovered the r terrain where her innocence is more, where God is simply what pens and what has happened, an you like being called good you to do good, if only because othe tions are no longer powerlessly i but looking on with X-ray eyes, you no longer prevail for the ye in your silky hair. The most upt leader we have had, adamantly sisting the age, has backhand announced the theme of its esse drama in his struggle—to ach authenticity without paying aut ticity's price—and in his fall. hang-out—it is a marvel, is un ited; at long last, after much tra Richard Nixon is one of us.

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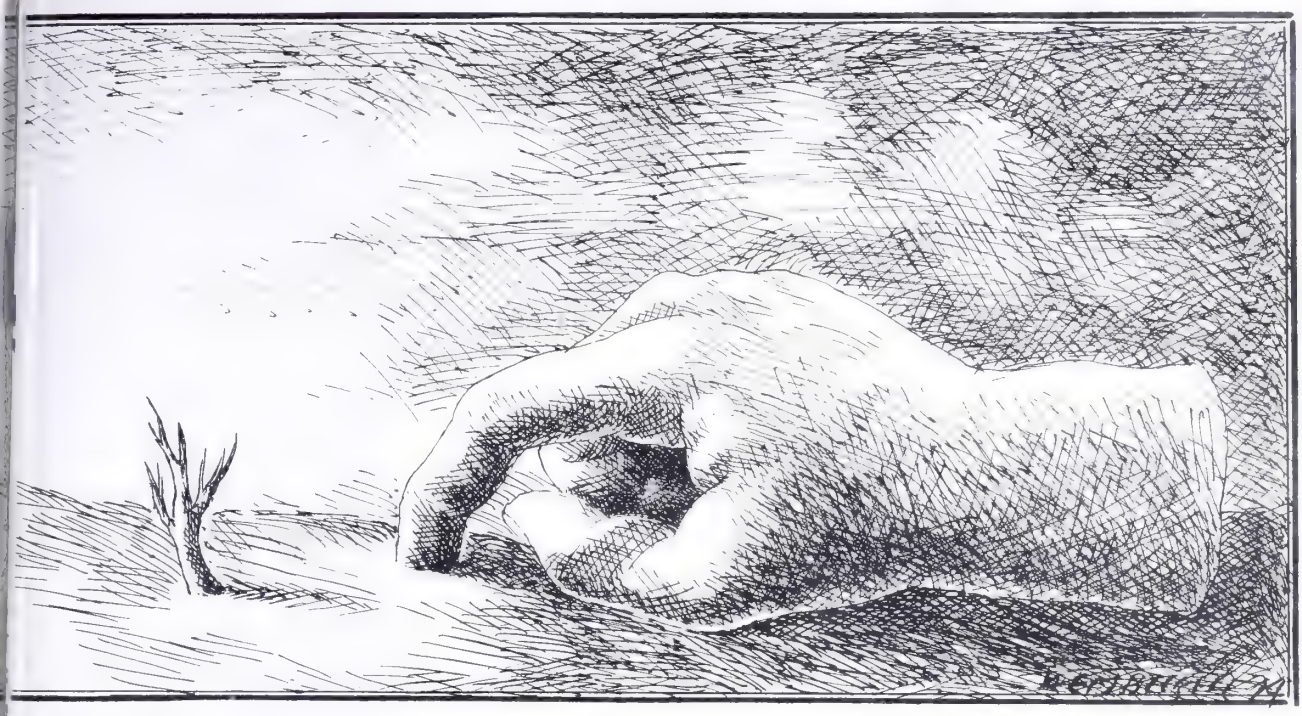
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d Gaylin

ARVESTING THE DEAD

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Phillipe Weisbecker

Redefining death

THING IN LIFE is simple anynore, not even the leaving of it. ne time there was no medical for the physician to consider oncept of death; the fact of death sufficient. The difference between and death was an infinite chasm ched in an infinitesimal moment. and death were ultimate, selflent opposites.

With the advent of new techniques nedicine, those opposites have be- to converge. We are now capable maintaining visceral functions nout any semblance of the higher ctions that define a person. We , therefore, faced with the task of iding whether that which we have t alive is still a human being, or, put it another way, whether that human being that we are maintaining should be considered "alive."

Until now we have avoided the problems of definition and reached the solutions in silence and secret. When the life sustained was unrewarding—by the standards of the physician in charge—it was discontinued. Over the years, physicians have practiced euthanasia on an ad hoc, casual, and perhaps irresponsible basis. They have withheld antibiotics or other simple treatments when it was felt that a life did not warrant sustaining, or pulled the plug on the respirator when they were convinced that what was being sustained no longer warranted the definition of life. Some of these acts are illegal and, if one wished to prosecute, could constitute a form of manslaughter, even though it is unlikely that any jury would convict. We prefer to handle all problems connected with death by denying their existence. But death and its dilemmas persist.

New urgencies for recognition of the problem arise from two conditions: the continuing march of technology, making the sustaining of vital processes possible for longer periods of time; and the increasing use of parts of the newly dead to sustain life for the truly living. The problem is well on its way to being resolved by what must have seemed a relatively simple and ingenious method. As it turned out, the difficult issues of euthanasia could be evaded by redefining death.

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IN AN EARLIER TIME, death was defined as the cessation of breathing. Any movie buff recalls at least one scene in which a mirror is held to the mouth of a dying man. The lack of fogging indicated that indeed he was dead. The spirit of man resided in his *spiritus* (breath). With increased knowledge of human physiology and the potential for reviving a nonbreathing man, the circulation, the pulsating heart, became the focus of the definition of life. This is the tradition with which most of us have been raised.

There is of course a relationship between circulation and respiration, and the linkage, not irrelevantly, is the brain. All body parts require the nourishment, including oxygen, carried by the circulating blood. Lack of blood supply leads to the death of an organ; the higher functions of the brain are particularly vulnerable. But if there is no respiration, there is no adequate exchange of oxygen, and this essential ingredient of the blood is no longer available for distribution. If a part of the heart loses its vascular supply, we may lose that part and still survive. If a part of the brain is deprived of oxygen, we may, depending on its location, lose it and survive. But here we pay a special price, for the functions lost are those we identify with the self, the soul, or humanness, i.e., memory, knowledge, feeling, thinking, perceiving, sensing, knowing, learning, and loving.

Most people are prepared to say that when all of the brain is destroyed the "person" no longer exists; with all due respect for the complexities of the mind/brain debate, the "person" (and personhood) is generally associated with the functioning part of the head—the brain. The higher functions of the brain that have been described are placed, for the most part, in the cortex. The brain stem (in many ways more closely allied to the spinal cord) controls primarily visceral functions. When the total brain is damaged, death in all forms will ensue because the lower brain centers that control the circulation and respiration are destroyed. With the development of modern respirators, however, it is possible to artificially maintain respiration and with it, often, the circulation with which it is linked. It is this situation that has allowed for the redefinition of death—a redefinition that is being precipitously embraced by both scientific and theological groups.

The movement toward redefining death received considerable impetus with the publication of a report sponsored by the Ad Hoc Committee of the Harvard Medical School in 1968. The committee offered an alternative definition of death based on the functioning of the brain. Its criteria stated that if an individual is unreceptive and unresponsive, i.e., in a state of irreversible coma; if he has no movements or breathing when the mechanical respirator is turned off; if he demonstrates no reflexes; and if he has a flat electroencephalogram for at least twenty-four hours, indicating no electrical brain activity (assuming that he has not been subjected to hypothermia or central nervous system depressants), he may then be declared dead.

What was originally offered as an optional definition of death is, however, progressively becoming *the* definition of death. In most states there is no specific legislation defining death;* the ultimate responsibility here is assumed to reside in the general medical community. Recently, however, there has been a series of legal cases which seem to be establishing brain death as a judicial standard. In California in May of this year an ingenious lawyer, John Cruikshank, offered as a defense of his client, Andrew D. Lyons, who had shot a man in the head, the argument that the cause of death was not the bullet but the removal of his heart by a transplant surgeon, Dr. Norman Shumway. Cruikshank's argument notwithstanding, the jury found his client guilty of voluntary manslaughter. In the course of that trial, Dr. Shumway said: "The brain in the 1970s and in the light of modern day medical technology is the sine qua non—the criterion for death. I'm saying anyone whose brain is dead is dead. It is the one determinant that would he universally applicable, because the brain is the one organ that can't be transplanted."

THIS NEW DEFINITION, independent of the desire for transplant, now permits the physician to "pull the plug" without even committing an act of passive euthanasia. The patient will first be defined as dead; pulling the

* Kansas and Maryland have recently legislated approval for a brain definition of death.



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plug will merely be the harmless act of halting useless treatment on a cadaver. But while the new definition of death avoids one complex problem, euthanasia, it may create others equally difficult which have never been fully defined or visualized. For if it grants the right to pull the plug, it also implicitly grants the privilege *not* to pull the plug, and the potential and meaning of this has not at all been adequately examined.

These cadavers would have the legal status of the dead with none of the qualities one now associates with death. They would be warm, respiring, pulsating, evacuating, and excreting bodies requiring nursing, dietary, and general grooming attention—*and could probably be maintained so for a period of years.* If we chose to, we could, with the technology already at hand, legally avail ourselves of these new cadavers to serve science and mankind in dramatically useful ways. The autopsy, that most respectable of medical traditions, that last gift of the dying person to the living future, could be extended in principle beyond our current recognition. To save lives and relieve suffering—traditional motives for violating tradition—we could develop hospitals (an inappropriate word because it suggests the presence of living human beings), banks, or farms of cadavers which require feeding and maintenance, in order to be harvested. To the uninitiated the "new cadavers" in their rows of respirators would seem indistinguishable from comatose patients now residing in wards of chronic neurological hospitals.

Precedents

THE IDEA OF wholesale and systematic salvage of useful body parts may seem startling, but it is not without precedent. It is simply magnified by the technology of modern medicine. Within the confines of one individual, we have always felt free to transfer body parts to places where they are needed more urgently, felt free to reorder the priorities of the naturally endowed structure. We will borrow skin from the less visible parts of the body to salvage a face. If a muscle is paralyzed, we will often substitute a muscle that subserves a less crucial function. This was common surgery at the time that paralytic polio was more prevalent.

It soon becomes apparent, however, that there is a limitation to this procedure. The person in want does not always have a second-best substitute. He may then be forced to borrow from a person with a surplus. The prototype, of course, is blood donation. Blood may be seen as a regeneratable organ, and we have a long-standing tradition of blood donation. What may be more important, and perhaps dangerous, we have established the precedent in blood of commercialization—not only are we free to borrow, we are forced to buy and, indeed, in our country at least, permitted to sell. Similarly, we allow the buying or selling of sperm for artificial insemination. It is most likely that in the near future we will allow the buying and selling of ripened ova so that a sterile woman may conceive her baby if she has a functioning uterus. Of course, once *in vitro* fertilization becomes a reality (an imminent possibility), we may even permit the rental of womb space for gestation for a woman who does manufacture her own ova but has no uterus.

Getting closer to our current problem, there is the relatively long-standing tradition of banking body parts (arteries, eyes, skin) for short periods of time for future transplants. Controversy has arisen with recent progress in the transplanting of major organs. Kidney transplants from a near relative or distant donor are becoming more common. As heart transplants become more successful, the issue will certainly be heightened, for while the heart may have been reduced by the new definition of death to merely another organ, it will always have a core position in the popular thinking about life and death. It has the capacity to generate the passion that transforms medical decisions into political issues.

The ability to use organs from cadavers has been severely limited in the past by the reluctance of heirs to donate the body of an individual for distribution. One might well have willed one's body for scientific purposes, but such legacies had no legal standing. Until recently, the individual lost control over his body once he died. This has been changed by the Uniform Anatomical Gift Act. This model piece of legislation, adopted by all fifty states in an incredibly short period of time, grants anyone over eighteen (twenty-one in some states) the right to donate e all "necessary organs and simply by filling out and m small card.

Beyond the postmortem, th been a longer-range use of bodies that is accepted proce the exploitation of cadavers as ing material in medical school is a long step removed from tionale of the transplant—a dr gift of life from the dying to th dead; while it is true that m education will inevitably save the clear and immediate purp the donation is to facilitate tra

It is not unnatural for a p facing death to want his usefuln extend beyond his mortality same biases and values that infl our life persist in our leaving It has been reported that the Ha Medical School has no difficulty ceiving as many donations of c ers as they need, while Tufts Boston Universities are usuall short supply. In Boston, evide the cachet of getting into Harvar tends even to the dissecting tabl

The way is now clear for an e increasing pool of usable body p but the current practice minim efficiency and maximizes waste. a short period exists between time of death of the patient and time of death of his major parts.

Uses of the neom

IN THE ENSUING discussion, the w *cadaver* will retain its usual me ing, as opposed to the new cadav which will be referred to as a *n mort.* The "ward" or "hospital" which it is maintained will be call a *bioemporium* (purists may pre *bioemporion*).

Whatever is possible with the embalmed cadaver is extended to incredible degree with the neomo What follows, therefore, is not a d finitive list but merely the briefest suggestions as to the spectrum possibilities.

TRAINING: Uneasy medical studen could practice routine physical exam inations—auscultation, percussion o the chest, examination of the retina rectal and vaginal examinations, e cetera—indeed, everything excep neurological examinations, since th neomort by definition has no func tioning central nervous system.

Both the student and his patient

be spared the pain, fumbling, embarrassment of the "first

rns also could practice stan- and more difficult diagnostic lures, from spinal taps to pneu- ephalography and the making eriograms, and residents could ce almost all of their surgical —in other words, most of the dures that are now normally t with the indigent in wards of city hospitals could be taught neomorts. Further, students practice more exotic procedures not available in a typical resi- —eye operations, skin grafts, c facial surgery, amputation of ss limbs, coronary surgery, etc.; could also practice the actual val of organs, whether they be eys, testicles, or what have you, elivery to the transplant teams.

ING: The neomort could be used uch of the testing of drugs and cal procedures that we now nor- perform on prisoners, mentally ded children, and volunteers. efficacy of a drug as well as its ity could be determined beyond s we might not have dared ap- ch when we were concerned it permanent damage to the test- vehicle, a living person. For ex- le, operations for increased vas- rization of the heart could be d to determine whether they do reduce the incidence of fu- heart attack before we perform n on patients. Experimental pro- ures that proved useless or harm- could be avoided; those that suc- l could be available years before might otherwise have been. Sim- ly, we could avoid the massive de- that keep some drugs from the ketplace while the dying clamor them.

Neomorts would give us access to er forms of testing that are incon- vable with the living human being. might test diagnostic instruments h as sophisticated electrocardio- phy by selectively damaging vari- parts of the heart to see how or ether the instrument could detect damage.

PERIMENTATION: Every new med- l procedure demands a leap of th. It is often referred to as an "act courage," which seems to me an ppropriate terminology now that anized medicine rarely uses itself he experimental body. Whenever a geon attempts a procedure for the



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first time, he is at best generalizing from experimentation with lower animals. Now we can protect the patient from too large a leap by using the neomort as an experimental bridge.

Obvious forms of experimentation would be cures for illnesses which would first be induced in the neomort. We could test antidotes by injecting poison, induce cancer or virus infections to validate and compare developing therapies.

Because they have an active hematopoietic system, neomorts would be particularly valuable for studying diseases of the blood. Many of the examples that I draw from that field were offered to me by Dr. John F. Bertles, a hematologist at St. Luke's Hospital Center in New York. One which interests him is the utilization of marrow transplants. Few human-to-human marrow transplants have been successful, since the kind of immunosuppression techniques that require research could most safely be performed on neomorts. Even such research as the recent experimentation at Willowbrook—where mentally retarded children were infected with hepatitis virus (which was not yet culturable outside of the human body) in an attempt to find a cure for this pernicious disease—could be done without risking the health of the subjects.

BANKING: While certain essential blood antigens are readily storable (e.g., red cells can now be preserved in a frozen state), others are not, and there is increasing need for potential means of storage. Research on storage of platelets to be used in transfusion requires human recipients, and the data are only slowly and tediously gathered at great expense. Use of neomorts would permit intensive testing of platelet survival and probably would lead to a rapid development of a better storage technique. The same would be true for white cells.

As has been suggested, there is great wastage in the present system of using kidney donors from cadavers. Major organs are difficult to store. A population of neomorts maintained with body parts computerized and catalogued for compatability would yield a much more efficient system. Just as we now have blood banks, we could have banks for all the major organs that may someday be transplantable—lungs, kidney, heart, ovaries. Beyond the obvious storage uses of the neomort, there are others not previously thought of because there was no adequate storage facility. Dr. Marc Lappe of the Hastings Center has suggested that a neomort whose own immunity system had first been severely repressed might be an ideal "culture" for growing and storing our lymphoid components. When we are threatened by malignancy or viral disease, we can go to the "bank" and withdraw our stored white cells to help defend us.

HARVESTING: Obviously, a sizable population of neomorts will provide a steady supply of blood, since they can be drained periodically. When we consider the cost-benefit analysis of this system, we would have to evaluate it in the same way as the lumber industry evaluates sawdust—a product which in itself is not commercially feasible but which supplies a profitable dividend as a waste from a more useful harvest.

The blood would be a simultaneous source of platelets, leukocytes, and red cells. By attaching a neomort to an IBM cell separator, we could isolate cell types at relatively low cost. The neomort could also be tested for the presence of hepatitis in a way that would be impossible with commercial donors. Hepatitis as a transfusion scourge would be virtually eliminated.

Beyond the blood are rarer harvests. Neomorts offer a great potential source of bone marrow for transplant procedures, and I am assured that a bioemporium of modest size could be assembled to fit most transplantation antigen requirements. And skin would, of course, be harvested—similarly bone, corneas, cartilage, and so on.

MANUFACTURING: In addition to supplying components of the human body, some of which will be continually regenerated, the neomort can also serve as a manufacturing unit. Hormones are one obvious product, but there are others. By the injection of toxins, we have a source of antitoxin that does not have the complication of coming from another animal form. Antibodies for most of the major diseases can be manufactured merely by injecting the neomort with the viral or bacterial offenders.

Perhaps the most encouraging extension of the manufacturing process emerges from the new cancer research, in which immunology is coming to the fore. With certain blood cancers, great hope attaches to the use of antibodies. To take just example, it is conceivable that leu mia could be generated in indivic neomorts—not just to provide fo *vivo* (so to speak) testing of a leukemic modes of therapy but to generate antibody immunity sponses which could then be use the living.

Cost-benefit analy

IF SEEN ONLY AS the harvesting products, the entire feasibility such research would depend on in ligent cost-benefit analysis. Althou certain products would not warr the expense of maintaining a co munity of neomorts, the enorm expense of other products, such as cells with unusual antigens, wo certainly warrant it. Then, of cou the equation is shifted. As soon one economically sound reason found for the maintenance of the co munity, all of the other ingredie become gratuitous by-products, a miliar problem in manufacturi There is no current research to in cate the maintenance cost of a bioe porium or even the potential durat of an average neomort. Since we not at this point encourage sustain life in the brain-dead, we do know the limits to which it could extended. This is the kind of techn ogy, however, in which we have p viously been quite successful.

Meantime, a further refinement death might be proposed. At pres we use total brain function to def brain death. The source of elect encephalogram activity is not kno and cannot be used to distingu between the activity of higher a lower brain centers. If, however, are prepared to separate the conc of "aliveness" from "personhood" the adult, as we have in the fetus good argument can be made th death should be defined not as ces tion of total brain function but mer as cessation of cortical function. N tests may soon determine when c tical function is dead. With this p posed extension, one could then ma tain neomorts without even the co plication and expense of respirato The entire population of decortica residing in chronic hospitals and n classified among the incurably could be redefined as dead.

But even if we maintain the mo rigid limitations of total brain dea

IBM Reports

Four principles of privacy

For some time now, there has been a growing effort in this country to preserve the individual's right to privacy in the face of expanding requirements for information by business, government and other organizations.

In searching for appropriate guidelines, private and governmental groups have explored many avenues and considered many aspects of the privacy question.

As a company with a vital interest in information and information handling, IBM endorses in their basic purpose four principles of privacy which have emerged from various studies, and which appear to be the cornerstones of sound public policy on this sensitive issue.

1. Individuals should have access to information about themselves in record-keeping systems. And there should be some procedure for individuals to find out how this information is being used.

2. There should be some way for an individual to correct or amend an inaccurate record.

3. An individual should be able to prevent information from being improperly disclosed or used for other than authorized purposes without his or her consent, unless required by law.

4. The custodian of data files containing sensitive information should take reasonable precautions to be sure that the data are reliable and not misused.

Translating such broad principles into specific and uniform guidelines will, of course, not be easy. They must be thoughtfully interpreted in terms of the widely varying purposes of information systems generally.

In particular, the proper balance must be found between limiting access to information for the protection of privacy on one hand, and allowing freedom of information to fulfill the needs of society on the other.

But solutions must be found. And they will call for the patient understanding and best efforts of everyone concerned. In this search, IBM pledges its full and whole-hearted cooperation.

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it would seem that a reasonable population could be maintained if the purposes warranted it. It is difficult to assess how many new neomorts would be available each year to satisfy the demand. There are roughly 2 million deaths a year in the United States. The most likely sources of intact bodies with destroyed brains would be accidents (about 113,000 per year), suicides (around 24,000 per year), homicides (18,000), and cerebrovascular accidents (some 210,000 per year). Obviously, in each of these categories a great many of the individuals would be useless—their bodies either shattered or scattered beyond value or repair.

AND YET, AFTER all the benefits are outlined, with the lifesaving potential clear, the humanitarian purposes obvious, the technology ready, the motives pure, and the material costs justified—how are we to reconcile our emotions? Where in this debit-credit ledger of limbs and livers and kidneys and costs are we to weigh and enter the repugnance generated by the entire philanthropic endeavor?

Cost-benefit analysis is always least satisfactory when the costs must be measured in one realm and the benefits in another. The analysis is particularly skewed when the benefits are specific, material, apparent, and immediate, and the price to be paid is general, spiritual, abstract, and of the future. It is that which induces people to abandon freedom for security, pride for comfort, dignity for dollars.

William May, in a perceptive article,* defended the careful distinctions that have traditionally been drawn between the newly dead and the long dead. "While the body retains its recognizable form, even in death, it commands a certain respect. No longer a human presence, it still reminds us of that presence which once was utterly inseparable from it." But those distinctions become obscured when, years later, a neomort will retain the appearance of the newly dead, indeed, more the appearance of that which was formerly described as living.

Philosophers tend to be particularly sensitive to the abstract needs of civilized man; it is they who have often been the guardians of values whose abandonment produce[s] that are real, if not always c[lear] able. Hans Jonas, in his *Philo[sophical] Essays*, anticipated some of t[he] sibilities outlined here, a[nd] fended what he felt to be the s[acr]ed of the human body and the u[n]ability of the borderline betw[een] and death when he insiste[d]: "Nothing less than the maximu[m] inition of death will do—brain [death] plus heart death plus any othe[r] cation that may be pertinent—[the] final violence is allowed to be [done]. And even then Jonas was on[ly] templating *temporary* mainten[ance] life for the collection of organs.

The argument can be made o[n both] sides. The unquestionable bene[fits] be gained are the promise of [cures] for leukemia and other disease[s], reduction of suffering, and the [pro]tenance of life. The proponen[ts] this view will be mobilized [by a] force that may seem irresistible.

They will interpret our rev[ulsion] at the thought of a bioemporium [as a] bias of our education and exper[ience] just as earlier societies were pro[foundly] revolted by the startling noti[on of] abdominal surgery, which we [now] take for granted. The proponent[s will] argue that the revulsion, not the [tech]nology, is inappropriate.

Still there will be those, like [Leon Kass] who will defend that revulsion [as a] quintessentially human factor w[hose] removal would diminish us all, [and] extract a price we cannot antic[ipate] in ways yet unknown and time[s] yet determined. May feels that [there] is "a tinge of the inhuman in th[e hu]manitarianism of those who be[lieve] that the perception of social [need] easily overrides all other consid[era]tions and reduces the acts of in[dul]mentation to the everyday, rou[tine] and casual."

This is the kind of weighing [of] values for which the computer o[ffers] little help. Is the revulsion to the [new] technology simply the fear and [hor]ror of the ignorant in the face of [the] new, or is it one of those compon[ents] of humanness that barely sustain [us] at the limited level of civility [and] decency that now exists, and wh[ose] removal is one more step in eras[ing] the distinction between man and [the] lesser creatures—beyond that, [the] distinction between man and matt[er]

Sustaining life is an urgent ar[gu]ment for any measure, but not if t[he] measure destroys those very quali[ties] that make life worth sustaining.

* "Attitudes Toward the Newly Dead," *The Hastings Center Studies*, volume 1, number 1, 1973.

r Farrell

LET-BURN SITUATION

nich the SLA and the LAPD fought to accomplish each other's mission



ATCHING THEIR PYRE burn until the sky went black, one had vish those still alive inside the ortant consolation of a TV set, ging them live pictures of the dous send-off they were getting. anchorman called it "the great- domestic fire fight in the history nobile television news coverage," if the six who were to die failed near those words, failed to see doomsday look of the powers ayed against them, their grand sions must have quit them just hey were coming true. Unaware the combined forces of the FBI, Los Angeles Police and Sheriff's partments, and the California ghway Patrol could find no way to due them short of paying them homage of a coast-to-coast *auto-fé*, the Symbionese gunners like- died in some despair, believing mselves defeated.

Six lesser deaths, or six less wide- witnessed, would doubtless have a discouraging twist on the saga the SLA, that reckless band of erbelievers who went to such lengths to animate their country's winter and spring. Still more dismal would have been cold surrender, the disarmed dream taken handcuffed past the cameras, wincing at the lights. But to die in a flaming house with a flaming palm above you and something resembling the Americal Division crouched in the street outside is not exactly what it means to be defeated, not when it happens in plain sight of millions of viewers, among whom an unhealthy number may be presumed to have been inspired by the show. The police had come away the empty-handed winners of a fight they could hardly have lost, while the six inside the house had died the only death that could give full meaning to the idea of being a "terrorist." And now that word, so long in finding an American application, had become a word that carried with it a dangerous undertow.

Barry Farrell is Harper's *contributing editor for the West Coast. Formerly associated with* Time *and* Life, *he is now a free-lance writer based in Los Angeles.*

BECAUSE GUNFIRE from the windows of the yellow stucco house had led the police to launch their assault on the familiar assumption that anyone inside had to be Vietcong, the coroner's announcement that Patricia Hearst was not among the dead had been greeted at headquarters as a public-relations godsend. Unhampered by the need to mourn the death by fire of a millionaire publisher's daughter, the mayor could praise "Operation SLA" for its clean, professional character. Press conferences could feature the theme of law enforcement dealing insurrection a mortal blow in the battle of 54th and Compton, where decisive police action had reduced the famous Cinque from terrorist leader to terrifying sight, the same hard fate that had consumed half his outrageous army. The police could admit to a workmanlike pride, as if the cinders that reposed in Dr. Noguchi's morgue were just the kind of trophies they were after in their war with the SLA. No regrets were expressed that none of these most-

wanted persons would henceforth be available for questioning, clear though it may have been that a certain interest still attached to a number of questions only the dead could answer—how they had turned Patty into Tania, for example. In the flush of combat victory, such matters were waved aside.

What absorbed the authorities instead was the military merit of the May 17 campaign, a question of performance, not intent. With more than 500 officers on hand to secure the perimeter and keep the ghetto crowds at bay, with helicopters lacing through smoke and gas to coordinate movement and direct fire, with ammo wagons and M16s and German-made MP40 submachine guns, the flak-jacketed Special Weapons and Tactics teams had conducted themselves as in an exercise at Quantico or Benning, pouring 1,200 rounds into the target without bringing death or injury to anyone outside. Only twenty-three SWAT-schooled officers had actually engaged in the shooting—five of them FBI men, the rest from the LAPD—and only one of all the hundreds in camera range had been seen on TV displaying less than the desired level of deliberation and comportment, a shirtless volunteer in Bermuda shorts waving a large revolver. When he turned out to be an interloper from some department in the suburbs, unclouded satisfaction became the order of the day among officials at Parker Center, and their blameless critiques gave little cause to quarrel with what seemed to be the central claim: nobody caters a fire fight quite like the LAPD.

BUT THEN THE BODY count got bungled. Then documents, photographs, and keepsakes belonging to the dead were found in the rubble by scavengers after the crime lab had raked through it for days, employing an electromagnetic metal detector and other eye-catching devices. Children had to be warned not to play with live rounds found scattered around the neighborhood—they might be SLA bullets, spiked with cyanide. Thirty-five persons filed $150,000 in claims against the city for damage done to buildings and cars by bullets and fire. Tania and her accomplices slipped from sight after making a dozen appearances all over town in a succession of stolen vehicles, causing the police to lurch about in pathetically heavy numbers, as if 500 to 6 were the tightest odds they'd go. The aura of clean professionalism began to dim. It began to appear instead that the police had been flaunting their mastery in battle as a mask for their sour luck in crime detection.

The first note of official displeasure with the ferocity of the assault came within a week, when a city councilman refused to join his colleagues in voting to honor the police with a special commendation. Sensing that they were about to be had, as usual, the police responded sharply in the press, pointing out that the property-damage claims could nearly all be traced to the sightless fusillade laid down by the unisex guerrillas. Moreover, the fire that took the target-house had been purely accidental, touched off by exploding Speedy Heat Jumbo tear gas grenades or by bullets striking one of the Molotov cocktails the terrorists no doubt had inside; and since the fire hadn't discouraged the gunners at the windows until the whole house was ablaze, would any sane person have risked his life to douse it any sooner? The police vocabulary included a term for precisely this kind of showdown—"a let-burn situation." It was no more than a technical term, normally unfreighted with the vivid pictures of suffering it happened to call to mind now. But it was still a troublesome phrase to hear spoken, one that seemed to express a definite combat nostalgia.

Forced further back on the defensive by some unfavorable TV coverage (these terrorists had clergymen and doctors for fathers, and their anguish had been widely shared on the network news), the police maintained that they had attacked the house instead of laying peaceful siege to it only because the onset of darkness made them fear that the terrorists might escape, spreading gunplay through the neighborhood and endangering innocent lives. Since millions had observed the shoot-out in progress and come away with the impression that the house had been rather well surrounded, it was surprising that the police would resort to this argument from weakness, especially when a more sympathetic, less preposterous explanation had presented itself so cleary on TV: the humor of the crowds behind the barricades. As always, the police were in the ghetto on a limited vis could not bivouac there. A exhilaration in the streets aro shoot-out told judicious comn that darkness would bring tro many forms. When the ACI several black community spo charged that the attack woul never occurred had the te holed up in Beverly Hills or wood, the police would hav well to fall back on the All-P Law Enforcement Answer— steeped in integrity. Instea countered hotly with an eerie ise. If duty compelled it, they ready to waste the finest hoo town.

INASMUCH AS Donald Davi Freeze had been a whiner snitch before he became a field marshal, and since he w strongly rumored to have worl a time as a paid informant intelligence division of the it was probably inevitable th ister inferences would also be from the annihilating force attack, from the apparent de erase all traces of the gang i of trying for at least one pr Few radicals had ever been a make much sense of the SL the only ones who had were who saw Cinque as a provo gone hog-wild. DeFreeze's wal escape from Soledad in the of 1973 was often cited as a pr this hypothesis, as was the SL cision to introduce itself las vember with the murder of M Foster, the first black superint of schools in Oakland and a ally of the militant poor. At firs sidered no more than routinely noid, this view gained some r as the 190-day "manhunt" dr on for the wildly theatrical gue The police have Cinque in sights, it was reasoned, but are ing to strike until he is posit for the kill. Two weeks befo shoot-out, stories of DeFreeze' sible involvement with the LAP peared in the press, alongsid Chief's flat denial. But when the went on to denounce DeFree "a cheap, undependable, tur punk," he seemed to be admitti exactly the kind of acquaintan paranoid view described.

The police were once agai advantaged when Dr. Noguch

ed that "psychological autop- had been ordered on the six in ope of learning more about ɔulsive" elements in their refus- urrender; never in all his years ıctice, the coroner said, had he evidence of such unyielding be- r in the face of flames. Ear- t had been possible to ascribe ıerrillas' failure to emerge from aming house to panic, confu- incapacity, or death, to the si- neous collapse of all alterna- But when the coroner's read- f seared tissues taken from the rists' lungs disclosed a degree of ıitment to the fight that sur- d his understanding, a new in- etation of the shoot-out seemed red, one that implied that the e had merely outdone them- s in obliging the terrorists' kami- intentions.

ıe fatal incaution of the SLA's Day flight from its sanctuary in Francisco to the mercury-vapor s of fire it discovered in L.A. l almost be comprehended in this . So could Tania's tendency to e, General Teko's absurd theft of ir of 49-cent sweat socks while ping for cold-weather gear in a ting goods store, the whole gang's recourse to offering strangers ireds of dollars to lodge for a t in places where the neighbors ıt stop by to marvel. It must be that the sweat-socks factor is a ersal among people on the lam— ebody always has to give the e away. But what directed the ce to the free-fire zone on Comp- Avenue was not the shoplifting o (which led to Tania's baptism ın automatic rifleperson: spray- the front of the store to aid the ɔlifter's escape). What attracted police was a telephone call from grandmother of some little chil- ı who were frightened to come ıe and find the Malcolm X Com- Unit camped out in their liv- room, engaged in the fondling of doliers and guns. Since this was ırcissistic folly indulged in by ev- member of the innermost cadre, eems fair to assume that some rrant group impulse had gotten best of the terrorists' dedication their fundamental rule: "Keep r ass down and be bad." Making mselves conspicuous, imploring ıble to hurry to their door, they e seeking a shortcut to the dream a revolutionary D-Day, the day

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the street fighting finally begins. The police were being beckoned, one might say.

If all this was so, then Cinque's suicide represented no failure of nerve. Having provoked the authorities into arranging for his televised immolation, he must have been aware that death was offering him better terms than many general field marshals have to settle for. With his comrades dead or dying and a fire storm outside, he must have felt he had earned the right to slither down into the crawl space, press the pistol to his temple, and depart this life on a swoon of highest Hitlerian rapture.

THUS THE LAWS of paradox were invoked in many ways to confuse the moral content of this climactic encounter between the police and the SLA. The same pattern had obtained from the beginning, as though each side was impelled by larger forces to move in ways that could only work to serve the purposes of the other. The SLA, with its miserable pretensions, its rummy love of slogans and guns, had done no more for "the people" than to cause some food to be flung at them from trucks. The language of its communiqués, reeking of Vietnam and the cellblocks, conveyed a bitterness and confusion that estranged even persons usually disposed to searching for high motives in low acts. Such "counterrevolutionary" antics as winging passers-by on the way out of bank jobs and issuing murder warrants against "fascist insects" who turned out to be old friends gone stale on the dream had made the SLA the pariahs of the Left, assailed by the Movement's most radical voices. Because of the SLA, the police were enjoying a credibility that hadn't been theirs in years. It would be harder than ever to do time in the California prisons, more dangerous to call oneself a revolutionary. And for all the terrorists' talk of raising the fighting consciousness of the people, their one great accomplishment had been a kind of countermiracle—restoring to a flattering light long absent the image of the well-enough-meaning white American daddy.

The police, however, were equipped to perform even greater feats of transmutation. In the words of Randolph Hearst (who, as the principal target of the SLA's propaganda section, was now a beloved figure despite his father and his father before him), the police had used their vaunted firepower to turn "dingbats into martyrs." The police had the good taste not to respond to this familiar accusation; the men of the LAPD are so accustomed to holding their silence while eulogies are spoken over the graves of the "perpetrators" they kill that their badges might as well be inscribed "*De mortuis nil nisi bonum.*" But death is a marvelous restorative in affairs of this kind, and a death like Cinque's could do more to improve a man's grasp on the reins of revolution than a long life spent hiding in rooms with "*¡Venceremos!*" written on the wall. Because of the shoot-out, and for no other reason, many would be driven to acts of emulation. Many would feel a need to express their "solidarity" with the fallen commandos of an idea not long ago despised. The shoot-out validated the SLA's otherwise empty claim to relevance. In effect, it came as the crowning move in a process of authentication that began last November with the killing of Dr. Foster and the first communiqué.

Although the school superintendent had the support of all who spoke for the interests of Oakland's vast ghetto, the police did not strongly resist believing the claim that his parking-lot murder was the work of Third World revolutionaries. "Death to the Fascist Insect that Preys Upon the Life of the People!" said the SLA's "Warrant Order," employing a phrase of Eldridge Cleaver's. This was the kind of lingo the police had primed themselves to pounce on back in the days when many wore "Pigs Eat Panthers" buttons. They seemed keen to hear it again, as though too finely trained to snap at the sound of it to be put off by its incoherence in this instance. Neither the police nor the media could immediately trace the SLA to any known quarter; yet neither showed any reluctance to acknowledge its self-image as a liberation army.

In December, when the House Internal Security Committee issued a report on revolutionary scheming inside the prison system, the SLA failed to get a line. But within a few days of the kidnapping the committee came out with a thirteen-page study of the SLA that became a source book for many of the lazier press accounts that followed. The study gave Chair Richard H. Ichord the opportu of becoming the first man in W ington to grant the SLA the q legitimate status of an urban g rilla army, one that would be g for our hearts and minds, "obvi ly emulating the Robin Hood ta of the Argentinian terrorists."

Nearly everyone close to the was convinced by this time that w you talked about the SLA, you talking about no more than a d persons. But police intelligence the HISC study had already lin SLA members to the Vencere Organization, the Revolution Union, the United Prisoners' Un the Vietnam Veterans Against War/Winter Soldier Organizat and the Prison Law Collective, well as to such prison-based gro as the Polar Bear Party, the Bl Guerrilla Family, and the Black I eration Army. Even the SLA's se headed cobra was perceptively served to have been lifted from cover of an old Jimi Hendrix reco With so many subversive conn tions established in the minds of chief pursuers, the SLA's credenti appeared very much in order, a the obscure Cinque was swiftly p moted into the ranks of such ce fied revolutionary nuisances as B nardine Dohrn and the Weather U derground (whom the police had been able to catch either).

THE CHARADE that led to the sho out could never have endured long or captivated so many if t SLA's choice of kidnap victim h been any less inspired. It might said in fairness that the theft of one else's daughter would have p suaded the Hearst newspapers to along with calling Cinque a gene field marshal and not putting quot tion marks around it. But sin abridging the SLA's fierce etiquet was always seen as endangering Pa ty's chances, the press at large f lowed the careful tone set in Sa Francisco, seldom letting slip a word that Cinque might find insul ing. Reporters assigned to the ca were compelled to suppress nume ous bits of information they dug u not because the details would hav been useful to the outlaws, but b cause they would have embarrasse the Hearsts or the SLA. When Hear himself went to the state behavio

tment center at Vacaville to lifer called Death Row Jeff to al to Cinque for the safe return atty, the *Examiner* identified as one of the architects of the philosophy and allowed his mes- to begin as if from political ("First of all, I want to extend very personal greetings to all poor and oppressed peoples of world"). Rarely in the history of nement had the bars proved e so resonant.

s long as Cinque had the world's anyway, the media might have e better to have pretended to a greater thirst for his teachings, sing the man to deplete himself he struggle to find the words. In- d, Cinque could always lapse into vocative silence and count on a rus of police officials, politicians, rewrite men to do his nattering him. One imagines the grandeur t must have enveloped the plum- e drinker as he lolled around the house waiting for the six o'clock vs. One imagines how Nancy Ling ry must have surged with wonder hear herself described as the en- y's "chief theoretician," a title last d by General Giap, now bestowed on this child of Santa Rosa whose st seemed most intriguing when ndensed to the phrase that usually lowed—"former Goldwater sup- rter and topless blackjack dealer." ne also imagines that Tania's ex- cism of her Patty past could not ve been accomplished in less light; r while guilt and sex might have one the job alone if cunningly ixed together, a true American ainwashing would need to see it- lf confirmed on television.

By the time the SLA made the vers of *Time* and *Newsweek*, it was ear that the miniscule army had uched upon the sorest of American ulnerabilities, the temptation to see new calamities the appearance of ew entertainments. But the notion hat the media somehow overplayed he story or romanticized the guer- illas could not be more mistaken. The sense of abiding menace that gave the story its sting derived not only from the perils of Patty but also rom the many false alarms set off by the authorities, ever ready as they are to announce that the enemy has anded. Since the SLA's "actions" were all specifically criminal, there was never a sound police reason for the gang to be approached as a ter-

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rorist organization. Cinque & Co. were wanted for prison escape, murder, kidnapping, bank robbery, arson, auto theft, the illegal possession of weapons, and forty-seven kinds of conspiracy, more or less; it ought not to have mattered that much that they fancied themselves an army. But it did matter. It gave the police occasion to imagine themselves engaged in a higher, more historic struggle than their normal war against the rats. It turned the law-enforcement mind to new hardware, new specialties, to techniques often practiced but seldom put to use. It induced politicians of the most remote and extraneous variety to jump aboard the case, some urging caution for Patty's sake, some scolding the police for their "timidity," all of them enlarging the fear of these home-grown *fedayeen*. Finally the police took to explaining themselves too loudly and too much, letting their frustration show, losing that implacable look so important to their work; and all of this was tinder for a let-burn situation.

SPECULATIONS AS TO the moral tone of the chord that is struck in the American people by excitements of this kind have a way of draining meaning from the language. This was a guerrilla action occurring deep in the national consciousness, a father-daughter dialogue much abetted by money and guns. Nowhere on this earth dwells a people too high-minded to respond to its allure. The six-month rise and fall of the SLA followed the typical course of all such "reigns of terror," and the silence that follows the shoot-out crescendo is typically uninformative. It may be true that the country's infatuation with violence, or its guilt over war crimes, or its decline into self-doubt, had something to do with the spell the guerrillas cast here. But to say these things is not to name the nerve so pleasurably twanged by the worst of the nightly news.

The psychoanalytic approach, always subject to the fallacy of inferring general madness from the madness of a few, is further complicated when so many of the patients have been killed. Since the gang's members were a conspicuous juxtaposition of bad-assed blacks and young white Lesbians, the surmise has been made that its appeal was essentially sadomasochistic, and a number of commonly observed reactions to the news seem to correspond to this idea: the unwholesome amusement in Patty's metamorphosis; the sharp, unexplained impatience with anyone caught vaguely in the middle (Patty's boyfriend, for example, the aptly named Weed); the absurd ring of any voice not speaking the dialect of maximum involvement (as when Patty's younger sister urged her to surrender for the good of her cause "if you really feel the SLA is your thing"). But the S-M interpretation of the SLA will have to await the witness of Tania—if she can be taken alive; then, perhaps, it will be discovered that her venom in renouncing her past only betrayed the desperation of her wish to foreclose upon her future, that what her tapes were really saying was, "Spank me if you can."

Yet one resists these terms, turning instead to the forlorn sound of the father's voice as he tries once more to be reasonable. Poor Hearst! What a service he could do if only a flash of divine exasperation would sear his wounds and drive him out to confront the twenty-headed microphone cobra one last time; and there in the clear air of Hillsborough, calm eyes raised to a camera's stare, to speak in measured tones the words its brooding country needs to hear —"Tania, go fuck yourself." Deaf Ears to the Fatuous Ingrate that Preys Upon the Hearts of Her People!

THE INTERESTS OF Los Angeles County have required that portions of Cinque's brain, skull, heart, and liver, as well as his fingertips and teeth, remain with Dr. Noguchi. But apart from these deletions, the man is dead and buried, gone for good. Refusals to mourn have been heard from every quarter. Even Tania's taped elegy, found in an alley two weeks after the shoot-out, fails to capture any hint of the charm he must have held for her, this onetime robber of prostitutes who taught her that "to live was to shoot straight"—a disheartening lesson, it would seem.

But there was one thing about Cinque that makes it certain he will not be soon forgotten: he was the infinitely replaceable man. Cinque was possessed of the most widely shared delusion in prison life today, the belief that by the authority of their suffering alone, convicts natural revolutionaries. The ra Left, ignoring Marx and Lenin vor of Jackson and Cleaver, has much to encourage this belief i cent years, and although Cinque dismissed as an embarrassment alive and at large, in death h comes yet another black martyr w story will be told to further this self-deception. Men who survive confinement with strength enough to be angry almost always lack ability to estimate the meaning fight outside the walls. They lived with such diminished cha that few risks seem too great to t They think everyone wants to up the gun. They think every wants to die as much as they d life and death like Cinque's car made to seem a triumph over dest and there is no doubt that his ex ple will be followed many times. authorities are aware of these liticized" prisoners, and most ag that the convict-led, eight-to-twe person revolutionary combat tean the "grave new threat" that will ha the streets for many years to con

IT TOOK A MONTH, but the city co cil finally got around to comme ing the LAPD for its courage a efficiency in "freeing this city a the nation of an unconscionable re of terror imposed by wanton, m guided revolutionaries." This help preserve the illusion of victory, a unless one counted the bombing the state attorney general's Los A geles offices claimed by the Weath Underground, the streets were inde free of terrorists. The police gave credence at all to General Teko's su gestion in a taped communiqué th "B Team Leader" of the Symbione antiaircraft brigade deserved cred for downing a police helicopter wi a Russian-made missile seven da after the shoot-out. It was true th a chopper had crashed northwest the city on that day, killing the com mander of the SWAT team and i juring two of its members. But the was no reason to believe that th crash had not been accidental. Th pilot, it appeared, had simply flow too close to the ground while the o ficers were practicing a skill to b held in readiness for future let-bur type encounters. They were learnin to hit ground targets from a movin gun platform.

rt Pilpel

MY BICYCLE TRIP

ss the Alps and head-on into a Volkswagen

MOST FORMS of intelligent life, let other people do my thinking ie, and, having been conditioned gard ecology and physical fitness econd in sanctity only to the ership of two or more automo-, I was vulnerable to the sugges- that bicycling was the next ap- riate step on the road to a more ect me. Normally such aberrant rines are metabolized by the n and excreted harmlessly ugh the mouth, but this particu- one infected me just as I was it to embark on a leisurely jour- from Northern Italy to a charter t that awaited me at Rhein-Main port outside Frankfurt. I decided, rdingly, to bicycle over the Alps. Two nominal friends, imperfectly pressing their snickers, drove me to the notoriously uncelebrated cken Pass on the Italian-Austrian der in order to see me off. There y watched, convulsed, as I loaded atchel, an overnight bag, and mis- aneous scraps of survival gear o the back of my gray four-speed no. The weather was threatening, d their convulsions gave way to sterical cackles as I took the pre- ution of draping a poncho over my- f and the entire ensemble and then bbled off toward the frontier look- g like a greenish-brown lump of bulatory Jell-O.

Almost immediately I had new oblems to contend with. For exam- e, my bicycle seemed disposed to celerate, a tendency attributable rtially to my proceeding down a adient that dropped fifteen feet ery forty yards and partially to the owing inefficiency of the brakes, for hich I had a light drizzle and my avy load to thank. It occurred to e that I could not continue to accel- ate indefinitely without seriously npairing my ability to negotiate the ad's innumerable sharp curves. I as at something of a loss, on the ther hand, to know how I was going to slow myself down when it was clearly beyond the powers of the mechanical instrumentalities specifically designed for that purpose. After some thought and a methodical analysis of the alternatives open to me, I elected to deal with the situation by sticking out my right foot as a supplementary brake and screaming in panic. This neat bit of improvisation brought me safely down the mountain with only my larynx and a few Alpine villages in any way agitated.

Now, for those who are unfamiliar with the subject, I ought to point out that pushing a heavily loaded bicycle up a mountain differs in a number of important respects from riding a heavily loaded bicycle down one. I ought also to point out that once one has achieved the summit of a mountain, one invariably finds that almost its entire surface lies at lower elevations. One must descend, therefore, if one is to go anywhere at all, and the whole business takes on a distinctly up-and-down quality which rather calls into question the point of the pastime.

Alas, my mountaineering being objective-oriented rather than recreational, I had to resign myself to the altitude fluctuations. Eventually the last Alps were behind me, however, and after a good night's rest and a hearty breakfast in Kitzbühel, thirty miles of gently descending or, at worst, level roads beckoned me on to Germany.

The day was memorably brilliant to the point of incandescence, and what little wind there was was at my back. I took a seldom-used side road which ran through a narrow river valley, the floor of which was covered with fields of growing crops. It was one of those mornings that goes to nourish the entire bicycling mystique and lend meaning to the process of living as well. There were no intrusive automobiles to contend with, no internal combustion noises or emissions. There was just the mottled macadam surface, the clear air, the quiet bicycle under the power of heart, lungs, and muscle, and the drenching, intoxicating light.

Thirty miles pass quickly in Elysium, though, and soon a German border post was looming into view.

"Welcome to Germany," said the guard. "Your bicycle is filthy."

I allowed as how this might be so, but tried to explain that I had just come a long way over a lot of formidable obstacles and that a certain amount of *Schlamperei* was unavoidable under the circumstances.

"There is never an excuse for keeping a filthy bicycle," the guard declaimed, waving me on with a look of disgust.

Thinking back now on this incident, I'm inclined to believe that the man was being ironic. For it was when I proceeded ten kilometers on into the Federal Republic that the true meaning of the word "filthy" was brought home to me.

Those who have never ridden a bicycle over a newly tarred road are both very fortunate and likely to have some difficulty imagining what it entails. First off, it tends to negate the principle of the wheel, on which bicycles have come to depend for their locomotive efficacy: any portion of a bicycle tire's surface that may be in contact with a newly tarred road at any given time will display a marked propensity for adhering to it. This results in what might fairly be termed a generalized resistance to rotation. When, with the application of additional muscle power, the wheels are kept turning anyway, they retaliate by picking up sticky little pellets of tar and then releasing them in accordance with the laws of centrifugal force (and their own vindictive natures) so that they impact upon the cyclist's lower extremities and trunk.

Robert Pilpel is one of the authors of Making Woodstock *(Harcourt Brace October).*

After five miles of this cunning torment the road regained its sanity, and I eventually passed a pleasant night leafing through my English-German dictionary for the Teutonic equivalent of "cleaning fluid."

THE NEXT DAY I arrived, still nicely freckled, in Munich and telephoned the home of the Gräfin von Lauffkirchen zu Guttenberg-Engelberg, aka Francisca, whom I had met in Rome some months before. Happily, in spite of the season (it was July), she was in town, and for the next three days she, the Graf, and their angelic thirteen-year-old daughter, the Gräfchen(?), treated me to a round of beer *gartens*, beer *stubes*, beer halls, brunches, lunches, teas, cocktail parties, dinners, midnight snacks, five-minute fasts, and Bavaria's answer to Pepto-Bismol. I was left both reluctant and in no condition to undertake the next leg of my journey, but the appointed morning dawned so wonderfully fresh and sunny that I succumbed to the lure of the road.

It was a day of two faintly but somehow insistently interrelated river crossings: first the Lech at Landsberg, where a comfortably imprisoned Adolf Hitler had dictated *Mein Kampf* to an adoring Rudolf Hess; and then the Danube at Ulm, where Albert Einstein was born and the author stopped for the night.

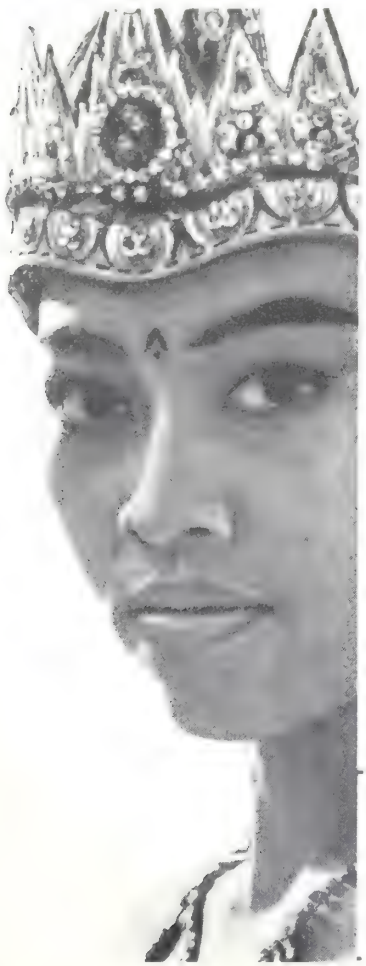
To my amazement, I discovered on looking at my maps that I had covered over 100 miles that day, a fact which suggested that seventy-two hours of uninterrupted guzzling and gobbling might well be the training regimen of the future. Consider: I had been on the road for eleven straight hours since 7:00 A.M., riding shirtless under a blazing ninety-degree sun. How sad the modern age of sedentary pursuits, cigarettes, and neon, which denies men the experience of knowing the exhilaration I felt that evening until approximately 6:30, when I collapsed.

I awoke aching the next morning to my *Walpurgistag*. It was one of those chill and cloudy days when the elements conspire with one's own frailties to compensate for any pleasures one may have known in life. It began with my laboring up a long steep hill only to learn from the view at the top that I was headed in the wrong direction. It continued my attempting to find a sho back through Ulm to the north winding up instead on a pitiless lane highway reserved, it seemed the exclusive use of mammoth, muffled, fume-belching diesel tru When I finally succeeded in esca Ulms, the Swabian Jura attacked

The Swabian Jura is an exter cluster of little green mount which strive to conquer by attri those few straggling northbound cyclists whom their cousins to south failed to subdue in open bat. Their ambuscades are clev orchestrated. They wait until you coasting down some steeply cur incline and then signal, as only li green mountains can, to some ex tant glob of cumulus. As soon as rain is heavy enough to obscure y vision, they start springing poth and stretches of unpaved gravel you. Then, just at the point wh the road straightens out and you proach your maximum velocity, wonderful triangular European r sign that looks like an exclamati point whose dot has fled in ter notifies you that the highway is dergoing construction just a meters ahead.

It was at this juncture that I tained one of the most memora experiences of my journey. Some ty yards in front of me I was to make out the word *Umleitu* through the precipitation. *Umleitu* signifies detour and, sure enou there at the bottom of the hill road terminated utterly. The mat matically inclined will note with terest that my speed was appro mately fifteen yards per second (th ty miles per hour) when this haza became known to me, and will th be in a position to calculate that had three and one-third seconds which to execute my will, put other affairs in order, and beco hysterical. To deal effectively w so many details in such a short ti requires considerable concentrati and I may, therefore, be excused having failed to notice the large pa ing stone directly in my line of scent.

It was a curious business. I rec feeling a bump and then remarki to myself how very odd it was that seemed to be airborne. I was jolt out of my reverie by my return earth, the sequel to which was a pr nounced hissing noise and a sens



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tion of rapid deceleration. I cam
a stop about ten feet from the en
the pavement and congratulated
self on escaping a seemingly ine
able doom. Next I noticed that I
rather closer to the ground than I
accustomed to being when moun
in the saddle, and on looking dow
discovered that both my wheels h
taken a decided turn for the obl

It was raining quite spiritedly
that time, and there wasn't a car
the road. I had the option, therefo
of staying where I was, whimper
pathetically, or walking to the ne
est village, whimpering pathetica
I chose the latter.

The nearest village turned out
be some four kilometers distant, a
the trek took well over an ho
thanks to the rain and the rese
blance of my tires to paper clips
had a stroke of what I was beginni
to think of as uncharacteristic go
fortune on my arrival, however,
that a large rural bus was in to
about to depart for the storied Swa
ian metropolis of Schwäbisch Gmün
The bus driver, being an agreeab
sort of fellow, permitted my bicyc
to accompany me at half fare.

Schwäbisch Gmünd (pronounce
with the greatest difficulty) w
where I spent the next two days wh
my bicycle was fitted with ne
wheels, new brakes, new mudguard
new tires, and new pretensions
functionality at a cost only slight
in excess of the price I original
paid for it. Still, after many days
cycling, one becomes habituated
the rhythmic pulsing of one's legs
the pedals and the pervading bodi
glow of sustained uncoerced exertio
And so, in spite of all the expens
and frustrations I had endured, it wa
joy to me to be able to mount and s
off once again, down a one-way stre
in the middle of which I collide
head-on with a Volkswagen.

There is such a thing, I suggest, a
acquiescing to one's destiny. I ha
begun my trip as a novice and ha
had to learn the hard way. I had dea
with formidable challenges with tha
special brand of raw courage tha
only those who truly have no idea o
what they're doing can display. I ha
traveled over 500 miles without emit
ting so much as a molecule of carbo
monoxide and, apart from sever
lacerations and a broken leg, I was i
marvelous physical condition. I ha
everything to live for.

ONE BICYCLE FOR SALE. □





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THE ARC OF FLIGHT

Reading Carlos Castaneda: a primer on shamanism

the close of *Tales of Power*, don
ı, a Mexican Indian sorcerer, tells
apprentice goodbye. After thir-
years of listening to "tales of
er," the apprentice, Carlos Cas-
da, must now perform his own
of power. Don Juan, after sum-
izing his extensive teachings, com-
nds Castaneda to live with the to-
y of his being, and describes the
s of men who have failed to pay
ntion to the fullness around them.
en for whom an entire life was
one Sunday afternoon, an after-
n which was not altogether mis-
ble, but rather hot and dull and un-
nfortable. They sweated and fussed
reat deal. They didn't know where
go, or what to do. That afternoon
them only with the memory of
y annoyances and tedium, and
n suddenly it was over: it was al-
dy night." It is power arising from
ct experience of the world that
enable the apprentice to crack
glass of that Sunday afternoon
soar into the timeless realm of
-shaman.

The earliest depiction of the
man is found in cave paintings of
an with the head of a bird. Over
000 years later, his magical flight
till celebrated—in tales everyone
ws, in myths that unite humans
the hidden processes of nature.
ecstasies touched upon by every
gion, and, among certain peoples
emote regions, in shared states of
ordinary reality.

Nonordinary reality often appears
e marked by astonishing feats on
part of the shaman. Mircea Eli-
, professor of the history of reli-
n at the University of Chicago
the foremost scholar of shaman-
, has, in raising "the question of
reality of the extrasensory capa-
es and paranormal powers as-
ed to the shamans," stated that
though research into this question
is still at its beginning, a fairly large number of ethnographic documents has already put the authenticity of such phenomena beyond doubt."

Castaneda, who received a doctorate from the University of California at Los Angeles for his fieldwork with the sorcerer don Juan, is unique in being the first ethnographer to go through the arduous and lengthy training necessary to attain shamanhood. Although techniques vary from culture to culture, the goal of the apprenticeship appears to be a constant: the complete dismantling and reorganization of the entire sensory experience of the aspirant. For the full-fledged shaman, the question of what is "real" is irrelevant. From *The Teachings of Don Juan: A Yaqui Way of Knowledge* to *A Separate Reality: The Further Teachings of Don Juan* and *Journey to Ixtlan*, Castaneda has tried to give a phenomenological account of the orderly process by which don Juan took him from the everyday explanation of the world into the "sorcerer's explanation." In order to convey this experience—much of which was baffling and irrational to Castaneda—he was often forced to suspend his rational judgment of events and hold aside the veil of cultural attitudes that separated him from don Juan's world, a world in which the most fundamental units of reality were totally alien. In *Tales of Power*, Castaneda is at last able to carry on activities within the sorcerer's world while retaining an awareness that both the everyday description of reality and the sorcerer's description are equally detailed and arbitrary.

There has been considerable controversy about Castaneda's work, which is perhaps best seen as one more aspect of a much larger controversy. "In many related areas of thought, such as philosophy, psychology, physics, and medicine, the dominant concepts of the past fifty years are beginning to break down at the edges," Robert Ornstein has remarked. Ornstein, the author of *The Psychology of Consciousness*, is conducting studies at the Langley Porter Neuropsychiatric Institute on the conscious functions of the human brain. "Castaneda's extraordinary contribution," he goes on, "is to extend this process to cross-cultural studies, and he excels in demonstrating the difficulties for Western man in entering other orders of reality. He furthermore does an extraordinary job of portraying the reality of these nonordinary experiences."

Tales of Power is the most complex and dramatic volume in the series. Don Juan's eloquence (shamans everywhere have been found to have unusually large and poetic vocabularies) and the dazzling acts that he displays, together with his fellow shaman, don Genaro, manage to create a world in which the everyday is made immediate, intricate, and stark, and, as the excerpt that follows shows, the dreamed is made flesh.

In the arc of flight from the ordinary, the magician, the mystic, and the artist become one. At that moment, art and reality also merge, revealing to us—to borrow from Proust—"that reality far from which we live, from which we get farther and farther away as the conventional knowledge we substitute for it becomes thicker and more impermeable, the reality that we might die without having known and which is simply our life, real life, life finally discovered and clarified, consequently the only life that has been really lived—that life which in one sense is to be found at any time in all men."

—Gayneth Cravens

Carlos Castaneda

A TALE OF POWER

An appointment with knowledge

The conditions of a solitary bird are five:
The first, that it flies to the highest point;
the second, that it does not suffer for company, not even of its own kind;
the third, that it aims its beak to the skies;
the fourth, that it does not have a definite color;
the fifth, that it sings very softly.
—San Juan de la Cruz, *Dichos de Luz y A*

I HAD NOT SEEN don Juan for several months. It was the autumn of 1971. I had the certainty that he was at the house of don Genaro, a fellow sorcerer in central Mexico, and made the necessary preparations for a long drive to visit him. On the second day of my journey, however, on an impulse, I stopped at don Juan's place in Sonora in the midafternoon. To my surprise, I found him there.

My surprise seemed to delight him. He was sitting on an empty milk crate by the front door. He appeared to have been waiting for me. There was an air of accomplishment in the ease with which he greeted me. He took off his hat and flourished it in a comical gesture. Then he put it on again and gave me a military salute.

"Sit down, sit down," he said jovially.

"I was going to go all the way to central Mexico for nothing," I said. "And then I would've had to drive back to Los Angeles. Finding you here has saved me days of driving."

"Somehow you would've found me," he said in a mysterious tone, "but let's say that you owe me the six days that you would've needed to get there."

I mentioned that I had reviewed my early notes and had realized that he had been giving me a detailed description of the sorcerers' world from the beginning of our association. In light of what he had said to me in those stages, I had begun to question the role of hallucinogenic plants.

"Why did you make me take those power plants so many times?" I asked.

He mumbled softly, " 'Cause you're dumb." He tapped me on the head. "You're rather slow, and there was no other way to jolt you."

"So none of that was absolutely necessary?" I asked.

"It was, in your case. There are other types of people, however, that do not seem to need them."

He said that Eligio, his other apprentice, had taken psychotropic plants only once, and yet he was perhaps even more advanced than I was.

"To be sensitive is a natural condition of certain people," he said. "You are not. ..., neither am I. In the final analysis, sensiti y matters very little. You have already acc plished some tasks of sorcery, and I bel this is the time to mention the source of ev thing that matters. So I will say that what t ters to a warrior is arriving at the totality oneself."

He ended our conversation there, makin gesture to signal that he wanted me to stop ta ing. Apparently there was something or so body nearby. He tilted his head to the left, if to listen. I could see the whites of his e as he focused on the bushes beyond the hou He listened attentively for a few moments a then whispered that we had to go for a walk

"Is there something wrong?" I asked, also a whisper.

"No. Nothing is wrong," he said. "Eve thing is rather right."

He led me into the desert chaparral, to small circular area free from vegetation, a sp about twelve feet in diameter where the redd dirt was packed and perfectly flat. Don Ju sat down in the center of it, facing the sou east. He pointed to a place about five feet aw from him and asked me to sit there, facing hi

"We have an appointment here tonight," said.

He scanned the surroundings with a qui glance, turning around on his seat until he w again facing the southeast.

His movements had alarmed me. I asked hi whom we had the appointment with.

"With knowledge," he said. "Let's say th knowledge is prowling around here."

He quickly changed the subject and urg me to be natural, that is, to take notes and ta as we would have done at his house.

What was most pressing to me at that tin was the vivid sensation I had had six mont before of "talking" to a coyote. That eve meant to me that for the first time I had bee capable of visualizing or apprehending, throug

Carlos Castaneda is the author of Journey to Ixtlan, A Separate Reality, *and* The Teachings of Don Juan. *This article is adapted from his newest book,* Tales of Power, *to be published by Simon and Schuster in October.* *Copyright © 1974 by Carlos Castaneda.*

senses and in sober consciousness, the sor-
rs' description of the world, a description
hich communicating with animals through
ch was a matter of course.

We're not going to engage ourselves in
lling on any experience of that nature," don
n said upon hearing my question.

There are lots of things that you do now
ch would have seemed insane to you ten
s ago. Those things themselves did not
nge, but your idea of yourself changed;
t was impossible before is perfectly possible
, and perhaps your total success in chang-
yourself is only a matter of time. In this
ir the only possible course that a warrior
is to act consistently and without reserva-
ns. You know enough of the warrior's way
ct accordingly, but your old habits and rou-
s stand in your way."

understood what he meant.

Do you think that writing is one of the old
bits I should change?" I asked.

He did not answer. He stood up and turned
look at the edge of the chaparral.

told him that I had received letters from
ious people telling me that it was wrong to
te about my apprenticeship. They had cited
a precedent that the masters of Eastern eso-
ic doctrines demanded absolute secrecy about
ir teachings.

'Perhaps those masters are just indulging in
ng masters," don Juan said without looking
me. "I'm not a master, I'm only a warrior.
I really don't know what a master feels like."

"But maybe I'm revealing things I shouldn't.
n Juan."

"It doesn't matter what one reveals or what
e keeps to oneself," he said. "Everything we
, everything we are, rests on our personal
wer. If we have enough of it, one word ut-
ed to us might be sufficient to change the
urse of our lives. But if we don't have enough
rsonal power, the most magnificent piece of
sdom can be revealed to us and that revela-
n won't make a damn bit of difference."

Don Juan looked at the horizon and said that there were still a few hours of daylight left.

"We have to be here for a long time," he explained. "So, we either sit quietly or we talk. It is not natural for you to be silent, so let's keep on talking. This spot is a power place, and it must become used to us before nightfall. You must sit here, as naturally as possible, without fear or impatience. It seems that the easiest way for you to relax is to take notes, so write to your heart's content.

"And now, suppose you tell me about your *dreaming*."

"Dreaming" entailed cultivating a peculiar control over one's dreams to the extent that the experiences undergone in them and those lived in one's waking hours acquired the same pragmatic valence. The sorcerers' allegation was that under the impact of "dreaming," the ordinary criteria to differentiate a dream from reality became inoperative.

Don Juan's praxis of "dreaming" was an exercise that consisted of finding one's hands in a dream. In other words, one had to deliberately dream that one was looking for and could find one's hands in a dream by simply dreaming of lifting them to the level of the eyes.

After years of unsuccessful attempts I had finally accomplished the task. In retrospect, it had become evident to me that I had succeeded only after I had gained a degree of control over the world of my everyday life.

"To change our idea of the world is the crux of sorcery, and stopping the internal dialogue is the only way to accomplish it."

DON JUAN WANTED TO KNOW the salient points. I began telling him that the difficulty of setting up the command to look at my hands seemed to be, quite often, insurmountable. He had warned me that the early stage of the preparatory facet, which he called "setting up dreaming," consisted of a deadly game that one's mind played with itself, and that some part of myself was going to do everything it could to prevent the fulfillment of my task. That could include, don Juan had said, plunging me into a



hn Diele

loss of meaning, melancholy, or even a suicidal depression. I did not go that far, however. My experience was rather on the light, comical side; nonetheless, the result was equally frustrating. Every time I was about to look at my hands in a dream something extraordinary would happen; I would begin to fly, or my dream would turn into a nightmare, or it would simply become a very pleasant experience of bodily excitation; everything in the dream would extend far beyond the "normal" in matters of vividness and, therefore, be terribly absorbing. My original intention of observing my hands was always forgotten in light of the new situation.

One night, quite unexpectedly, I found my hands in my dream. I dreamt that I was walking on an unknown street in a foreign city and suddenly I lifted up my hands and placed them in front of my face. It was as if something within myself had given up and had permitted me to watch the backs of my hands.

Don Juan's instructions had been that as soon as the sight of my hands would begin to dissolve or change into something else, I had to shift my view from my hands to any other element in the surroundings of my dream. In that particular dream I shifted my view to a building. When the sight of the building began to dissipate, I focused my attention on the other elements of the surroundings in my dream. The end result was an incredibly clear composite picture of a deserted street in some unknown foreign city.

At the end of my report of this and other experiences in "dreaming," don Juan went to the bushes. I stood up, too. I was nervous. It was an unwarranted sensation, since there was nothing precipitating fear or concern. Don Juan returned shortly. He noticed my agitation.

He made me sit down and put my notebook on my lap. He coaxed me to write. His argument was that I should not disturb the power place with feelings of fear or hesitation.

"Why do I get so nervous?" I asked.

"It's natural," he said. "Something in you is threatened by your activities in *dreaming*. As long as you did not think about those activities, you were all right. But now that you have revealed your actions you're about to faint.

"Each warrior has his own way of *dreaming*. Each way is different. The only thing which we all have in common is that we play tricks in order to force ourselves to abandon the quest. The countermeasure is to persist in spite of all the barriers and disappointments. A warrior chooses a topic by deliberately holding an image in his mind while he shuts off his internal dialogue. In other words, if he is capable of not talking to himself for a moment and then holds the image or the thought of what he wants in *dreaming*, even if only for an instant, then the desired topic will come to him. I'm sure you've done that, although you were not aware of it."

He walked to the edge of the bushe
peered into the foliage. He seemed to be
ining something in the leaves, without g
too close to them.

"What are you doing?" I asked.

He returned to me, smiled, and raise
brow.

"The bushes are filled with strange thi
he said as he sat down again.

His tone was so casual that it scared me
than if he had let out a sudden yell. My
book and pencil fell from my hands. He lau
and mimicked me and said that my exagge
reactions were one of the loose ends that
existed in my life.

I wanted to raise a point, but he woul
let me talk.

He then added that, judging by my pro
tion in "dreaming," I must have learned ho
stop my internal dialogue at will. I told him
I had.

At the beginning of our association, don
had delineated another procedure: walking
long stretches without focusing the eyes on
thing. His recommendation had been to not
at anything directly but, by slightly crossing
eyes, to keep a peripheral view of everyth
that presented itself to the eyes. He had insis
although I had not understood at the time,
if one kept one's unfocused eyes at a point
above the horizon, it was possible to notice
once, everything in almost the total 180-deg
range in front of one's eyes. He had assured
that that exercise was the only way of shutt
off the internal dialogue.

I TOLD DON JUAN that I had practiced the te
nique for years without noticing any chan
but I had expected none anyway. One day, h
ever, I had the shocking realization that I
just walked for about ten minutes without h
ing said a single word to myself.

I mentioned to don Juan that on that oc
sion I also became cognizant that stopping
internal dialogue involved more than mer
curtailing the words I said to myself. My ent
thought processes had stopped, and I had fel
was practically suspended, floating. A sensati
of panic had ensued from that awareness, an
had to resume my internal dialogue as an an
dote.

"I've told you that the internal dialogue
what grounds us," don Juan said. "The wor
is such and such or so and so only because
talk to ourselves about its being such and su
or so and so."

Don Juan explained that the passageway in
the world of sorcerers opens up after the warri
has learned to shut off the internal dialogue.

"To change our idea of the world is the cru
of sorcery," he said, "and stopping the intern



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dialogue is the only way to accomplish it. The rest is just padding. Now you're in the position to know that nothing of what you've seen or done, with the exception of stopping the internal dialogue, could by itself have changed anything in you, or in your idea of the world. The provision is, of course, that that change should not be deranged."

We talked until it became dark and I could no longer take notes in a comfortable manner: I had to pay attention to my writing and that altered my concentration. Don Juan became aware of it and began to laugh. He pointed out that I had accomplished another sorcery task, writing without concentrating. The moment he said it, I realized that I really did not pay attention to the act of taking notes. It seemed to be a separate activity I had nothing to do with.

When it grew dark, he asked me to command myself to be silent and without thoughts. I could not do it at first and had a moment of impatience. Don Juan turned his back to me and told me to lean on his shoulder for support. He said that once I had quieted down my thoughts, I should keep my eyes open, facing the bushes toward the southeast. He added that he was setting up a problem for me, and that if I resolved it I would be ready for another facet of the sorcerers' world.

Then something in me was turned off. I felt I was suspended. My ears seemed to unplug, and a myriad of noises in the chaparral became audible. There were so many that I could not distinguish them individually. I felt I was f asleep and then all at once something caugl attention. It was not something which inv my thought processes; it was not a vision, feature of the environment either, yet my a ness had been engaged. I was fully awake eyes were focused on a spot on the edge c chaparral, but I was not looking, or thinkin talking to myself. My feelings were clear b sensations; they did not need words. I was rushing through something indefinite. haps what would have ordinarily been thoughts were rushing; at any rate, I hac sensation that I had been caught in a land and something was avalanching, with me a crest. I felt the rush in my stomach. Somet was pulling me into the chaparral. I could tinguish the dark mass of the bushes in fro me. It was not, however, an undifferenti darkness as it would ordinarily be. I coulc every individual bush as if I were looking in a dark twilight. They seemed to be mov the mass of their foliage looked like black s flowing toward me as if they were being b by the wind, but there was no wind. I bec absorbed in their mesmerizing movement was a pulsating ripple that seemed to draw t nearer and nearer to me. And then I notic lighter silhouette which seemed to be supe posed on the dark shapes of the bushes. I cused my eyes on a spot to the side of the lig silhouette, and I could make out a chartre glow on it. Then I looked at it without focu



I had the certainty that the lighter silhou- was a man hiding in the underbrush.

was, at that moment, in a most peculiar e of awareness. I was cognizant of the sur- ndings and of the mental processes that the roundings engendered in myself, yet I was thinking as I ordinarily think. For a mo- nt I had the impression that I could hold the n and force him to remain where he was. I n experienced a strange pain in the pit of my mach. Something seemed to rip inside me, l I could not hold the muscles of my midsec- n tense any longer. At the very moment I let the dark shape of an enormous bird, or some t of flying animal, lurched at me from the aparral. It was as if the shape of the man had ned into the shape of a bird. I had the clear nscious perception of fear. I gasped and then out a loud yell and fell on my back.

Don Juan helped me up. His face was very se to mine. He was laughing.

"What was that?" I shouted.

He put his hand over my mouth and whis- red that we had to leave the area in a calm d collected fashion, as if nothing had hap- ned.

We walked side by side. His pace was relaxed d even. A couple of times he turned around ickly. I did the same and twice I caught sight a dark mass that seemed to be following us. heard a loud shriek behind me. I experienced moment of sheer terror; ripples ran through e muscles of my stomach; they came in spasms and grew in intensity until they simply forced my body to run.

Suddenly I found myself again at don Juan's house. Apparently he had also run, and we had arrived at the same time.

"What happened out there, don Juan?" I finally asked.

"You had an appointment with knowledge," he said. "I took you there because I caught a glimpse of knowledge prowling around the house earlier. You might say that knowledge knew that you were coming and was waiting for you. Rather than meeting it here, I felt it was proper to meet it on a power spot. Then I set up a test to see if you had enough personal power to isolate it from the rest of the things around us. You did fine."

"Wait a minute!" I protested. "I saw the silhouette of a man hiding behind a bush, and then I saw a huge bird."

"You didn't see a man!" he said emphatically. "Neither did you see a bird. The silhouette in the bushes and what flew to us was a moth. If you want to be accurate in sorcerers' terms, but very ridiculous in your own terms, you could say that tonight you had an appointment with a moth. Knowledge is a moth."

AFTER A TIME, I heard a strange deep sound, like tapping on wood, that came from the chaparral. Don Juan jutted his chin, signaling me to remain alert.

"Words always force us to feel enlightened, but when we turn around to face the world they always fail us."



"That's the little moth calling you," he said in an unemotional tone.

I jumped to my feet. The sound ceased instantaneously. I looked at don Juan for an explanation. He made a comical gesture of helplessness, shrugging his shoulders.

"You haven't fulfilled your appointment yet," he added.

I told him that I felt unworthy and that perhaps I should go home and come back when I felt stronger.

"You're talking nonsense," he snapped. "A warrior takes his lot, whatever it may be, and accepts it in ultimate humbleness. He accepts in humbleness what he is, not as grounds for regret but as a living challenge. That's why I told you earlier today that I didn't understand what masters felt like. I know only the humbleness of a warrior, and that will never permit me to be anyone's master."

We were quiet for a moment. His words had caused me a profound agitation. I was moved by them and at the same time I felt concerned with what I had witnessed in the chaparral. My conscious assessment was that don Juan was holding out on me and that he must have known what was really taking place.

I was involved in those deliberations when the same strange tapping noise jolted me out of my thoughts.

"You like the humbleness of a beggar," he said softly. "You bow your head to reason."

"I always think that I'm being tricked," I said. "That's the crux of my problem."

"You're right. You are being tricked," he retorted with a disarming smile. "That cannot be your problem. The real crux of the matter is that you feel that I am deliberately lying to you, am I correct?"

"Yes. There is something in myself that doesn't let me believe that what's taking place is real."

"You're right again. Nothing of what is taking place is real."

"What do you mean by that, don Juan?"

"Things are real only after one has learned to agree on their realness. What took place this evening, for instance, cannot possibly be real to you, because no one could agree with you about it."

"Do you mean that you didn't see what happened?"

"Of course I did. But I don't count. I am the one who's lying to you, remember?"

His expression was deliberately comical, and we both laughed. I told him that what he had just said made me feel more afraid than ever.

"You're afraid of me?" he asked.

"Not of you, but of what you represent."

"I represent the warrior's freedom. Are you afraid of that?"

"No. But I'm afraid of the awesomeness of your knowledge. There is no solace for n haven to go to."

"You're again confusing issues. S haven, fear, all of them are moods that you learned without ever questioning their valu one can see, the black magicians have al engaged all your allegiance."

"Who are the black magicians, don Jua

"Our fellow men are the black magic And since you are with them, you too a black magician. Think for a moment. Ca deviate from the path that they've lined u you? No. Your thoughts and your action fixed forever in their terms. That is slaver on the other hand, brought you freedom. dom is expensive, but the price is not in sible. So, fear your captors, your masters. I waste your time and your power fearing m

I knew that he was right, and yet in spi my genuine agreement with him I also knew my lifelong habits would make me stick t old path. I did indeed feel like a slave.

After a long silence don Juan asked me had enough strength for another bout knowledge.

"What do you really mean when you say knowledge is a moth?" I asked.

"I have no other meanings," he replied. moth is a moth. I thought that by now, wit your accomplishments, you would have enough power to *see*. You caught sight man instead, and that was not true *seeing*."

FROM THE BEGINNING of my apprentices don Juan had depicted the concept of " ing" as a special capacity that one could de op and which would allow one to apprehend "ultimate" nature of things.

Over the years of our association I had veloped a notion that what he meant by " ing" was an intuitive grasp of things, or capacity to understand something at once. perhaps the ability to see through human teractions and discover covert meanings motives.

"I should say that tonight, when you faced moth, you were half looking and half *seein* don Juan proceeded. "In that state, altho you were not altogether your usual self, were still capable of being fully aware in or to operate your knowledge of the world. Y knowledge of the world told you that in bushes one can only find animals prowling men hiding. You held that thought, and na rally you had to find ways to make the wo conform to that thought."

"But I wasn't thinking at all, don Juan."

"Let's not call it thinking, then. It is, rath the habit of having the world always conform our thoughts. When it doesn't, we simply ma it conform. Moths as large as a man cannot

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even a thought, therefore, for you, what was in the bushes had to be a man.

"The same thing happened with the coyote. Your old habits decided the nature of that encounter, too. Something took place between you and the coyote, but it wasn't talk. I have been in the same quandary myself. I've told you that once I talked with a deer; now you've talked to a coyote, but neither you nor I will ever know what really took place."

"What are you telling me, don Juan?"

"When the sorcerers' explanation became clear to me, it was too late to know what the deer did to me. I said that we talked, but that wasn't so. To say that we had a conversation is only a way of arranging it so I can talk about it. The deer and I did something, but at the time it was taking place I needed to make the world conform to my ideas, just like you did. I had been talking all my life, just like you, therefore my habits prevailed and were extended to the deer. When the deer came to me and did whatever it did, I was forced to understand it as talking."

"Is this the sorcerers' explanation?"

"No. This is my explanation for you. But it is not opposed to the sorcerers' explanation."

His statement threw me into a state of great intellectual excitation. For a while I forgot the prowling moth or even to take notes. I tried to rephrase his statements, and we involved ourselves in a long discussion about the reflexive nature of our world. The world, according to don Juan, had to conform to its description; that is, the description reflected itself.

I felt a shiver; my heart began to pound fast.

Don Juan signaled me to sit down and keep on writing. "If you get too frightened, you won't be able to keep your appointment," he said. "A warrior must be calm and collected and must never lose his grip."

"I'm really scared," I said. "Moth or whatever, there is something prowling around out there in the bushes."

"Of course there is!" he exclaimed. "My objection is that you insist on thinking that it is a man, just like you insist on thinking that you talked with a coyote."

A part of me fully understood his point: there was, however, another aspect of myself that would not let go and in spite of the evidence clung to "reason."

I told don Juan that his explanation did not satisfy my senses, although I was in complete intellectual agreement with it.

"That's the flaw with words," he said in an assuring tone. "They always force us to feel enlightened, but when we turn around to face the world they always fail us and we end up facing the world as we always have, without enlightenment. For this reason, a sorcerer seeks to act rather than to talk, and to this effect he gets a new description of the world—a new de tion where talking is not that important, where new acts have new reflections."

He sat down by me and gazed into my and asked me to voice what I had really "s in the chaparral.

I was confronted at the moment with a sorbing inconsistency. I had seen the shape of a man, but I had also seen that s turn into a bird. I had, therefore, witnessed than my reason would allow me to consider sible. But rather than discarding my reason gether, something in myself had selected of my experience, such as the size and ge contour of the dark shape, and held the reasonable possibilities, while it discarded parts, such as the dark shape turning into a And thus I had become convinced that I seen a man.

Don Juan said that sooner or later the so ers' explanation would come to my rescue, everything would then be perfectly clear, out having to be reasonable or unreasonab

"In the meantime, all I can do for you guarantee that that was not a man," he sai

WE WENT OUTSIDE, to the ramada in f of the house. Don Juan hooked the kero lantern on a beam.

"We're going to sit here," he said, "and are going to write and talk to me in a very mal manner. The moth that lurched at yo day is around. After a while it'll come clos look at you. That's why I've put the lanter a beam right above you. The light will guide moth to find you. When it gets to the edge o bushes, it will call you. It is a very special so The sound by itself may help you. It is a s Ordinarily it cannot be heard, but the moth there is a rare moth; you will hear its call c ly, and, providing that you are impeccabl will remain with you for the rest of your life"

"What is it going to help me with?"

"Tonight you're going to try to finish v you've started earlier. *Seeing* happens only w the warrior is capable of stopping the inte dialogue.

"Today, you stopped your talk at will. you *saw*. What you *saw* was not clear. thought that it was a man. I say it was a m Neither of us is correct, but that's because have to talk. I still have the upper hand beca I *see* better than you and because I'm fami with the sorcerers' explanation; so I know though it's not altogether accurate, that shape you *saw* tonight was a moth.

"And now you're going to remain silent thoughtless and let that little moth come to again."

I could hardly take notes. Don Juan urged to keep on writing as if nothing bothered

said that writing was the best shield that I

t that moment, I heard a sound like a muf- creaking of a branch rubbing against an- r, or like the sputtering of a small motor d from a distance. It changed scales, like a ical tone, creating an eerie rhythm. Then it ped.

That was the moth," don Juan said. "Per- s you've already noticed that, although the t of the lantern is bright enough to attract hs, there isn't a single one flying around it."

had not paid attention to it, but once don n made me aware of it, I also noticed an edible silence in the desert around the house.

Don't get jumpy," he said calmly. "There is hing in this world that a warrior cannot ac- nt for. You see, a warrior considers himself ady dead, so there is nothing for him to lose. worst has already happened to him; there- e, he's clear and calm. Judging him by his s or by his words, one would never suspect t he has witnessed everything."

Don Juan's words, and above all his mood, re very soothing to me. I told him that in my -to-day life I no longer experienced the ob- sive fear I used to, but that my body entered o convulsions of fright at the thought of what s out there in the dark.

"Out there, there is only knowledge," he said a factual tone. "Knowledge is frightening, e; but if a warrior accepts the frightening ture of knowledge he cancels out its awesome- ss."

The sputtering noise happened again. It med closer and louder. I listened carefully. e more attention I paid to it, the more diffi- lt it was to determine its nature. It did not em to be the call of a bird or the cry of a land imal. The tone of each sputter was rich and ep; some were produced in a low key, others a high one. They had a rhythm and a specific ration. Some were long; others were short and ppened in a cluster, like the staccato sound of machine gun.

"The moths are the heralds or, better yet, the ardians of eternity," don Juan said after the und had stopped. "For some reason, or for no ason at all, they are the depositories of the ld dust of eternity."

The metaphor was foreign to me. I asked n to explain it.

"The moths carry a dust on their wings," he d. "A dark gold dust. That dust is the dust knowledge."

His explanation had made the metaphor even re obscure. I vacillated for a moment trying find the best way of wording my question. But began to talk again.

"Knowledge for a warrior is something that mes at once, engulfs him, and passes on."

"What does knowledge have to do with the dust on the wings of moths?" I asked after a long pause.

"The moths have been the intimate friends and helpers of sorcerers from time immemorial," he said. "Knowledge comes floating like specks of gold dust, the same dust that covers the wings of moths. So, for a warrior, knowledge is like being rained on by specks of dark gold dust.

"The problem for tonight is *seeing* people," he said. "First you must stop your internal dialogue, then you must bring up the image of the person that you want to *see*; any thought that one holds in mind in a state of silence is properly a command, since there are no other thoughts to compete with it. Tonight the moth in the bushes wants to help you, so it will sing for you. Its song will bring the golden specks, and then you will *see* the person you've selected."

I wanted to have more details, but he made an abrupt gesture and signaled me to proceed.

After struggling for a few minutes to stop my internal dialogue, I was thoroughly silent. And then I deliberately held the brief thought of a friend of mine. I kept my eyes closed for what I believed to be just an instant, and then I became aware that someone was shaking me by the shoulders. I opened my eyes and found myself lying on my left side. I had apparently fallen asleep so deeply that I did not remember having slumped to the ground. Don Juan said we had to start all over.

I FOLLOWED the necessary steps. The strange sputtering sound happened again. This time, however, it did not come from the chaparral; rather is seemed to happen inside of me, as if my lips, or legs, or arms were producing it. The sound soon engulfed me. I felt like soft balls were being sputtered out from or against me; it was a soothing, exquisite feeling of being bombarded by heavy cotton puffs. Suddenly I heard a door blown open by a gust of wind and I was thinking again. I thought that I had ruined another chance. I opened my eyes and found myself in my room. The objects on my desk were as I had left them. The door was open; there was a strong wind outside. The thought crossed my mind that I should check the water heater. I then heard a rattling on the sliding windows that I had put up myself and which did not fit well on the window frame. It was a furious rattling, as if someone wanted to enter. I experienced a jolt of fright. I stood up from my chair. I felt something pulling me. I screamed.

Don Juan was shaking me by the shoulders. I excitedly gave him an account of my vision. It had been so vivid that I was shivering. I felt that I had just been at my desk, in my full corporeal form.

Don Juan shook his head in disbelief and said that I was a genius in tricking myself. He flatly

"Knowledge is frightening, true; but if a warrior accepts the frightening nature of knowledge he cancels out its awesomeness."

discarded my account and ordered me to start again.

I then heard the mysterious sound coming from the chaparral; I felt it as if it were coming from the depths of myself. The sound came to me, as don Juan had suggested, in the form of a rain of golden specks. They seemed to not be flakes but, rather, spherical bubbles. They floated toward me. One of them burst open and revealed a scene to me. It was as if it had stopped in front of my eyes and opened up, disclosing a strange object. It looked like a mushroom. I was definitely looking at it, and what I was experiencing was not a dream. The mushroomlike object remained unchanged within my field of "vision," and then it popped, as though the light that was shining on it had been turned off. An interminable darkness followed it. I felt a tremor, a very unsettling jolt, and then I had the abrupt realization that I was being shaken. All at once my senses were turned on. Don Juan was shaking me vigorously, and I was looking at him. I must have just opened my eyes.

He sprinkled water on my face. The coldness of the water was very appealing. After a moment's pause he wanted to know what had happened.

I recounted every detail of my vision.

"But what did I *see*?" I asked.

"Your friend," he retorted.

I laughed and patiently explained that I had "seen" a mushroomlike figure. Although I had no criteria to judge dimensions, I had had the feeling that it was about a foot long.

Don Juan emphasized that feeling was all that counted. He said that my feelings were the gauge that assessed the state of being of the su that I was "seeing."

"From your description and your feeli must conclude that your friend must be a fine man," he said.

I was baffled by his words.

He said that the mushroomlike formatio the essential shape of human beings when cerer was "seeing" them from far away when a sorcerer was directly facing the p he was "seeing," the human quality was s as an egglike cluster of luminous fibers.

"You were not facing your friend," he "Therefore, he appeared like a mushroom. simply is the way men appear in this sp type of *seeing*."

He added that every feature of the mush like formation had a special significance that it was impossible for a beginner to rately interpret that significance.

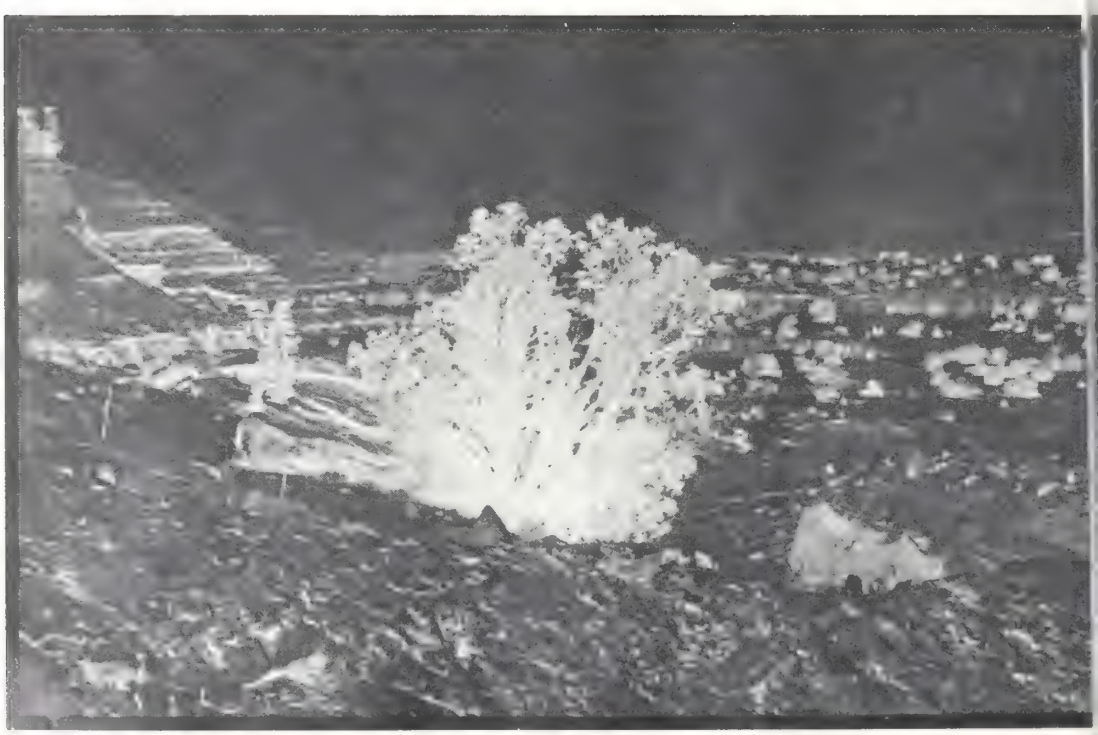
I then had an intriguing recollection. years before, in a state of nonordinary r elicited by the intake of psychotropic pla had experienced or perceived, while I was ing at a water stream, that a cluster of bu floated toward me, engulfing me. The g bubbles I had just envisioned had floated engulfed me in exactly the same manne fact, I could say that both clusters had ha same structure and the same pattern.

Don Juan listened to my commentaries out interest.

"Don't waste your power on trifles," he "You are dealing with that immensity out th

He pointed toward the chaparral.

"To turn that magnificence out there



sonableness doesn't do anything for you. re, surrounding us, is eternity itself. To en- e in reducing it to a manageable nonsense is ty and outright disastrous."

He then insisted that I should attempt to "see" ers of my acquaintance. He added that once vision had terminated I should strive to open eyes by myself and surface to the full aware- s of my immediate surroundings.

By the time I had finished calling on thirty- people, I found that I had "seen" a variety mushroomlike shapes and glows, and I had d a variety of feelings toward them, ranging m mild delight to sheer disgust.

Don Juan explained that men were filled with nfigurations that could be wishes, problems, rows, worries, and so on. He asserted that ly a profoundly powerful sorcerer could un- ngle the meaning of those configurations, and at I had to be content with viewing only the neral shape of men.

My overall sensation was one of queasiness. ose strange shapes had made me feel trapped d doomed.

Don Juan then asked me to call on people at he himself would select.

A new series of forms emerged. They were t mushroomlike, but looked more like Japa- se cups for sake, turned upside down. Their apes were appealing and peaceful. I sensed at there was some inherent feeling of happi- ss about them. They bounced, as opposed to e earthbound heaviness that the previous batch d exhibited.

"Why are those people shaped differently?" asked.

"They have more personal power," he replied.

"What has given them that lightness? Were they born that way?"

"We all are born that light and bouncy, but we become earthbound and fixed. We make ourselves that way. So perhaps we may say that these people are shaped differently because they live like warriors."

WE STOOD UP and stretched his arms and legs. He told me to do the same. I noticed that there was a tinge of light in the sky toward the east. We sat down again. He leaned over and whispered, "The last person you're going to call is Genaro."

I felt a surge of curiosity and excitation. I breezed through the required steps. The strange sound from the edge of the chaparral became vivid and acquired new strength. I had almost forgotten about it. The golden bubbles engulfed me and then in one of them I saw don Genaro himself. He was standing in front of me, holding his hat in his hand. He was smiling. I hurriedly opened my eyes and was about to speak to don Juan, but before I could say a word my body stiffened like a board; my hair stood on end and for a long moment I did not know what to do or say. Don Genaro was standing right in front of me. In person!

I turned to don Juan; he was smiling. Then both of them broke into a giant laugh. I also tried to laugh. I could not. I stood up.

Don Genaro scratched his head and hid a grin.

"Aren't you going to greet Genaro?" don Juan asked.

"The moths are the heralds, or, better yet, the guardians of eternity," don Juan said. "They carry a dark gold dust on their wings, the dust of knowledge."



It took an enormous effort for me to organize my thoughts and my feelings. I finally mumbled some greetings to don Genaro. He took a bow.

"You called me, didn't you?" he asked.

I muttered my amazement at having found him standing there.

"He did call you," don Juan interjected.

"Well, here I am," don Genaro said to me. "What can I do for you?"

Slowly my mind seemed to become clear, and I "knew" what had really taken place: don Genaro had been visiting with don Juan, and as soon as they had heard my car approaching, don Genaro had slipped into the bushes and had remained in hiding until it got dark. Don Juan, since he had no doubt engineered the entire affair, gave me clues from time to time, thus guiding its development. At the appropriate time, don Genaro had made me notice his presence, and when don Juan and I were walking back to the house, he followed us in the most obvious manner in order to arouse my fear. Then he had waited in the chaparral and made the strange sound whenever don Juan had signaled him. The final signal to come out from behind the bushes must have been given by don Juan while my eyes were closed after he had asked me to "call" don Genaro. Then don Genaro must have walked to the ramada, waited until I opened my eyes, and then scared me out of my wits.

The only incongruencies in my logical explanatory scheme were that I had actually seen the man hiding in the bushes turn into a bird, and that I had first visualized don Genaro as an image in a golden bubble. In my vision he had been dressed exactly as he was in person. Since there was no logical way for me to explain those incongruencies, I assumed, as I have always done in similar circumstances, that the emotional stress may have played an important role in determining what I "believed I saw."

I began to laugh quite involuntarily at the thought of their preposterous trick. I told them about my deductions. They laughed uproariously. I honestly believed that their laughter was the giveaway.

"You were hiding in the bushes, weren't you?" I asked don Genaro.

Don Juan sat down and held his head in both hands.

"No. I wasn't hiding," don Genaro said patiently. "I was far from here and then you called, so I came to see you."

"Where were you, don Genaro?"

"Far away."

"How far?"

Don Juan interrupted me and said that don Genaro had showed up as an act of deference to me, and that I could not ask where he had been, because he had been nowhere.

Don Genaro came to my defense and said that it was all right to ask him anything.

"If you were not hiding around the bou where were you, don Genaro?" I asked

"I was at my house," he said with gre candor.

"In central Mexico?"

"Yes! It's the only house I've got."

They looked at each other and again bro into laughter. I knew that they were kiddi but I decided not to contest the point an fu ther. I thought they must have had a reas f engaging themselves in such an elaborat pr duction. I sat down.

I felt that I was truthfully cut in two; on part of me was not shocked at all and ou accept any of don Juan's or don Genaro's ats their face value. But there was another p t me that flatly refused; it was my strongest bar My conscious assessment was that I had a cep ed don Juan's sorcery description of the for merely on an intellectual basis, while my od as a whole entity refused it, thus my dile But then, over the course of the years o m association with don Juan and don Gena had experienced extraordinary phenomena an those had been bodily experiences, not int lec tual ones. Earlier that very night I had na incredible visions through no other means na my own volition.

I explained to them the nature of my pa and at the same time bona fide perplexity.

"This guy is a genius," don Juan said to lo Genaro, shaking his head in disbelief.

"You're a huge genius, Carlitos," don Ge n said, as if he were relaying a message.

DON JUAN ORDERED ME to stop my thou but to keep my eyes open, focused on h edge of the chaparral in front of me. He li that the moth had changed positions bec s don Genaro was there, and that if it were ge to manifest itself to me, it would choose to c from the front.

After a moment's struggle to quiet thoughts, I perceived the sound again. It richer than ever. I heard first the muffled st on dry twigs, and then I felt them on my bo At that instant I distinguished a dark mass rectly in front of me, at the edge of the chapar

I felt I was being shaken. I opened my ey Don Juan and don Genaro were standing ab me and I was kneeling, as if I had fallen asl in a crouching position. Don Juan gave me so water, and I sat down again with my ba against the wall.

A short while later it was dawn. The chap ral seemed to wake up. The morning cold w crisp and invigorating.

The moth had not been don Genaro. My tional structure was falling apart. I did not wa to ask any more questions, nor did I want remain quiet. I finally had to talk.

But if you were in central Mexico, don
ro, how did you get here?" I asked.
on Genaro made some ludicrous and utterly
ious gestures with his mouth.
'm sorry," he said to me, "my mouth
n't want to talk."
e then turned to don Juan and said, grin-
, "Why don't you tell him?"
on Juan vacillated. Then he said that don
aro, as a consummate artist of sorcery, was
ble of prodigious deeds.
on Genaro's chest swelled as if don Juan's
ls were inflating it. He seemed to have in-
d so much air that his chest looked twice
ormal size. He appeared to be on the verge
oating. He leaped in the air. I had the im-
sion that the air inside his lungs had forced
to jump. He paced back and forth on the
floor until he apparently got his chest un-
control; he patted it and with great force
the palms of his hands from his pectoral
cles to his stomach as if he were deflating
inner tube of a tire. He finally sat down.
Don Juan's eyes were shining with sheer de-
it. "Write your notes," he ordered me softly.
rite, write, or you'll die!"
Then he remarked that even don Genaro no
ger felt that my taking notes was so out-
dish.
"That's right!" don Genaro retorted. "I've
n thinking of taking up writing myself."
"Genaro is a man of knowledge," don Juan
d. "And, being a man of knowledge, he's per-
tly capable of transporting himself over great
tances."
He reminded me that once, years before, the
ee of us had been in the mountains, and that
n Genaro, in an effort to help me overcome
stupid reason, had taken a prodigious leap
the peaks of the Sierras, ten miles away. I
nembered the event, but I also remembered
t I could not even conceive that he had
nped.
Don Juan added that don Genaro was capable
performing extraordinary feats at certain
es.
"Genaro at certain times is not Genaro but
double," he said.
He repeated it three or four times. Then both
them watched me as if waiting for my im-
ding reaction.
I had not understood what he meant by "his
uble." He had never mentioned that before.
sked for a clarification.
"There is another Genaro," he explained.
All three of us looked at one another. I be-
ne very apprehensive.
"You may say," don Juan went on, "that at
s moment Genaro is his twin."
That statement brought them both a fit of
ghter. But I could not enjoy their mirth. My
dy shivered involuntarily.

Don Juan said in a severe tone that I was too heavy and self-important.

"Let go!" he commanded me. "You know that Genaro is capable of performing deeds that would be unthinkable for the average man. His double, the other Genaro, is one of those deeds."

After pondering for a long time what to say next, I asked, "Is the other like the self?"

"The other is the self," don Juan replied.

"What's the other made of?" I asked don Juan after minutes of indecision.

"There is no way of knowing that," he said.

"Is it real or just an illusion?"

"It's real, of course."

"Would it be possible then to say that it is made of flesh and blood?" I asked.

"No. It would not be possible," don Genaro answered.

"But if it is as real as I am . . . "

"As real as you?" don Juan and don Genaro interjected in unison.

Don Genaro threw his hat on the floor and danced around it. His dance was agile and graceful and, for some inexplicable reason, utterly funny. Perhaps the humor was in the exquisitely "professional" movements he executed. The incongruency was so subtle and at the same time so remarkable that I doubled up with laughter.

"The trouble with you, Carlitos," he said as he sat down again, "is that you're a genius."

"I have to know about the double," I said.

"There's no way of knowing whether he's flesh and blood," don Juan said, "because he is not as real as you. Genaro's double is as real as Genaro. Do you see what I mean?"

"But you have to admit, don Juan, that there must be a way to know."

"The double is the self: that explanation should suffice. If you would *see*, however, you'd know that there is a great difference between Genaro and his double. For a sorcerer who *sees*, the double is brighter."

"A sorcerer has no notion that he is in two places at once. To be aware of that would be the equivalent of facing his double, and the sorcerer that finds himself face to face with himself is a dead sorcerer."

I FELT I WAS TOO WEAK to ask any more questions. I put my writing pad down and for a moment I thought I was going to pass out. I had tunnel vision; everything around me was dark with the exception of a round spot of clear scenery in front of my eyes.

Don Genaro announced that he was famished, and went to the back of the house. Don Juan also stood up and signaled me to follow. In the kitchen, don Genaro gave himself a serving of food and then began comically mimicking a person who wants to eat but can't swallow.

I ate a huge amount of food, and so did don Juan; then we all returned to the front of the house. The sunlight was brilliant, the sky was clear, and the morning breeze sharpened the air. I felt happy and strong.

We sat in a triangle facing one another. I felt



She'll enjoy exotic new forms of energy. But what about her parents?

We're all for alternates to conventional oil, gas and coal. We're working on some of them in our labs. And we predict that today's babies will, as adults, enjoy many of them. Solar energy. Petroleum from oil shale, tar sands, and coal. Perhaps even power from tidal surges and windmills far out to sea.

But we worry that Americans will expect too much, too soon, from such energy newcomers. And that this will divert our country from the vital task of enlarging conventional energy production.

Our research people tell us that petroleum from coal and shale can't have much impact until 1985, at the earliest. And it will probably be the end of this century before solar energy can help much.

These new processes still contain research and production bugs that will take many years and billions of dollars to work out. Most of them involve environmental trade-offs requiring extensive national debate. Just one example: we already know how to make shale into gasoline. But enough such gasoline to fill your car's tank would require the crushing—and disposal—of a ton of rock. Where to put it so it won't scar the landscape?

We are already experiencing the kind of snag that can develop. Though 30 years have passed since atomic power became a reality, it provides only 1 percent of the energy America consumes. Every new atomic plant proposal faces a battle for community acceptance.

To maintain America's living standards—and continue our progress toward a better environment—will require enormous, increasing amounts of energy. For the next 10 years, at least, this must come largely from oil and natural gas.

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that I was again in top form and wanted to exploit my strength.

"Tell me more about the double, don Juan," I said.

"A double is the sorcerer himself, developed through his *dreaming*," don Juan explained. "A double is an act of power to a sorcerer but only a tale of power to you. In the case of Genaro, his double is indistinguishable from the original. That's because his impeccability as a warrior is supreme; thus, you've never noticed the difference yourself. But in the years that you've known him, you've been with the original Genaro only twice; every other time you've been with his double."

"But this is preposterous!" I exclaimed.

I felt an anxiety building up in my chest. I became so agitated that I dropped my writing pad, and my pencil rolled out of sight. Don Juan and don Genaro immediately began a most farcical search for it. I had never seen a more astonishing performance of theatrical magic and sleight of hand. Except that there was no stage, or props, or any type of gadgetry, and the performers did not seem to be using sleight of hand.

Don Genaro, the head magician, and his assistant, don Juan, produced in a matter of minutes the most astounding, bizarre, and outlandish collection of objects which they found underneath, or behind, or above every object within the periphery of the ramada.

In the style of stage magic, don Genaro would proceed to find an object, which he would throw away as soon as he had attested that it was not my pencil. The collection of objects found included pieces of clothing, wigs, eyeglasses, toys, utensils, pieces of machinery, women's underwear, human teeth, sandwiches, and religious objects. One of them was outright disgusting. It was a piece of compact human excrement that don Genaro took from underneath my jacket. Finally, don Genaro found my pencil and handed it to me after dusting it off with the tail of his shirt.

They celebrated their clowning with yells and chuckles. I found myself watching, unable to join them.

"Don't take things so seriously, Carlitos," don Genaro said with a tone of concern.

After their laughter subsided, I asked what a double did, or what a sorcerer did with the double.

Don Juan said that the double had power, and that it was used to accomplish feats that would be unimaginable under ordinary terms.

"I've told you time and time again that the world is unfathomable," he said to me. "And so are we, and so is every being that exists in this world. It is impossible, therefore, to reason out the double. You've been allowed to witness it, though, and that should be more than enough."

"But there must be a way to talk about it," I said. "You yourself have told me that y[ou] plained your conversation with the deer i[n] to talk about it. Can't you do the same w[ith] double?"

He was quiet for a moment. I pleade[d wi] him. The anxiety I was experiencing was b[e] anything I had ever gone through.

"Well, a sorcerer can double up," don [Ju] said. "That's all one can say."

"But is he aware that he is doubled?"

"Of course he's aware of it."

"Does he know that he is in two pla[ces] once?"

Both of them looked at me, and ther[e] exchanged a glance.

"Where is the other don Genaro?" I ask[ed.]

Don Genaro leaned toward me and st[ared] into my eyes.

"I don't know," he said softly. "No so[rce]r knows where his other is."

"Genaro is right," don Juan said. "A so[rce]r has no notion that he is in two places at [on]ce. To be aware of that would be the equivale[nt] facing his double, and the sorcerer that [is] himself face to face with himself is a dea[d so]rcerer. That is the rule. That is the way p[ow]er has set things up. No one knows why."

Don Juan explained that by the time a wa[rri]or had conquered "dreaming" and "seeing" [and] had developed a double, he must have also [suc]ceeded in erasing personal history, self-im[por]tance, and routines. He said that all the [tech]niques which he had taught me and which I [had] considered to be empty talk were, in ess[ence] means for removing the impracticality of ha[ving] a double in the ordinary world, by making [the] self and the world fluid, and by placing [them] outside the bounds of prediction.

"A fluid warrior can no longer make the w[orld] chronological," don Juan explained. "And [for] him, the world and himself are no longer obj[ects.] He's a luminous being existing in a lumi[nous] world. The double is a simple affair for a [sor]cerer because he knows what he's doing. T[o] take notes is a simple affair for you, but [you] still scare Genaro with your pencil."

"Can an outsider, looking at a sorcerer, [see] that he is in two places at once?" I asked [don] Juan.

"Certainly. That would be the only way [to] know it."

"But can't one logically assume that the [sor]cerer would also notice that he has been in [two] places?"

"Aha!" don Juan exclaimed. "For o[nce] you've got it right. A sorcerer may certainly [no]tice afterward that he has been in two places [at] once. But this is only bookkeeping and has [no] bearing on the fact that while he's acting he [has] no notion of his duality."

I felt that if I did not keep on writing I would explode.

INK OF THIS," he went on. "The world esn't yield to us directly, the description e world stands in between. So, properly ing, we are always one step removed, and xperience of the world is always a recoln of the experience. We are perennially ecting the instant that has just happened, assed. We recollect, recollect, recollect."

turned his hand over and over to give me eling of what he meant.

f our entire experience of the world is rection, then it's not so outlandish to conclude a sorcerer can be in two places at once. is not the case from the point of view of wn perception, because in order to experi the world, a sorcerer, like every other man, to recollect the act he has just performed, vent he has just witnessed, the experience as just lived. In his awareness there is only gle recollection. But for an outsider looking e sorcerer it may appear as if the sorcerer cting two different episodes at once. The erer, however, recollects two separate single nts, because the glue of the description of is no longer binding him."

on Genaro examined me with curious eyes. He's right," he said. "We're always one p behind."

e moved his hand as don Juan had done; body started to jerk and he jumped back on buttocks. It was as if he had the hiccups and hiccups were forcing his body to jump back. began to move backward in this manner all way to the end of the ramada and back.

The sight of don Genaro leaping backward his buttocks, instead of being funny as it uld have been, threw me into an attack of so intense that don Juan had to strike me eatedly on the top of my head with his ckles.

"I just can't grasp all this, don Juan," I said.

"I can't either," don Juan retorted, shrugging shoulders.

"Neither can I, dear Carlitos," don Genaro led.

My fatigue, the bulk of my sensory experie, the mood of lightness and humor that preled, and don Genaro's clowning were too ch for my nerves. I could not stop the agitan in my stomach muscles.

Don Juan made me roll on the ground until I I regained my calmness; then I sat down fac them again.

"Is the double solid?" I asked don Juan after ong silence.

They looked at me.

"Does the double have corporealness?" I ked.

"Certainly," don Juan said. "Solidity, correalness are memories. Therefore, like everyng else we feel about the world, they are memies we accumulate. Memories of the description. You have the memory of my solidity, the same way you have the memory of communicating through words. Thus you talked with a coyote and you feel me as being solid."

Don Juan put his shoulder next to mine and nudged me lightly.

"Touch me," he said.

I patted him and then I embraced him. I was close to tears.

Don Genaro stood up and came closer to me. He looked like a small child with shiny mischievous eyes. He puckered up his lips and looked at me for a long moment.

"What about me?" he asked, trying to hide a smile. "Aren't you going to embrace me, too?"

I stood up and extended my arms to touch him; my body seemed to freeze on the spot. I had no power to move. I tried to force my arms to reach him, but my struggle was in vain.

Don Juan and don Genaro stood by, watching me. I felt my body contorting under an unknown pressure.

Don Genaro sat down and pretended to sulk because I had not embraced him; he pouted and hit the ground with his heels, then both of them exploded into more roaring laughter.

The muscles of my stomach trembled, making my whole body shake.

I told don Juan that my body was pulling me to leave. I waved my hand to don Genaro. I did not want to give them time to make me change my mind.

"Goodbye, don Genaro!" I yelled.

He waved back at me.

Don Juan walked a few yards with me toward my car.

"Do you also have a double, don Juan?"

"Of course!" he exclaimed.

I had at that moment a maddening thought. I wanted to discard it and leave in a hurry but something in myself kept on needling me. Over the course of the years of our association, it had become customary for me that every time I wanted to see don Juan I would just go to Sonora or central Mexico and I would always find him waiting for me. I had learned to take that for granted and it had never occurred to me until then to think anything of it.

"Tell me something, don Juan," I said, half in jest. "Are you yourself, or are you your double?"

He leaned over toward me. He was grinning.

"My double," he whispered.

My body leaped as if I had been propelled by a formidable force. I ran to my car.

"I was just kidding," don Juan said in a loud voice. "You can't go yet."

Both of them ran toward my car as I was backing up. They were laughing and jumping up and down.

"Carlitos, call me anytime!" don Genaro shouted.

"The world doesn't yield to us directly. The description of the world stands in between."

VERSE

THE ALABAMA WIREGRASSERS
by Charles Ghigna

Dry-rooted in penny-coated clay,
the wiregrassers come
suntan-tamed in drawl
through the mire faster.
Machetes high aimed for home,
they carry the clues of day
across their opened, flying clothes.
Blade for blade,
steel for grass,
they flog the wire
with a hungry denim run.
Black shinhair stares
bore bristled red out
from rips of hinged-tight jeans.
Tobacco spittin' voices
seep coarse through gapped teeth
like hot wax from upside-down brown candles.
An evening shadow sinks itself
in the open field,
closing it for night.
The copper cold dust
from spunhome trucks
relaxes into dew
and paints itself across the wiregrass
that sleeps in rust
beneath a hush of moon.

THE MUMMIES
by Maxine Kumin

Two nights running I was out there
in orange moonlight with old bedsheets
and a stack of summered-over Sunday pa
tucking up the tomatoes while the peppers
whimpered and went under and the radish
dug in with their dew claws and all over
the field the goldenrod blackened
and fell down like Napoleon's army.

This morning they're still at it, my tomato
making marbles, making more of those litt
green volunteers that you can rattle
all winter in a coat pocket, like fingers.
But today on the lip of the solstice
I will pull them, one hundred
big blind greenies. I will stand them
in white rows in the root cellar
wrapped one by one
in the terrible headlines.



TLATCH

Arlene Stone

ng seen
on Kuerti, the Liszt specialist,

is birchbark toes,
ing us his piano
ght from Toronto in a special van,
ing us his suit
ntless velvet . . .

ing seen, smelled, heard,
lap our wooden hands
ouch . . .

rming the stage
ging fresh whalemeat to the beast
Toronto?
university scholars poke their fingers
ough the birthing strings
feel . . .
nall grey lady seats herself to play
w grey runs:
ne children tap the bench
having felt
auditorium roof
poon
join, north of Toronto,
eagle:

ton's talons, those
mon lovers,
irl their finger masks:
ivory men
it for their dream canoes.

ie audience reseating ourselves,
afternoon light irradiating
de-cheeked Tlingit faces . . .

uerti before the sea lion
his cape of walrus intestine . . .

ot having felt,
clap our manifold wooden hands.

nton the eagle shaman
awing
s skull, an evergreen.

THE NIGHT THEY ALL TOOK TIME TO PRAISE THE FARAH WORKERS

(*for Denise Levertov*)

by Arlene Stone

The people have no time for butterflies on Eastern Standard Time.

They have the time to get the poet with the name to lend it:
the butterfly with breadsongs.
Time to hire the Anglican Church, and program Bach
by the Brandeis Chorus:
Call forth the striker from El Paso.
Her glasses have the brightness of a child that learned
with no small ease to read,
"You know . . . (do we?) "You know that your
support committees . . . "
The butterfly lifts one drab madder harboring wing.
"You know . . ."
And suddenly we do.
The poet knows
as moths know
long before us.
The Amalgamated Clothing Workers know.
After their spread-eagle speeches they go.
Leaving the Farm Workers' agent
who has the time
to praise the Farah Workers and dispraise the Teamsters,
to support the lettuce boycott, crush the growers of grapes . . .
. . . the poet
in her wings of muscatel
waits . . .
cello gropes for aisle in her face . . .

Two hours;
then her turn comes.
Upon the lectern
her books
are riven with held paper tongues,
the poems lettuce leaves that open into greenness
She
calling forth the Monarch butterflies like Popes,
Lawrence the bramble rose, Vallejo of the chain-reaction stripes.

Now one calls calling,
One in her wingspan argues with himself
"What does she think she's"
and with us "enough . . . enough already"
The butterfly
reaching for her glasses as for water
"Would someone
please
assist that gentleman to leave?"
Does he feel poems
storm troopers
coming for him?
"Go on," the bald one yells.
"Arrest me."

A story by David Ohle

CHILI HEARTS

DURING THE EARLY FIFTIES I was told to drive agent Farbo west from Chicago across the great plain. This was in January of the year, possibly '53.

We started the trip in an Agency vehicle, a black Ford. Two of its cylinders misfired at any speed above forty mph, and the driving was tedious and uncomfortable for both of us.

Farbo slept in the back seat, waking up at intervals to swallow a white tablet or eat a rancid fig bar and sip yellow soda through a plastic straw.

We drove on into Kansas, through Tonganoxie, Clinton, and Stull, and stopped for lunch west of Topeka in one of the Squat 'n' Gobble restaurants. Farbo led me to a booth in the crotch of the dining room. Some of the customers apparently recognized him and stared. He pulled down the rim of his brown felt hat and ignored them, his face purpling, his teeth like rat's teeth.

The waitress came and gave us menus. The long night drive from Chicago had feathered my stomach and I wasn't very hungry. Farbo studied his menu closely and ordered lamb fries. I asked her what these lamb fries were. Farbo laughed at this and said I should order some. The waitress said, "They're the things off a sheep," Farbo said, "the testicles. Order some." My stomach flip-flopped and I asked for something lighter. She said, "You'll want the special —chili hearts." I said, "Fine, and coffee with cream."

I took off my overcoat and draped it over the back of the booth. Farbo kept his on, and his face flushed in the dry heat of the restaurant.

He asked if I had any children and I said no.

Farbo's meal was brought quickly, but the waitress said mine would take longer. I watched him passing lamb fries through cracked lips and then ordering vanilla ice cream and a lemon wedge. He squeezed lemon juice on the ice cream to curdle it, and then spooned it into his mouth.

My chili hearts had not come yet. I was told they were almost ready.

Farbo lit an aromatic foreign cigaret[te], smoke curling blue-white around his fa[ce] around his hat, into an aura surroundi[ng] head.

He said, "What are these chili hearts?"

I said I didn't know, I wasn't familia[r wi] food served on the plain.

He then ordered and ate a dish of clea[r ge] tin, sipped weak plains coffee, and chew[ed] hard triangles of white toast.

As yet my chili hearts had not come. I [cl]our waitress over and asked about them [a]She seemed surprised that I had not [ate] them, apologized, and went back to the ki[tch] to check, but I never saw her after that.

There were mock fishnets and paper [la]decorating the paneled walls of the dining [ro]A neon fixture directly above our heads w[as] flected in the tabletop and hummed annoy[ing]

I saw the dry husk of a cricket on the win[dow] sill, an undisturbed relic of the summer [ga] when I suppose the plain was covered [with] them, and it had been neglected long enoug[h fo] a spider to glue a strand of web to its h[ind] head.

Farbo said, "There's no hurry. We don't [ha] to be driving west and have the sunset in [our] eyes, do we?"

I agreed that we didn't.

I mentioned that being in the restau[rant] made me feel uneasy. I said I couldn't tell [him] exactly why. It was a delicate and very su[btle] effect.

He said, "What are you afraid of?"

Nothing in particular, I told him.

The other lunch customers were rural ty[pes] the men wearing denim coveralls and base[ball] hats, the women in khaki slacks, all smelling [of] freshly turned hay.

Farbo asked a waitress to make us a po[t of] stronger coffee, and we passed another h[our] drumming our fingernails on the tabletop [and] staring blankly over one another's shoulders

There was a clock with a luminous face ab[ove] the steam table; the minute hand had brok[en] off and fallen to the bottom of the casing.

David Ohle teaches English at the University of Kansas. He is currently writing a novel, of which "Chili Hearts" is the first chapter.

id, "They don't even care what time it is." bo said, "This is the kind of treatment get all the way across the plain. These don't seem to have developed any phi- y of service, and they don't have any taste mouth. They would just as soon eat a w's brain as a hazelnut."

sked him what time it was. He looked at itch and told me 4:15.

id, "They're shallow people, ignorant."

said, "I can see that. It seems like if the on special it should be ready sooner than ing else. I don't like what's going on ' His eyes darted in their sockets like liz- eyes.

sked him what he thought the chili hearts t look like. He said he had eaten in hun- of Squats from coast to coast, including ne many times, and had never seen chili s on the menu until today. He assumed would be on some kind of Mexican plate, e couldn't imagine what they might look

s coat hung open, and I saw the butt of his mium pistol shining against its vinyl hol- He said it was getting close to five and the would be down before long. He seemed old foreign in the neon light, and the sacks under his eyes were that much more pronounced, his face the color of stinkhorn.

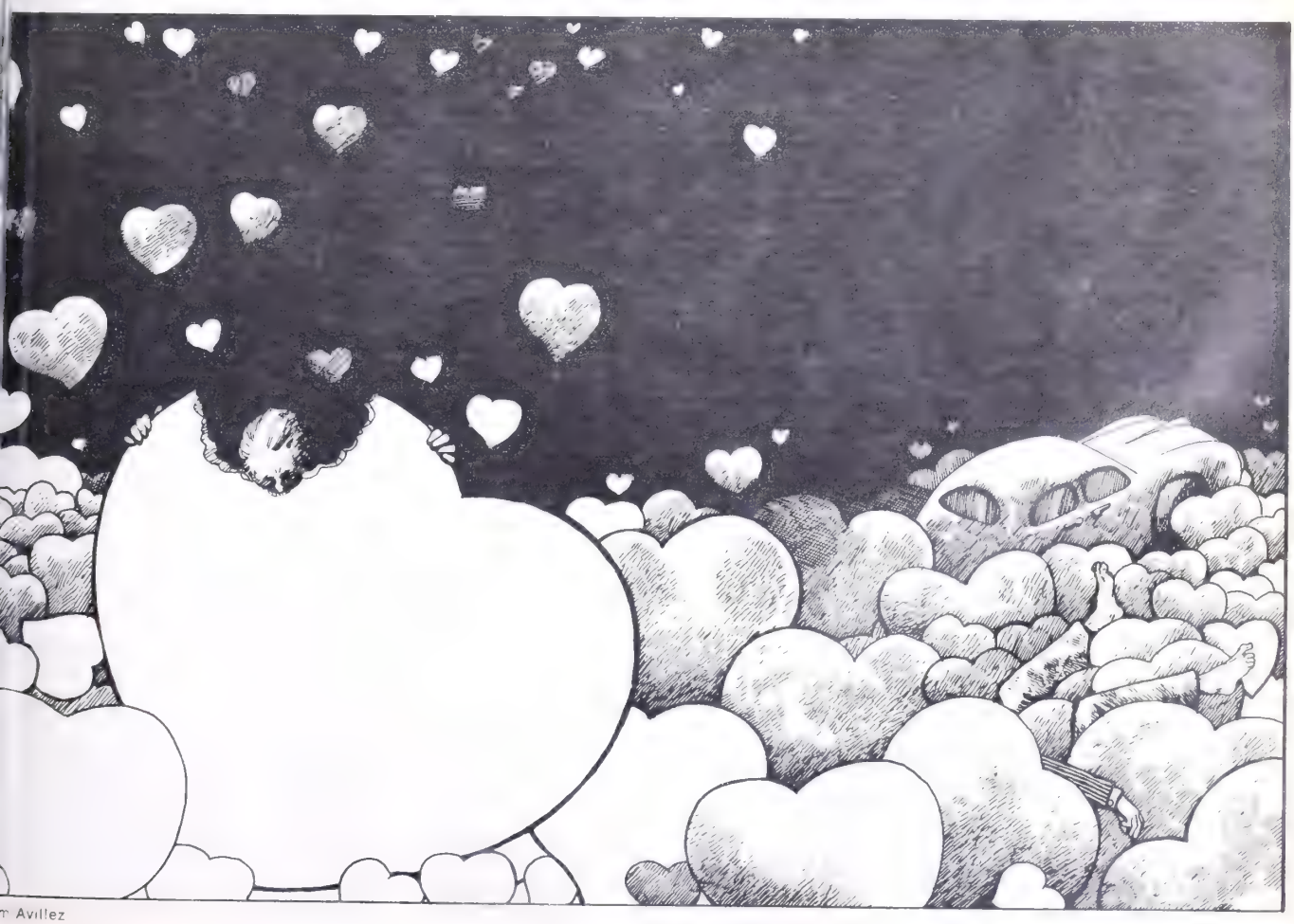
He said, "We'll go soon."

I said, "They haven't brought my hearts yet."

He flagged a waitress. I said, "What about those chili hearts I ordered, miss?" She said, "You mean the special?" pronouncing the word "spatial." I said, "Yes, the chili hearts." She said, "We don't serve the spatial after two." I said, "I ordered at ten minutes to two, miss." She said she was sorry and walked away. She said they had already thrown out what was left and washed the pot. As she went through the kitchen door I heard the rattle of dinnerware and the sound of a basketball game on a radio.

The flesh on Farbo's neck above the tie knot and white collar seemed like chicken flesh. I said, "I don't suppose they just dice up a few hen hearts and throw them in a brown soup, do you?" He said he wouldn't be surprised.

"Put on your coat," he said. "This is the shits. Let's get on the road." He swallowed a white tablet with a sip of cold coffee. At the cash register the hostess stamped our Agency cards. Farbo told her we were crossing the plain tonight. She smiled and lit an American cigarette. She said, "Watch the weather." Farbo said we would. Behind her, on the windowsill, a



r Avillez

small radio was dialed to the same basketball game, and, as we left, the same featureless plains people who had come to the Squat for lunch were now returning for supper.

WE PULLED OUR COATS together and walked across the asphalt parking lot to the car. The wind had picked up and turned colder, and a thick snow had begun to fall.

Farbo got into the back seat and said he would be going to sleep and I was to wake him in Dodge City.

The engine started only after several tries, the battery weakening on each one. I told Farbo it might not be a good idea to make the drive in the snow.

He said, "Stop worrying me. Flip on the heater and let's go." He pulled his coat up over his face and turned over.

I said, "I guess they would've been too hot and peppery anyway."

He said, "Yeah, you should've ordered the lamb fries."

I milked the sputtering Ford along the narrow highway at thirty mph, Farbo sleeping fitfully in the back and complaining of the cold. I told him the heater was on high, but lukewarm air came out of the vents. He said it was typical of the Agency to send him out on a delicate run like this and issue him a junker vehicle.

Wet snow stuck to the windshield and froze, and the wipers raked over the ice until the rubber blades hung down shredded and the metal arms swished back and forth uselessly.

I suggested we go back to the Squat 'n' Gobble, but Farbo said they were closed. He sat up and looked around.

The blacktop gradually became blanketed over with snow and disappeared. I could have easily driven off the road onto the hard mud of the plain and not known the difference and ended up in the middle of nowhere.

Farbo climbed into the front seat, swallowed another tablet, ate another fig bar. He said, "It's colder than I thought it was."

I said, "At one point she came walking toward me with a tray. I saw a porcelain bowl with steam rising from it. I was sure that was my chili hearts, but she went on to another booth. It was another teaser."

Farbo said, "I know. It's really the shits."

I said, "And then that second waitress came over and claimed the first one had gone off shift and asked if there was anything we needed. So I reminded her of the chili hearts and she said she would get them right away. You remember that, Farbo?"

Farbo said, "Yeah, I remember that."

I said, "I was getting hungrier. It was making me nervous, and then she tells me they've thrown it out."

Farbo said, "It stinks." He offered me bar. I said no, I didn't like the sour tast the gritty seeds.

I said, "And every time the kitchen would open I'd look in there to see if I see them boiling on the stove."

I turned on the radio and found a bask game out of Chicago, where it was snowin and the temperature was ten degrees.

Farbo said, "It feels like zero here. M are cold." He wore lace-up black shoes a black nylon socks.

I told him the tires were losing tractio and we might have to stop. He said we wou until the car wouldn't go any further. He me to keep the same distance from the e phone poles passing by and we'd be all but I could only barely see the poles.

I said, "We're the only people out h haven't seen another vehicle in 200 miles since we left the Squat."

He lit another foreign cigarette and "Let's talk about something else. I'll tell about my last assignment while you drive. had me running an Agency front in El Pa sold things like painted turtles, flags, cigar I was way off on a side street somewhere customers ever came to buy anything. A looked in at me with puzzled expression their faces, or watched the turtles in the wi sunning themselves. I had myself a room o edge of the city where I read magazines waited two years for the next job. This is the life for a man with a family."

I said, "The Agency told me you were a in the world."

He said he was, that he was just imagi what a man with a wife and children w suffer in this work.

He asked me what I had done for the Age I told him I had driven ranking Agents place to place, and nothing much else. I him I was expecting to go on to something ter in the spring. He said he would help m he could. He said I was a fine driver. He as me if I was wearing my pistol and I told hi was in the trunk, although I had it in my pocket at the time.

I reminded him that the snow was thicke on the highway and told him I thought it silly for us to be chatting about the past avoiding the situation at hand.

He said, "They'll say something about weather on the radio."

I said, "You're missing the point, Fa They're playing basketball. They don't c They don't even know we're out here."

He told me there wasn't much around build a fire with if we stopped. He said could burn the straw in the car seats if we to, or the clothes in our suitcases. I said w choke to death on the smoke, and it woul

long enough to keep our toes from freezing.
e said, "I have appointments in Dodge in
norning."
eased back on the accelerator and let the
come to a stop.
arbo said, "Don't stop. We'll never get go-
again." I turned the motor off.
e said, "Isn't this the shits. Why did you
?" I told him we'd be better off waiting in
car until the snow let up.
le said, "Listen to me. Crank the motor and
e me to Dodge."
bumped the starter button. The battery
ied the engine over weakly.
arbo said, "We're dead now."
said, "We can listen to the radio for a while.
re's enough juice left for that."
le said, "I don't even know who's playing."
said, "I'll turn it on anyway. It doesn't
tter."
wondered how he had failed to notice the
in my pocket while the coat was hanging
r the booth at the restaurant. It was close
ough for him to smell gun oil.
We listened to the basketball game, the
nge dot of Farbo's cigarette standing quietly
se to his lip.
I said, "Maybe there's a farmhouse."
He said, "Ah, shit. The lamb fries are burn-
g my stomach."
I told him I wished I had a few chili hearts
rning in mine. Again he offered a fig bar and
efused.
He said, "I told you you should've ordered
e fries."
I said, "I know that."
He said, "My feet are numb. I can't feel
em."
I said, "I know that. So are mine."
He said, "The world is crowding with ass-
les. I can see people all over the globe waiting
patiently in Agency restaurants for an order
nice hot chili hearts, or cold sheep's things."
e laughed mechanically, his mouth like a pup-
t's mouth. He said, "It's a big laugh."
I took the gun from my pocket and set it in
e lap of my coat.
He said, "These lamb fries are about to blow
y belly open." He settled back and closed his
es. He said, "I used to sit in the back of that
op under a tense yellow bulb, listening to the
rtles clacking in the front window, burning
y lungs with American cigarettes. I find these
urkish cigarettes milder."
I said, "If we can wait till the snow stops and
e sun comes up, a vehicle may come along on
e way to the city."
He said, "They don't farm this land anymore.
obody lives out here anymore. I've crossed in
e daylight before. There's nothing out there
ut dead grass and occasional oak stumps.
ometimes you'll see the remains of something, a brick chimney crumbling, or a rusty propane tank. The fact is, it could be quite a while before somebody decides to go to Dodge. We shouldn't count on that."

The basketball game ended in a bath of cello music and a prayer, and the station signed off.

Farbo said, "I guess this is it. I was hoping to have breakfast in Dodge City." He told me to turn on the light. I pulled the knob and the interior light went on dimly. He was blinking his birdlike eyes and aiming his pistol at my face. He rested the barrel over his wrist, as though he were sighting in an animal at a great distance, the smoke of his cigarette watering his eyes. He said, "I'll do it right, don't worry."

I smiled and started to say something to distract him. He closed one eye and said, "You have my word. You won't feel it. I'm sorry. A job is a job."

I said, "Wait a minute, Farbo. This isn't right."

He let his aim slacken a moment to say something. I pushed the light knob in with my knee and fired twice at him in the dark. His pistol dropped to the seat between us.

He said, "Turn on the light. You didn't do it right. It burns."

In the dim light he leaned over and folded his arms across his abdomen. He said, "It feels like I'm constipated. It burns." I put his gun in my coat, opened the door, and got out. I walked away from the car fifteen yards or so to urinate.

Farbo opened his window a crack and said, "I never had a single customer. Finally I had to hire a colored boy to watch the place on Saturdays so I could get away for a while. I had to pay him out of my own salary. The Agency wouldn't cover it."

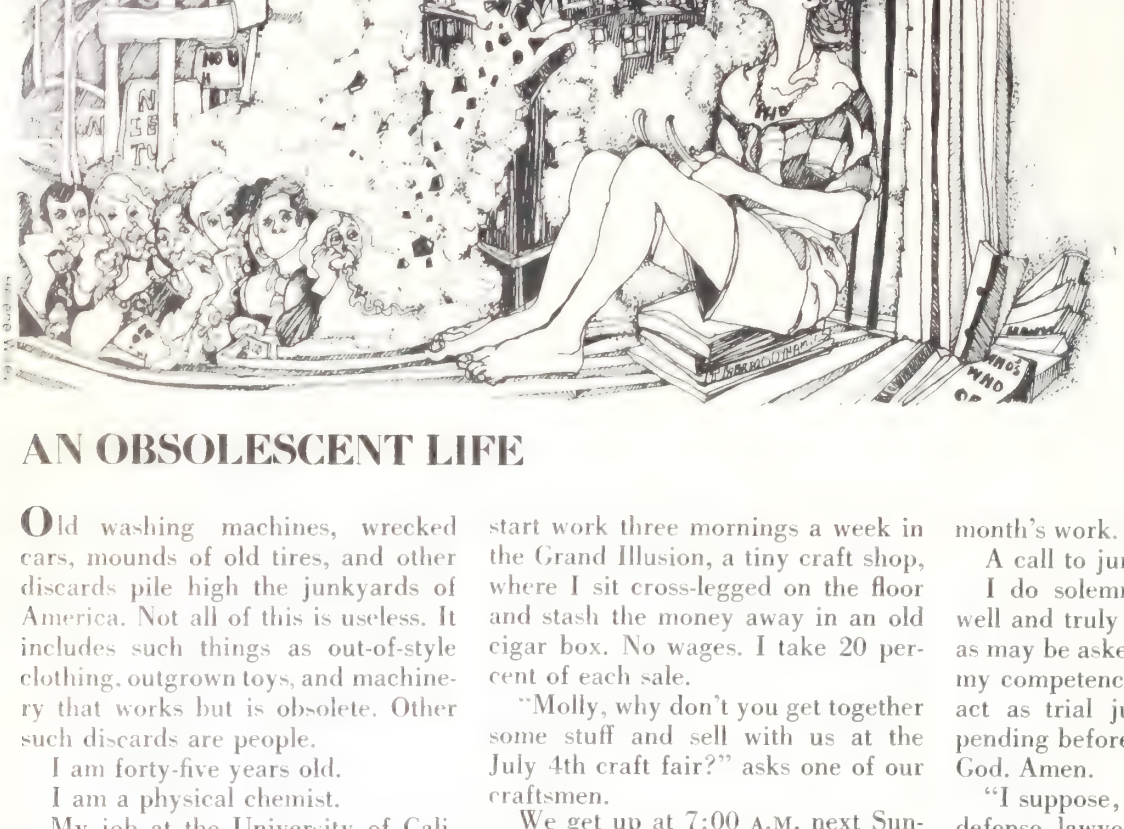
The snow had become a flutter of dry flakes, and the sky had cleared considerably. The moon on the snow gave the air a greenish color and the lights of Dodge City were visible on the horizon. It was not as cold as I had imagined it to be.

Farbo opened his door, walked a few steps toward me, and then sat down in the snow. He said, "It doesn't hurt as much now. I thought it would be different. I'm surprised. It's not bad at all. But it burns. You didn't do it right."

I unlaced his shoes, took his socks off and put them on my own feet, and with his help got the coat off and put that on over my own. He said it was all right now, the cigarette still burning between his white lips. He said, "I feel giddy. What time is it?" I looked at his watch and told him it was 4:15.

I dropped his gun in the snow at his bare feet and told him to do it right himself, if he wanted to. He thanked me and I waited in the car eating frozen fig bars from his pockets until the sun came up behind me and melted the ice from the blacktop. □

COMMENTARY



AN OBSOLESCENT LIFE

Old washing machines, wrecked cars, mounds of old tires, and other discards pile high the junkyards of America. Not all of this is useless. It includes such things as out-of-style clothing, outgrown toys, and machinery that works but is obsolete. Other such discards are people.

I am forty-five years old.

I am a physical chemist.

My job at the University of California has been phased out for lack of funds.

Some fifty applications have failed to land me a position. Now is the time to take a sabbatical until the recession passes. My life assumes a pleasant routine: reading in the mornings, writing in the afternoons, and making veneered pictures in the evenings.

But one day I am jolted out of my euphoria.

"Dear Dr. Gleiser," runs the letter from the University of California retirement system, "If you leave your accumulations on deposit and apply for a monthly annuity, upon attainment of age 55, we estimate you will receive a single life annuity of approximately $24.90 per month for the remainder of your life. . . ."

The next month my rent goes up $10.

I send out a dozen more applications. Not even an interview. So I start work three mornings a week in the Grand Illusion, a tiny craft shop, where I sit cross-legged on the floor and stash the money away in an old cigar box. No wages. I take 20 percent of each sale.

"Molly, why don't you get together some stuff and sell with us at the July 4th craft fair?" asks one of our craftsmen.

We get up at 7:00 A.M. next Sunday, and Don and I descend into a basement on the south side of the campus to pick up Kathy and Hugh. A joint is passed round. Then, long hair and beards flowing in the breeze, we stream down the freeway to Point Richmond. I clean up $28. That summer I hitchhike on weekends to craft fairs. But I make less and less veneered work. It is too time-consuming to be profitable, and more and more I am becoming a hand factory of brass jewelry. I never net more than $30 a week. Not enough.

I become familiar with the craftsmen and their outlook. I write an article about them, rewrite it six times, and send it to *California Living*. Not broad enough, says the editor. I interview nine more craftsmen, select three, and expand my article. A month's work. $125. Still not enough.

A call to jury duty.

I do solemnly swear that I shall well and truly answer such questions as may be asked of me touching my competency and qualifications to act as trial juror in the case now pending before the court. So help me God. Amen.

"I suppose, Dr. Gleiser," says the defense lawyer, "that you consider yourself more logical than most people?" Laughter in court.

"I'm more logical than most people who haven't had my training."

It's a breaking-and-entering case that pivots on the question of entrapment. He uses up one of his peremptory challenges to dismiss me.

A rumor makes the rounds: the [illegible] hiring substitute crossing guards for the junior traffic police. At the police station I am given a yellow slicker for bad weather, an orange vest for fine. Outside the primary school children slip small velvet hands into my warm one, offering small confidences ("I've got a cat that skid on paper") as I convoy them across the road.

The pay is $8.75 a day when you can get it. On from 8:30 to 9:00 A.M. Off till 9:40. On again till 10:[illegible] 12:00 to 1:00, 2:10 to 2:40, 3:15 to 3:45. No head hassles with this crowd. And not much work. At noon so

Harpers welcomes brief contributions from all of its readers who find themselves inspired to passionate statement. Please send entries, including stamped, self-addressed envelope, to "Commentary."

no children cross. But parents hell if the crossing guard isn't

:ROSPACE ENGINEERS," runs an tisement in the *Berkeley Ga-* "We have full-time employment ou until Christmas selling on one. No selling experience nec- y. Low pressure. Commission. r than average earnings until ocate a job in your field. Call Holt, 843-2921."

red Lane," answers a voice I dial the number.

Ir. Holt?" I ask.

'hat's me," he says. "I use differ- ames to keep the advertisements ate."

next morning I am introduced e boiler room. No aerospace en- ers and no women. A dozen men telephones, each with a pile of x cards with names and tele- ne numbers—the prospective cus- ers. Each reads off his pitch.

This is Al Chester calling for the eley firemen. The Berkeley fire- are putting on a children's vari- show on Friday, September 18th, ne civic auditorium. This is a ben- in aid of their widows' and or- ns' fund. The tickets are $1 each come in booklets of five. May I you down for X books?"

l, my neighbor, gives me a few . X depends on how affluent you e your customer to be. Empha- *for* the Berkeley firemen or you w the firm open to a charge of representation and risk immedi- dismissal. Adopt a false name. h time you sell a book of five ets you receive $1 in commission. rest is split between the firm and widows' and orphans' fund. No knows the split.

lift the receiver. "This is Joan ld calling."

learn quickly. People buy more he mornings, so put the pressure then. Businessmen buy most, but from women. Avoid calling busi- es. Average stay on the job is t days.

)ne day I do not dial the number he index card in front of me. In- d I dial one of the Nobel Prize ners at the University.

This is Dr. Gleiser."

get through at once. He sounds rised. I explain my predicament. Oh, yes, my children live like ."

"You feel this is all right?" My voice is raised.

The boiler room is still now. Words pour out of me in a torrent. Fred emerges from the inner office. He places a kindly hand on my shoulder.

"Molly, maybe you've yelled enough?"

I shake off his hand and bellow into the receiver, "You see nothing wrong with it? Then the whole of your moral value system needs reexamining."

That evening I call another Nobel Prize winner. His wife answers.

"This is Dr. Gleiser. My job at the University got phased out last year. I'm earning a living manufacturing illegal drugs."

"You wicked woman," she says. "You should pray to God. You should get a job—fruit-picking, housecleaning. . . ."

I am writing my articles faster now, leaning scrap paper against the Russian translation of my book, *Thermochemistry for Steelmaking.* That year I sell ten articles and earn $395.

A letter arrives at the house.

"Dear Friend," it says, "It is a pleasure to inform you that your name has been brought to our attention for inclusion in the forthcoming ninth edition of WHO'S WHO OF AMERICAN WOMEN. . . . On behalf of the editors, then, let me congratulate you on the accomplishments that have led to the consideration of your name for inclusion in WHO'S WHO OF AMERICAN WOMEN."

"Ma'am," says the clerk at the University of California library desk, "your card has expired."

It will cost $10 to renew my card.

I am the author of four technical books and ten papers in my own field. I have worked for twenty years in my profession. At the end of this time I earned slightly less than a grade-school teacher, had three weeks' vacation a year, could have been fired with two weeks' notice, had no pension rights, and no Social Security. I do not feel I owe the University $10.

Get help. I cross the lawn to the physics department. I ask permission to use the phone in the head office. Call to Glenn Seaborg. Sympathetic noises from his secretary. Maybe Seaborg can put me on his payroll without pay, I suggest, so that I can get a free library card? More sympathetic noises. Enter the chairman's secre-

"I'm not a crook."

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tary, middle-aged, red-faced, and perspiring.

"You're tying up our line."

"Just a moment."

"We need the lines. Come on. Get off right now."

I slam down the receiver.

"Bitch!"

"Get out!"

I head toward the door. But I am not going fast enough for her. She grabs hold of my arm and hurries me along.

"How dare you touch me! I'll have you charged with assault!" I shout at her.

Officer Pepper wearily responds to my complaint.

"I'll investigate," he promises. An hour later he calls me back. His tones are soothing.

"It's a very hot day," he says. "And after all, you did insult her. Won't anything do you except charging this poor old woman with assault?"

"Yes," I say ominously. "A free library card."

One day on my return from the library, I pass the faculty club. It is a long time since I have seen any of my colleagues. I pause, then enter.

"I have come to blow the place up," I say to the desk clerk.

"Why?" he asks.

"I have been ripped off by professors."

I enter the dining room, pour myself a cup of coffee, and sit down with a bunch of middle-aged and elderly professors. They are discussing the solubility of metals in silicate slags.

"No," I say, "the melting point of tungsten is not 2,500 degrees. It is above 3,000 degrees. The melting point of iron is 1,535."

The conversation expands. They make a warm place for me. I am home again in the world of suits, white shirts, and laced shoes.

Enter two large policemen. One lowers his already low center of gravity into the seat next to me. The other sits opposite.

Awkward pause.

"Ma'am," says one, "can we speak to you outside for a moment?"

He takes out his notebook.

"Weight?"

"Ninety-eight pounds."

"Height?"

"Five feet."

And mother's maiden name.

"It is an offense to threaten to blow a place up," he says. "But I know you. Why don't you go and sit on the Sproul steps like the other street people? And don't come here again."

A letter from the American Society for Metals arrives at the apartment. It contains the proof sheets of the title pages of my last two books: *Volume One: Selected Values of the Thermodynamic Properties of the Elements* and *Volume Two: Selected Values of the Thermodynamic Properties of Binary Alloys.*

A call from an acquaintance, who has some research for me: an investigation of counterculture health attitudes at the School of Public Health. $2.87 an hour. I am invited to lunch at O'Leg's. I meet my new colleagues: Mike, a young M.D. getting a master's in public health; Chris, a graduate student in criminology; and the professor in charge of the project, in his mid-thirties, with long curly black hair, beard, embroidered Indian shirt, and sandals. We must each make eight four-hour interviews and present reports, he explains. This is a small $2,000 project that will be used to raise $100,000 for a big project next year.

Mike waxes enthusiastic. He will do all his interviews in one weekend. He mentions the superbly integrated personalities of these young people, their avoidance of prescription drugs, their wonderful health.

They have not yet suffered the aging process, I point out.

Sudden silence. Mike asks me how old I am. Forty-seven. His face lightens. He has scored a few points. The men tuck daisies doled out by the waitress in their beards, hair, and shirts. The meal ends and it is dutch. I pay $1.10.

Outside on the sidewalk, the professor turns to me.

"Of course, you will be putting in many more hours than we can pay you for. . . ."

When we go back to the office, the secretary gesticulates wildly.

I crane my neck and listen more closely.

"You can't hire these." She indicates us with a sweep of her hand. "You must advertise, interview! Allocate priority! A chicano, a black . . ."

Three days later we are hired, the personnel department insisting we receive $4.12 instead of $2.87.

Mike isn't at the next meeting. He has quit, turning in no report. I take over his work.

"The project won't continue next year," the professor tells me as I hand him Mike's completed report as well as my own. "I have resigned," he says. His head is shaved. He is wearing an orange silk mandarin shirt and thongs.

I make frantic efforts to get work. I lie everywhere. My age is forty-eight, not forty-eight. I have no degree. I make a mental note to dye my hair. A series of telephone calls. A job at Stauffer Chemical, and, for the first time, Standard Oil.

No go.

Back to my latest article, *Sex in Bathrooms.*

"Ma'am," says the clerk at the University desk, "your card has expired."

It still costs $10 to renew it.

I turn and with resolute step cross the green lawn by the campanile. The bell is striking noon. Students are hurrying from every direction toward the union for lunch. I am outside the faculty club.

"Spare a dime to buy a pencil without Ph.D. a library card?"

Few give dimes. One kindly old woman with white hair and a long thin face says to her companions, "Why, let's help her out." She hands me a dollar. A professor from my old department pauses.

"Why, I know you." Twenty cents changes hands.

Less than ten minutes pass. I count my money. $2.65. A brief computation. I have never earned a lower rate as a chemist.

But I can stand still no longer. Raise the rest tomorrow. Keep walking now. Now I must keep moving. I recross the campus. Pause at the North Gate. Impossible to enter the apartment to face four still waiting. I sit down on some stone steps staring across the bay, and the future looks hazy, very hazy indeed.

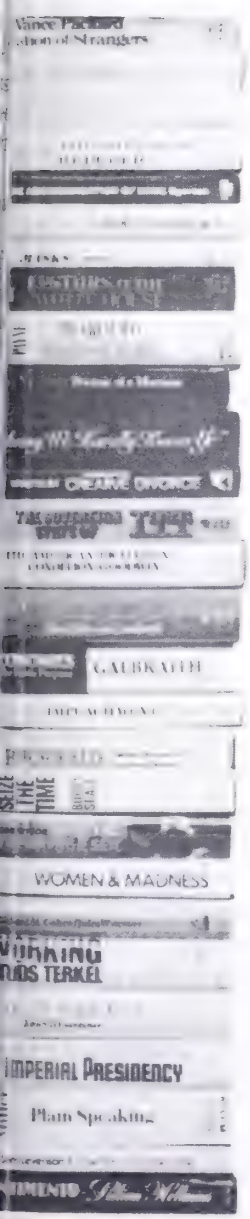
"Is something wrong?" a woman's voice breaks in on me.

I am forty-eight years old. I have been out of work for over three years. Dr. Wilson, professor emeritus of the civil engineering department, listens politely. People are so strange nowadays. At the end of my recital he rises, stretches his arms, and scratches his head. He has the answer.

"Try Standard Oil," he says.

—Molly Gl
Berkeley, C

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BOOKS



WHAT COMES NEXT?

by Andrew Hacker

Age of Cataclysm, by Alfred L. Webre and Phillip H. Liss. Berkley Putnam, $7.95 (October).
The Coming of Post-Industrial Society, by Daniel Bell. Basic Books, $12.50.
An Inquiry into the Human Prospect, by Robert L. Heilbroner. Norton, $5.95; paper, $1.95.

PROPHECY GOES through phases. Prior to World War II we envisioned superconvenience societies. Huge domes would cover whole cities, with temperature regulated to perpetual June. Everyone would have a helicopter, but there would be no traffic jams or parking problems. My personal futurama had every street and sidewalk inlaid with electric coils so snow would melt on contact. Life would consist mainly of sitting in Pyrex houses, pushing buttons, and listening to literature through headsets.

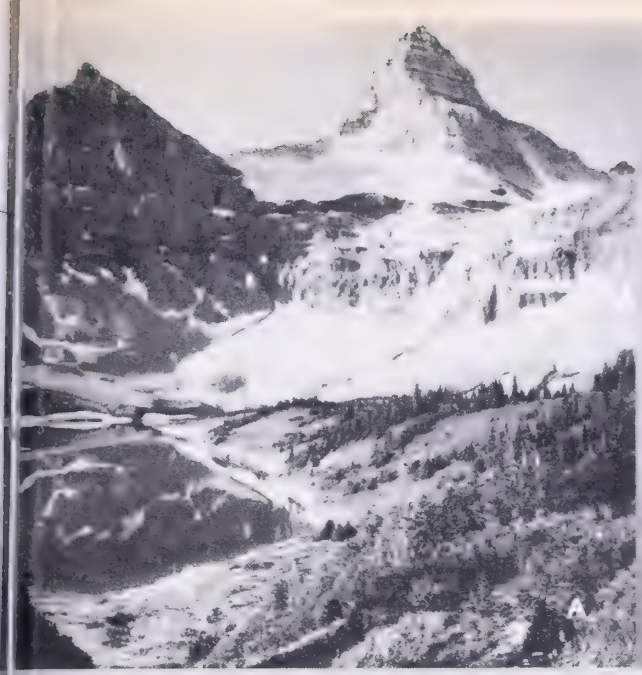
The postwar period put society into our fantasies. Comforts no longer sufficed; there had to be justice and humanity as well. We imagined a global welfare state, a worldwide Sweden. Poverty and exploitation would be eliminated. Children would be well educated, well nourished, and very, very clean. Families of five would recreate in professionally planned parks. Some of us saw the well-tended middle-class suburbs as a prototype of history's next step.

In those days forecasting was fun because things were bound to get better. (On the sidelines, of course, were the anti-utopias of Huxley, Orwell, and Kafka. However they were an entirely different genre, and anyway we interpreted them as indictments of the Soviet Union.) Few Americans feared a surveillant state, or at least one that went beyond forms to be filled out in triplicate. We were becoming air-conditioned. Our schools had begun to look Swedish. And some driveways were even wired to dissolve the snow.

Not too many of us feel like forecasting nowadays. If you like, give it a try. Shut your eyes for a minute, and try to imagine your own street or city as it will be forty years from now. Most of the technological [illegible] we were to play with seem less li[illegible] given the energy needed to run [illegible] and rising costs of construction. [illegible] ty years from now Calcutta, sul[illegible] haran Africa, and the South B[illegible] will still be bereft of basic sanita[illegible] let alone more elaborate ameni[illegible] You can open your eyes now, [illegible] assume you'd rather not think a[illegible] stalled elevators, food riots, ar[illegible] biosphere holding more detritus [illegible] it was designed to carry. Loo[illegible] ahead has become much too dep[illegible] ing. Moreover, fewer of us are [illegible] fident that we have the intellec[illegible] imagination to predict any fu[illegible] beyond the end of next month.

AT THE SAME TIME, we are wil[illegible] to read other people's pre[illegible] tions. We can act as spectators, w[illegible] the authors take on the responsibil[illegible] Remaining morally uncommitte[illegible] important, at least for most of [illegible] The decision to take a particu[illegible] view of the future can define [illegible] character with a conciseness [illegible] would rather avoid. (Several ye[illegible] ago, I wrote a book called *The E*[illegible]

Andrew Hacker teaches political science at Queens College and has recently completed The New Yorkers, *to be published by Mason & Lipscomb in February 1975.*









THIS IS BRITISH COLUMBIA, CANADA
More than just another country, it's another world. See it this Fall.

a. Mt. Assiniboine in the Kootenays.
b. Children near Pavillion Lake, British Columbia.
c. Canada's major West Coast city, Vancouver.
d. A sidewalk cafe in Vancouver's Gastown.

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of the American Era. Ever since, I have been known as a cynic, hardly the summation I would choose for myself.)

Until just over a year ago, the looming fact in our lives was the Vietnam war, a demoralizing experience for which we had been completely unprepared. By its midpoint everyone wanted to get out; we differed only on the terms. We had the feeling that even while we would still have problems once the war was finished, they could not be anywhere as intractable as that Asian nightmare. The war did come to a close, or at least we decided to construe the cease-fire as the end of our involvement. We were ready for peace, privacy, and prosperity. Hence the wide approval for a new view toward China. Hence also the 1972 election, mandating a new Eisenhower era. We wanted to forget that the Sixties had ever existed.

No such luck. It was only a matter of months: Watergate, energy curtailments, inflation, and a stagnating economy. Without Vietnam in the center ring as a focus for our discontents, we find ourselves in a moral and intellectual quandary. We haven't the faintest idea what's coming next. Which makes us ready for a new round of soothsayers.

Whence comes knowledge of the future? Hints and clues are obviously lying around; it's just a matter of picking out the right ones. There have been people in the past who foretold things to come with uncanny accuracy. I have in mind not curiosities like Nostradamus, but rather thinkers such as Adam Smith, Jean-Jacques Rousseau, and Karl Marx, who sensed which current tendencies would come to dominate societies in the years ahead. These writers were steeped in the scholarship of their own times and were certainly products of their eras. Yet they used their learning in strange ways, with an edge not always understood by their conventional contemporaries. Hence the dilemma of how to approach other people's predictions, to distinguish the oracle from the crackpot. Would we recognize the genuine prophet if we came across him on the printed page?

Let's try by beginning with *Age of Cataclysm*, by Alfred Webre and Phillip Liss. The major message of their book is that "the surface of the earth is composed of twenty or so large inverted curved plates in slow rolling motion, causing the continents to drift about the earth." The authors forecast a series of cataclysmic earthquakes before the close of this century, reducing whole regions to rubble and causing entire countries to disappear. Among their evidence they cite the torrential rains near Rapid City, South Dakota, which took over 200 lives a year ago, and a recent failure of the Peruvian anchovy crop. They quote Isaiah and Matthew, Edgar Cayce, and the Honorable Harold A. Swenson, the Mayor of Harrisburg, Pennsylvania.

They laughed at Edison. Must we, in the name of tolerance, suspend judgment on every theory that runs counter to common sense? "Plate tectonics" may be the incipient event of our time. The earth could open up just as you are reading this sentence. Yet whom can we ask, if established scholars have closed minds on the subject? Our only recourse is to risk an intuitive judgment. Webre and Liss are not scientists, but that need not be held against them. Still, a few more citations evidencing a familiarity with the original literature might lend authority to their arguments. As it stands, their footnotes are as likely to refer to *Reader's Digest* and the *National Enquirer* as other sources. But their real goal is political—to create a new "psychosocial and transnational environment." They recommend several steps. Abolish the Congress of the United States. Establish a new political party ("The Federalists") whose candidates would be chosen in a kind of intellectual tennis tournament. And acknowledge that capitalism is the only viable system for a world in geophysical crisis.

These two young men give the entire forecasting business a bad name. Books like theirs used to come out through vanity presses, where the authors pay the publishing costs. I suspect that even if earthquakes do envelop us it will be due to causes other than those cited by Liss and Webre. Being right for the wrong reasons only shows that you are good at guessing, like the monkey who will eventually write *Macbeth.*

DANIEL BELL, on the other hand, is a figure of genuine eminence. It is impossible to imagine a scholarly congress anywhere that would not want him as a participant. A [pro]sor of sociology at Harvard, [he] resents the best in academ[ic] ligence, especially in his [com]ment to scientific scholarsh[ip] by "scientific" I mean here [sys]matic approach to all knowle[dge] just subjects like physics and [chem]istry. Such rigor can info[rm] study of man and society, phi[los]and history, and over the p[ast] decades the scientific appro[ach] strengthened the academic e[thos] replace personalized spec[ula]with a scholarly consensus. B[ell]recent book, *The Coming o[f Post-]Industrial Society*, provides [the] guide to this terrain.

Throughout most of the [1960s] Daniel Bell dedicated his co[nsid]able energies to identifying w[hich] the patterns in the present [would] take on a pronounced shape [in the] future. Perhaps the most int[rigu]part of Bell's effort is how h[is fo]casts mirror his methodology. [That] is, the way the book was writt[en] comes an expression of the fu[ture] describes.

The Coming of Post-Industr[ial So]ciety did not emerge from a[n ob]stack of Widener Library. Its [gesta]tion required not only the [usual] foundation grants but also an "[Inter]national seminar" in Zurich, a "[Com]mission on the Year 2000" [and] the American Academy of Ar[ts &] Sciences, plus a "Panel on Soc[ial In]dicators" for the Departme[nt of] Health, Education, and Welfare. [One] feels in these pages a compuls[ion] travel, to foregather, to confer. S[cho]arship of this sort is social no[t] in the sense that authors reac[t to] remark upon each other's [un]scripts. A fear seems to loom t[hat] a month passes without a sympo[sium] in Stockholm or a consultan[cy in] Tokyo one may fall forever b[ehind] in the progress of knowledge. [Earl]lier generations of writers left [their] manuscripts to libraries. M[ore] scholars may bequeath their [re]ports.

Bell's book is a testimonial, a[lso] an advertisement, for the stat[e of] contemporary knowledge. Its a[uthor] is nothing if not polymathic. [He] alludes to morphological meth[ods], autocatalytic processes, and [the] lope-curve extrapolations. He tel[ls] about relevance trees and the n[oo]letic revolution. He moves easily [from] Delphi techniques and Monte [Carlo] randomizing to multinational

ons. His guiding principle to be that any idea having an able origin (for example, ey or Ithaca or Ann Arbor) its serious citation. There are endless references to his fel- rofessors and companions in onsortium. One expects foot- But Bell goes further. Hardly tence marches by without a sy clause for an academic col- : "as Jantsch writes," "as Mis- oints out," "as Scheler noted," row reports," "as Galbraith d," "as Wollheim pictures," umiantzev indicated," "as Shils arized," "as Machlup com- d," "as Spengler said." For he world apparently exists only ır as it has been written, re- d, summarized, and pictured in professors' books. He hopes through mining these volumes ll discover the future. And in a ıe has.

ving progressed beyond indus- sm, we are, Bell writes, on the to becoming a "knowledge so- ." A new level of intellectual ıment will distinguish the fu- "What is distinctive about the industrial society is the central- f theoretical knowledge . . . the acy of theory over empiricism the codification of knowledge abstract systems." The world of rrow will resemble a gigantic uate school.

ll is obviously impressed with accomplishments of the 1960s. ites, with no little awe, expendi- on research and development, ds of advanced degrees, even mileage of library shelf space. I ose he has a point if we measure vledge by the number of doctoral rtations. And insofar as this out- usually contains boxes, arrows, technical terminologies, one can n a higher quotient of theoretical king. Still, I am unable to share of Bell's enthusiasms.

or one thing, I am not convinced our knowledge surpasses that of er eras. It goes without saying there have been discoveries like s, transistors, and deoxyribo- eic acid. (Our generation would a lot of explaining to do if it n't achieved some breakthroughs these.) The issue, rather, is ther we know substantially more ut the world we inhabit than our bears knew about conditions con- ting them. Generally speaking

We'd like to raise his allowance... to 75¢ worth of food a day.



What's happening to this boy—and thousands like him in the rural South today—is hard to believe. As a white Southern doctor reported to a U.S. Senate committee: "*Malnutrition* isn't quite what we found. The boys and girls were hungry, weak, in pain, sick —suffering from hunger and disease and, directly or indirectly, they are dying from them—which is exactly what *starvation* means."

Doesn't the government take care of that? Not quite. There's the hot lunch program in the schools . . . but in Alabama some kids only *get* to school on days when it rains too hard to work the fields. And there's the Food Stamp Program . . . but a lot of people living on fatback, field peas and biscuits never heard of it, and some that *have* just can't squeeze the cash to buy stamps out of a Mississippi welfare check that gives a widow $60 a *month* to house, clothe *and* feed four hungry children.

That's why the NAACP Emergency Relief Fund was started. Through it, $10 in hard cash can be converted into as much as $170 worth of Food Stamps by a volunteer NAACP worker who goes down the back roads and dirt tracks of the 'secret South' to find and feed the starving kids that America never sees.

But they can only do the job if *you* supply the cash. Whatever you choose to give is tax-deductible. And whatever you *can* give is desperately needed. Not just by skinny kids and hungry kids. By *starving* kids.

NAACP Emergency Relief Fund
Dept. A-1
Box 121, Radio City Station
New York, N.Y. 10019

our experts are still basically ignorant about the causes of crime, the reasons for race prejudice, or how to get all you want out of sex without hating yourself in the morning. Despite all the codifying and theorizing and abstracting that has gone on over the past twenty years, our insight into human functioning has not undergone a discernible improvement. We take a lot longer saying what we want to say (which isn't much), and a lot more people participate in the process. But in the end we emerge as bewildered over our problems as most other epochs have been about theirs.

Perhaps *The Coming of Post-Industrial Society* should have appeared in 1966, at the crest of Great Society euphoria. At that moment many believed that our intellectual abilities had experienced a quantum leap. We felt we had enough understanding to fine-tune the economy, to win the hearts and minds of the Vietnamese, and to achieve racial balance in our schools by using computers. Money poured into universities and research centers. Scholars hired secretaries, and even the duller graduate students had fellowships. But it was all an illusion. The knowledge was never there. It was an expensive lesson and apparently we learned it. Even liberals no longer call automatically for "more research" to solve this puzzle or that problem. But it wasn't a total loss. A lot of professors were able to spend their sabbaticals in Europe or to buy cottages on Cape Cod.

ROBERT HEILBRONER, of New York's New School for Social Research, spares us the footnotes. While obviously a magnanimous man, he forebears from quoting his friends or listing conferences he attended. He admits we know very little about the really important questions: the causes of peace and war, the character of social classes, the capacities of human beings. If we are to peer into the future we must rely on "those frail generalizations that we assemble from our real and vicarious life experience." What we get, then, is one man's inquiry—*An Inquiry into the Human Prospect*—which asks what hopes we may plausibly hold out for that artifact we call civilization.

With Heilbroner we find no confidence in new knowledge or abstract reasoning. In the streets outside the seminars of the 1960s, the world was succumbing to selfishness, irrationality, and a rate of consumption well beyond its renewable resources. For the 1970s and after, Heilbroner sketches a familiar panorama: more people than we can possibly feed; continued recourse to the slaughter of modern war; abuse of our environment to its breaking point. "The outlook is for convulsive change," he predicts, "change forced on us by external events rather than by conscious choice, by catastrophe rather than calculation."

Heilbroner's forecast has a more convincing ring than those of Bell's think tanks or the prophets of an Armageddon through earthquakes. Perhaps what bothers me about *An Inquiry into the Human Prospect* is that it makes so much sense, that it has so persuasive a tone. Surely the future will bring some surprises, or at least it should if the one we currently face follows the pattern of futures in the past. For all his insight, Heilbroner does not invoke in the reader the feeling that he has powers of perception denied to the rest of us.

One example, trivial on the surface, may hint at the problem. I refer to Heilbroner's tendency toward tripartism. He starts off his book with three levels of explanation ("topical," "attitudinal," "civilizational"). He then lists three "external challenges" (population, war, ecology) currently confronting the world. He cites three kinds of socialism, and three functions of capitalism. The book as a whole falls into three broad chapters: external challenges, socioeconomic capabilities, and the political dimension. Yet successful forecasting requires not only unusual prescience but also a logic that leads us to our next stage in history. What I was searching for in Heilbroner, and could not find, were cognitions that break with previous patterns. (Nietzsche, Joyce, and Duchamp come to mind in this connection.) Every future takes some strange turnings. Attempts to describe them call for a style and syntax quite different from those we are accustomed to employ.

While Heilbroner does not end on an optimistic note—he speaks of a "descent into hell"—he still throws down a gauntlet. There is hope for man, he says, if we face the future as a challenge. Unlike othe
he does not propose birt
clinics or international
boards. He sees no likeli
moral reawakening or enl
leadership. On the contrary,
parts of the world "iron gove
of a military-socialist cast se
of the prospect that must be
Only by severe rationing a
discipline can mankind get
a century which will have t
every grain of rice and watt
tricity. In theory it does
much to keep people alive,
tive, and reasonably contente
has certainly shown that th
be enough to go around if
settle for a simple life. But
has a rare combination: a
conditioned by their history
dience, and a regime of unu
telligence. The question is
even with autocratic rule ot
cieties can halt the descent i
Heilbroner sees as the alterna

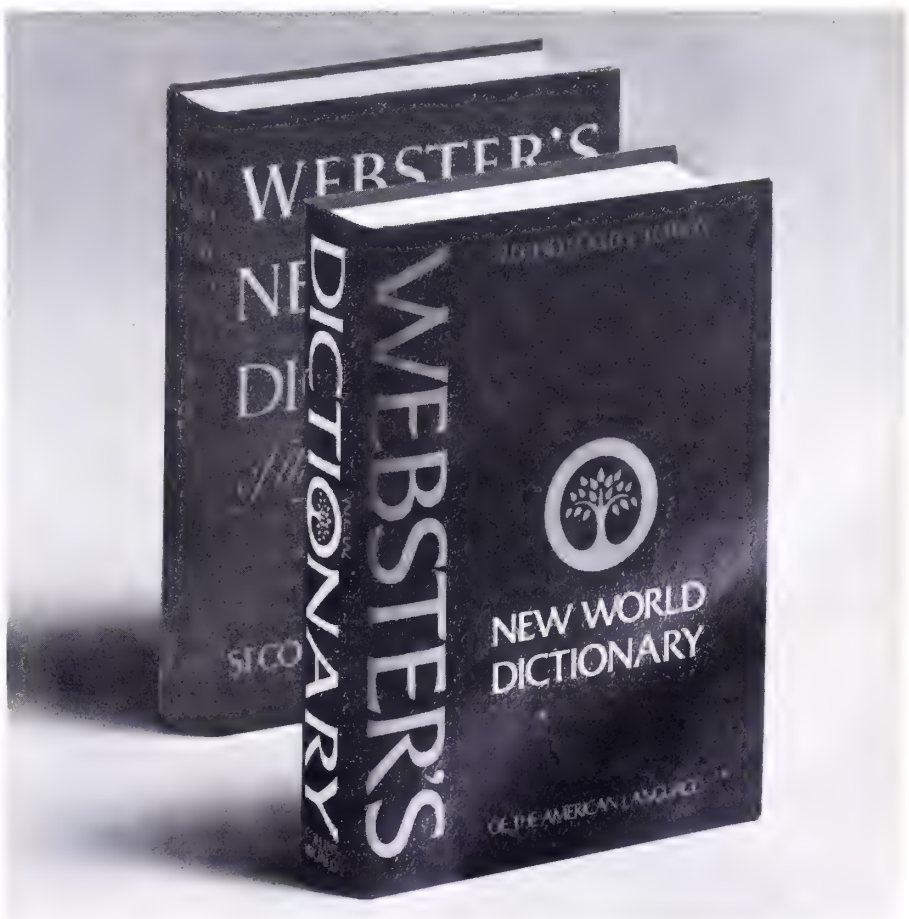
A NATION'S HISTORY shap
character of its citizens i
we only dimly understand. Ka
felt that the education inher
technology would prepare i
uals for a communal mode
The logic of industrial organi
he said, leads workers to co
that society should be equally
al. Marx wanted Communism t
not so much from force as fr
expanded consciousness. Un
nately, neither industrial nor
industrial man has lived up
promise. We have, of course, b
more sophisticated as a result o
el, education, and more dema
occupations. We have also, ho
become more opinionated, sel
tered, and obsessed lest we n
our rightful share. Working c
with a computer should prime
zen for socialism. Instead his
fervent wish is for his own
ming pool.

In fact, we have discovered—
here Mao amends Marx—that
ants work out best for collec
regimes. Uncorrupted by inc
ualism and acceptant of par
and religious authority, they
move from feudal to socialist s
dination with no ideological tra
China and Cuba are the most ob
examples. Both systems accord
est status to their farms and vill
Cities pervert values and warp

s. China claims that Peking
ver become a Moscow. That
much of the Sino-Soviet ten-
re all about.
a certainly carries a foretaste
ture. It has shown that birth-
hortages, and selfishness need
pple a society. I suspect that,
rocked by earthquakes, China
reorganize itself with aplomb.
the kind of government Heil-
suggests will be necessary if
to survive as something more
avages. India may take such
but, again, it might not. Some
a and Latin-American coun-
ill while others will not. But
f the United States, which has
ng emphasis on individuality
o peasant past? Granted, we
ot face starvation and will
ly avoid another war for at
he remainder of this century.
o, what will be our reaction as
scover that American society
o longer provide so many of
nenities we have grown accus-
to expect?
history conditions character,
cans are essentially anarchic.
s I mean not bombs and black
but rather our refusal to en-
government with legitimacy,
rudging obedience to legisla-
nd our carping attitude toward
rity. (I have never seriously
d about an American fascism,
y because not enough of us
submit to the leader-worship
a movement would require.)
ould of course argue that things
get so bad that people would
e the need for social discipline.
mbination of inflation, crime,
ployment, and energy cutoffs
make even the most individ-
among us agree to rationing
regulations. We would accept
ns, submit to searches, and
long on frozen salaries. Better
an order than a chaos that
wreck our sanity. Surely, if in-
d that man-made emissions in-
atmosphere threaten imminent
cation, we would file into buses
eave our cars on blocks.
would we? Heilbroner holds
he hope that we will submit to
al direction. Like Marx, he
man as ultimately a creature of
n: in a century of crisis we can't
on like spoiled children. Like
, too, he trusts that man may
capacities hitherto regarded
xceptional in human nature.

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COLLINS WORLD

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For example, is it conceivable for a population to be educated and traveled, opinionated and articulate, and at the same time willing to accept regulation, dictation, and authority? Even people who claim they reject middle-class materialism use their share of society's resources in less obtrusive ways. And those who consider themselves radicals have such high estimates of their own opinions that would-be "movements" fall into factions by their second convention. For my own part, I cannot see any evidence that oversized egos can coexist with social regulation of any serious scope. But then I draw on the "evidence" of history and anthropology, admittedly conservative sciences that tell us only how people have acted thus far, not how we might behave in worlds we have yet to inhabit.

In the books on the future there is one scenario that no one wants to write, chiefly because none of us cares to read it. It would show millions expiring of hunger, worldwide looting, the survival of only the pitiless. Rats and flies would share a terrain with radioactive ash and the rubbish of earlier generations. Even to a grim end, people would remain so convinced of their special quality that they would grab for themselves rather than accept standard allocations. From the jungle we came, and to a jungle we may return. There is no law of man or nature which says that human civilization must continue indefinitely. Or even for another half-century. □

THE IRONY AND THE ECSTASY

by Michael Levenson

In A Man's Time, by Peter Marin. Simon and Schuster. $7.95.
Let's Fall in Love, by Carol Hill. Random House, $5.95.
Querelle, by Jean Genet. Grove Press, $7.95.

NARCISSISM IS the occupational hazard of diarykeepers, and part of the difficulty with *In A Man's Time* has simply to do with a diarist's lapse into self-absorption, self-seriousness and self-pity. This is understandable, if not quite forgivable. But a more considerable difficulty has to do with Peter Marin's world view, and, since that world view is now widespread and influential, its problems are of interest.

Marin has passed through a series of by-now-familiar phases. He has been active in experimental education, has lectured at Esalen, written poetry, and been the coauthor of a study on drug use among the young. At some point he evidently suffered severe disillusionment, and now he has written a book that seeks to find truth beneath politics, ideology, and commitment. His current preoccupation is sexuality, and, though the intention is lofty, *In A Man's Time* amounts to little more than the sexual diary of one writer-educator recording a summer estrangement from his wife.*

The book goes awry early on. After the second or third affair, the third or fourth angst-ridden conversation, the pattern is irrevocably set. Marin cuts a broad erotic swath through the Bay Area, while the women run past so quickly as to be indistinguishable.

When people can't think what to do, remarked Paul Valéry, they take their clothes off. That, unhappily, is what seems to have happened to Marin. He has apparently experienced deep emotion, and for want of a better reaction, he bares his still-shivering soul. His instinct is to confession, and confess he does, as though the bestowal of intimacies were proof of good faith and an end in itself.

What is surprising is the ordinariness of his revelations: the hillside seductions, the wine-drinking parties, the arguments with his wife. In grim pursuit of significance, Marin dresses up trivialities in metaphysical blather. A friend is described:

> *When I think of Jim, I think of Kafka in his office, then alone in his room at night, I think of Heidegger, of Rilke, of those in whose dark solitudes the world of forms appeared, rising from below, still dripping darkness, to put on the words a man them, words salvaged fr world.*

Kafka, Heidegger, Rilk rence, Blake, Yeats—all are throughout the book, as i ciently illustrious literary dent will insure the importa event. The heightened rhe comes a kind of apology fo nality of the narrative. It when an incident is most place that the sexual details graphic and the prose purple

In all this unveiling of in the motivation is, of course, But honesty in Marin's ha comes a curious virtue. It means saying what you t means doing what you feel. T seven infidelities in the tw span of the diary. Not on Marin raise a question of n The relevant issue is always t to be satisfied, never the obl to be fulfilled. Marin's que invariably "What do I feel? "What ought I do?"

There are bitter fights betw narrator and his wife, but ben recriminations there is a n fatalism. His needs, his desi character are taken for gra are hers; they are constants n obscured by such spurious no responsibility and restraint. T is the measure of all things. the substance of Marin's worl a split romanticism that c into subjectivity. It is a positi recalls the concluding lines t Perls' *Gestalt Prayer*:

> *You are you, and I am I,*
> *And if by chance, we find eac other, it's beautiful,*
> *If not, it can't be helped.*

Thus tolerance passes into a n nothingism that makes no judg issues no criticisms. The root i Perls, in Marin, in the whole variations on their theme, is have my nature and you have that one's nature is immutabl that there is nothing more to h or done about it. Morality dro neath consideration; the very i changing one's behavior is c utopian or disingenuous.

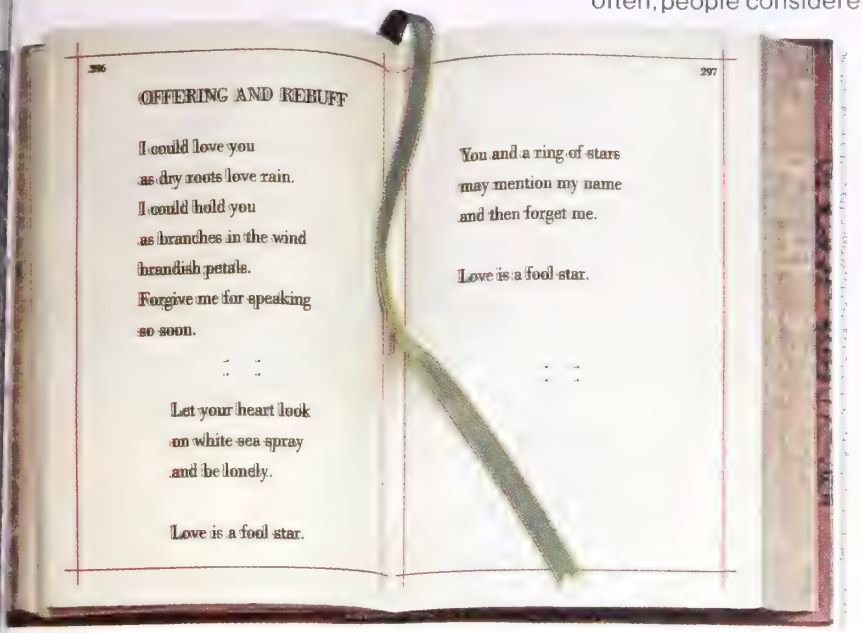
For all his gesturing in the tion of community and collec Marin's philosophy is deeply a redeemably individualistic. W is shorn of its countercultural ratus—the communes and wate

Michael Levenson is writing a first novel, Infidelities.

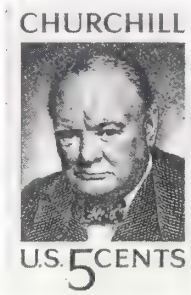
* Names have been changed (presumably to protect the lascivious), and events have been embellished. Marin instructs us at the outset to read the work as a novel, but that only makes the project all the more coyly pretentious.

eal
le become obsolete before their time in
ssembly line culture.

We no longer grow old gracefully. Years of experience are not always valued. Instead of using the wisdom of age to help solve our problems, we have turned the aged themselves into a problem. Our preoccupation with youth has made us forget that, often, people considered "too old" have the youngest ideas of all.



Sandburg, age 85, "Offering and Rebuff."



Winston Churchill, age 77,
re-elected British Prime Minister.



ank Lloyd Wright, age 76, "Guggenheim Museum."



Grandma Moses, age 101, "The Rainbow."



Dr. Albert Schweitzer, age 68, "Nobel Peace Prize."

e ideal
e maturity and social flexibility to recognize that
some, life reserves its greatest rewards until later.

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and mysticism—his world stands well within the tradition of self-interest that it appears to renounce. To love seven women and have a wife who cries to have you back—that's practically the suburban dream. No culture could be less counter. Marin's soft-minded sentimentality fairly cries out for a cynical riposte.

IT WOULD BE UNFAIR, but then only barely, to accuse Carol Hill of cynicism. At the very least, *Let's Fall in Love* is scrupulously ironic; it is hard to imagine another temperament so antithetical to Marin's. Where he waxes Lawrentian at the merest glimpse of female flesh, Hill does not miss a chance to flout a convention or undercut an orthodoxy. Where Marin relentlessly spiritualizes sexuality, Hill goes so far as to include a page from the U.S. Commission on Obscenity and Pornography that quantifies forms of sexual arousal on a scale of one to five.

She speaks from a different tradition. She is the heir of Sixties' literary experimentation, as Marin is the heir of the decade's cultural theorizing. What he owes to Paul Goodman, Carlos Castaneda, and Theodore Roszak, she owes to Joseph Heller, Thomas Pynchon, and John Barth.

Like her predecessors, Hill builds a novel out of too much plot and too many characters—digressions within digressions, parody, farce, pornography, metaphysical speculation. There is no commitment to moderation, plausibility, or high seriousness: the more unlikely the complication, the more outrageous its resolution, the better. The prose teases:

> *Eventually, having overheard more of his conversation, I stopped at his table and introduced myself. Why? Because he was very handsome, very vital, very tan, very manly, very dark, very charming, very gay, very brooding, very intense, very savage, and observing these qualities as I strolled by the pier that particular August afternoon, I thought that I would like, therefore, to fuck him.*
>
> *This eventually came to pass.*

The narrative is deliberately and hopelessly complex. An eighty-four-year-old woman, a millionaire and collector of erotic manuscripts, is found dead of an overdose of LSD, the third victim of an unknown assassin. Detectives Braine and Farthingale scour Europe in search of the murderer, uncovering in the process a complicated network of spies, counterspies, Arab terrorists, fugitive Nazis, and smugglers of Impressionist paintings. At the center of the affair are a beauty queen called Miss Apricot, a $10,000-a-night courtesan named Anna, and a pimp, Plato. Identities tangle and merge, the plot twists out of all recognition.

Everything connects. That is the starting point of Hill and her Sixties' predecessors: the world as detective story; every event is a clue, every character a suspect. Irony is the great leveler; nothing is too sacred to be implicated in the web of interconnection. The disappointment in an otherwise commendable effort comes with the realization that Hill possesses no coherent vision to direct the satiric edge. With nothing to defend, her range of attack is limitless, and this inevitably makes for glibness. Indiscriminate irreverence can be quite as exhausting as adulation.

Much like the steam bath and the cold shower, the sentimentalist and the ironist depend on one another, they define themselves *against* one another, and for all the differences in tone and attitude, these books share a central inadequacy—namely, their avoidance of experience. Both, of course, set out in just the opposite direction: the intention was to grab full hold of experience. In both cases, sexuality was meant to be a way of crashing through to crucial issues. But Marin with his sentimental optimism and Hill with her ironic detachment end by defusing the potential threats posed by their subjects. Marin's gambit is to personalize the world and thus render it harmless by making it his own. But Hill's move is to neutralize reality by satirizing it into submission, making it harmless by making it foolish—if nothing is important, nothing is threatening.

IT WAS THOUGHTFUL of Grove Press to issue its translation of Genet's *Querelle*,* just when we might have thought our choice was Marin or Hill. While the two Americans play literary matador, enticing experience only to sidestep it with a flourish of irony or ecstasy, Genet waves his cape in order to be gored.

His subject, as always, [illegible] and sexuality—the crime of [illegible] ity, the sexuality of crime. [illegible] is a sailor, assassin, dealer in [illegible] homosexual, thief, and trai[illegible] murders a shipmate accomp[illegible] order to protect his drug d[illegible] flirts with, and is buggered b[illegible] pimp and a police officer; b[illegible] a fugitive sailor only to betr[illegible] to the authorities. Apart fr[illegible] murders, the story is much [illegible] net's own, and even at its m[illegible] travagant, it has the convic[illegible] good journalism.

Genet's biography has [illegible] passed into literary legend: f[illegible] tard birth, the adoption by p[illegible] the years spent in a reformat[illegible] homosexuality, the thievery, t[illegible] els written in prison, the tre[illegible] That is the stuff that existen[illegible] roes are made of (Sartre duly [illegible] to the task in *Saint Genet*), a l[illegible] by now neither possible nor de[illegible] to separate the life from the w[illegible]

Genet does not fancy him[illegible] artist; the novels are not offer[illegible] some hermetic sphere of art. He[illegible] not in the business of novel-w[illegible] and there is nothing well m[illegible] finely crafted about *Querelle*. T[illegible] the end of the book, he ann[illegible] that the story is beginning t[illegible] him, and he hurries through [illegible] end, depriving us of the clima[illegible] the narrative seems to promis[illegible]

Querelle is not at all easy to [illegible] and it is disconcerting, as Ge[illegible] ways is; but what is disconcer[illegible] not the extravagance of the fic[illegible] world but its plausibility. D[illegible] the singularity of its char[illegible] (pimps, prostitutes, assassins [illegible] incidents (murders and peder[illegible] Genet's world has a compelling [illegible] nal consistency of its own. It h[illegible] social conventions, though they [illegible] nothing to do with morality, a[illegible] order, based on a hierarchy of [illegible] nance and submission. What en[illegible] Genet to escape a mere ron[illegible] celebration of exile is this con[illegible] tion of a community of exiles, [illegible] cial order that exists as a chal[illegible] to the French bourgeois norm.

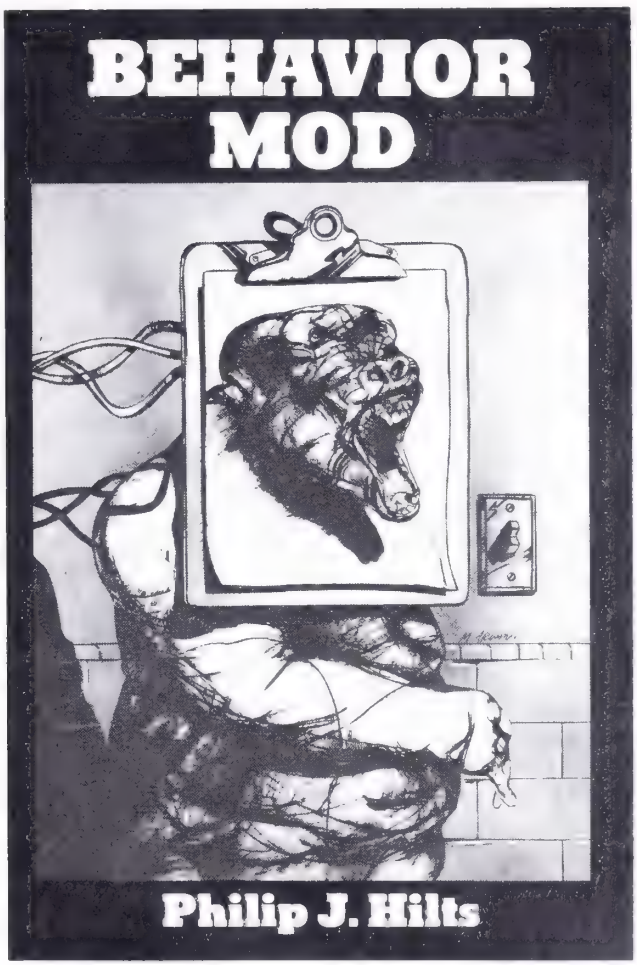
Genet wants nothing to do wit[illegible] norm. He is an antagonist to [illegible] form of respectability. And to a[illegible] that his perspective provides, [illegible] partial truths is to beg the ques[illegible] Its partiality is just the issue, hi[illegible] viance is just that. Where I st[illegible] says Genet, the general law ceas[illegible] apply. And this is the point tha[illegible]

* *Querelle* was first published in France in 1953.

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labors to make: that the general law does at some point cease to apply, that there are those beyond the pale of legality and respectability, that the exception is as real as the rule.

Genet has carried the implication of amorality all the way through to its conclusion, sparing nothing. Sexual passion implies sexual struggle, and sexual struggle implies violence, and violence, at its extreme, implies murder. That is not a consoling vision of life, but Genet does not aim to console. Unlike Marin or Hill, he takes seriously the threats latent in sexuality, and drags us with him to a confrontation with the basest of angels. □

THE WORST BOOK?

by Rhoda Koenig

The Best, by Peter Passell and Leonard Ross. Farrar, Straus and Giroux. $5.95.

IF YOU HAVE LONG yearned to know the name of the best ski binding, the best houseplant for a dark apartment, or the best organic peanut butter, and are willing to part with $5.95 for the information, then *The Best* is for you. If not, you may, like me, find it one more rancid little example of the non-book.

The Library of Congress cataloguing information states that this document is filed under "Consumer education," but few consumers I know are going to be helped by knowing about the best private jet under $1 million or the best New York club. Anyone trying to use the book for reference will be thwarted by its authors' whimsical method of alphabetizing the contents: "The Best Way to Assess Property Taxes" is not to be found under *A*, *P*, or *T*, but under *W*, for "Way." "The Best Wine Vintage of the Century" turns up at *W*, but "The Best Strategy for Investing in Wine" checks in at *S*. A much more appropriate file category is the Library's other choice: "Curiosities."

Along with their best-buy recommendations, the authors have thrown in a few bests on weightier matters ("The Best Hope for a Cure for Cancer," "The Best Theory of the Origin of the Universe"). What this information does for the reader, who could find it better and more completely written elsewhere, is dubious; for the authors, it apparently has the virtue of reassuring them that there is more to them than peanut butter. Other entries, written in a way that can only be described as smart-ass, seem to be there so the authors can patronize anyone dumb enough to buy their book ("The Best Way to Become Very Rich: Inherit it"; "The Best Undiscovered Hotel in Rome: We are unwilling to give the name, so that it may remain undiscovered").

The choices themselves are not at issue. It is, after all, indisputable that the best lock cylinder is a Medeco, and the best Baskin-Robbins flavor is mandarin chocolate. There are, however, faults to be found there as well. The Coach House may be the *second*-best restaurant in New York, but it can't match the fairy-tale atmosphere of Lutece. And though the Pyramedia may be the best stereo speaker, you won't be able to test it unless you go to the factory in New Milford, Connecticut.

But the nastiest thing about *The Best* is its smugness. It sells chic, one-upmanship, and instant expertise like the art dealers who sold ancestor portraits to the people who had to buy their own silver. Its customers (I don't want to call them readers) will want to find out what someone else considers the best of everything in order to impress some fool at a cocktail party, or to save themselves the trouble of making up their own minds. For $5.95 you can buy a good book on wine or food or sound systems that offers advice, not fiats. Better yet, you can get, say, half a pound of Boursault and a bottle of Beaujolais, and start finding out what *you* like.

The authors have included an entry titled "The Best of the Best" ("The Best Strategy for Investing in the Stock Market has a nice punch —informative, yet witty"). Characteristically, it appears on the last page, so it is not a guide to the listings to avoid, merely a direction as to what to think about the ones you've read. In their admirable desire to be complete, Peter Passell and Leonard Ross have left out only one thing: the best phrase to describe *The Best*. I think I can help them out.

The worst. □

Rhoda Koenig is the copy editor of Harper's.

WHISTLER'S ENEMIES

by John Hollander

Whistler: A Biography, by [illegible] Weintraub. Weybright and [illegible] $12.50.

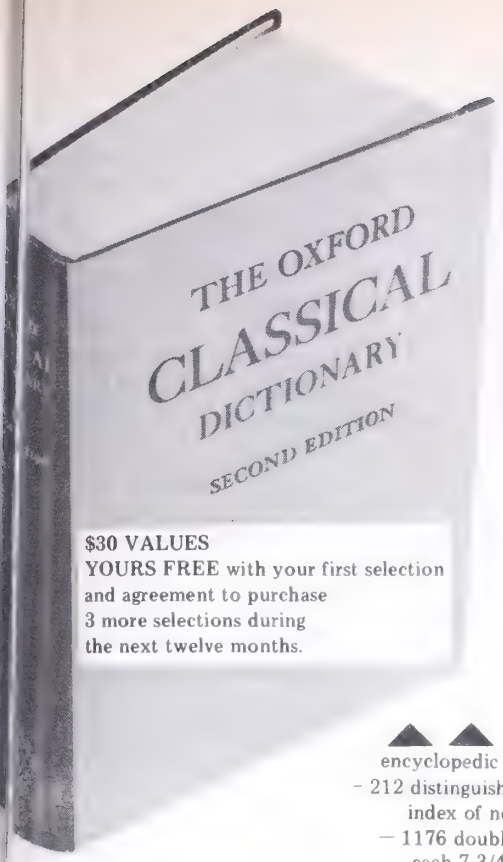
The Pre-Raphaelite Landsc[illegible] Allen Staley. Oxford Un[illegible] Press, $40.

WHISTLER'S IMPORTANCE [illegible] modern artist has someti[illegible] do, paradoxically, with wh[illegible] wrong with him as a painte[illegible] what makes his work itself s[illegible] lematical. He was a masterful [illegible] a significant and flamboyan[illegible] Impressionist, a devoted impo[illegible] Oriental art into European pa[illegible] a brilliant but uneven portra[illegible] myopic whose eyes were ope[illegible] night and atmosphere, an o[illegible] prophet-publicist for what [illegible] emerge as some of the princi[illegible] modernism in artistic theory H[illegible] he stuck to any one of these g[illegible] might have developed, deepen[illegible] fined the work of a lifetime. [illegible] was always firing off so many [illegible] (and firecrackers) in so many [illegible] tions that a grandeur which [illegible] have materialized in his work [illegible] did. He produced masterpiece[illegible] botches; an awkwardly large n[illegible] of his portraits remained unfi[illegible] even after years of work; he [illegible] followed through on his commi[illegible] to his wonderful Valparaíso [illegible] scapes and London "Nocturnes" [illegible] ward the end of his career, part[illegible] financial reasons, partly for [illegible] ones, he devoted himself in a[illegible] small, *intime* works to portrait[illegible]

"The intellect of man," said [illegible] "is forced to choose/Perfecti[illegible] the life, or of the work,/And [illegible] take the second must refuse/A [illegible] enly mansion, raging in the d[illegible] Modern artists have often suf[illegible] from the necessities of such a ch[illegible] while also hedging their bets. [illegible] Wordsworth on, a poet could wr[illegible] himself and thereby of the wor[illegible] well. The painter's art has a p[illegible] facie separateness from the fa[illegible]

John Hollander, author of several boo[illegible] poetry, teaches English at Hunter Coll[illegible]

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his life. (Perhaps the almost sacramental treatment of the interior world of the artist's studio in early Braque and Picasso does represent, though, in some strange way, a continuation of this romantic tradition.) One of Whistler's major achievements was nevertheless a failure: the attempt to integrate life and work, to make a work of art out of his artist's life, and to inspire his painting with a life of its own amid what he felt was the necropolis of English art that surrounded it. In this, he was clearly Oscar Wilde's forerunner as well as his famous antagonist.

Stanley Weintraub's excellent new chronicle of Whistler's life is really a literary biography, and its best art criticism is focused on both the energies and nuances of Whistler's career. Brought up in St. Petersburg, educated abroad and, briefly, at West Point, Whistler always claimed in later life to be a Southerner (both more aristocratic and more *maudit*, perhaps), and the complexities of his nationality manifested themselves in the way in which his career divided itself between Paris and London. Professor Weintraub, who has written previously on Shaw and Aubrey Beardsley, is at his best on the literary, social, and artistic milieu of London from the 1860s on. He takes us through Whistler's *vie de bohème* days in Paris with Fantin-Latour (through whom he met Courbet, whose influence became a problem for him for a time) to his establishment in 1859 in London, where he had a well-connected brother-in-law and where he lived most of the rest of his complex and embattled life.

An immediate success as an etcher there, Whistler made close friendships in the Pre-Raphaelite circle, lived openly with his model, muse and mistress, Jo Hiffernan, and had his portrait of Jo, *The White Girl*, hung in the famous 1864 *Salon des Refusés*. He early developed a horror of the historical, anecdotal strain in British nineteenth-century painting. He began to entitle his quite Manet- and Degas-like portraits, as well as his most original night pieces, with abstract, even musical names. *The White Girl*, later retitled *Symphony in White, No. 1*, was hung in London as *The Woman in White*, and a critic attacked it as being insufficiently like the Wilkie Collins heroine. The kind of antimythological mythology of the pictorial which becomes the subject matter of Impressionist painting is clearly at work in Whistler as well. The way Whistler framed, hung, presented, introduced his own antiliterary paintings to the London art world took the dramaturgy out of the painting, while his own life, "The Gentle Art of Making Enemies," provided platforms, spotlights, and drum rolls for his exhibitions.

He was always in trouble about money. Overspending and overreaching, he might have come to financial grief even without the expense of the famous Ruskin trial. In 1877 John Ruskin denounced Whistler as a "coxcomb" who asked "two hundred guineas for flinging a pot of paint in the public's face." The "pot of paint" was the beautiful *Nocturne in Black and Gold: The Falling Rocket*. Whistler sued the Slade Professor of Art for libel, got off his great *mot* (Ruskin's counsel: "The labor of two days, then, is that for which you ask two hundred guineas?" Whistler: "No. I ask it for the knowledge of a lifetime"), was awarded a farthing damages, and lost almost all he had. He had to liquidate his few assets, go into bankruptcy, and move to Venice, where he etched away furiously to try to raise more money. He finally returned to London, where he married, quarreled with old friends, made new ones, and eventually came to something of a position of honor. Rich Americans began to collect him. His extravagances and dandyism and litigiousness continued into the last decade of his life (he died in 1903 at the age of sixty-nine), but his major accomplishments always remained a series of performances—on copper, on canvas—rather than a consistently shaped or developed oeuvre.

WHY RUSKIN, who admired Turner to the point of near idolatry, should have despised Whistler at his most Turneresque is a very complicated matter. Even more interesting, though, is that he and Ruskin had a lot more in common than either of them could know. Ruskin's love of the Pre-Raphaelites, for example, his celebration of Holman Hunt's visionary and garish colors in his landscapes as the true colors of nature, these matters perplex the modern reader. And yet those colors made common cause with Impress
and Whistler's exorcism of th
shadow. Many of these q
are opened up by Allen Staley
did study of Pre-Raphaelite la
painting. In general, save fo
most chauvinistic interest in
can romantic landscape, n
sian romantic art has suffer
a lack of sophisticated crit
tention. Professor Staley, fo
a conspectus of the Pre-Ra
movement and its offshoots
ish painting, devotes extende
not only to Millais, Holma
and Ford Madox Brown, but t
known figures, such as Willia
John Brett, John William In
and others. Carefully docu
responsive to some of the r
between art and literature i
usefully concerned with Rusk
fluence. Staley's book is a maj
tribution to the study of roma

Staley treats the whole m
how a tradition of landscape p
which has seemed to the mo
eye so very "literary," coul
arisen out of a response to
mands of nature, to the same
of the priority of light that a
the Impressionists in such di
ways. His is the first major b
the work of all the Pre-Raph
since the now-unobtainable P
volume of Ironside and Gere
lished in 1948. It reproduces
teen pictures in color and nea
hundred in black and white. T
point at which it stops short
speculation—the whole theo
nature and art in English ro
poetry which serves as a conc
background not only to Ru
thought but to the painting it
will have to be treated even
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Keatsian and Tennysonian pain
But this volume is importa
makes it impossible to mis
ironies in Whistler's contemp
"the British *subject*," so man
stances of which were close c
to his ideal Sino-Japanese-Fr
American *object*. But such has
the strange nature of the gener
gap between romanticism and
ernism from the beginning.

NETWORKS

s section of Harper's *is de-
' to help people connect with
ther. You are invited to think
is a sort of bulletin board and
d us items you'd like posted.
works will print:*

ERIES *from individuals or
s who are looking for others
hink similarly, or for sources of
nation;*

RATEGIES *recounting specific
iences: how networks have been
p and what they've accom-
ed;*

PORTUNITIES *providing infor-
n about various network instru-
s—periodicals, catalogues, peo-
that are easily available but not
ally known.*

*e're particularly eager, just now,
ther material on consumer ac-
preparations for the Bicenten-
the use of visual media, and ar-
ctural experimentation, but con-
tions on any subject that con-
s you will be welcome. Please
them to Networks, Harper's
zine, Two Park Avenue, New
, N.Y. 10016.*

*cause of space limitations, we
a special regard for brevity and
ness and we reserve the right
it accordingly.*

ERY
ring Retirement

only are "retired" Americans
r-lived and hence more numer-
han ever before, argues Doro-
Winter, executive director of
or Skills Foundation, Inc. As
ees it, they are also "more edu-
, healthier, and more willing to
than the retired people of a
years ago." Designed to find
oyment for elderly people, Miss Winter's group has already persuaded a major Northeast retailer to extend its retirement age to seventy, and to abandon its mandatory retirement policy even then. Now, when employees reach seventy, the company reviews each person's situation, assessing his health and desire to work.

Senior Skills Foundation wants to share experiences and resources with other groups seeking employment for the elderly. If you know of such projects, or want more information, write to Senior Skills Foundation, P.O. Box 76, West Nyack, New York 10994.

QUERY
The Car of the Future?

Peg Hass of P.O. Box 1507, Harrisburg, Pennsylvania 17015 asks whether there is a list of firms that manufacture vehicles smaller than cars but bigger than motorcycles, with at least three wheels, and that will hold up to three persons. She wants the vehicles to be inexpensive, but suitable for commuting. Any suggestions?

OPPORTUNITY
Ham Radio Forum

There are several hundred thousand ham radio operators in the U.S. who, by a flick of a switch, can plug themselves into one of the country's largest and most effective communications networks. But, says Houston operator Daniel R. Cook, the potential of ham radio is being squandered because of lack of interest in anything other than "technical evaluations of each other's radio equipment."

Cook suggests that, rather than confining their conversation to tube tests and oscilloscope readings, operators should expand their interests to topics of greater significance. "Specifically, I suggest a meeting of minds each Sunday at 10:00 A.M. on 7,285 kHz and at 11:00 P.M. on 14,315." Cook's own radio is K5DKL, and his address is 2223 Goldsmith Street, Houston, Texas 77025.

OPPORTUNITY
When the Melody Lingers On

You've just come back from a party and the sweet refrains from an old jazz tune a friend played for you are still bouncing around in your head, and you sure would like a copy of that record, only your friend has advised you that his is the only copy around. Relax. For $6 a year, you can join CHOW (Clearing House of Wants), an organization founded to help jazz collectors buy, sell, and trade records and tapes, especially rare works. CHOW publishes a quarterly newsletter packed with "disposals" and "wants," as well as jazz news and record reviews. Write to William J. Gallagher, 272 Waverly Avenue, Medford, New York 11763.

OPPORTUNITY
The Town of the Future?

OPTii, (organization of planning teams international, inc.) is an organization that intends to undertake, with Paolo Soleri, the study, design, and development of the first major arcology." It has developed an outline for a feasibility study of a three-dimensional city of 50,000 to 75,000 people, and it believes that "the arcological commitment reflects fundamental principles vital for under-

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standing how to approach the future planning of man's environment."

"Arcology" is a term coined by the architect Paolo Soleri from "architecture" and "ecology." As it suggests, arcology deals with both dwelling design and environmental needs, attempting to go beyond the concepts developed by Frank Lloyd Wright and other pioneer architects who tried to match structure with locale and purpose. Soleri and his disciples are working on their first project, called Arcosanti, in Scottsdale, Arizona, and in an attempt to involve more people, they have been offering workshops, seminars, and field-study programs.

For more information, or for copies of their newsletter, *Noosphere*, write to OPTii, 105 South Main Street, New Hope, Pennsylvania 18938.

OPPORTUNITY
Pastors to the Planet

We hope to make an ecology ethic the dominant ethic in our Western society. Our philosophy is suggested by the name of our religious educational corporation, 'Ministry of Ecology,' which teaches that each of us is a minister to our environment and must assume responsibility for the condition of the biosphere." To learn about this interfaith group, or to receive their monthly newsletter, *Ecology and Religion*, write to the Reverend Dennis G. Kuby, Box 1251, Berkeley, California 94704.

OPPORTUNITY
Publications

Margins is a relatively new, bimonthly review of little magazines and small-press books which are usually ignored by reviewers in national periodicals. This tabloid reaches out to the grass-roots level of literary activity across the country, describing, comparing, and criticizing small-scale publications. In recent years, many little newspapers and magazines have sprung up out of the counterculture, particularly in California, and *Margins*' efforts to review these periodicals is impressive. Anyone connected with or interested in small presses is invited to participate in *Margins*' "Readers Service," which tries "to make small and unknown publications easily accessible to the larger audience." For subscriptions ($6 per year) [illegible] make contributions, write to [illegible] itor, Tom Montag, 2912 N. [illegible] Street, Milwaukee, Wisconsin [illegible]

Cable television is gainin[illegible] customers, touching more [illegible] books, forcing more political [illegible] and decisions. To keep tr[illegible] where the industry is heade[illegible] might consider the *Urban T[illegible] munications Forum*, a month[illegible] digest aimed at public adm[illegible] tors, urban planners, teache[illegible] people interested in the med[illegible] subscription and rates, contact [illegible] Telecommunications Forum [illegible] Riverside Drive, New York [illegible] 10025.

Freelancers looking for new[illegible] kets or membership in profe[illegible] organizations might consider [illegible] *Freelancer's Newsletter*. A sm[illegible] weekly featuring job opport[illegible] and work-wanted ads. *FN* als[illegible] cizes various publishing hous[illegible] tells you how to get in touc[illegible] writer's and photographers' g[illegible] Subscriptions ($16 per year [illegible] be obtained from the pub[illegible] Thomas Gilgut, Jr., P.O. Box [illegible] South Hackensack, New [illegible] 07606.

A recent poll shows that [illegible] tionist attitudes among Ame[illegible] have doubled in the last two y[illegible] a post-World War II high, wh[illegible] ternationalist views have drop[illegible] percent to a postwar low.

"Surprisingly enough, this [illegible] occurs at a time of widespread [illegible] lic support for U.S. foreign p[illegible] conducted by one of America's [illegible] popular Secretaries of State, a[illegible] a time when national sovereig[illegible] giving way to what Dr. Kissinge[illegible] called 'a new era of global in[illegible] pendence.'

"With this paradox and the [illegible] ing need to remedy it in mind [illegible] United Nations Association o[illegible] U.S.A. has recently begun publi[illegible] a monthly newspaper, *The Inte[illegible] pendent*."

This publication focuses on [illegible] shortages, environmental co[illegible] population growth, weapons [illegible] ups, diplomatic maneuvers, et ce[illegible] A year's subscription costs $3 [illegible] may be obtained from the U[illegible] Nations Association of the U[illegible] States, 345 East Forty-sixth St[illegible] New York, N.Y. 10017.

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peachment Special . . .
wings by Jamie Wyeth

nes Willwerth: A Mug-'s Life—Inside Portrait

orge B. Leonard: New lings *v.* Old Words—e Language Lag

nces FitzGerald from rich Iran: Who gets the ney?

surdity of the Month: e Planned Destruction of se, Idaho

r Foreign Disservice: e Misadventures of A llionaire Ambassador

QUERY
War of the Words

The increasingly bitter controversies which polarize our society seem to flourish because there is little effort on either side to engage in rational persuasion," writes D. A. Wilhelmson of 860 Moana Court, Palo Alto, California 94306. "The world very badly needs some kind of organization to promote and publish debates on public issues, between recognized spokesmen, which would systematically" push every argument to a "definitive" conclusion. Wilhelmson is eager to learn whether such an organization exists, or whether there are any readers who are interested in starting one.

OPPORTUNITY
How to Be a Bricoleur

Two years ago several graduate students in related fields made a five-year commitment to launch something called the Bricoleur Association. According to Claude Lévi-Strauss, the *bricoleur*'s "universe of instruments is closed and rules of his game are always to make do with 'whatever is at hand,' that is to say with a set of tools and materials which is always finite and is also heterogeneous because what it contains bears no relation to the current project, or indeed to any particular project, but is the contingent result of all the occasions there have been to renew or enrich the stock or to maintain it with the remains of previous constructions or destructions." (For more on *bricollage*, see WRAPAROUND, page 92.)

Based in Atlanta, the Bricoleur Association lists as its mentors not only Lévi-Strauss but also Jean Piaget, Ivan Illich, John Dewey. The group's members are trying to create a "learning-activity network," using such tools as film, video, a bookstore, group autobiography, exchange of learning experiences, and a general search for people willing to share their discoveries through specific projects to expand the network. The group hopes to publish a free tabloid, but funding is a problem. "We welcome ideas, strategies, and relationships with any person or group on a similar exploration," writes Bricoleur Walter Enloe. You can reach him at 1268 Oxford Road, Atlanta, Georgia 30306.

by the author of INTEGRAL YOGA

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Haridas Chaudhuri

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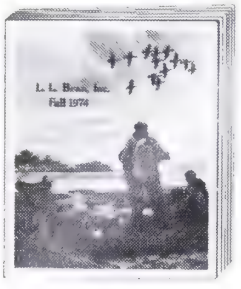
Because of the importance of the subjects, we offer special reprints of two articles by Roger LeRoy Miller, "The Helping Hand Behind Food Prices" (*Harper's*, February 1974) and "Social Security: The Cruelest Tax" (*Harper's*, June 1974).

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GAME

LOST AND FOUND by W. D. Lewis, Decatur, Ill.

History is full of unexpected events caused by missing people, parts, or principles. When something precious is lost or stolen, losers and finders may seek public help, now exemplified by the "personal" columns of classified advertisements. Consider the following:

LOST: My innocence, somewhere in the vicinity of the Temple of Isis, while barge-borne on the Nile last Thursday evening. Reward for the right gentlemen. Cleopatra. ASP-4239.

NOTICE: I saw the party who picked up the heavy-duty lantern at the Festival of Bacchus. Return it and no questions will be asked. Diogenes. Zeno's Hoste[l] th[e] floor rear.

Choose your favorite historical personage and [c]on[s]truct your own ad in honor of an occasion when s[o]me[thing] went amiss. Send your entry to "Lost and Foun[d]," [Har]per's Magazine, New York, N.Y. 10016, no l[at]er than September 9. Entries become the property of *Ha[rper's] Magazine*. Winning entries will be published in th[e] November issue. Decision of the editors is final.

First Prize: *Atlas of the Second World War*, [by] Brigadier Peter Young (Putnam's).

Runners-up: A *Harper's* denim tote bag.

Winners of "Favorite Forerunners," the July game that asked readers to write a news release praising an invention of the past as if it were an improvement over its more modern version, are:

(Sorry, no first-prize winner this month.)

Runners-up

A Bookworm:

COMMUTERS OPT FOR QUADRUPEDS

Commuters and housewives are rapidly adopting the Horse for transportation. Dependable and attractive, this quadruped vehicle comes in several patterns and sizes. A remarkable machine, the Horse converts inexpensive fuels to garden fertilizer without aid of additional attachments. The rider is afforded enjoyable physical exercise and leisurely sightseeing while traveling. For passengers, cargo, and odd jobs, a variety of conveyances are easily attached. The efficient Horse is capable of travel under all weather conditions.

—Barbara L. Anderson
Urbana, Ill.

LAUNDRY INNOVATION

Homemakers will save water, electricity, and laundry products with the Wringer Washer. As no power source is required, it may be used anywhere, anytime, without special installation. Agitation is accomplished by use of an inexpensive wooden ladle; a hand-cranked wringer replaces the noisy spin cycle. One tub of water does any amount of laundry desired. Design is trouble-free, and operation virtually noiseless. Finally, the benefit to tense, underworked muscles is immeasurable.

—Jeanne Desy
Lancaster, Ohio

UNIVERSAL ANTIDOTE

The discovery of penicillin, streptomycin, and the other antibiotics, along with numerous pain-killers, promised a new era in medicine. They were often effective, but in some cases the side effects were intolerable, the habit-forming properties devastating.

Then, some years later, came a major breakthrough: Chicken Soup, administered with tender loving care. Easily prepared and applied with that personal touch, it is guaranteed to make nearly every patient "all better" in record time.

—Spencer Ehrenberg
Minneapolis, Minn.

RELIEF FOR BATHROOM HEADACHES

Damp rugs, spotted mirrors, water fights, and cluttered bathroom counters will be only memories when the jet-water tooth cleaner is replaced by Dental Floss.

Dentists worldwide are explaining the advantages of Dental Floss to their patients. The Floss resembles heavy thread and is used to clean between the teeth. It is inexpensive, co[mes] in small package with its own [dis]pe[n]ser edge, and can be stored in a [wa]ll[et]

Arli[n]
Au[t]

BROOM OFFERS NEW CONVE[NIENCE]

A new appliance destined t[o re]place the vacuum cleaner is now be[ing] marketed. The new device, called [the] Broom, is completely cordless and has [a] design permitting operation [in] areas. Annoying loud motor [noi]se has been replaced by a gentle, [whi]sh sound, and the need for dust [bags] has been completely eliminated. The [Broom] performs equally well indoors [and] outdoors and may even be used [for] removal.

-H. Jo[hn]
Stanto[n, Ill.]

SOLAR ENERGY POWER[S] EXPERIMENTAL CLOTHES D[RYER]

Washington State researche[rs] developed a revolutionary new [clothes] dryer powered entirely by solar [energy]. Called Clothesline, the device b[asically] consists of a random length [of wire] suspended horizontally in an a[rea] culated to receive maximum sol[ar] ation. A side effect, scientists say [may] make possible the age-old dr[eam of] locomotion without fuel. Scientis[ts] sion great ships moved over t[he] by rank upon rank of blowing l[eaves].

—Stephen R
Stockton

FUTURE GAMES: Readers are invited to submit their own suggestions for games.
Those who invent games eventually published in the magazine will receive credit lines and prizes.

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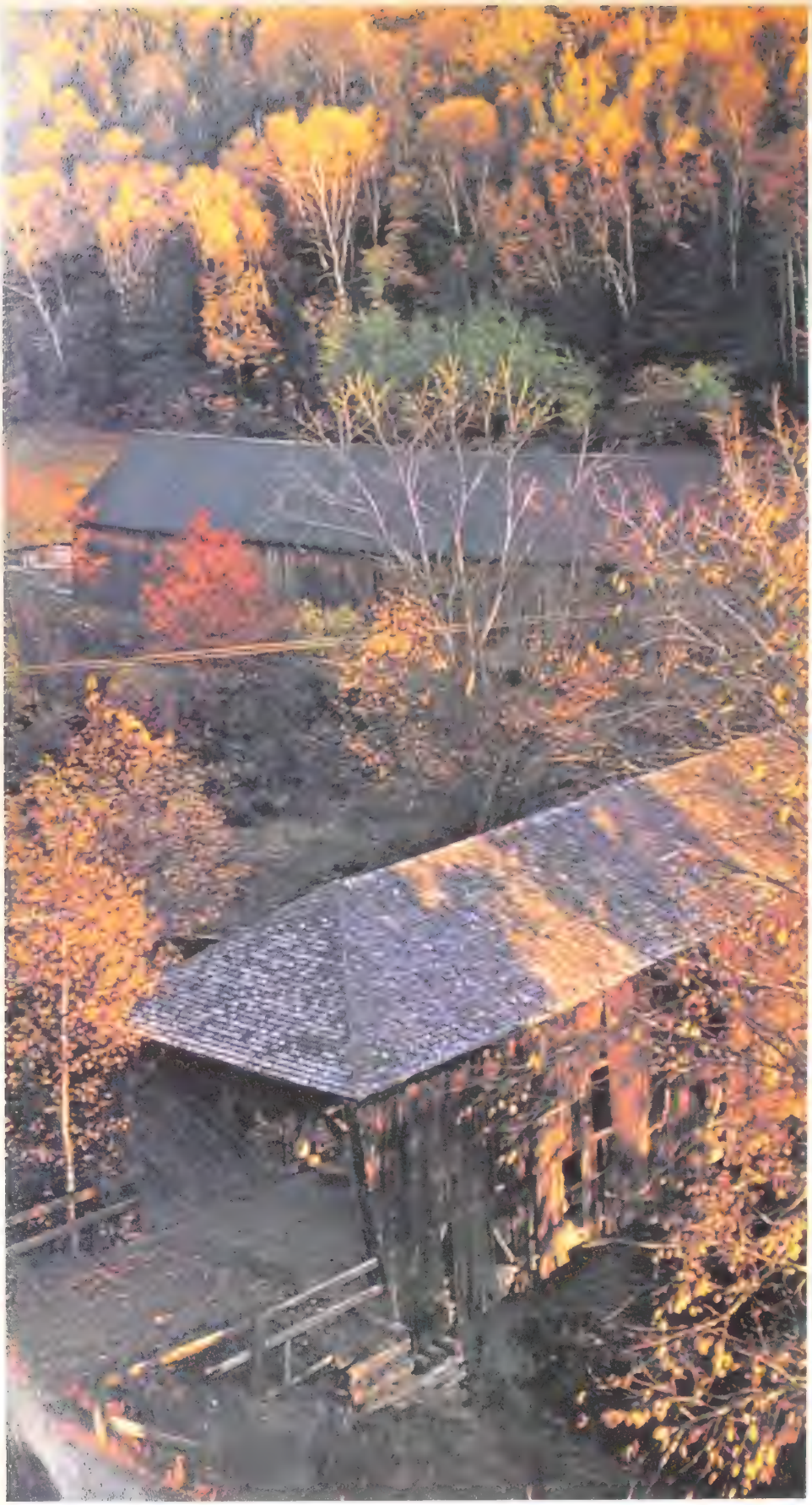


METAMORPHOSIS. Concept by Bob Vasarovich. Paper sculpture by James Higa. Photography by Bob Vasarovich.

The paper paper people.

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SEASONS CHANGI
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crowded highways and ho
make travelling a joy.

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ke Your Own Recycled Paper

recipe was adapted from *Eco-News: A Newsletter for Children,* which is an eight-page environmental publication with news items, ideas for projects, and young readers' con-
ns. School-year subscriptions cost $2. Write: *Eco-News,* nmental Action Coalition, Inc., 235 East Forty-ninth Street, ork, N.Y. 10017.

als:

cket (or large bowl)
eater
ewspaper
ece of window screen, out 6 in. x 6 in.
2 tsp. instant starch
2 or 3 pieces of wastepaper
electric iron
sponge

the wastepaper into tiny pieces, put them into the bucket, ll with warm water. Add the starch and let stand for ten s. Then beat the mixture until the paper disintegrates into The mush is called "pulp."

the edge of the screen into the pulp, then tilt it backward pulp uniformly covers the screen. Let it drain for a few s. Turn the screen upside down on the newspaper and off the excess water. Carefully peel away the screen. Put ple of sheets of newspaper on top of the pulp, and iron at eat until all the moisture is gone.

re are probably hundreds of ways to make fresh paper out paper; you can experiment with dyes, thicknesses, textures, izes. We followed this recipe, using newspaper for our pulp, btained a fairly strong, rough-textured, gray product. Instead ng the screen, however, we scooped up a wad of the pulp trainer, let it drain for a few minutes, then smeared it onto spaper. The product was easily trimmed with a scissors.

THROWING YOUR LIFE AWAY

en you have this hostile attitude and try to suppress things, each time you knock one thing out another springs up in its , and when you attack that one, another one comes up from where else. There is this continual trick of the Ego, so that you try to disentangle one part of the knot you pull on the ; and only make it tighter somewhere else, so you are con-lly trapped in it. Therefore the thing is not to battle any , not to try and sort out the bad things and only achieve but respect them and acknowledge them. So theory and pts are very good, like wonderful manure. Through thou- and thousands of lives we have been collecting so much sh that now we have a wonderful wealth of this manure. It verything in it, so it would be just the right thing to use, t would be such a shame to throw it away. Because if you row it away, then all your previous life until today, maybe y, thirty or forty years, will have been wasted. Not only that, ves and lives and lives will have been wasted, so one would a feeling of failure. All that struggle and all that collecting l have been wasted and you would have to start all over from the beginning. Therefore there would be a great feel- f disappointment and it would be more a defeat than any- having been gained. So one has to respect the continual n.

—Chögyam Trungpa
Meditation In Action, 1969

Trash Is Cash

According to the Environmental Action Coalition, New Yorkers produce 30,000 tons of garbage a day, which costs approximately $65 a ton in taxes to remove. That's almost $712 million a year. And not only is every U.S. city paying more to throw out more—we're also paying an incalculable (and perhaps needless) price in wasted natural resources.

We can all do something to change this, and organizations have sprung up that will provide expert help. The EAC, for instance, has a program called "Trash For Cash" that teaches communities how to turn bottles, cans, and newspapers into cash for neighborhood projects. In New York City the coalition will even pick up the material and sell it directly to recycling plants; the money is split 50-50 with the community.

If you are interested in starting a recycling center in your area, you can get the *Trash Is Cash* manual for $1 from the Environmental Action Coalition, Inc., 235 East Forty-ninth Street, New York, N.Y. 10017.

SOURCES

The next time you find yourself wiping the bottom of your shoe before stepping into the house, consider the following: a single ton of cow manure contains up to 14.2 million BTUs of energy—one-third the energy of the same amount of fuel oil. In fact, we may soon be processing the 200 million tons of livestock manure dropped per year on our country into 58 million barrels of fuel oil, about 7 percent of our annual requirement. How and why this is going to happen is described in a highly technical but fascinating book, *Recycling and Disposal of Solid Wastes* (Ann Arbor Science, $20). Although half the book will no doubt prove incomprehensible to the layman, the rest contains a wealth of enlightening information: how machines sort green glass from brown, aluminum from steel, polystyrene from polyethylene; refeeding excrement to animals; making oil from tires, car batteries, raw sewage, rice hulls. To order this book write to the publisher, P.O. Box 1425, Ann Arbor, Michigan 48106.

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This space is for you to reuse. Send us your comments, suggestions, or testimonials about tools we've offered, especially those you've found useful, even indispensable. We will print as many of your letters as possible. Be sure to include your name and address.

—Mel Wathen

AROUND CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10

WRAPAROUNDWRAP

SKILLS EXCHANGE

"Things" are not the only tools we want to recirculate. Experiences and skills are most rewarding when they are passed on to someone else, and for several months we have been collecting information from people who want to learn or teach specific skills through an informal master/apprentice program. We've asked those who want to be included in this exchange service to send us three-by-five cards listing name, address, phone number, and a few words about the skill they want to learn, teach, or swap. The response has been eclectic beyond our expectation. Aside from tie-dyers, banjo pickers, appliance repairers, and yoga teachers, we have heard from people interested in Gestalt therapy, tole painting, creative fantasy, psychographic counseling, bargello needlepoint, and Sufi dancing.

We've already compiled a thirty-page national Skills Service directory. To get a copy, please send 50 cents (20 for postage, 30 for paper and ink) to Skills, Harper's Magazine, Two Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016. We'd like to expand the service, to make it available in small as well as large communities, so we need more contributors. If your skill or interest is in typing, drawing, sewing, farming, or whatever, let us know. Send your three-by-fives to the same address.

BRICOLLAGE

Most cultures have always thought that their way of doing things was the right way—the only way; the idea that all people are people is a recent notion. Anthropologists have had some responsibility for spreading this radical idea. One of them, Claude Lévi-Strauss, has spent his life looking at how different cultures organize reality.

Lévi-Strauss sees two general ways through which societies approach their environment, their endeavors, and the universe. These he calls engineering and *bricollage*.

Americans live in an advanced technological society, so we are all, from Lévi-Strauss's point of view, engineers. An engineer confronts a problem, decides what things he needs to solve it, makes the things, and (ideally) solves the problem. For example, to get to the moon you make a rocket ship and all the parts it requires. Engineering involves a lot of entropy: the rocket ship gets to the moon, but a lot of stuff, billions of dollars' worth, gets thrown away in the process.

So-called primitive cultures have another approach—*bricollage*. A *bricoleur* confronts a problem with a small set of tools. All these tools have been used before for other purposes. He selects and combines from this set to make something that will do what he needs done. The final product is always a compromise between what he wanted to make and what was available to make it with. Thus a *bricoleur* may find an old prism that once was part of a periscope that was washed up on the beach. He may make it into a pendant, use its sharp edge to plane down a wooden object, or bury it for good luck. If he needs to make something that requires a triangular part, he can ignore its transparency and use it as a little building block. In any case, he will ignore its original function.

In his works, Lévi-Strauss shows that, for primitive people, thought itself, in the form of myth, is a variety of *bricollage*. Most tribal societies agree that time has a circular nature, making it impossible to throw anything away, even thoughts.

Primitive cultures recycle everything, including the universe, by *bricollage*. This may not take military men to the moon, but it doesn't create energy crises either.

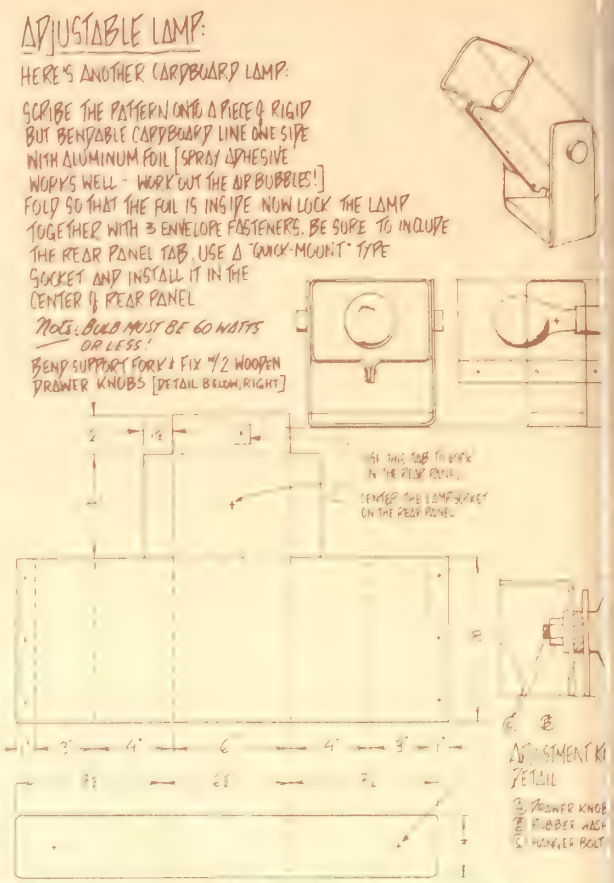
While Lévi-Strauss certainly does not advocate scrapping our technology and becoming a nation of *bricoleurs*, he does urge us to preserve the remaining tribes of *bricoleurs*.

These people offer antidotes and alternatives to our strong orientation toward engineering. And what they have to teach will be lost to all mankind if they are bulldozed out of existence.*

—David C. K. McClelland

David C. K. McClelland is a writer living in New York City.

* For information on the Bricoleur Association, see "Networks," page 85.



Nomadic Furniture Moves On

Shown here is a page from *Nomadic Furniture 2* (Par \$4.95) that gives complete instructions for converting card aluminum foil, and envelope fasteners into an adjustable Although the successful first volume of *Nomadic Furnitu* Victor Papanek and James Hennessey, was a hard act to the authors appear to have done it with this clever seque accent is still on improvised furniture, but Papanek and Hen go beyond that into the realm of storage space, lighting, design. They've even got advice on how to shop for stere photographic equipment. And if you don't have the time o pulsion to make your own tools for living, *NF2* can sho the best places to buy them.

SOURCES

Planet Steward (Unity, \$4.95) is a lovely book by Stephen Levine, who spent a year in the solitude of a wildlife sanctuary in southern Arizona. In addition to his observations of the creatures of the *ciénaga*, Levine offers the concept of "planet stewardship," his way of renewing the old holistic religion of the American Indians. "Stewardship," he writes, "is a recognition of responsibilities, an honoring of the gifts of the sweet earth." Nicely illustrated by Armando Busick.

Buy Your Own Recycled Pape

Plain, recycled paper most impossible to unea any marketplace and is u very expensive. We have stationery made by Re Paper Products, Inc., that cellent for notes or for m your own decorated You'd never guess that heavy-stock, "ecologically white" paper (it's unblea was made from trash. A toothy surface is a delig write or draw on. For 10 en-by-ten sheets and mat envelopes, send us \$12, pl cents for postage and han

ıe Street re You Live

ence Halprin, a San o-based landscape ar- and urban planner, can : found taking groups of -clutching pens, paper, , and tape recorders—on nrough their own neigh- ls here in the U.S. and They are exploring. sidewalks pleasant and Are there places to sit k? Where can you tell e to meet you? Can you clock from the street? he sidewalk? Where can : a drink of water out- There can you find shade summer? Protection he elements during the as you wait for a bus? e bus stops convenient? an you smell? Can chil- lay safely within sight ir mothers' windows? the noisiest spot? The eaceful? How is garbage before being hauled How far away is a clinic, ery store, a shop, places ship? What facilities are or recreation and learn- What makes the neigh- d different from any

r such a city walk, the nity and Halprin & As- s get together to deal he intricate causes and of creative environmen- ange. Halprin's firm has red with their multi-me- mmunity Environmental ng Workshops, communi- and information ex- processes, the use of and political systems for nmental rejuvenation, and processes that encourage ry citizens to get involved. firm describes its staff nvironmental generalists" pragmatic approach to c problems. San Fran- Ghirardelli Square pro- a good example of the f design work they do. roject retains and capi- on the charm of the old ngs. Stairways—easy to even for the elderly— different, interesting vis- each landing. Shops are us and well lit. There are to sit and talk, water ins, telephones, rest plants, and trees. Park- s are hidden beneath the

The firm operates on the assumption that "environmental design and planning [is] an ongoing process within the overall environment, and not an isolated, closed-ended construction of separate buildings or places."

If you'd like to help your community improve its environment, you should read the books listed below and consider participating in one of Halprin's interdisciplinary workshops. Based on a concept called "the RSVP cycle," these workshops offer training in environmental awareness, change, economics, planning, and community leadership.

Each workshop is carefully "scored" (orchestrated), with the emphasis on sensitizing the participants to all sorts of nuances and experiences that will give them a "common environmental language" and enable them to join in a solution.

The RSVP cycles are an ongoing process that recycles all the time among many people, making the good parts better and disposing of bad elements that people discover.

R—Resources of whatever we have to deal with in making environments and living in them: trees, traffic, buildings, plans, other people, animals, schools, subways, and so on:

S—Scores, or how we arrange resources for action; how we decide the things we are going to do to affect our environment;

V—Which covers all the other elements—Valuaction, which is our word for a continuing critical examination of what we are doing, how we are doing it, why we are doing it, and with what means at hand. It is our judgment about things and

P—Performance, or doing the scores: building the buildings, working out the plans, activating each other and the city officials into a real process of community life.*

*From *Take Part*, by Lawrence Halprin and Associates (Portland Press).

We can't tell you everything about Halprin & Associates, but we can say that their synergistic approach works to recycle people as well as places. To learn more about their work, consult:*

New York New York (Out of print. Check your library)—the finished product of Halprin & Associates's commissioned study of New York City's open spaces.

Take Part: A report on new ways in which people can participate in planning their own environments ($2.95).

Lawrence Halprin & Associates Poster ($1, plus 30 cents postage and handling)—a concise illustration of the firm's philosophy.

The RSVP Cycles: Creative Processes in the Human Environment (Braziller, $4.95)—a full-scale presentation of Halprin's basic concept, which encourages farsighted development rather than shortsighted expediency.

* When ordering books from us, please add 50 cents per book for postage and handling.

Leaving Home

Margaret Rudkin was a housewife with three children. At the age of forty-two, encouraged by her friends' compliments about her homemade wheat bread, she asked her local grocer in Fairfield, Connecticut, if he'd be interested in distributing her wares. Twenty-four years later, she was Chairman of the Board of Pepperidge Farms, Inc. when it was sold to Campbell Soup, Inc. for $39 million.

In 1937, when she began to rechannel her abilities, Margaret Rudkin was an exception. The older woman of 1974 has become a conscientious recycler. She can expect a seventy-three-year lifespan. The level of her awareness has been raised by the media, the feminist movement, and increased mobility. When her children have grown up, her career as housewife and mother is virtually over, and she finds herself obliged to take stock. What can a woman who's spent twenty years as a wife, mother, and housekeeper *do*? If she is serious about turning her talents into salable commodities, the options are numerous.

The first step can be as simple as a quick survey of the Yellow Pages. Look for—and follow up—vocational clinics and work-study programs sponsored by universities, YWCAs, community groups, and independent nonprofit organizations. By attending a career workshop, for example, a middle-aged woman can develop a strong sense of her assets and of the contributions that prior education and work experience, financial need, availability of time, degree of dedication, and husband approval can make to successful future employment.

All over the country, qualified older women are now entering business, industry, and the human services in spite of covert age discrimination. Less skilled women are finding jobs during peak seasons and peak hours at department stores, conventions, and offices.

Three gourmet cooks in York Harbor, Maine, have started their own catering service: a Florida garden-club president has become a florist; and a mother from New York City now heads a day-care center.

The recycling process is obviously easiest for the assertive woman who knows precisely what she wants to do. And naturally the privileged few—beneficiaries of good education, health care, and flexibility in life-style—have a head start. They often seek administrative, technical, or professional work. But even they have to deal with the hard realities of the marketplace. Ten years ago there was a shortage of workers. Today competition for jobs is brutal.

Most housewives bent on recycling their talents discover that what they must in fact recycle is their spirit—their initiative, perseverance, and agressiveness. Getting out of the sheltered atmosphere of the home and into the world of paid performance is terrifying—and immensely rewarding.

—Joan Hitzig

Joan Hitzig is on the staff of Harper's Magazine Press.

METABOLIC

Instead of wasting thirteen cubic inches of precious ground space with the discarded bulk of this magazine, or extravagantly consuming thirty-two ounces of life-supporting oxygen by burning it, pass it on to a friend.



NEW LEAF

Remember lying under the bushes when you were a child, playing games with leaves and twigs and blades of grass? All you needed for long afternoons of pleasure were those simple, growing things and your imagination. Maryanne Gjersvik knows all about making instant toys from grass, leaves, twigs, and seedpods, and her beautifully illustrated book, *Green Fun* (Chatham, $1.95), may teach you some games you never dreamed of. You can string necklaces of phlox, launch milkweed sailing ships, create maple-leaf crowns and musical instruments. Great green fun, no matter what your age.

Affluence in Effluence

RECYCLE, a multiservice project connected with the teacher resource center of the Boston Children's Museum, is one of the first large-scale programs for exploring possibilities of using industrial throwaways as craft and teaching materials. Large bins of bits of wood, metal, fabric, rope, wallpaper, plastic, foam rubber, and other safe industrial by-products are available at the center for projects—and not only for arts and crafts. With imagination and ingenuity, the staff turns the stuff into math games or uses it to illustrate simple scientific concepts to visitors. Workshops are held regularly to explore new uses for the country's ever-changing industrial effluents.

To learn more about these projects, send $1 to RECYCLE, The Children's Museum, Jamaicaway, Boston, Massachusetts 02130.

READERS

The days of retirement bring time with no schedule and few stimuli. I noticed decline and deterioration among many of my retired friends and I wondered why. I decided that their lives lacked a challenge.

Then I asked myself what interest I could create that would challenge me when I retired.

I went to the library to browse among the magazines—there's a periodical for every type of living. The ones that interested me most were on real estate and gardening. I liked the pictures of houses on spacious grounds and of luscious fruits and vegetables, maybe because I'd always lived in a crowded metropolitan area and worked in an office; at least half of my working life had been spent in a windowless cubicle. My late husband had taken an unimproved tract of land on the side of a mountain years ago. When I went to see it, I discovered many assets: a good road, rural electricity, telephone lines, two nearby lakes, a town only ten miles away.

I decided to clear one acre, build a duplex, and move into one side and rent the other. I was a widow past the age of sixty-five; my family and friends were deeply disturbed. They would shake their heads and say, "Something got into her!" But my challenge was strong enough to pull me through the hardships of moving and building during the first retirement year.

Now I live in a lovely house surrounded by beautiful mountain scenery, and I am making a garden. For the first time in my life, I belong to a country club. I participate in community activities. I am physically stronger than I was several years ago. My children are proud of my accomplishment and one teenage granddaughter wants to come live with me.

—Claire B. Woodward
Wilburton, Okla.



When forty winters shall besiege thy brow,
And dig deep trenches in thy beauty's field,
Thy youth's proud livery, so gazed on now,
Will be a tatter'd weed, of small worth held:
Then being ask'd where all thy beauty lies,
Where all the treasure of thy lusty days,
To say, within thine own deep-sunken eyes,
Were an all-eating shame and thriftless praise.
How much more praise deserved thy beauty's use,
If thou couldst answer "This fair child of mine
Shall sum my count and make my old excuse,"
Proving his beauty by succession thine!
This were to be new made when thou art old,
And see thy blood warm when thou feel'st it cold.

—William Sh
Sonnet

Long-Range Plan

We need national planning, research and development, and transition to a recycle society. By this I do not mean simply one in which beer cans and Coke bottles are all returned to the supermarket, but one in which virtually all materials used are reused indefinitely and virgin resources become primarily the make-up materials to account for the amounts lost in use and produ needed to supplement duction to take care of growth that would im quality of life. In su ciety the present mat uation is literally reve waste and scrap—wha called secondary mater come our major resou our natural, untapped become our back-up s

—Glenn



PERSONAL INCOME

We have all read that the average, well-fed human bo tains about $7 worth of chemicals and minerals. Now, fo of you who always felt affronted by the paltriness of tha tic, who instinctively thought evolution's ultimate product be worth more than the price of a steak dinner, we ol following retail price list of "spare parts":

Human milk: $25.60 per half-gallon.

Blood: up to $50 per pint for the rare AB negative.

Hair: up to $150 and more for enough to make a ful wig (the price has been undercut by competition fro rior synthetics).

Skeletons: $250 for a "student-grade" model, $500 an for "top-grade" specimens sold by biological supply

Other commercial items are teeth (formerly used in the facture of dentures), semen (purchased by artificial-insem clinics), and placentas (a source of hormones for drug com

READERS

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, *The Sea of Fertility*,
l by Alfred A. Knopf:
now, Runaway Horses,
mple of Dawn ($7.95
nd *The Decay of the*
6.95).

Cheap

of us are fortunate
to have friends who
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for plants and garden-
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Having written thirty-
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Shall I Compare Thee?

A while back we asked you to send us colorful linguistic Americana in the form of metaphors, similes, and the like, along with their sources, if known. We got more replies than you can shake a stick at—some lucid, some obtuse, and some downright raunchy. We've learned a great deal, notably that the hog may be the great American folk animal.

She had buck teeth that could bite a hog's ass through a picket fence (Louisiana).
—James Riseden
Ely, Nev.

I feel like a hog starin' at a wristwatch (Mississippi).
—Richard Hill
St. Petersburg, Fla.

Happy as a dead hog in the sunshine (Mississippi).
—Deborah K. Stapleton
Seattle, Wash.

Independent as a hog on ice.
Fidgety as a hen on a hot rock.
Ah'm as tard as if Ah'd been arnin' all day over a low far with brars in my feet (Kentucky). **—June B. Rice**
Paintsville, Ky.

That beats a hog a-flyin'.
Of an unprepossessing young man: he looks like a strip tore out of nothing. Or: he lies like a bug under a collard leaf (south Georgia). **—Linda Meriam**
DePere, Wis.

Coach John Merritt of Tennessee State describing one of his valued football players: "Quick as a hiccup."
—W. D. Dulaney, Jr.
Blountville, Tenn.

Her hair looks like fog rising off a manure heap (Michigan).
—Judy Devereux
Cohasset, Mass.

Those biscuits are harder than Chinese arithmetic (South and West). **—William J. Somers**
Freeport, N.Y.

Fits like a sock on a rooster (Virginia). **—R. Dupont**
Litchfield, Conn.

Useful as a screen door on a submarine.
—Margaret Freeborn

It tastes so good it will make your tongue slap your brains out. **—Janet Baumer**
Richmond, Ind.

A wink is as good as a nod to a blind horse (northwestern Ohio). **—Gary S. Basch**
New Britain, Conn.

"One in the hill and half cut down" means feeling bad (one plant left in the hill of beans and that plant half dead).
So ugly she looks like a homemade child (central Louisiana). **—Alice Weggant**

Don't thump a free melon (Ozarkian).
—Jacqueline Fishman
Charlotte, N.C.

Busy as a cat trying to bury shit on a glass roof.
She ran home so fast you could play dice on the tail of her coat (Southern blacks).
—E. Kerley
Southfield, Mich.

Tea so strong you could trot a mouse on it (Irish).
—Ann Hedlund
Boulder, Colo.

As quiet as a mosquito doing push-ups on a lemon meringue pie (South).
—Susan M. Phillips
Philadelphia, Pa.

My land's so poor,/ So hard and yeller,/ You have to sit on a sack of fertilizer./ To raise an umbrella (line in an old Hank Williams song).
Living in the country is one thing, but he lives so far in the woods, the sun sets between his house and the road (eastern North Carolina).
—Brantley Claris
Chapel Hill, N.C.

I'm so mad I could chew up nails and spit out horseshoes.
Most boys been further huntin' eggs in the barn than that boy's been away from home (North Carolina). **—Julia Lear**
Arlington, Va.

When counseling compromise, one might say: "It's better than a peck in the head with a sharp stone."
—Jonathan P. Webster
Gloucester, Mass.

Soft as a sneaker full of shit (Dover, N.H.). **—John Christie**
Gloucester, Mass.

As skinny as the hind legs of a katydid (western Pennsylvania). **—Mrs. Robert S. Stevens**
Chicora, Pa.

That's about as exciting as watching paint dry (downstate Illinois farmer).
—William H. Rentschler
Lake Forest, Ill.

Grinnin' like a mule eatin' briars.
He looked like he'd been sortin' wildcats (western Appalachian region along the Tennessee-Virginia border).
—Carole F. Johnson
Indianapolis, Ind.

"I think I grow tensions/like flowers" (Robert Creeley, in "The Flower").
"A riot is the language of the unheard" (Martin Luther King).
"I was of three minds,
Like a tree
In which there are three blackbirds" (Wallace Stevens, in "Thirteen Ways of Looking at a Blackbird").
—Marilyn M. Chase
Washington, D.C.

It's darker in here than in a bull's belly with his tail shut down. **—Linda Swackhamer**
Towaco, N.J.

Uglier than a mud fence covered with toads.
Sexier than a three-petered nanny goat (rural eastern or southwestern Montana).
—Sara E. Browne
Gig Harbor, Wash.

Most of my friends that I ask, "How you doing?" will answer, "Oh, 'bout half." That is all I can think of offhand, hope you'ns up there appreciated it, because thinking for me is meaner than cat shit on a pump handle.
—Annette Hawley
Moundsville, W. Va.

As skinny as a yard of pump water (New Zealand).
—Dorothy C. Wright
Grand Island, N.Y.

He's as poor as Job's turkey—which bird had only one feather in its tail and had to lean against the fence to gobble (Bedford County, Pa.).
—Elizabeth Jump
Elmhurst, Ill.

RAPAR INFORMATIO

Southerners outraged by the decision requiring schools to desegregate: "The long arm of federal tyranny is rushing us under the heel of its boot.

"The Court paints with such a broad brush that it loosens the reins." **—Patrick Murray**
Seattle, Wash.

There's a treasure trove of metaphors and colorful Americana in the old *Farmer's Almanacs*, published in the 1840s and 1850s. Davy Crockett, Mike Fink, and others were the heroes.

Crockett kicks someone in the belly: "He war expluntificated, rum-squaddled, and boliterated. He clapped his hands on his bowels and swore he war a steembote with a busted boiler."

Crockett tames a hyena: "I jist run a fore-finger through his nose, making a nateral ring, and led him home as docile as a frosted fly."

Crockett's daughter: "When she goes to bed she's so tarnal long and sleeps so sound, that we can only waken her by degrees, and that's by chopping wood on her shins."

"Shut your mouth or your teeth will get sunburned."
—Kenneth Cavander
New Haven, Conn.

My grandmother, Elivia Bell Verner, was born in 1874 in Cass Station, Georgia. Her speech, unaffected by the written word, was full of colorful linguistic Americana.

"This world and one more, and then the ironworks, where we'll all have a job shoveling coal" (prosaic comment on eschatology).

"Light a shuck" (make haste).

"Saw wood and say nothing" (keep your own counsel).

"I don't chew my tobacco twice" (refusal to repeat a comment).

"Enough is enough and too much is superflurity [*sic*]."
—Ruth B. Lacey
Marietta, Ga.

If you'd like to learn more about the provenance of these sayings, Charles Earl Funk has compiled two books giving the etymologies of curious sayings from American folklore, *A Hog on Ice* and *Heavens to Betsy* (Warner Paperback Library, $1.25 each).

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Solzhenitsyn's truth

oviet regime has deceived its people and half of the th millions of clever words. ıer words, like a magic anti- re needed to set the record These other words are now tten by Alexander Solzhenit- The GULag Archipelago,"

us who have lived behind Curtain, if only on the pe- of the GULag Archipelago, at every one of Solzhenitsyn's true and we pray for him.

RICHARD H. EIBEL
New Carrollton, Md.

Army angst

hose of us who grew up play- lier during World War II— n ardent for some desperate in Wilfrid Owen's words— o later experienced the igno- reality of the Modern Army tees between Korea and Viet- ıe dilemma so painfully and ively described by Lucian K. t IV ["Notes On a Broken e," July] seems not so much ılt of a broken promise as the ent of a tragic prophecy. Even hey said, "This is a promise, threat," we knew it was the vay around, and the very fact ey had to threaten us with a e was the most threatening of all, although (perhaps be- the whole thing was a weak, 22 joke. In place of leaders we ıshers and shovers, who some- doubled, unwittingly, as fifth- and-up comedians. The Army ıger knew when to laugh—or take itself seriously.

most chilling thing about Trus- article is his final, haunting on: why? In one sense it seems a feckless and naive thing to ask; in another, it poses the puzzle of all our contemporary horrors, all the senseless shoddiness that emanates from Washington, Detroit, Hollywood, and Middle America. Lest Mr. Truscott think that West Point has a corner on the broken-promise business, let him see that failure of nerve is flourishing across the land.

But that, of course, does not answer the question. Perhaps there is no satisfactory answer, but if I were to attempt one, among my notes would be statements found on other pages of *Harper's* July issue. One is George P. Elliott's remark about today's "sly disposition to elevate the mediocre, the talentless, the boring." Another, in WRAPAROUND, is of more cosmic proportions: the universe has gotten bigger, "linkages have been broken," alignments disturbed, the center will not hold, there is no center. Simply and plainly, we just don't know where the hell we are anymore. None of us.

NOLAN PORTERFIELD
Cape Girardeau, Mo.

Buried envy

Although I consider George P. Elliott's article, "Buried Envy" [July], generally well thought through, I want to take issue with him on one point. He says, "Consider that the most important thing most women do or ever could do is to make a home and raise their children, and then think of how inferior and deprived the women's liberation movement tries to make them feel about their most rewarding occupation."

My response to this is "Balderdash!" Before the women's movement most women responded sheepishly to the question, "What do you do?" by saying, "Oh, I'm just a housewife." Now these "housewives" are demanding that the myriad activities involved in raising children and running a home be recognized as very important. No longer are women willing to buy the condescending implication of George Elliott's statement that that's all they can do. There are many skills and abilities that go into making a home run efficiently; when that fact is recognized by men (and men stop seeing housework as beneath them), then the women's liberation movement will be more than halfway there, and women will gain at least some of the respect they deserve. Opening up alternatives is the thrust of the liberation movement, and that includes the choice a woman may make of being a full-time homemaker.

CAROLE BARNET
Meadville, Pa.

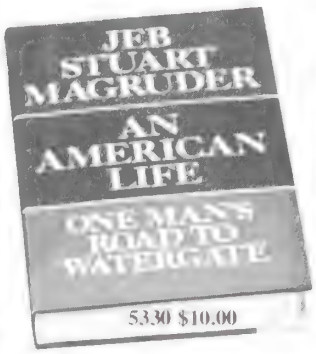
GEORGE P. ELLIOTT REPLIES:

My statement was intended to imply that making, molding, nurturing other people, as mothers do (and as fathers do, though usually to a lesser degree), is so immeasurably important in the human scale of things that few women (and few men) have the gifts and opportunities to do anything else nearly as valuable or satisfying. Keep your options open, sure, but don't confuse your priorities. Women's lib urges women to think that raising children or having a career is a fair choice, but the movement leaders who propose this choice and the heroines of the movement are for the most part out for successful careers. For a given woman, career may indeed be a better choice than family or may be a possibility in addition to family. But for most women (as for most men) the highest vocation open to them, making a family, is so profoundly and essentially human that it seems to me malicious to disturb them in the exercise of that intricate, imperfect, sometimes anguished, never-ending, necessary love.

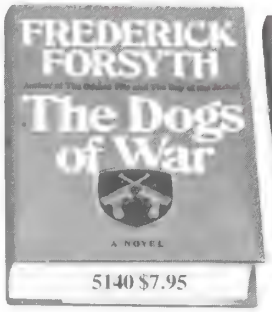
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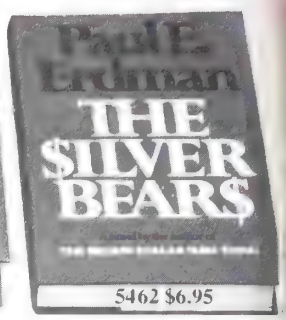
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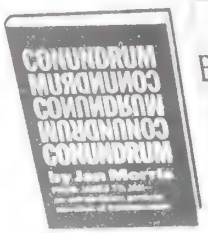
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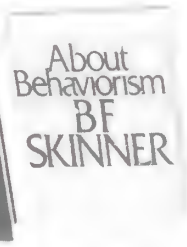
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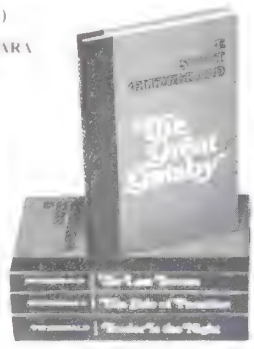
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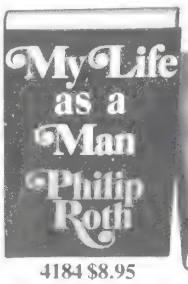
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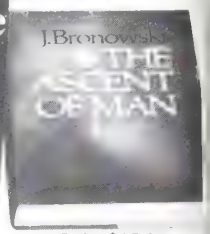
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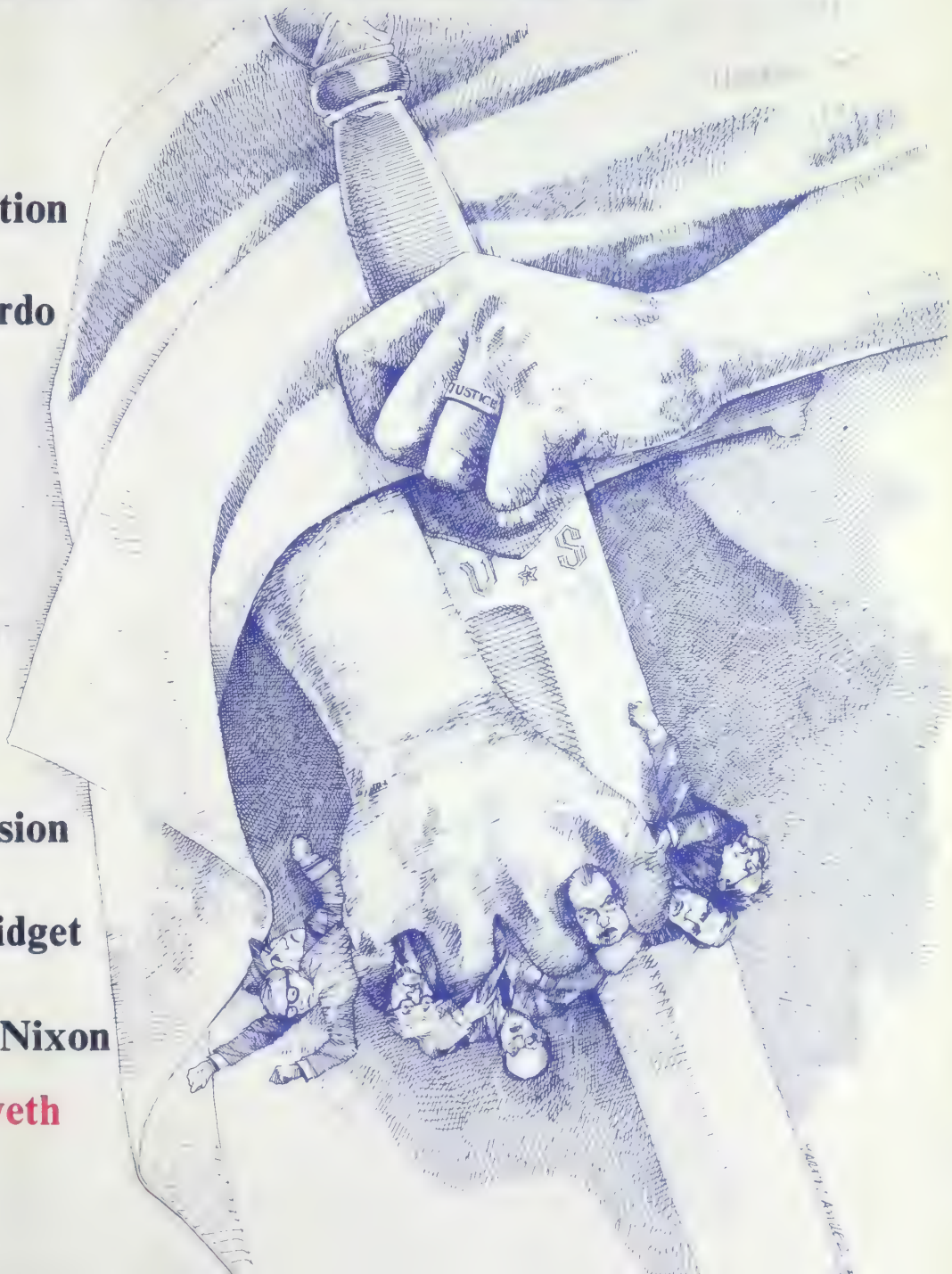
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Harper's

Magazine

AMERICAN CHARACTER: TRIAL AND TRIUMPH



Wills:
in the Bunker

ward Hunt:
landestine Tradition

nio Martinez:
lissions for Eduardo

rd Barker:
ht Do It Again

ert Porter:
ittle White Lie

Gorey:
Dean's Dilemma

s Boyd:
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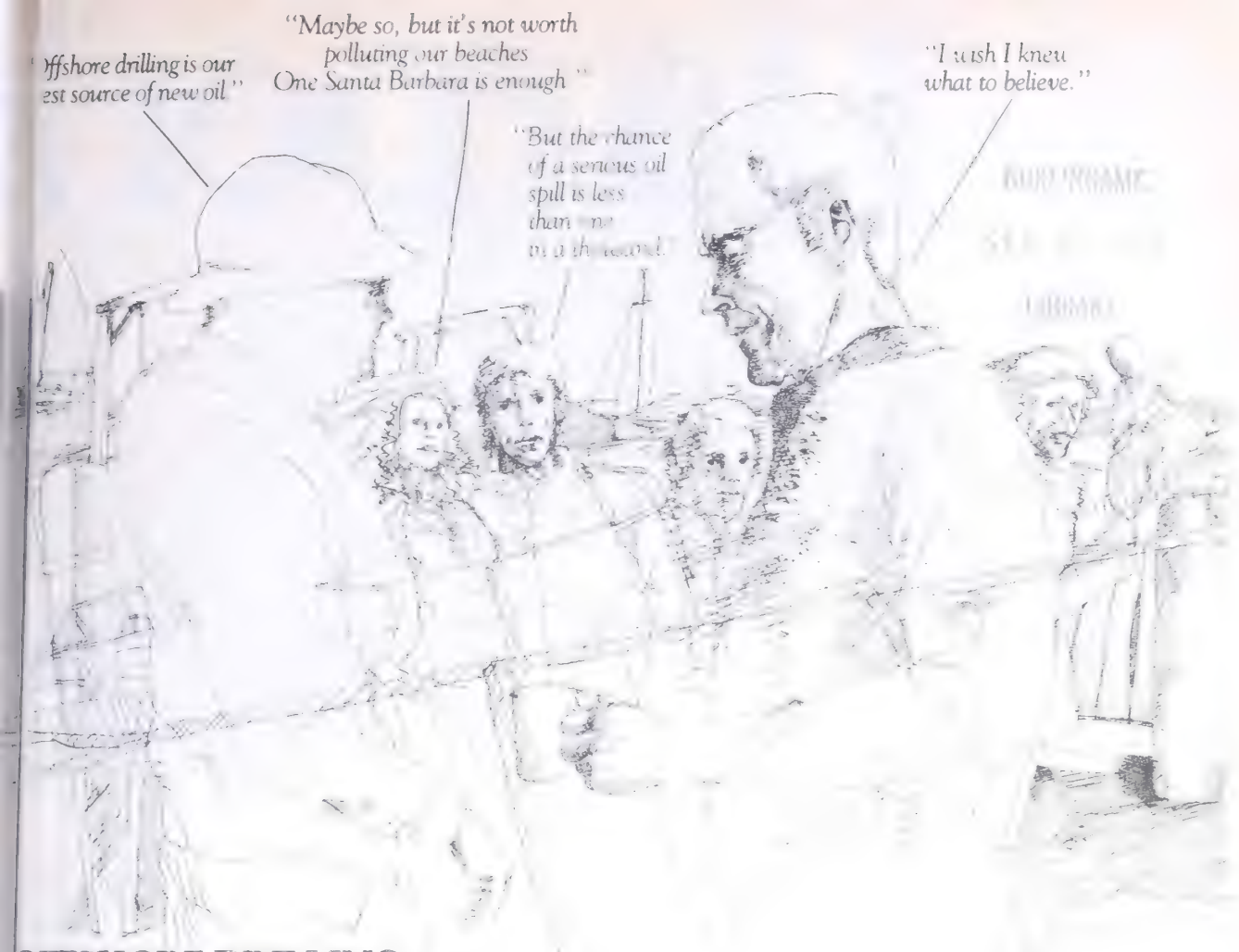


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Harper's

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ABOUT THIS ISSUE

As this issue went to press, Richard Nixon's dramatic exit had occasioned a vast sigh of national relief and catharsis. The feeling of deliverance from evil, or at least political dyspepsia, was so intense that many citizens were almost grateful to its involuntary creator, Mr. Nixon. Duly reflecting the consensus, President Ford invoked prayers for his fallen predecessor, and called for a bright new era of probity, candor, and good feelings. "Our long national nightmare is over," he announced. "Our Constitution works. . . . Here, the people rule."

Well, it's about time Americans enjoyed some euphoria, an outburst of pride in the integrity of our best instincts and political institutions. The country has missed all that for at least the past decade. Still, we can't help saying that unanimous perceptions of complex events make us queasy: in fact, *Harper's* has always questioned instant formulations of history, and this may be a good time to keep ourselves in training.

For example, a skeptic might note that a substantial number of influential people in Washington knew a great deal about the Nixon team's unlawful activities soon after they began in 1971 and well before the 1972 election. Yet these people, many of them sworn officers of the law, failed to come forward. There is also the legend of an indefatigible press uncovering the Watergate conspiracy, whereas it appears that the facts were selectively leaked by various law enforcers—after Mr. Nixon irked them by his inept efforts to control the federal bureaucracy. Even then, it required more than two years of prolonged agony and dithering over the obvious before Nixon stopped lying to his countrymen and manipulating "the system" in his favor. It is true that he did so under the inexorable threat of impeachment. But it is not clear that the result validates the constitutional process designed by the Founders as a "grand inquest of the nation." The defendant himself abruptly halted the process—much to the relief of Congress—as soon as it began to work effectively. Nixon's resignation was akin to a defendant's pleading guilty to a lesser offense in order to escape trial for the crime he actually committed.

Perhaps this would have satisfied the Founders. But when a democracy tolerates for so long a Presidential performance of such blatant dishonesty and irresponsibility, and w[illegible] trial on the merits is aborted [illegible] it begins, one may ponder w[illegible] our government is truly a go[illegible] ment of laws, not of men.

The removal of large weights [illegible] the souls of men and nations [illegible] to make for lightheadedness. [illegible] graceless as it may be to say so [illegible] troubling fact remains—Mr. [illegible] would still be in office had he n[illegible] explicably taped, retained, and [illegible] tored the evidence of his own [illegible] What drove him from office wa[illegible] the constitutional process but hi[illegible] pulse to self-destruction. His pol[illegible] death was by his own hand.

Having blamed it all simply o[illegible] loss of political support in Cong[illegible] Mr. Nixon left us with the firs[illegible] elected administration in histo[illegible] teetering economy, and myriad [illegible] answered questions. What other [illegible] acts lurk in the taped (and untap[illegible] Nixon record? Why did he a[illegible] himself to sink into an entirely av[illegible] able quagmire? Were his flaws re[illegible] those of a weakling, not a tyr[illegible] How should we deal with all the [illegible] solved problems—rival intellig[illegible] agencies, uncontrolled bureaucra[illegible] reelection politics, inflated campa[illegible] spending—that drove Nixon to f[illegible]

Drawings by James Wyeth throughout this issue. Copyright © 1974 by James [illegible]

ses? Do we actually need an nger Presidency and strong- o fill it?

er's itself is left with the of whether anyone cares another word about the Nix- ia. Even so, our readers being pen-minded than most, we evoted this issue largely to erspectives on the Watergate Our special section, "Ameri- aracter: Trial and Triumph," work of our Washington Edi- lor Branch, George Crile, and Nahikian. It takes the place of **'AROUND** (for this issue only) based on the same editorial t—that often the most honest viting way to deal with a com- ibject is to present it in an un- tious, nonlinear format.

ong other things, we've sought iblished the hitherto unreport- ceptions of various Watergate pants, including the long-silent n Liddy, E. Howard Hunt, and uban burglars, Bernard Barker ugenio Martinez. Their states id (notably Liddy's) have giv- pause, to say the least. What- ou think, we guarantee that the issue contains only material aught us something new; we you feel the same way.

e're especially grateful to Jamie h for permission to use his ings. Mr. Wyeth is a distin- ed painter, not a magazine il- ator. But, as a fascinated ob- r of the Washington scene this ner, he found himself sketching sonal record of historical events, he results are likely to command n attention in the art world. You preview a generous sampling ughout "American Character: l and Triumph." —R.S.

WRAPAROUND will be back ext month to deal with the top- of Adventure. In December, ne subject will be Sleep and Dreams. Contributions from art, cience, literature, and life will e welcomed. Please address hem to WRAPAROUND, Harp- r's Magazine, Two Park Ave- ue, New York, N.Y. 10016.



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Geoffrey Stokes

THE STORY OF P

A computer unmasks the man behind the transcripts



"WORDS," WROTE TENNYSON, "like Nature, half reveal/And half conceal the Soul within." One of the fascinations of the White House transcripts is the glimpse they provide into the concealed half of Richard Nixon's soul.

Despite all the obvious doctoring —the bowdlerizing, emendations, and egregious omissions—we still have more than 100,000 revealing words uttered by P in private conversations with his intimates or conspirators. To pursue the truths behind those words, we also have available to us the standard techniques practiced by people who take words seriously: psychologists, who trace recurring image patterns through their patients' speech; sociologists, who compile content analyses; and literary critics, who weigh writers' words in order to find the meaning behind the meaning. Using a computer-generated analysis prepared at Cornell University,* we can apply those techniques to the transcripts.

As it turns out, almost a third of P's private talk is devoted to rehearsals—to trying out public speech. Consider the transition from private to public mode in the following exchange among P, Ehrlic (E), and Haldeman (H):

P (talking of Dean): My pc is—you've got to watch out. may say, "Well they were try to get me—conspired to get m write a report that was untru

E: Well, I understand, exc that he was sent to write it w out anybody being near him.

P: Except Moore (unintell ble).

E: I'm sure that when he w through this exercise, it was possible for him to write it do without it being a confessi. And he said, "My God, I do know how this case is going break, but I'm crazy to have piece of paper like that aroun

P: Then I could say that I dered—Who conducted the inv tigation?

E: The way we got it does say.

H: You asked other staff me bers to explore this—you h Ehrlichman, Moore, Garme Haldeman.

P: That's right. All right. A then—

E: Then you contacted so people and said "Don't hold ba on my account."

P: Yes, like Hunt—Liddy.

E: Like Mitchell and Magr der.

P: I passed the word to sources that everybody was talk, to tell the truth, which I h done previously. I reaffirmed, reaffirmed specific terms to sp cific people.

Although the final paragrap patently untrue, P is not lying t friends. Rather, he is in full p mode, and they are preparing to lie to us.

COOPERATE: P uses the word *coo ate* twenty-nine times, asserting eagerness to "fully cooperate the grand jury," et cetera. Bu those twenty-nine occurrences, six are in the private mode. Of th three are historical references t difficulties investigating Alger (who plays a surprising role in transcripts), and one is in a hi guarded conversation with Assis Attorney General Henry Peter whom P regards as an advers The two which do bear directly the Watergate investigation giv strikingly different picture from public-mode uses, including P's ing Haldeman, "I don't want Bob, you see the point. I don't v to cooperate with the Committee

* Cornell's involvement with computer-assisted language analysis goes back to 1959, when Professor Stephen M. Parrish edited a concordance of Matthew Arnold's poetry. Since then, the Computer Concordance Project has published fourteen other volumes and carried out various special projects. The study of P's words—carried out by Parrish and Peter Shames, a programmer—contains about three-quarters of a mile of computer output, including an alphabetized index of P's every word.

Geoffrey Stokes, a free-lance writer, contributes to The Village Voice.

:: Once the private and
are separated, the tran-
eveal patterns of imagery
ne his view of the world.
we/they battle, "the other
ing almost anyone who is
he room with him at the

g the first meeting tran-
on the day when the origi-
ted Watergate indictments
wn, P's mood is one of ebul-
ifidence. "This is a war. We
ew shots and it will be over,
give a few shots and it will
. . . I wouldn't want to be on
er side now, would you?"
ice dominates the conversa-
Just remember all the trou-
're taking, we'll get back
y." And P goes on to ask for
ost comprehensive notes on
e who tried to do us in."
by the time of the second
d meeting (February 28,
the situation is in consider-
sarray. Despite's P's earlier
ng of Dean ("So you just try
on it up as well as you can"),
have started to unravel. Dor-
Hunt—carrying a purseful of
bills—has died in a plane
the Senate has unanimously
to mount an independent Wa-
investigation, and the *New*
Times has run the first stories
g White House staffer Gordon
an to the Hunt-Liddy opera-
Yet P is still confident of Pres-
al power. He advises Dean to
Senators like cantankerous chil-
("You've got to be very firm
these guys"), and he later
is Kleindienst to "baby-sit"
rd Baker.
The Hiss case comes up for the
ime as the cover-up begins to
apart. (According to Charles
n's testimony before the House
iary Committee, Nixon con-
y returned to the Hiss case,
g his aides—as he does Dean
is section—to "Go back and
the first chapter of *Six Crises*,"
utobiography. Colson said that
ad read it fourteen times during
ears on the Nixon team.) Be-
its being the event that cata-
d P into national politics, the
reminds him—as he wrote in
Crises—that patient investiga-
will inevitably trap a liar (which
elieves Hiss to have been). In
Hiss case, P remembers the
es of a powerful administration

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arrayed against a small, determined band of Congressional investigators; his analogue to Watergate returns to haunt P as the investigators begin to close in on him.

P tells his associates to deal with the Ervin Committee by informing them, "That is the way Nixon ran the Hiss case," and urging that the Committee follow his rules. When the case next comes up, however, the context is considerably more ambiguous—indicating P's transition from investigator to suspect. In coaching Dean on the best way of dealing with Senator Ervin, he suggests that Dean say, "We are making a lot of history here, Senator. . . . A lot of history. We are setting a stirring precedent. The President, after all, let's find out what the President did know, talk about the Hiss case." The passage is marked by hubris of the sort that drives criminals to send clues about themselves to the papers.

When Hiss appears again, his identification with "the other side" has been sharply muted. Following a series of references to potential Watergate informers as instant media "heroes," P warns Haldeman that Whittaker Chambers was destroyed because he was an informer. P further drops his earlier celebration of himself as a prosecutor when with Hiss as an unmentioned presence he acknowledges the identification between his staff and the convicted perjurer: "Whatever we say about Harry Truman, et cetera, while it hurt him, a lot of people admired the old bastard for standing by people who were guilty as hell. And dammit, I am that kind of person." The muddled grammar might reasonably lead one to believe that P thinks of himself as "one of those people who are guilty as hell," but even apart from that quite reasonable interpretation, his clear shift from prosecutor to protector is remarkable.

The recognition that he and his staff are now cast in the Hiss role becomes firmer when P, knowing that Dean has begun to talk to the prosecutors, reminds him that "Hiss would be free today if he hadn't lied." Identification becomes complete during the final conversation in the transcripts, when P defends raising the Watergate hush-money by comparing it to publicly subscribed defense funds: "They helped the Berrigans. You remember the Alger Hiss Defense Fund?"

By that point, in an irony enhanced by a rereading of the unctuous first chapter of *Six Crises*, Alger Hiss has become P's role model.

EVEN THOUGH HE KNOWS what investigators can do, P has his lines of defense ready: "The main thing, of course, is the isolation of the President." Isolation can be maintained, he reminds Dean, if people will just "remember that this was not done by the White House. This was done by the Committee to Re-Elect and Mitchell was the Chairman, correct?"

He is most comfortable when he can perceive himself standing alone with perhaps two or three faithful followers—against the external forces that are out to destroy him. One by one, advisers are stricken from his list. "As for Pat Gray, (expletive deleted), I never saw him." Herbert Kalmbach: "I don't ask him anything. I don't talk to him about anything." Liddy: "I have never met him." Mitchell: "I didn't talk to him, you know." Dean: "(Inaudible) see Dean until a month ago. Never even saw him." Colson: "I don't want Colson to come in here." Richard Moore: "But I haven't talked to Moore either." And finally—when he realizes that Haldeman and Ehrlichman will have to go: "I don't have anybody to talk to."

To some extent, of course, he is driven to proclaim his isolation in order to affirm his innocence, but maintaining his self-image as a loner inevitably increases his paranoia. The language combines with the reality to give point to his early statement that "nobody is a friend of ours. Let's face it." And in a progression which is logical if not rational, he focuses increasingly on himself. The most striking variation of P's language from normal usage is the frequency of the personal pronoun *I*. The fascination with self leads to *I* appearing 4,390 times in the course of P's conversation. In normal American usage, according to the standard *Computational Analysis of Present-Day American English*, over a million words go by before *I* appears that many times. P does it in a mere hundred thousand.

HANDLE: Although P continually seeks to reassert his control over events, Watergate resists h tempts to manipulate it. He ently realizes this midway thro public-mode passage which is rupted by his desire to "ha Watergate (he uses "handle" synonym for "control" seventy times during the transcripts): will make statements. . . . All th formation, we have nothing to We have to handle it. You can't be in a position of bas hunkering down because you a lot of tough questions on W gate."

But statements won't work, cause it is not going to get b It is going to get worse." So ments are abandoned and Ron ler is sent to "go out there and and weave around." The bo metaphor—one of many that P's speech—both capsulizes W House animosity toward the and implies that P has, at the ment, no punches to throw.

Yet he is able to cheer hi with the reminder that his ene are themselves disorganized, that he retains considerable po "I tell you this is the last gasp of hardest opponents. They've just to have something to squeal a it. . . . They are going to lie arc and squeal. They are having a time now. They got the hell ki out of them in the election."

With the conclusion of that m ing, a full week before McCord w his now-famous letter to Judge ca, P's fundamental view of the uation is already established. Wa gate, like anything else that wrong, is simply a matter of thi getting out of control. Actions not good or evil in themselves, become so through their effects him; at one point, he speaks of w Segretti was up to as "Jackass . . . which of course is a perfe proper course of action if it work

WHISTLES, DRILLS, BAGS: All throu the transcripts, P struggles to ma Watergate "work." But his power control his environment slips aw Events finally take him in their gri he becomes the controller controll the pursuer pursued.

The transition is seen in thr overlapping metaphors that for along with sports, the major sourc of P's figures of speech: military ja gon, hunting-and-fishing terms, a "tough guy" or gangster talk. Mi tary and hunting-and-fishing them

ablished early, well before
e. Except for his sporadic
to convince Henry Peter-
they are basically on the
le (an illusion that he re-
punctures by using adver-
ting images: "I completed
d with Petersen. . . . I nailed
d"), there is no false piety.
tification with the gangsters
ete.

orries that someone may
he whistle on everybody,"
ndictments of people in the
ıtial family," and about
not going to finger Magru-
e knows "that maybe it takes
to launder money, and mini-
ne associate's role by saying,
basically almost a bag man
nessage carrier." Finally, he
ns that the prosecutors are
ıg over" his people, and urges
ıan and Ehrlichman to "beat
on rap. They'll have one hell
ne proving it." He may not
ook, but he talks like one.

he military and hunting se-
s, however, there is more
ent, and we sense P's despair
ıts catch up with him. Though
always cautious about am-
"The Kennedy crowd is just
in the bushes waiting to make
ıove"), he was initially eager
tle. By the time of the hush-
conversation, things have
to shift; though he still be-
"it is better to fight it out"
of twenty-eight times he uses
' or "fighting"), he is becoming
of the difficulties: "The prob-
at you have are all these mine
down the road." Watergate is
y trap ready to explode at any
nt, "I think it's ready to do
ight now. I think this would
r it without question . . . cut-
Bob and the rest to pieces."

surrender is unthinkable
en you are in a battle, if you
ing to fight a battle, you are
to fight it to the finish"), and
ls for "the drill" of getting the
"maybe charged up a little on

the cover-up story continues
ck, and P—sensing that there
be no way for him to win this
-avoids "escalating it," for he
are that his soldiers have a dis-
ıg tendency to go over to the
side. "What was Dean's line
e he deserted?" he asks.
d though the military rhetoric

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("command decisions," RAND-like "scenarios") continues through the transcripts, P knows that he is losing. By the time the final battle metaphor comes around, after Ehrlichman glumly comments that "it's the end of the ball game," P responds, "Well, it is for this time, but now and then you have one fight and win the battle." The usual proverb, lodged in P's head just as firmly as it is in ours, involves—after winning the battle—losing the war.

As striking as the military metaphors are, the most intriguing shifts occur in the hunting-and-fishing sequences, as the big-game hunter becomes a hunted animal ("We have a pretty big bag" shifts to "It is terrible when they get such a big bag"); and the confident angler who dangled bait before the Ervin Committee ("They didn't bite that one very fast, did they?") becomes a fish, who must "take the gaff."

SNAKES, WOLVES, FISH: The prosecutors are now the hunters and fishermen, and John Mitchell, whom P once urged to go after "the big game," has become fair game himself: "The real target here is Mitchell."

And the animals that surround P as he flees from his pursuers are no longer the "squealing" weaklings from "the other side," but are poisonous snakes whose very existence paralyzes him. "Oh, I'll move on it. . . . I'll move on it. I'm just trying to think about whether—before Magruder strikes."

P has tried to hide his own involvement. "Well," he tells Petersen in an apparently inadvertent burst of honesty, "I am just trying to cover my tracks on the Dean thing. . . ." But it does him no good, and the prosecutors, " trying to track on perjury," are gaining on him. As they close in, he attempts to reassure his shrinking crew of loyalists, telling Haldeman, "Look, the point is . . . throwing you to the wolves. . . . What does that accomplish?"

What it accomplishes, at least in metaphor, is to lighten the load so that P can increase his own distance from his pursuers. And in reality, anyone close to P had damn well better be worried about his doing it. "Look, if they get a hell of a big fish, that is going to take a lot of the fire out of this thing on the cover-up and all that sort. If they get the President's former law partner an[d] ney General, you know . . .' bye, John Mitchell.

There are eight references ple implicated in Watergate with Sirica, who "has to real he's getting bigger fish," as t fisherman, and the prosecuto ing by "putting a net o money." But though P is wi abandon his friends, he is about the consequences "wh big fish start flopping arou land. He is equally concerne what happens to men imme water—to creatures out of th ment, in an environment t personally destroys them as as lack of water destroys a fis

DROWNING: In an extraordina ter of metaphors beginning the transcripts, he conjures u ries of drowning men. He with three references to a s ship, from which Jeb Magruc "pulled the plug," and conti imagine Magruder in the wat perate (and therefore unc lable), "thrashing around . . down . . . sinking." Colson is in it "up to his navel," and t ters are rising, "they'll get tide when they get to the jury."

But Colson is still an ap ally; John Dean is an enemy and Ehrlichman plot his destr "I wonder, John, I wonder t less you sank Dean . . ." But, l hunting metaphor, drowning works two ways, and P tells W Rogers that Dean is after Hal and Ehrlichman. "He's doing e to sink 'em." Still later, he plains that "Dean is the onl who can sink Haldeman or E man," and that "he wants to them down with him."

Thus, by the time he conclu last recorded conversation, P's dismissal of Watergate as "o those side issues" has given w a pained recognition of reality troops are deserting, his men d ing, the big fish are flopping a on the beach, and—most ser —the prosecutors have begun cover *his* tracks.

Surveying the wreckage, he to Henry Petersen and—for th and only time in the transcr uses the word that has been i thoughts all along. "Suppose, says, "he starts trying to im the President."



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AN ABC OF P

A is for *abuses* that *appalled* the President. The combination appeared three times in P's public farewell to Ehrlichman and Haldeman, but not at all in private conversation.

B is for *begin* (3 times). He uses *end* 20 times.

C is for *cut* (17), especially in "cutting losses" (8), which sometimes means *not* cutting losses and instead continuing the cover-up: "If we continue to cut our losses . . . it is all going to come out anyway."

D is for *dumb* (7). Segretti (1), Pat Gray—"Damned dumb Gray" (3), and Edward Nixon (1) are dumb. But as for P: "I am not dumb."

E is for *easy* (8), half of them about paying Hunt off: "That would be easy."

F is for *foundation* (3), the tax-exempt means of support for Haldeman and Ehrlichman if they are indicted: "Well, I have a foundation . . ."

G is for *gear* (3), all in Ehrlichman's gearing up a hidden device to record a conversation with John Mitchell: "Why don't you just gear it up?"

H is for an *hors d'oeuvre* (1) of boiled scapegoat: "Give 'em an hors d'oeuvre and maybe they won't come back for the main course. Well, out, John Dean."

I is for *immunity* (77), about which P is really worried: "The immunity thing scares me to death."

J is for *jury* (184). The public flap may have been all about the Senate Committee, but all committees (CREEP, Cuban, Banking) show up only 140 times. P knows where the action is.

K is for *knight* (2), both times with Judge Sirica as a "White Knight."

L is for *leash* (1), by which P controls things: "I've got Petersen on a short leash."

M is for *mea culpa* (1) but only theoretically. "It's sort of an admitting *mea culpa*. . . . I don't want to."

N is for *nibble* (3), all with the connotation of being nibbled "to death."

O is for *options* (10), which P always wants to have. Which is why payoffs are necessary: "We have to keep the cap on the bottle that much, or we don't have any options."

P is for *perfectly* (14), as in "perfectly clear." It may be P's most famous verbal tic, but he uses *perjury* 24 times.

Q is for *quash* (3), all in suggestions that evidence be suppressed, and for *quiet* (5), always in phrases like "money to keep the defendants quiet."

R is for *ruthless* (1). In the context of his abandoning his closest friends, P uses it only once—and that once of Robert Kennedy: "Bobby was a ruthless (characterization deleted)."

S is for *she* (9). *He* is used on 1,662 occasions; P's is a man's world.

T is for *the* (4,653), the one word which P just barely manages to use more than *I* (4,390). In normal American usage the ratio is almost 14:1.

U is for "(unintelligible)" (1,197, together with "(inaudible)," for a rate of once every 12.2 sentences.) In the conversation in which Dean felt P was setting him up, the rate is once every 114 sentences. Hmm.

V is for *verse* (3), once as a verb and twice in "chapter and verse," where it means detailed—even Biblical—truth. Thus in the famous Dean Report: "I don't want too much chapter and verse."

W is for *Bob Woodward* of the *Washington Post* (9), who wins the prize as most-mentioned reporter. Seymour Hersh of the *New York Times* is runner-up, with 8.

X, alas, is not for anything, though the computer helpfully offered one each of *xample*, *xe*, and *xig*.

Y is for tough *yeah* (429) and folksy *yep* (18). And for standard *yes* (88).

Z is for *zealots* (2), a term that, for P, is interchangeable with *prosecutors*.



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PIETY IN THE BUNKER

Religiosity is the last refuge of impeachable Presidents

ANDREW CARNEGIE: *This is Christian country.*

MARK TWAIN: *Why, Carnegie, so is hell. But we don't brag of this.*

THIS NATION IS GOD'S NATION. The office of the President of the United States is, therefore, sacred." That is the gospel of the Reverend Sun Myung Moon. When Nixon, playing Mr. Bones to Mr. Moon, came out of the White House last December 13 to greet his disciples of the Freedom Leadership Foundation, they knelt down to worship him. That was as good an indication as we needed at the time of Mr. Nixon's desperation. Only the idolaters were left in his retinue. When a man has sacrificed all honor, he must settle for adoration. The poor Roman emperors had no way left to get their fellows' attention but to make themselves gods.

Nothing crazier could have been imagined than for Richard Nixon—the voice of the South and the Bible Belt, of Middle American Protestantism, of antipornography law-and-order—to be incensed by an Oriental power; unless it were for him to trot out a Jesuit casuist to justify these ceremonies. Back in 1960, the Reverend Norman Vincent Peale endorsed Richard Nixon in order to keep Mr. Kennedy and John XXIII out of the White House. And even this summer some regions of the dark outback called the attempted impeachment of Nixon a Catholic plot (just look at those weird Italian names—Rodino! Sirica!). Meanwhile, Nixon, digging in for the last assault, drew his Catholic Mafia close around him—General Haig, more fierce in piety than his Jesuit brother; Pat Buchanan and Rose Mary Woods; Robert Abplanalp (a Villanova product). The Christian Scientists banished or jailed, only the Catholics were left inside to encourage outside fanatics like Sun Moon and Rabbi Korff.

Dr. Johnson said patriotism is the last refuge of scoundrels. That's wrong. Religion is. It perfectly fit Nixon's hope that we would not notice him, so awed were we to be by his office. He was serving, by saving, the Presidency—as his flunkies burgled and lied, in 1972, to reelect the President. There is a double withdrawal—from the Presidency to any one particular President, and from "the President" to mere Richard Nixon. Nixon was an admittedly unworthy upholder of his position's majesty—which is just the approach that allows any Pope to combine personal humility and institutional grandeur. The theological formula is *ex opere operato*—that is, sacramental miracles are wrought "by the efficiency of the ceremony itself"—not, in the first place, *ex opere operantis*, "by the efficiency of the celebrant." So we are to forget the lecher inside the confessional box, or the drunkard at the altar—forget the man, and think only of his vestments, the insignia, the paraphernalia of office. Mr. Nixon was a mere appendage to the *Spirit of '76*, and we must bend our knees to It, no matter who its occupant might be. Nixon presided over his own Presidency as its liturgist. And this plainest of men made it the gaudiest of principalities. When seized with self-doubt, he solaced himself with palaces.

Yet, even as the priest-king, he had to settle for a sorry crew of diviners and haruspices. He had a millionaire valet—but it was just Bebe. He had a slick White [illegible] chaplain—who is his own o[illegible] pariah. He was worshiped—b[illegible] a corrupt Korean regime's leas[illegible] orable extension. And he had a [illegible] who cast himself as a stand-i[illegible] all our dead ex-Presidents. Th[illegible] something very sad about such [illegible] claims when they come marche[illegible] by such a crew of moral dwarfs

The Reverend M[illegible]

IN HIS DEMONSTRATIONS and l[illegible] ings, this right-wing versio[illegible] Maharaj Ji used the motto '[illegible] loves Richard Nixon." That cou[illegible] a deep theological statement, a[illegible] tempt to provoke God into theo[illegible] The Lord boasted to Job about[illegible] hemoth and Leviathan, like a p[illegible] proud of even ill-favored chil[illegible] But he must be tempted to [illegible] Nixon somewhere in the last [illegible] when trying to explain his univ[illegible] Yet Mr. Moon did not mean it [illegible] way—he obviously considered [illegible] Nixon one of God's better stroke[illegible] thing to boast of. Isn't he power[illegible] He leads the world's greatest [illegible] pire. What further sign do we [illegible] of the heavenly favor?

Caliban said that his coloni[illegible] had taught him a language in wh[illegible] he could curse them. We taught [illegible] Moon a religious vocabulary [illegible] which to bless us—but his blessi[illegible] are a curse. We taught him that [illegible] loves a succeeder—not like [illegible] prodigal Son of his who went [illegible] and got crucified and had to be [illegible]

Garry Wills, a syndicated columnist, is author of Nixon Agonistes: The Crisis of Self-Made Man *(Houghton Mifflin) and* I Ruined Choirs: Doubt, Prophecy, and R[illegible] cal Religion *(Doubleday).*

True, the crucified later got
on gold instruments of tor-
bleed rubies—and then he
back into the family. But on

is the religion we taught our
colonies, and Moon comes in-
to remind us of it, and get
lake a buck for God. How
uns does the Pope have? Not
-not nearly as many as Mr.
ad. So Nixon was our Pope.
eat Korean succeeder, reported
worth $10 million, comes to
ther country (the colonizing
show us he has built a better
mouse-trap. Once emperors
gods, the empire sends back
s fringes rather embarrassing
of cult offering. The surpris-
ng is that mainline Protestants
ng with this Oriental cult. Or
s it is not so surprising. All
tisms in ruin tend to lean upon
other. God as a daddy with
power left to spank has gone
iding, and only the nuclear
y stick credible still. In
ense, Nixon did more to bail
od than vice versa.
trading of absolutisms was
hing we became familiar with
Fifties, when there were so
converters from Communism
rist. Even Whittaker Chambers
up one faith to embrace Rich-
ixon and Christianity. The Col-
of this world have just gone
step farther, giving up even
n for Christ. But far more try
ng to both at the same time—
even tend to mix them up. Even
bi like Baruch Korff compared
n to a Christ betrayed by Ju-
s of the media.

Baruch Korff

FEW MONTHS AGO, the front pages of our newspapers showed Nixon accepting, with a ra- apprehensive look, a very slim me of his praises from an in- rate self-praiser named Korff. President had good reason for asiness—Korff had, among other gs, just tried to incite the Vice- sident of the United States to dis- y the Constitution. But if Nixon not going to take his book from source, where else could he look? ou may have noticed that Mr. on's grand reign produced no bratory literary work. This was



"I don't mind being man's best friend,
but he carries it too damned far."

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not for lack of trying. Early in Nixon's reign, a *Time* reporter sent me an interoffice memo from Washington which said there was a hunt on for an official biographer. There was reason to hope, at that point, for someone respectable, which ruled out some of the obvious hacks who had written about him before. I later asked Pat Buchanan if the hunt had been successful, and he said it had: Jeffrey Hart, a *National Review* editor, had been anointed and had gone to work. The plan was for the book to be ready by the 1972 election, but Hart told me his publishers had some objection to his first manuscript. (He was pretending that the book was not authorized.) Then James Buckley, *National Review*'s candidate for anything, came out for Mr. Nixon's resignation. The book is not expected to appear. So Nixon, who turned down the hacks, had to settle for a kook named Korff.

Rabbi Korff's religion seems to be Rabbi Korff, so maybe he does not belong in this survey. He presents himself as filling in for all the ex-Presidents who died recently and could not come to their successor's defense. When Gerald Ford did not accept this plan—which called for Ford to refuse the Presidency should Nixon be impeached—Korff decided Ford was equivocal: "I am not afraid to make categorical statements, unlike the Vice-President." The Rabbi not only refuses to take oaths himself; he thought the only categorical act for Ford was to break his oath to the Constitution.

When not egging on Mr. Ford, the Rabbi elicited mumbles of agreement from Nixon. Isn't George Meany the "archdeacon of impeachment"? Well, sort of. Wasn't John Ehrlichman's conviction a "blot on justice"? Korff said the President did not disagree. Indeed, the President went farther than his imp of suggestion on this one, adding that it would be hard for anyone to get a fair trial in Washington. When Kingman Brewster said blacks could not get a fair trial in New Haven, Spiro Agnew treated that as an attack on our whole system of justice.

Rabbi Korff thinks very well of himself and Mr. Nixon, but not so well of the press or of women. He boasts of his conquests to Sally Quinn, telling her that his wife—a quarter of a century younger than he is—has good reason to fear his "digressions." But women sho kept in their place, so men "aggressive and domineering." he added, should never "see fathers yield to their mothers. swagger is paired with a cringe ing a link between him and t sentful client: "The entire ad tration is held captive by the *ington Post*. . . . I feel like I Hanoi and not in Washington.' Korff and the President are to their religion, which is their The Rabbi feels Mr. Nixon not indulge in racial epithets that it would make any differe he did: "Frankly, I have refer my friends as that *goy* or that *sa*." We are not told what the quaintances call the Rabbi.

John McLaughlin,

FATHER MC LAUGHLIN is placed parson. He was not p the Catholic old guard at the House—he began to see the ex ident about the same time, an the same reason, that Korff saw McLaughlin is not even part new Catholic majority Nixon to create in response to Kevin lips' ethnic Republican theology Buchanan, who is at least a b defender of his favorite crook, Michael Novak to the White H in 1972 to fish for the new eth

Father McLaughlin does not s for this constituency. With his s ficial Eastern overlay of sophi tion, he is a throwback to the h Bing Crosbyism of the Fifties. first tactic of Catholics wantir "belong" as Americans was to and join the country club. But b Fifties John Courtney Murray polished this act to a subtler s He presided at Henry Luce sym as a clerical Robert Hutchins. type largely disappeared with th of Camelot, but it obviously sh Father McLaughlin's ideals. H pired to be a with-it "media pr —even though he still has not lea that the noun "media" is plural keeps informing us on TV that media *is* evil. He also became a stant expert on impeachment quoting with great approval the professor whose name he still mis nounces (Bick-*el*). Names trouble —a real trial for a name-droppe

His religious superior made a advised attempt to recall Father

n after the White House priest onized the Nixon of the tran- This was taken as a political nent, though I am told that l objection was religious: McLaughlin, a man who vow of strict obedience to re- authority, had told an audi- at he was responsible to only n on earth—Richard Nixon. ghlin weathered his recall by g to activist Jesuits like Rob- nan and Daniel Berrigan. The rison does him no honor. Cardinal Spellman pressured suit provincial into banishing an in the Sixties, Father Dan l and went off to Mexico. Be- both Drinan and Berrigan tayed on good terms with their ors, getting approval for their of life, which is not extrava- r secular. By contrast, the pro- l who gave McLaughlin per- n to go to the White House, ie one who later tried to recall have both said that he misled McLaughlin's sense of duty d engaged by nothing higher the preservation of Richard at any cost. His theology of oy concluded that the Presi- should blow off steam by en- ging young aides to think gh the logistics of paying hush y. Older-style moralists would that offering "an occasion of And the arguments used by Mc- hlin proved too much for even am Buckley to abide, prompt- ne of that columnist's rare mo- s of outrage over Watergate: he [Nixon] believe that a paid ultant wearing a Roman collar l transubstantiate the tapes from acks-room discussions about how y the Statue of Liberty into sac- ict deliberations of a man iden- l by Father McLaughlin as 'the test moral leader of the last third is century'?"

he Buckley outburst, when it e, was a honey: "Either Mr. on believes what Fr. McLaughlin , in which case he has complete- ost touch with reality; or else he sn't believe it, but he thinks it work, in which case he has com- ely lost touch with reality." What mpted Mr. Buckley's anger is the cept, now related to the witness Thomas à Becket, of "the honor God." And perhaps the last, best son for impeaching the President ld have been to save God's hon-

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Hissing 'There is still Communion!'
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Bo Burlingham

PARANOIA IN POWER

In which Tom Charles Huston tells an ex-Weatherman how he failed to outsmart the FBI's Ba No. 1—and thereby inspired the White House Plumbers



Vint Lawrence

ON THE DAIS, Tom Charles Huston tamped his pipe, leaned back in his chair, and surveyed the assemblage with the look of a classics professor whose course has been overenrolled with football players. Seventy-five, maybe 100 conservative stalwarts had gathered in the Benjamin Franklin Hotel of Philadelphia—an odd assortment of urchins, housewives, and pasty-faced ideologues discussing Watergate in nervous and distracted tones. They had come to listen to the man whom President Nixon had selected in June 1970 to coordinate a massive assault on street fighters, pig callers, bomb planters, anarchists, arsonists, and rioters. Huston was then twenty-nine, and rash enough to challenge J. Edgar Hoover for control of the internal-security apparatus. With one swat, however, old Badge Number One had wrecked the upstart's "domestic spy plan" and his government career as well. In June 1971 Huston returned to his native Indiana to practice law in obscurity until John Dean absconded from the White House with his top-secret memoranda. Now he was in Philadelphia to talk to the local Young Americans for Freedom on "Government Surveillance of Private Citizens: Necessary or Ominous?"—which seemed to me a little like Meyer Lansky discussing business ethics with a group of jukebox salesmen.

I myself was anything but a casual observer, having run riot with the Weathermen back when Huston was stalking the New Left. Until scarcely six weeks earlier, moreover, I had been under indictment for conspiracy to "use bombs, destructive devices, and explosives to destroy police installations and other civic, business, and educational buildings throughout the country and to kill and injure persons therein." A fe grand jury in Detroit brough charges on July 23, 1970, the day that the Huston Plan went effect. Three years later, pub about the plan prompted Fe Judge Damon J. Keith to ord hearing into possible govern misconduct, such as mail tam ing. The intelligence agencies dled, warning that any such in might disclose "vital national- rity information," and so on Oc 15, 1973, the Justice Depart moved to dismiss the indictmen

Shortly thereafter, I teleph Huston and told him of my int in his reflections on the politica sis of 1969 and 1970. Huston a been there, the resident White H expert on the New Left in the turbulent year of a turbulent de He had had a hand in formul administration strategy for ric the country of public enemies me and my cohorts. It does not happen that the quail gets the ch to discuss old times with the ho and something about it appeale both of us. "You know," said hound, "I've wondered myself a what exactly has changed bet then and now."

As we talked long-distance, curiosity heightened my own. ' been reading that new book on S he told me, "and I don't know i accurate, but I was interested learn that you people were frustr because nobody was listening to You know, we felt the same t at the White House. It seeme though a momentous crisis wa hand, and nobody was aware of cared." At length, he invited m meet him in Philadelphia, and on that December morning—I fo myself among the Young Ameri for Freedom in the Commodore ry Room of the Benjamin Fran Hotel.

Bo Burlingham is a former editor of Ramparts. *He is now a free-lance writer living in Boston.*

IBM Reports

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Further reductions could bring about still greater benefits—benefits that will be seriously needed. Should the world's population increase by some 800 million people by 1985 as expected, there will be unprecedented demands for food, shelter, clothing, medicine, transportation and other necessities of life. The computer can greatly aid productivity in each of these areas.

In the future, as in the past, the lower the cost of computing, the more significant the computer's contributions to society can be.

IBM

HUSTON WAS INTRODUCED to enthusiastic applause as a former White House aide. With great precision and considerable detachment, he outlined the problem of dealing with internal-security threats, discussed the issue historically and theoretically, and then launched into a description of the situation that confronted the administration in 1969 and 1970. He knew the statistics, and he laid them out like a card sharp showing a straight flush: bomb scares, actual bombings, schools shut down, arrests, National Guard alerts, burnings of ROTC buildings, police injured, police killed, civilians killed, sniping incidents. ("My God," I thought, "were we really as close to full-scale insurrection as we allowed ourselves to believe?")

"Looking back," he said, "it is easy to understand why people now think that the administration overreacted. And had I known at the time that, if we had done nothing, the problem would just go away, I would have recommended that we do nothing. But we did not understand that it would go away, and I don't think that any reasonable person could have known this. Something had to be done."

He paused, then continued. "In the last analysis, I suppose this is an example of the dangers of letting down your guard against increased executive power—no matter what the circumstances. Not that the danger was not real, but in this case the risk of the remedy was as great as the disease. There was a willingness to accept without challenge the Executive's claim to increased power. That's why we acted as we did, and it was a mistake."

Huston was the soul of reason, and I could not suppress a certain respect for the man. Had Nixon been able to muster up half so much candor, I thought, he would have come through Watergate like a water lily: wet but sweet-smelling. (Huston's candor did have limits, however. When I later asked him for a copy of his speech, he declined on advice of counsel. "I don't want to misquote you," I said. "But if I don't give you a copy of the speech," he countered, "I can always say you misquoted me." Deniability.)

As Huston resumed his seat on the dais, another speech began. If it interested him at all, he did not let it show. And when, at length, the audience began to ask questi was curt in his comments, ing in barbed monosyllables lenged by one critic about t dom of the 1970 plan, he r "Clearly you should have bee instead of me." He seemed tient for it to end.

Then a middle-aged, red- woman stood on the far side room. She appeared overwrou want to tell you, Mr. Huston said, "that I agree with you 1(cent. *One hundred percent!* W kid has got a knife stuck ir back, you don't set up a comn and call in the professors. You talk about how it is all a prod poor upbringing. No, sir." The laughter. Huston showed intere leaned forward in his chair "I to tell you something. My was playing in the neighborh she sputtered, "and this kid the block kept beating up on threatening him, and all that so I got pretty upset. I spoke mother and she wouldn't do no *Nothing!* So then I called in t lice. There's another bunch of id More laughter. For the first tim air crackled with excitement. I craned their necks to see the headed woman. "So these dumb hemmed and hawed and did no *Nothing!* It was a private they said. *A private matter!* So just about had it. It was *my* ki was taking the lumps." She r around as if, at that very mo she were once again about to matters into her own hands. "I to my closet. I take out a ba bat. I give it to my kid. I say, ' you handle that punk.'" Lau applause, cheers throughout room.

Huston, by this point, was s ing and wanted to speak, b could not get a word in. Behin a woman was yelling, "Hoora Watergate! Hooray for Water I'd do it myself." The red-h woman shouted over the hul which immediately subsided murmur. "Well, my boy *did* h that kid. And after that, you what? The kid's mother comes the street all in a tizzy. *Now* angry. Not when my kid's getti but when *her* kid gets it. So know what I do? I go at *her* w baseball bat." By this time, th dience was agitated to a fever p Huston was motioning to get



Brother Timothy's
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Brother Timothy F.S.C.

CELLARMASTER, THE CHRISTIAN BROTHERS
NAPA VALLEY

To my rear, the Watergate
was leaning over the chair in
f her, gesticulating frantically
r forefinger. "Hooray for Wa-
! Hooray for Liddy! Hooray
nt! I'd do it myself. Hooray
tergate!" All around me, peo-
ered and talked excitedly.
lly, Huston gained control. No
was there the slightest trace
edom or condescension in his
r. *This* was serious. This wom-
l touched on something impor-
I'd like to say that this really
o the heart of the problem.
in 1970, one thing that both-
ne most was that it seemed as
n the only way to solve the
m was to hand out baseball
In fact, it was already begin-
o happen. There was the Pan-
hoot-out in Chicago. I looked
t, and, as far as I could tell, the
had just taken the law into
own hands and killed those two
er leaders. Now, the question
how best to handle this kind of
ion. *Something* had to be done.
out of it came the Plumbers
hen a progression to Watergate.
I think that it's the best thing
ever happened to this country
it got stopped when it did. We
l up to it. People got caught,
ding many whom I know well.
I want you to know, and I can
ou truthfully, that they are not
people. They just made mis-
."
istakes, yes, I thought, but things
more complicated than that.

WE HAD MET in the hotel lob-
by earlier that morning. Like
ny soldiers fraternizing during a
e-fire, we approached each other
a blend of cool caution and in-
e curiosity. He shook my hand
suggested we have breakfast in
basement cafeteria. Over eggs and
ee, we drifted from one banality
nother, out of a mutual need—I
pose—to reconnoiter our posi-
s, size each other up, and test the
ngth of old loyalties and hostil-
.

n the midst of these maneuvers,
of his friends joined us. Huston
oduced us by name but did not
rank or serial number, although
ter found out that one of them,
vid Keene, was, like Huston him-
, a former national chairman of
ng Americans for Freedom. The
other, Don Devine, taught political science at the University of Maryland and had been one of Huston's conservative mentors. Casting stealthy glances my way, they sat down to order breakfast and quickly became embroiled in an argument with the waitress. "People like that are the best argument I know of for unemployment," muttered Huston. I kept my tongue and took the lay of the land.

In a bizarre way, the landmarks looked familiar. The night before, the three had talked until late about the plight of Richard Nixon. "What do you think?" I asked.

"Frankly, I wouldn't put anything past him and those damn technocrats," Huston replied. "If Nixon told them to nationalize the railroads, they'd have nationalized the railroads. If he'd told them to exterminate the Jews, they'd have exterminated the Jews."

Huston, Keene, and Devine, I soon gathered, were elder statesmen of the conservative movement who had survived numerous faction fights, risen to the YAF leadership, and graduated to national politics in the Nixon era. Like me, they are men of the 1960s, and—despite our ideological differences—we share certain assumptions about those years. "It was a period totally unique in our history," Huston said. "I have searched for comparable eras, and the only one that compares at all is the 1850s—Bleeding Kansas, the abolitionists, and all that. We experienced a whole upheaval in the way we saw ourselves."

LIKE MANY OF our contemporaries, Huston and I had begun at the center and moved out. He was the son of an insurance man from Logansport, Indiana, who died when Huston was only sixteen. In 1959 he entered Indiana University. Casting aside his youthful liberalism, he threw himself into conservative politics and, in 1961, founded the local chapter of Young Americans for Freedom. His sharp mind and quick tongue moved him rapidly up the organization, first as state president, then national vice-chairman, and finally, in 1965, national chairman. By that time he had received his B.A. and was studying at Indiana University law school.

I had entered Princeton Univer-



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-sity in the fall of 1964, an admirer of Lyndon Johnson, whose picture decorated my dormitory wall. A year later the poster came down, and my radicalization followed the classic pattern: identification with the civil-rights movement, concern about the Vietnam war, hostility to my alma mater. In the fall of 1967, I went to France on a Fulbright grant and was in Paris for *les événements* of May 1968—a brief dream of barricades and revolution come true. Late that summer I returned to America.

Huston, meanwhile, had completed law school and joined the Army, where he was trained in intelligence work. Assigned to Pentagon duties, he found spare moments to boost the Presidential campaign of Richard Nixon, and when he left the service in January 1969, a job awaited him across the Potomac at the Executive Office Building. He took it "believing that things were finally going to be set straight."

I myself believed that things could scarcely have looked grimmer. That summer I visited Cuba with a delegation led by Bernardine Dohrn.

We met representatives of the Vietnamese liberation forces, who impressed me as humane and seasoned veterans of a struggle most of them had been waging all their lives. They exuded a kind of mellow fortitude and provided me with a model to which I could aspire. But what was noble courage in Cuba became desperate courage in America. On my return, I was ready for well-nigh total commitment to the revolution, prepared to risk all for all. For the next six months, I ran with the Weathermen.

FOUR YEARS HAD PASSED since then, and I was sipping coffee at the Benjamin Franklin Hotel while Tom Charles Huston asked me, "Why did you join the Weathermen? You know, where did you draw your inspiration?"

"Vietnam," I answered without hesitating.

It surprised him. "Vietnam," he mused. "I would have thought the black movement was more important. Vietnam is so far away."

His comment struck me as strange. Where had he spent those years that Vietnam was so far away? I remember living with it every day, until Vietnam became something more than a Southeast Asian war, spreading out from Indochina, as it were, to absorb and penetrate and reinforce other conflicts around the world—between black and white, young and old, rich and poor, old and new, good and bad. History, it seemed, was moving toward a watershed, and fate had cast us as revolutionaries in the last bastion of the *ancien régime*. During the dark days of 1969, we felt like miners, trapped in a terrible poisonous shaft with no light to guide us out. We resolved to destroy the tunnel even if we risked destroying ourselves in the process. It all seemed simple and terrifying.

And so we had organized into tight, closed collectives that bolstered our commitment, and also shut us off from the world outside. In our Weather enclaves, we wrestled with fear and despair, criticizing each other mercilessly for any flagging of the faith. Later we grew lax in our collective life, but the system continued to shield us from foreign pressure and doubt. To what actual purpose? Most of us did not think the question through dispassionately. If we did, we hoped that the crazed violence of outraged youth would at least bring indirect pressure on the Nixon administration to moderate its course. At most, we were the wave of the future.

By then, I think, the turmoil of the 1960s had created a climate in America in which cynicism about the law had become contagious. The more the government bent and twisted the law over Vietnam, the more we flouted it in our antiwar actions and the more the silent majority was predisposed to bending or suspending law in the name of order. In the end, the expectation that the administration would quell dissidence by any means necessary was midwife to the deed. We wrote off civil liberties and took to shouting "Fire!" in crowded theaters. Huston asked me whether I would have acted the way he did had I been in his position. I had to admit that I would have done the same thing. "I was a true believer then," Huston told me, "in the same way, I'm sure, that you were. True believers convince themselves that the world is black and white, but I've since learned that generally it's very rare that you find things are black and white."

At the time, he had been working in a collective of his own in Wash[ington] D.C., and they, too, felt unde[r] "Yes, I guess you could say [there] was a siege mentality," he r[e]plied, "but not from the revolutiona[ry] test movement. Oh, the dem[on]strations had some impact, but [the] it came from the liberal Dem[ocrats] who never accepted the legi[timacy] of the Nixon Presidency. Fr[om] very beginning, we felt the p[ressure] from the media, Congress, and [more] important, the bureaucracy, [which] was solidly Democratic. Tha[t] critical. You could make a d[ecision] and hand down the orders, [but] you didn't fight tooth and na[il] bureaucracy would just ignor[e] know cases where the adminis[tration] would decide on policy, and [it] simply never carried out." [I] wonder, I thought, that they w[ere] tually used against the Dem[ocrats] some of the same tools they h[ad] veloped against the radical Le[ft].

DURING THAT FIRST YEAR, H[uston] wrote speeches for Richard [Nixon] and handled an assortment of [ad]dane chores. In his spare mo[ments] he followed the Movement from f[ar] certainly no one else near the [W]dent could keep track of SL[A] it splintered into factions. It w[as] only natural that when the Move[ment] took an ominous turn in the f[all] 1969, the inner circle should c[all] Huston to help coordinate dom[estic] security affairs. "I took part in [the] preparations for the November [Mo]torium," he said. "We had a [com]mittee, which Egil Krogh he[aded] and our job was to make sur[e] were ready for the various c[on]tingencies, keep in touch with th[e] lice, that sort of thing."

I smiled and nodded, for I n[ow] served in the Weather continge[nt] the moratorium. All in all, we c[on]sidered it a terrific success. [Ear]lier we had felt isolated, bu[t] Washington we trashed alon[g] hundreds—could it have [been] thousands? of anonymous y[oung] street fighters, first in an abo[rtive] march on the South Vietnamese [em]bassy, and then following a mil[itant] rally at the Justice Departm[ent] "I'm dreaming of a white riot," [we] sang to the tune of "White Ch[ri]s[t]mas"—suddenly delirious with [vi]sions of a revolutionary youth m[ove]ment. No less a personage than [John] Mitchell confirmed our assessm[ent]

ing to the newspapers, the
y General told his wife that
ced like a Russian Revolution
on." If we had been ballet
s and he had compared us to
lshoi, he could not have done
o bolster our spirits.
ton took another view. "It was
ous," he said. "Mitchell and
people just didn't know what
appening. Some paint was
at the building and some-
eed on the lawn, and Martha
ll got all upset. So he an-
ed that he was going to get the
lobe for crossing state lines to
t a riot." I recalled press ac-
that the administration had
contemplating riot-conspiracy
s against the Old Left leaders
New Mobilization Committee,
had denounced the violence,
t wanted it, and resented our
n it. "I knew," Huston went on,
no charges were going to stick
me absurd business like that.
ed the FBI for a report on New
involvement with any violence
g the moratorium, and they
me out 100 percent. I sent the
t to Bob Haldeman, and that
he last I heard of it."
uston understood—as Mitchell
ot— that the antiwar movement
given birth to a rebellious off-
g which he calls the "revolu-
ry protest movement." As a
er of strategy, the New Mobe
ed to create a massive, peaceful
nce in Washington. We, on the
hand, were looking for a Win-
alace to storm. "We knew about
march on the Vietnamese Em-
y," he told me, "and we certain-
idn't want an international in-
nt. The police understood that
main concern was to contain the
n. That's what they did."
udging by his recollections, Hus-
never thought the revolutionary
pect very menacing—an assess-
t I found vaguely insulting, if
rate. "The real threat to internal
rity—in any society— is repres-
," he had told a *New York*
es interviewer. "A handful of
ple can't frontally overthrow the
ernment. But if they can en-
der enough fear, they can gener-
an atmosphere that will bring out
the woodwork every repressive
agogue in the country."
wondered to myself what role
dsight played in his current non-
lance, since the administration

Question

How Do I Sponsor A Child?

Answer

Here's What You Do:

- **Fill out your name and address on the coupon.**
- **Indicate your preference of boy or girl, and country, or:**
- **Check the box marked "Choose any child who needs my help."**
- **Enclose your first monthly check.**

And here are answers to some other questions you may have:

Q. What does it cost to sponsor a child?
A. Only $15 per month, tax deductible.
Q. Will I receive a photograph of the child?
A. Yes, along with information about the child, and a description of the Home or Project where the child receives assistance.
Q. How long before I learn about the child?
A. About two weeks.
Q. May I write to the child?
A. Yes. You will receive the child's original letter and an English translation, direct from the Home or Project. (Staff workers help children unable to write.)
Q. Why does CCF use a sponsorship plan?
A. To provide children with long-term, person-to-person relationships.
Q. What does the child receive because of my sponsorship?
A. This depends on the Project. You will receive detailed information. In general, CCF aid supplements other resources to help provide clothing, shelter, health care, spiritual guidance, education, school supplies, food—and love.
Q. May I send an extra gift?
A. Yes, if you wish to send $5 or $10 for a Christmas or birthday present, the entire amount is forwarded, and the money is used according to your instructions. You will receive a "thank you" letter from the child.
Q. How often will the child write me?
A. This depends on how often *you* write. Children are not natural born letter writers! So it is up to the sponsor to initiate. Instructions how to correspond with the child will be sent to you.
Q. May groups sponsor a child?
A. Yes, church classes, office workers, civic clubs, schools and other groups sponsor children.
Q. Is a financial statement available?
A. Yes, upon your request and we will be glad to answer any questions about how your gifts are used.
Q. What types of Projects does CCF assist?
A. Children's Homes and Family Helper Projects, plus homes for the blind, homes for abandoned babies, day care nurseries, vocational training centers, and many other types of projects.



Q. Who supervises the work overseas?
A. Regional offices are staffed with nationals and Americans, and all personnel must meet professional standards—plus have a deep love for children.
Q. Is CCF independent?
A. Yes, working closely with missionaries, welfare agencies, and foreign governments, helping youngsters regardless of race or creed.
Q. Is CCF registered with any government or child welfare agency?
A. Yes, with the U.S. State Department's Advisory Committee on Voluntary Foreign Aid, (No. 080), and is a member of the International Union for Child Welfare, Geneva.

Won't you sponsor a child? Thanks so much! Sponsors are needed right now for children in Brazil, India, Guatemala and Indonesia.

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☐ Please send me more information.

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Address_____

City_____

State_____ Zip_____

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HP 1500

had, after all, resorted to extraordinary measures against the radical Left, not the radical Right. Did anyone else share his view? He shrugged. "The senior people at Justice didn't understand the problem," he said. "As for the President, he never sat down to work out a calculated policy on the Movement. Frankly, it was all I could do at times to get his attention or the attention of his top aides. He would run hot and cold, depending on what was happening and whom he talked to. One day he'd call everybody in and pound the desk and say, 'We've got to stop this violence.' Then he would lose all interest. Weeks would go by before I could get him to listen again.

"You remember how we used to have buses around the White House during the mobilizations?" I nodded. "It was an effective way to keep the demonstrators back. But then one day the President decided he didn't want to have the buses there, because they obstructed his view or some such reason. So the word came down—no buses.

"This got me worried, since I knew perfectly well that the first demonstrator over the fence would be dead. The Secret Service had orders to shoot, if necessary, and they would not miss. I told Ehrlichman it was crazy to get rid of the buses. Their purpose wasn't to protect the President but to protect the demonstrators, and it just wouldn't be too cool to have some kid killed on the White House lawn. But they let the decision stand anyway." I am not sure whether this story illustrates ineptitude or malevolence, but it does explain a change in policy that long baffled veterans of the Washington marches.

AS OUR TALK WENT ON, Huston would poke around for information about the "revolutionary protest movement" that had loomed so large in his career. What moved us? What inspired us? What were we after? Why, in the end, did the Weathermen go underground?

I frankly do not know the full answer, for I was not privy to the leadership discussions that preceded the move. But I do recall our gloom that winter as Nixon enunciated his tough line on Vietnam and the police launched attacks on Black Panther strongholds. Huston himself had viewed the killing of Fred Hampton as a vigilante action by the Chicago police—a conclusion we found all too plausible. Both for him in the White House and for us in our collectives, it had conjured up visions of police death squads and civil war, and so, in our different ways, we had all prepared for stormy weather.

On the day after Christmas, 1969, Weatherpeople from all over the country had converged on Flint, Michigan, for what we called a War Council. Billed as a "gathering of the tribes," it became an all-out "Wargasm"—an orgiastic; ritualistic political rally, not without overtones of *morituri te salutamus*. By the time it was over, we knew that Weathermen had begun the trek to America's political badlands, where sooner or later they would arrive as a band of revolutionary outlaws.

Shortly thereafter I left the organization, though not because of political, strategic, or moral disagreements. I had reservations about this long march, but they were offset by my respect for the people who were making it. These were, in fact, among the best people I had known in the Movement: their mistakes and excesses had been my own as well. (I find today that I have none of the embarrassment about my association with them that I sensed in Tom Charles Huston regarding his former colleagues at the White House.) In fact, it was my own stomach for the fugitive life that I doubted. Besides, it seemed as though there were still some things for radicals to do in day-by-day America without joining an outlaw band. And so, in early 1970, I said goodbye to my Weather friends and I have neither seen nor heard from them since.

Now, as we talked, it was my turn to poke around the murky netherworld of internal security, in hopes of catching some glimpse of the phantoms that had haunted us back in 1969 and 1970. What Huston recounted, however, was not a tale of cloak-and-dagger intrigue but the story of a bureaucratic power play, aimed at dislodging J. Edgar Hoover as intelligence mogul for domestic affairs.

The Old Man, it seems, was getting crotchety, or so his critics charged, and he was hard to get along with. "He wouldn't cooperate with *anybody*," said Huston. "He wanted to do things his ow and to hell with everyone else an extremely serious situati wouldn't even *talk* to Helms."

Huston had once idolized as the archetypal "100 perc and he approached their firs ing with the reverence an might accord an audience w Pope. "I was Mr. Greenas chuckled. "The first thing th me was, 'With Mr. Hoover, y never be too humble.' Well, r ly I don't act that way, but wi Hoover I *was* humble. You he was the last reigning mona the Western world. And it's lucky he was there, because who was less restrained th would have been a serious t At the time, however, I thought him altogether to strained. Despite all his wa about the new revolutionary m Hoover would not take heed gradually it dawned on Husto the Old Man had other thoug his mind. "He knew he wasn't to be around a hell of a lot l and he didn't want any kind of dal that would blemish his w years. He was worried abou legend. And so he refused to d tain things that twenty years h he'd have done without battin eye." Hoover would not, for ple, let his agents do second jobs or search the mails. Lik he forbade the recruitment of pus informers under twent years of age, a policy that dras ly reduced the FBI's ability to trate the New Left. Not that techniques offended his princi he never said they were wror illegal or unconstitutional. " just sit there and moan abou 'jackals of the press,' and how had to be careful because, if weren't, the 'jackals of the press the civil-liberties people would down your back and raise hell."

By early 1970, more and people believed that Hoover ha go. Then came the first wave of cal bombings, followed close o the Cambodia strike and the kill at Kent State and Jackson S "We just didn't believe we were ting the whole story," said Hus

THE COUP D'ETAT had been in the planning stages, the tacts made, the groundwork laid,

Esther and Ed

: Lee is a full-time
:al employee at
:hem Mines in the
rate headquarters
hlehem, Pa. In her
e" time, Mrs. Lee
chool board direc-
id serves on other
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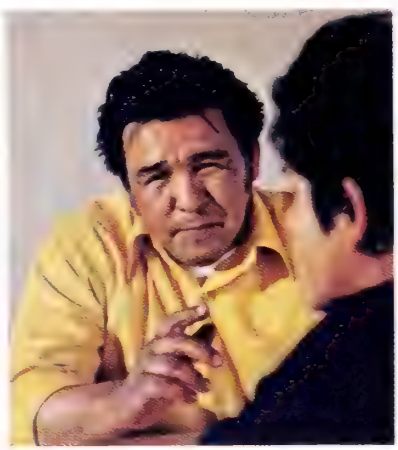


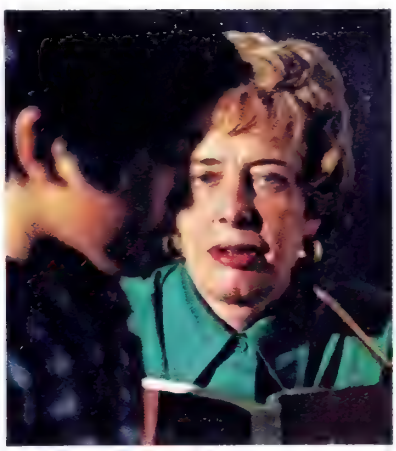


Ed Skufca, a supervisor in the Railway Car Department of our Johnstown, Pa. plant is President of the 7th Ward Civic Association. One of their many community contributions is the volunteer ambulance corps that serves the 42,000 people of Johnstown.

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t, works with sev-
organizations that
to get Mexican-
erican youth and
parents and teach-
working together—
prevent drop-outs,
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ol education, and
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ds.





Irma Foote is a special assistant in our San Francisco Public Affairs Department. Each week during the school year, she devotes one night to helping Chinese youngsters with their homework, stressing reading, spelling, and pronunciation.

aren't too busy to help others

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More oil fron

How Exxon is squeezing additional oil out of a 55-year-old field.

A popular myth has it that oil is found in large underground lakes or pools. Actually, when oil and natural gas are discovered they are inside sedimentary rock. They are trapped in the tiny pores of limestone or sandstone as far as five miles underground.

Usually, when a well is drilled into oil-saturated rock, natural underground pressures force the oil to *flow through the rock* to the well and then to the surface.

However, in many oil fields these natural pressures are not strong enough to move the oil to the well. Or, over time, they may have diminished to the point where they must be supplemented by additional pressure. This additional pressure is provided by "secondary recovery" methods.



Sample drilling cores taken from oil-saturated rock formations in Alaska, Texas and Saudi Arabia. Oil and gas must come from and flow through rock like this before they reach the well bore.

Forcing water deep into the oil-bearing rock.

The most widespread secondary recovery method in use throughout the oil industry is *waterflooding,* which was introduced over 30 years ago. Water is pumped into the oil-bearing rock to flush out more of the oil than would be produced by natural, or primary forces.

On the average, natural pressures move only about 15-20% of a field's oil from the underground rock up to the surface. By using secondary recovery technology, the final yield can be increased to an average of about 35%.

The Hewitt Field—a case in point.

The Hewitt oil field, discovered in 1919, near Ardmore, Oklahoma, is operated by Exxon and several other companies. Originally, this field produced nearly 30 thousand barrels of oil a day. However, the depletion of natural underground pressures gradually reduced Hewitt's production to the point where the field needed waterflooding.

In 1969, Exxon and other owners began a cooperative secondary recovery waterflood project, [illegible] has since cost about $20 mil[illegible]

Engineers now estimate t[illegible] Hewitt field ultimately will p[illegible] 35% of the original oil in [illegible] Without the use of waterfl[illegible] total recovery had been est[illegible] at only 20%.

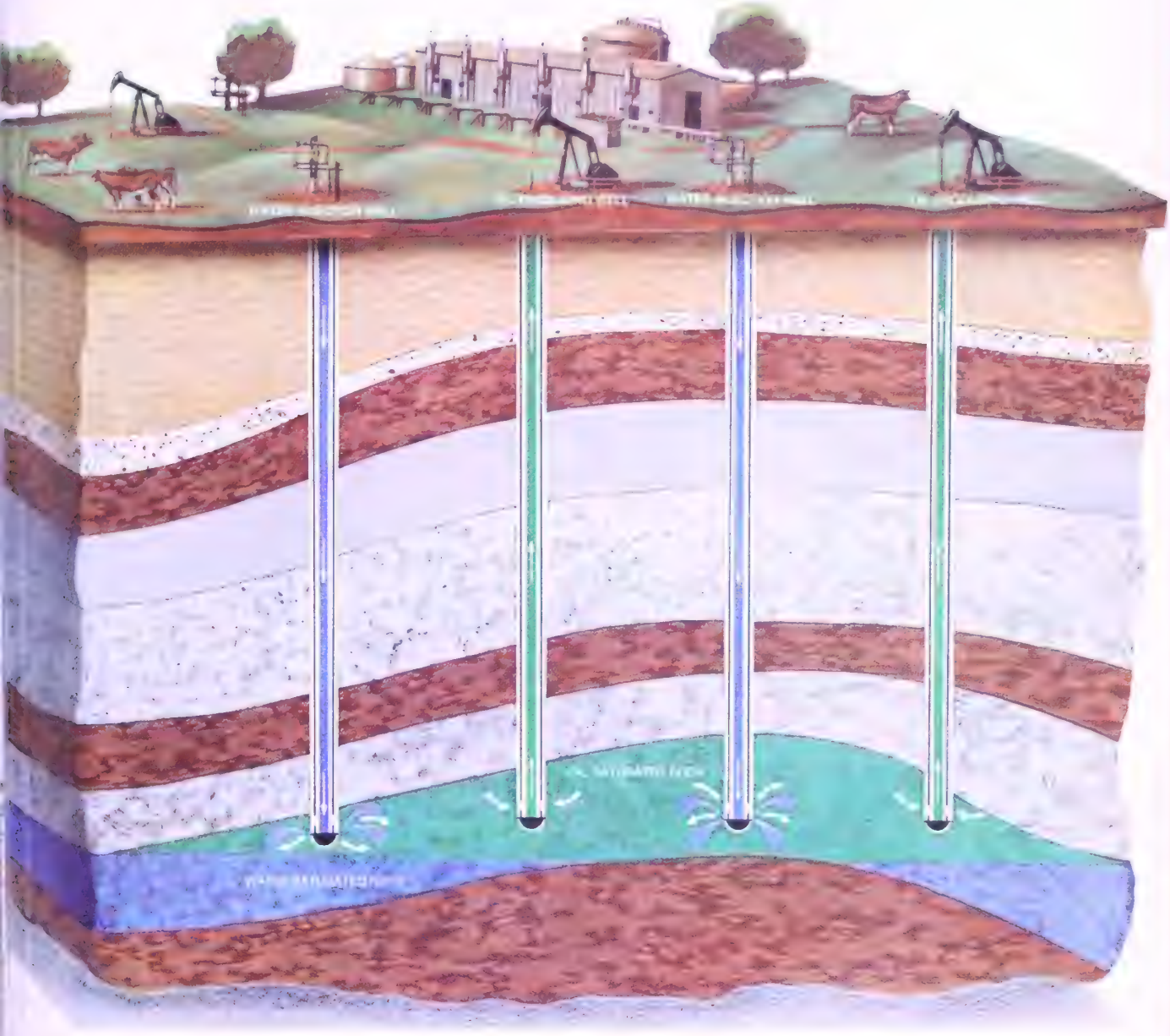
Sometimes, but not at Hew[illegible] ural gas is injected instead [illegible] However, the efficiency of [illegible] flooding usually makes i[illegible] attractive.

An experiment using heat a[illegible] subterranean "detergents."

Even after an oil field is sub[illegible] to secondary recovery tech[illegible] such as water and gas injec[illegible] large percentage of the oil [illegible] mains locked in the pores [illegible] rock. So for many years, Exx[illegible] been experimenting with tert[illegible] covery methods designed [illegible] cover more of this oil.

In one experimental proc[illegible] "detergent" or surfact[illegible] pumped into the rock. This [illegible] works like a laundry deterge[illegible] removes oil from a shirt—it f[illegible] out the droplets of oil whic[illegible] remain in the pores of the r[illegible] some cases, particularly whe[illegible] oil is thicker, sometimes nea[illegible] consistency of molasses, st[illegible] jection also is being tested. T[illegible] steam heats the oil, making [illegible] more freely.

old wells.



...ption of the Hewitt oil field located near Ardmore, Oklahoma. Large quantities of water are being injected into the oil-saturated rock to ...crease the oil production.

...haps the most dramatic oil-...y technique, air is injected ...rock formation holding the ...injected air supports con-...underground combustion, ...eats the oil, causes it to flow ...adily and drives it to the well. ...dition, Exxon is testing and ...ng several other tertiary ...ues.

A realistic look at the future.
To date, about 450 billion barrels of oil have been found and documented in the United States. Even after additional recovery efforts, like the waterflooding at Hewitt, are applied, some 300 billion barrels of this oil will still remain locked in the pores of rock. Today, there no way to recover all of this oil.

But scientists believe that experimental "tertiary" techniques like "detergents" and combustion, could someday produce a significant amount of additional oil which America will need in the years ahead.

EXXON

moment of action awaited. In early June, with the guns of May still fresh in the memory, Nixon called on Hoover to head up a committee composed of Hoover's own antagonists—Helms of CIA, Gayler of the National Security Agency, and Bennett of the Defense Intelligence Agency. They were to study the internal-security mess and recommend solutions. To this group he added his own man, Huston, whose purpose was to prevent Hoover from leading the committee astray.

Hoover quickly found himself outmaneuvered and outvoted. Time and again, he tried to forestall the committee from advocating substantial changes in the internal-security apparatus, but Huston beat him back, with the full support of the other members, the staff, and the White House. Their final report urged the President to create what was, in effect, a Domestic Intelligence Board with broad authority. The FBI would fall under its supervision, and although Hoover would head the unit, he would have only one vote. Despite the Old Man's vehement objections, Nixon told Huston to issue a "decision memorandum" putting the plan into effect. As if to mark the end of Hoover's reign, the memo authorized certain activities he had expressly forbidden—notably, "surreptitious entry" and "covert mail coverage."

Accounts differ as to whether the FBI director "hit the roof" or "went through the roof" when he received Huston's memo, but they agree that he landed in the office of Attorney General John Mitchell. There he must have argued persuasively; no doubt he made a threat or two. Whatever he said, it worked, for Mitchell went scurrying to Haldeman, who was quickly convinced to back down. On July 28, Tom Charles Huston, his ears pinned back, went to the White House "situation room" and instructed a staff member to request the intelligence chiefs to return their copies of the decision memorandum.

"There was only one honest way to deal with the problem of Mr. Hoover." Huston continued. "and that was to remove him. But the White House decided for political reasons that they couldn't get rid of him. So they had to set up the Plumbers. I find that totally indefensible." Others have viewed gate as the direct descendent 1970 domestic spy plan, but traces the lineage different. Plumbers, he says, were the offspring of the affair that bo name, and they in turn gave Watergate. Had Nixon fou the Huston Plan, he would have had to set up his ow ligence unit to plug national- leaks.

But, I pointed out, the House had dirty tricksters al What was to prevent then hatching the scheme to b Democratic National Commit suppose it's possible," he an "But Liddy came up with th and he was a Plumber. H wouldn't have been in a posi get this going if the plan ha operative."

To be sure, Huston define tergate" narrowly, in a wa minimizes his own role. At th he says, it was all perfectly le took the view that in interna rity matters the President h right to infringe on what wo other circumstances, be consti al rights, but that decision passed a decision that you for right to prosecute." In acco with this notion, he excluded t tice Department from any in ment with the plan.

But, I asked, if the intell was not going to lead to prose what did they intend to do w Could they have contemplate mer raids? "No, no, no," H scoffed. "Everyone [outside th ernment] was so worried abo pression that it was the last possible to really do. We h get some idea of the dimensio nature of the problem. And th your intelligence is good en there are ways to stop these s violence before they happen. pose, for example, that you that a group is planning to bl such-and-such a building. You the local authorities. They mo make arrests, and that's it. It's before anybody gets hurt.

"You've got to bear in mind went on, "that we faced an ex dinary situation requiring a traordinary response. And, know, you don't *want* a constit al or legal mandate for that ki thing. You don't want to institu alize the excesses required to



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nary threats. The law just ticipate all the contingen-

the law can't anticipate all ncies, neither can it protect loose definitions of "national " and "extraordinary cir- ces." Huston admitted that not know any better than of us where his plan would l. Nothing in the recent his- American intelligence gives n to take heart.

D NOT HELP but think that on was covering his flank se tortured legalisms. Would differently if he had it to do He thought for a moment. ng back," he said, "I think I have advocated the coordina- thout the special powers. The nt thing was to get Hoover ou know, 99 percent of do- intelligence comes from legal anyway."

then, however, Huston had nd thoughts—and no second either. His days in Washing- re numbered. Though he con- his efforts to resurrect the his memoranda—which once a kind of hopeful determina- became laced with expressions nicism and defeat. Seduced bandoned, he found himself a conservative in an adminis- controlled, he felt, by apolit- en "whose intellectual tradition ted in the philosophy of J. r Thompson."

so, in June 1971, Huston d up his family and his collec- f antique books and furniture ft Washington for points Mid- There he went to work for the t law firm in Indianapolis, he specialized in real-estate rs. Until last year he led a life, withdrawing from elec- politics except to vote—reluc- —for Nixon in 1972.

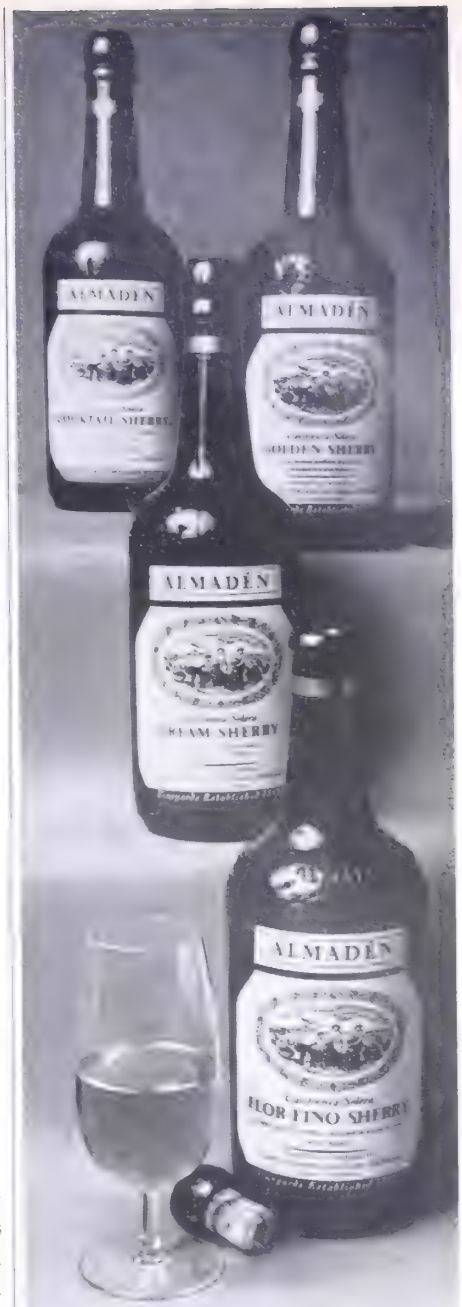
ston now referred to the "corpses n has left strewn around the try over the last twenty-five ," and one could infer that he ded his own in the body count. the Nixon White House, it was tough for a man of ideas to ve," he has written. "For a man nservative ideas and a modest of self-respect, it was virtually ssible."

nce leaving Washington, Hus- ton has rendered a harsh verdict on Nixon's Presidency. Last year he authored an article on it that oozed venom. "As Watergate has demonstrated," he wrote, "you can't begin to compete with the professional Nixonites when it comes to deception." He spoke to me bitterly of the damage Nixon had inflicted on the conservative cause. "The values of a society," he said, "are formed by its people—the priests, philosophers, scientists, writers, lawyers, and so forth. Government can't raise the values; it can only botch them up. This administration has done more to debauch conservative values than anything else in recent history." He spoke like one betrayed, offering no mercy to the traitor.

And yet he had not been an unwilling pawn back in 1970, but rather a central character in Act One of Watergate. How did he evaluate the role he himself had played? "I evaluated it by making a voluntary decision to get out," he snapped, annoyed that I had asked the question. In a less defensive moment, he had written, "If we [conservatives] were not used, we were at least had—and most conspicuously by ourselves."

I suppose I am either fortunate or foolish in having no such regrets about my own sordid past, although I might feel differently today had the underground taken a different turn in 1970. Ironically, while the Nixon administration was setting out on the road to Watergate, the Weatherpeople brought themselves under control, rejecting terrorism for a kind of armed propaganda and developing a sense of responsibility to the Movement we had held in contempt during our brief existence as an overt political groupuscule. Not that they set up a stall in the free marketplace of ideas, but they did decide that the solution was to revolutionize the market rather than to wipe it off the face of the earth. From then until now, they have used their explosive techniques to wantonly damage property after the forces of law and order have wantonly destroyed lives.

I confess that I cheer quietly whenever they succeed. To that extent I am unregenerate, but so, for that matter, is Tom Charles Huston. "From what you tell me," he said, "we didn't do enough back in 1970, if these people are still on the loose." □



ALMADÉN SOLERA SHERRIES

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EDITION

VOLUME 506, No. 27—

WEATHER: Sunny, Br

BIG THRE UP!

G.M., Ford, Chrys Hike Prices.

DETROIT—To keep up with recent rises in the price of steel, the Big Three auto manufacturers announced new increases on cars and options.

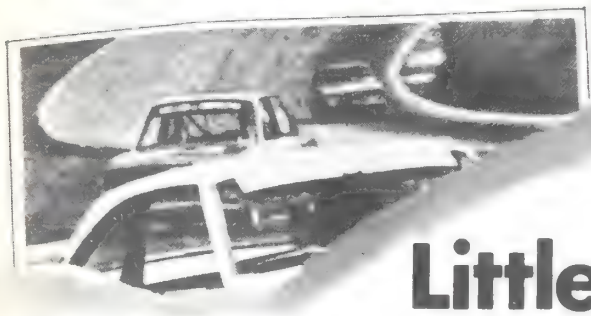
This is GM's seventh price rise since the end of the '73 model year. Increases have included not only the basic vehicle but extra standard equipment, optional equipment and destination charges. The increases average over $550 per vehicle over final '73 model prices.

It was the sixth [illegible] for both Ford and Chrysler, hiking their prices [illegible] age of $584 and $458 respectively.

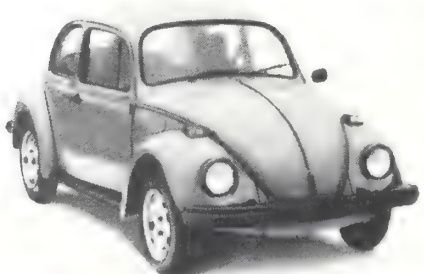
Extraordinary Increase

The multiple price increases put [illegible] the auto makers are unusual for the i[illegible] in the past tried to limit increases to [illegible] year

However, the recent rises in the c[illegible] have forced the auto mak[illegible] as quickly as



Little One Down!



Volkswagen Announces The $2499 Love Bug.*

A Specially Equipped, Limited Edition Beetle.

© Volkswagen of America, 1974 *Love Bug P.O.E., Suggested Retail Price, Local Taxes and Other Dealer Delivery Charges Additional

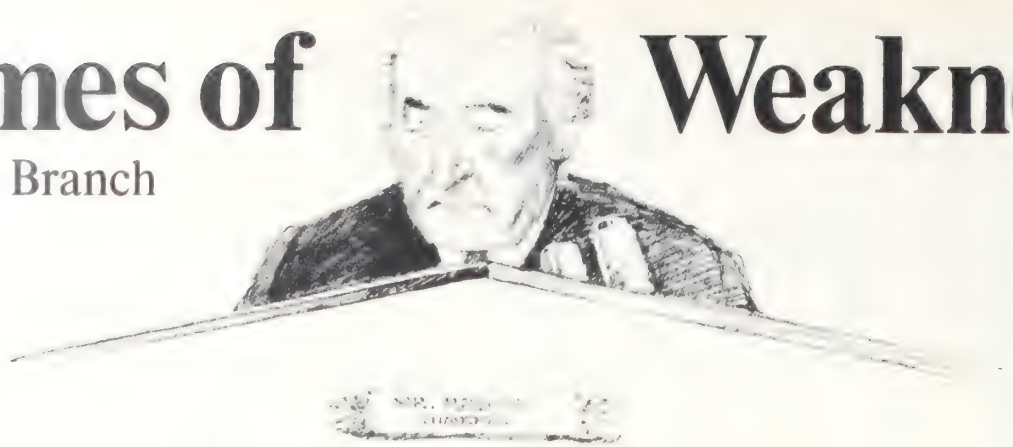
AMERICAN CHARACTER: Trial and Triumph



Drawings by James Wyeth

Crimes of Weakne

by Taylor Branch



THERE IS A LARGE AND HISTORICAL callous on my right middle finger that marks how seriously I have taken the impeachment and demise of Richard Nixon. The protrusion is occasioned by six months of furious note-taking at the House Judiciary Committee, and now, after Nixon has taken his leave, it becomes necessary to distill from the impeachment drama something grand and important enough to justify so permanent a blemish. No one should be content to rest on naked history alone—on how Nixon, first to China, first to the moon, first to be driven from office, has literally outdone himself in his quest for uniqueness, or on how we are unlikely to see a two-year run of such dramatic political theater again.

Every reporter visible around the impeachment hearings thirsted for the event to go on. This was natural, since Watergate was the perfect story. It had the lure—the officially unanswered question of whether the President was a crook and/or liar. It had the grist—the riddles, trials, and peripheral disasters—that fed the scandal along the way. It also played right into the manhood and professional pride of reporters, most of whom would insist they had known from the start that Nixon was involved. Most of us in the reporters' rows felt a surge of outright vindication at seeing our ancient suspicions stamped with approval by such a classic forum as the impeachment committee. People yearned for it to be drawn out still further, and it was a serious faux pas to mention Jerry Ford's upcoming Presidency in an earnest impeachment discussion. It was like bringing up labor problems at a stockholders' meeting, or the draft at a senior prom, as everyone expected President Ford's tenure to inflict an agonizing national hangover to atone for the entertainment spree of Watergate. Ford, it was agreed, would be deadly. He would be a man appropriately beneath the times, a political sleepwalker transformed into a messiah, perhaps even a personality with some human spark, by the massive patriotic insecurities of the various establishments, including the press.

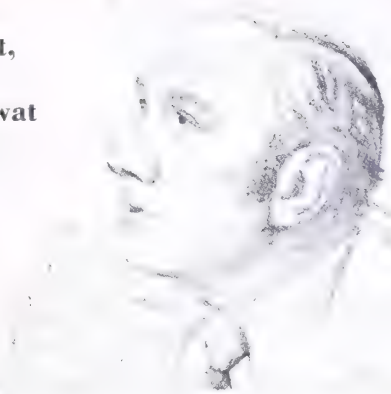
So there was both reason and excuse to surround the President's downfall with hyperbole but not to misjudge the substantive import of the impeachment itself. Watergate has been oversold almost from the beginning. Bernstein and Woodward identified Donald Segretti as the cornerstone of a "massive campaign of political spying and sabotage," raising the specter of truly evil and crafty stormtroopers at the throat of our liberty. A few observers noted with some disappointment that Segretti was actually more of a Dobie Gillis figure, guilty of little more than sional lapses of taste, but the image of the wily S leading a band of fifty spies was never thorough pudiated. The search for his cohorts was apparently doned, however, for fear of the expected embarras The Plumbers were termed "Nixon's private police even though their "missions," however horrifying in ciple, were more like those of the Keystone cops. spy E.Howard Hunt canceled the planned second ent the premises of Dr. Fielding because Krogh, the bo bad about the first one.

Nixon's crimes were sins of weakness, and no how much they might be puffed up to dignify him adversary, they fell hopelessly short of good despoti terial. He could not control the bureaucracy, so h to get around it with the Huston Plan and backed meekly at the first resistance. He was not master o thing in the government except foreign affairs, wher singer outshone him, and his impotence was brought home when he could not keep the Justice Department crawling up his leg. After the Watergate break-in, a less failure, he could not admit his political guilt wh had no criminal guilt, and he slowly built his own w as he ran away from them. He compounded himself out of sentiment for his aides or out of fear that one a sion might lead to the chasm of his character, wh exactly what happened when the transcripts showe to be a timid and dull man—even at the height power.

We were told constantly by the Judiciary Committe impeachment is the grand inquest of the nation, an gency political heart transplant, and, according to Randolph, the last resort of the system before "inst tion on the part of the people." It is "Goliath's sw to be kept in the temple except when there are tyrant usurpers around. Yet the closest event to insurrection impeachment was in the air came last winter whe truckers heaved rocks and shot bullets through each o windows for a while over gas prices. There was a insurrection in the Congress following the Judiciary mittee vote, as the Representatives squirmed to avoid Eric Sevareid called their "cup of hemlock." In true gressional fashion, they first asked Nixon to *tell* the impeach him, so they could tell the voters they were following orders. Several other desperate ruses wer the drawing boards when Nixon rescued the Wate



Instead of slaying a tyrant, the President's peers used Goliath's sword to swat a pitiful, helpless midget



l once again by revealing a consummate lie and y giving the Representatives a shield of unanimity.

THE PASSIONS AND DISORDERS that Randolph and the Founding Fathers had in mind arose only in the distant past, when there were mini-insurrections against Nixon's war policies. The Committee d an article of impeachment on the secret bombing nbodia, the only charge that contained the elements eful, arbitrary rule. Here, for once, the President was and decisive. Things happened—money was spent eople were killed. He ordered more than 3,000 covert ing missions and the creation of a clandestine com- structure to hide them even from regular military els. The President scared Gen. Earle Wheeler, chair- f the Joint Chiefs, so badly that the General testified oath that if the Secretary of the Army had asked him the bombing he would have lied to him. Even the ied, secret reports to the Congress about Southeast were lies.

is scheme had true despotic promise, but the Com- backed away because of the political overtones. "It wash," said several members privately, and they d to concede that the voters are viscerally monar- in matters such as war, which arouse passion and ection. John Seiberling of Ohio said that he was out- by the secret bombing but would have to vote against rticle for lack of evidence. "It's still classified," he ted. The same Committee that recommended im- ing Nixon for failure to turn over his private mut- s fell over backward when confronted with classifica- tamps on five-year-old bombing reports.

xon was driven from office not because of great, ing crimes but because the tapes revealed the ordi- dark spots of his personality. His impeachment would chagrined the Founding Fathers. It was a weak plot— beth's guilt without a good murder. This is not to say he should have been spared—his poor lie became r obstructive—but that the Nixon experience gives most no clue as to whether Congress or anyone else l thwart a real tyrant—someone whose granite innards old intelligence were matched with surpassing con- ce, a President of clear and present danger. To Nixon, s was sneaking around the corner.

the time the former President reached the impeachment committee, he had been weakened by the press and public opinion and virtually put to sleep by the subpoenas of the prosecutors. He had slipped into hiding over the past year and was in seclusion under the dubious care of Ron Ziegler. Albert Speer called Martin Bormann the "hedge clipper" for Hitler, charged with the task of cutting down anyone ambitious and talented enough to threaten the boss, and Ziegler was assigned the contrary task of scouring the country for any audience of prominence and loyalty. All he could come up with were some strange clergymen and a few executives from the fringes of the Chamber of Commerce.

Nixon's low estate explains why one of the dominant themes in the televised debate was sympathy, with the anguished Representatives endeavoring to make the viewers feel sorrier for them than for the President. His defenders sounded the note that the "underdog" President had suffered enough, while the attackers focused on the poor example that would be set by letting the harmless miscreant remain at large in the White House. It sounded more like a parole board than a grand jury for high crimes against the state.

Although Nixon's crimes were largely beneath the dignity of impeachment, the Judiciary Committee rose to high theatric standards because of the significance of the moment. Observers were stunned at the caliber of the debate, and new statesmen were identified. James Mann of South Carolina has been proclaimed a retroactive Founding Father because of his constitutional syntax and his capacity to draw emotion from the most jaded reporters. His performance was deemed quite impressive for a Southerner, and therefore worthy of celebration. William Cohen of Maine, the Republican answer to JFK, was thought to be headed for Camelot. He is young, witty, good-looking, and a shameless cultivator of the press, which gobbles up his poetry—"We are the keepers of the flame. . . . The footprints of guilt must often be traced with the searchlight of probability." (The press did not discover Cohen, however. Long before impeachment, Nelson Rockefeller, J. Erwin Miller, and Joan Whitney Payson, owner of the New York Mets, were sending money to this freshman from Maine, backing him on the come. So were the employees of the Hughes Tool Company.) Walter Flowers of Alabama came off as the good ole boy of impeachment, showing the average fellow how he can vote against the President with a flag pin in his lapel.





THE MEMBERS OF THE COMMITTEE fell into roles which helped bring this sampling of Congress alive. Harold Donohue—ancient and doddering, with sleep creeping across his powdery white face—was there to remind people what Congress had escaped from. Aides with instructions would pinch him. Barbara Jordan was the Orator, with a thunderous contralto voice and the clipped, British diction of those blacks who learned parlor speech to prove something. She was one of the few members to scorn sentiment in favor of force, fire, and brimstone, and she often had the people in the gallery leaning back in fear—ready to confess their most racist notions and their most heretical doubts about the Constitution she praised. Charles Sandman was the Rotary Special, the kind of jovial politician who gets along by convincing businessmen that they aren't getting a fair shake in life. He was the Committee's most effective performer, reveling in his pipeline to Babbittdom, and his job was to hammer home the news that the lowly President was being persecuted: "You know it, and I know it. Everybody knows it!" Jack Brooks of Texas played the Salty Partisan, one of a dying political breed that draws all sustenance and inspiration from considerations of political party. He is wily and shrewd, the Democratic strategist, and he is credited with the baldest lie of the televised hearings: "There can be no satisfaction in impeaching a President of the United States." Brooks himself seemed positively elated when the cameras were still, and his backroom sarcasm always drew a large huddle of reporters. "We've got 'em now," he would say, referring to the Republican adversaries. "Let 'em talk." Brooks would light up his cigar like a new father and break out of the huddle with a spring in his step. More than once, as he left the chambers, I heard him whistling "Frosty the Snowman." Delbert Latta served as one of the strategic counterparts to Brooks for the Republicans, and he specialized in aggressive low-road politics. He played the Snake, and his function was to personify those ugly and universal instincts that make people hang their heads in moments of sober self-analysis. The idea was to make everyone doubt that they were clean enough to judge the President. Latta possesses the harsh, air-hammer voice of a racetrack barker, which seemed appropriate on the dirty side of any argument, as when he attacked former minority counsel Albert Jenner as a befriender of whores. Mr. Latta offered this information in an effort to explain why Jenner no longer stood with the Pre

Charles Wiggins of California struck me early on as the most intriguing member of the Committee: chief Nixon defender, a rough-hewn man with actor Lorne Greene silver hair and Ponderosa face. In discussions, Wiggins has a habit of being relentlessly to the point; he verges on dom employs red herrings, ad hominem subversion, and of the other political ploys that give opponents time to their brains.

Reporters at the Judiciary inquiry always regarded a badge of merit to score a debating point off Wiggins and they could be seen off in a corner studying evidence then darting at Wiggins to make a hit, then back to corner—usually wounded. Though the Congressman's muscles would twitch under the assault, he would effortreel off statutes while pointing out the logical flaws he thought introduced bias into the question. "I am a nitpicker," he said several times, "but, goddamn it, somebody's got to stand up for the law around here." Wiggins said privately that he had weighed the evidence against Nixon before the televised hearings and decided that it came to "not even five" on his own scale, which required seven for a vote of guilty.

After the vote, Wiggins told me that he was committed to his judgment that there was insufficient evidence to convict the President as a matter of law. He would defend Nixon's defense on the House floor, and he would support, if asked, help St. Clair in the expected Senate trial. He was certain of his position, which, like St. Clair's, was based on the proposition that there was no hard evidence that Nixon knew of the cover-up before March 21, 1973. He drew that line with Nixon, and was willing to stand by it.

It was at this point that St. Clair and Alexander Haig called Wiggins down to the White House for a preview of the now-famous two-and-a-half-minute conversation of June 23, 1972, showing that Nixon was "knowledgeable only six days after the burglary, or fully nine months earlier than Wiggins had been led to believe. The White House men probably wanted to find out for sure whether Wiggins' commitment to the precarious defense that the new tape shattered was a blind one or a legal one. Wiggins told them that Nixon no longer had a defense or a chief defender.

There is still room for doubt about whether Wig



have moved so resolutely against Nixon if he and c orts had not been so blatantly deceived. I think he ll have. He has shown consistency in his devotion to ". In the midst of the storm over resignation, he set s apart from the Republican flannelmouths in Con- y stating that Richard Nixon might have to go to ter prosecution, if the United States is really a y of equal justice. Mercy is a matter for judges.

THERE WAS ELOQUENCE AND HEROISM in the crucible of statesmanship, but it was not, by and large, the noble sweat of leaders falling on their swords to save the Republic. By the time of the vote, al- o careers turned on the impeachment decision, and kamikaze votes there were flew in both directions: Mayne of Iowa voted against impeachment at his eril, while Caldwell Butler voted for it. Even in those the martyr's path was difficult to discern, for Mayne kely to lose his seat and Butler to retain his no matter ney voted.

e anguish seemed to come not from fear of political tion but from the psychic distress of presuming to e President's peers. It is true that Jaworski's grand had no difficulty in that regard, but those ordinary eymen and workers were not paid to think of them- as an equal branch of government; therefore, they d no burden of guilt or unworthiness about actual in the past. The Representatives did. The awe and ty of Presidents had been created partly out of their fervent wish that the chief executive could develop supernatural wisdom and command to make up for Congress's inability to see beyond the crush of the It was jarring when Nixon, with his tapes and his ll behavior, went to extraordinary lengths to batter their genuflective dreams. The distance between his grandeur and his lowly character was so great as to rmine the moral operation of politics. The credibility the exalted promise, and the claim of virtue are all ssary to allow politicians their cherished place as ning rods of hopes, and Nixon threatened to expose tools to constant scorn. They could not stand by him. ixon also worried those few Congressmen who realized he would unavoidably tarnish everything traditional "straight." From his empty talk of "great goals" to his worship of the hearth, Nixon was an embodiment of the progressive era—running, striving, family intact, beliefs in line, taking succor from the race and its challenge, trying to make something of himself. He is so representative that his exposure and humiliation might be taken as a sign that his world view is grotesquely out of phase with the times. Nixon was not overcome by the superior strength of closet socialists and reformers in a great battle, as he would like to think. He and his era just ran out of gas and fell at their feet. In a historical context, Nixon and the crisis of confidence in government did not cause the country's slow descent; it was the other way around.

With Nixon gone, politics will no doubt return to normal. Congress will be active enough both to retain its new spot in the limelight and to push President Ford into the responsibilities Congress might otherwise inherit. Congressmen will join all responsible media voices in the formidable task of conferring the halo and aura of power upon Mr. Ford, so that he will be held accountable should the political and economic decline continue. The myths around him are important as the glue of democratic innocence and as the protectors of the Congress—which will hail Gerald Ford with enough hosannas to set him out on the public doorstep like an empty milk bottle.

Whatever people ultimately decide about the downfall of Richard Nixon—whether it was a tragic constitutional refresher, an atavistic morality play, a trial run for mediocre heroes, or a blow for some basic ethical restraints—his long travail revived the theater of America for a while. Watergate has been the first scandal in several lifetimes to provide enough suspense, color, and diversity of character for decent fiction. A truly extraordinary collection of backgrounds and psyches had to be lined up for the scandal to proceed—from Liddy and the Cubans to Nixon and his various captors—and their personalities will be studied as the public faces of our time, a time when a lot is public. Both the heroes and the villains have the feel of being overripe and unequal to the times, but that only adds to the comic flavor that is required to keep these characters in perspective as representatives of past dreams and future windmills. Nixon and Watergate have been a beesting on the national behind and must be pondered in that light lest the genuine heroes also swarm around us, buzzing with their nonsense. □

Taylor Branch is Harper's *Washington editor.*



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HEROES AND FOOLS

The Watergate players, their delusions and dilemmas, as perceived by themselves



ordon Liddy: Patriot Speaks

il now, Gordon Liddy has been the only Watergate to maintain complete public silence. In the follow-ter to his wife, Frances, Liddy finally ends that si-The full text appears verbatim.

July 31, 1974

Fran:

HIS IS THE LETTER I promised to send to you containing my thoughts on some problems particular to this time in America: patriotism, duty, loyalty, and guidance for the raising of our children. The is for publication in *Harper's Magazine,* in return oney paid to you to assist you in supporting yourself he children. Most of what I say here has been dis-d in the family over the years, and in previous letters rison visits during the past year and a half.

will not surprise you that I have described the back-nd of this letter. It may, however, prompt an objec- from the editor of *Harper's* urging you to approve ion of this introduction in favor of the fiction of spon-ty. Resist his importuning, as it will be but another festation of one of the basic infirmities afflicting our n today; and that is as good a place as any to begin essay.

is impossible to function successfully as a human be- vithout the ability to apprehend, and the willingness to pt, reality. It requires no more than average intellect power of observation, added to the experience ac-ed necessarily by surviving adolescence, to see the d and mankind and understand them as they are. Nor it demand more than Everyman's allotment of ability eason to be able to distinguish between things as they and things as they ought to be.

o fundamental are these precepts that it prompts impa-ce to read them. Yet in America today there is a ked reluctance to accept reality by those who remain to perceive it, and a widespread indulgence in illusion; the indiscriminate commingling in the national mind of Man as he is and as one might wish him to be, if not outright mistake of fact as between the two.

The evidence is everywhere. Reluctance to accept reality is best exemplified by the passion for euphemism. One who collects garbage is not a garbage collector, he is a "sanitation engineer" in the employ of a "Department of Environmental Services." An automobile that has been used is not a used car, it is a "pre-owned vehicle." Women do not kill their unborn children, they are congratulated upon being "no longer pregnant." Even the poor are deprived of the dignity of an honest statement of their condition only to have their plight described, in a contradiction in terms, as "underprivileged."

A classic example of fostering inability to distinguish between reality—things as they are or were (always objective)—and things as they "ought" or as one might wish them to be or have been (always subjective) can be found in one of our prominent national shrines. The location alone shows how deeply into the body politic the virus has invaded.

On the stone interior of the Jefferson Memorial in the nation's capital, there to be read solemnly by the thousands of citizens who travel to Washington to steep themselves in their historical heritage, is carved the following:

> *God who gave us life gave us liberty. Can the liberties of a nation be secure when we have removed a conviction that these liberties are the gift of God? Indeed I tremble for my country when I reflect that God is just, that His justice cannot sleep forever. Commerce between master and slave is despotism. Nothing is more certainly written in the book of fate than that these people are to be free. Establish the law for educating the common people. This it is the business of the state to effect and on a general plan.*

There is only one problem: that which is graven in the Jefferson Memorial is not what Thomas Jefferson said. It

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Drawings by Jamie Wyeth

is a deliberate alteration. To learn what Jefferson really said one must journey to the Library of Congress, there to consult *Jefferson's Works: II,* "Notes on Virginia, Query" (E 302 J 469). At page *225* our third President said:

> *There must doubtless be an unhappy influence on the manners of our people produced by the existence of slavery among us. The whole commerce between master and slave is a perpetual exercise of the most boisterous passions, the most unremitting despotism on the one part, and degrading submission on the othér.*

At page *227* Jefferson remarks:

> *And can the liberties of a nation be thought secure when we have removed their only firm basis, a conviction in the minds of the people that these liberties are of the gift of God? That they are not to be violated but with His wrath? Indeed I tremble for my country when I reflect that God is just; that His justice cannot sleep forever; that considering numbers, nature and a natural means only, a revolution of the wheel of fortune, an exchange of situation is among possible events; that it may become probable by supernatural interference!*

Note that there are wholesale deletions in the Memorial version; that the order of the remarks has been reversed; that two different thoughts have been run together out of context, and the meaning has been distorted. If the scholarly Jefferson was employing the device attributed to "remarkable lawgivers" by Machiavelli,* as one might infer reasonably from his actual language, one would never suspect it from the corrupted version to be found in the Jefferson Memorial.

WHAT WAS DONE IN THAT MONUMENT to a revered founder of our nation is doubtless justified by those responsible as in the interest of furthering what is "right." It is what Jefferson *ought* to have said to express what he *should* have thought and *would* have said were he alive today.

Now there is nothing novel in the rewriting of history, as witness the Soviet encyclopedia or the *Washington Post.* The point is that the United States, a nation composed of human beings, is equally as susceptible as the rest of the world to the infirmities of human nature as well as the beneficiary of its strengths. Chauvinistic refusal to accept the former while celebrating the latter is a contributing factor to the success of those among us who foster as a virtue the denial of reality.

The United States of America is a nation-state whose formal existence was occasioned by a world war precipitated by the economic rivalry at the time between England and France. The consequent economic drain upon England prompted enforcement of the mercantile-system laws upon her colonies in North America. Those colonies, used to relatively little interference from the mother country, having grown sufficiently strong and being well situ graphically to do so, united against England and v independence by force of arms.

The new country was populated by a vigorou led by an educated elite. Her citizenry was armed fighting skills kept keen by conflict with an in native population against whom it exerted inexoral sure. That pressure was generated by economic gro territorial expansion fostered by a work ethic and national destiny.

All of this was located on a huge continent, an richest in the world in natural resources, and prot both flanks by thousands of miles of open oce material success of the nation was assured.

The new country was organized under a written tution created by the intellectual and economic eli were possessed of great self-confidence and desire tablish a government sufficient to enable individ enjoy "life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness" minimum of governmental interference. To that Framers adopted the social-contract theory of Loc the system of checks and balances employed by Ly whose constitution had led to 800 years of stable ment in Sparta. Democracy was rejected in favor c public with a limited franchise. The Constitutio quickly found to be in need of amendment. The of doing so provided by the Framers, however, unable to accommodate the pressures generated by national growth. This difficulty was overcome by t pedient of usurpation of that function by an unelecte (the Supreme Court), to which *fait accompli* the acquiesced.

This constitutional system failed once and was posed by force of arms (the Civil War). It came cl failing again as in very recent times the right of ass peacefully to seek redress of grievances was corrupte violence, and freedom of expression into license. Th ter, combined with mass-communication technolog the synergistic effect of producing an extraordinarily tive vehicle for the acquisition and exercise of powe powerful alliance of the former and the latter attack elected governments of two administrations, one of political party. One government abdicated. The chose to fight. The party whose administration had c to abdicate allied itself with the forces of its erstwhile mies and seeks to bring the conflict within the frame of conventional political strife, albeit by invoking th traordinary power to impeach, thus to regain lost po ascendancy.

To be understood, the struggle must be seen for wh is and the antagonists for who and what they are.

What is going on is nothing new in the history of ma of governments. It is a contest for power.

THE CURRENT STRUGGLE in the United States its genesis in the coincident rise of mass-comm cation technology and a corruption of journa called, accurately, "advocacy journalism," a with a corrupt element of the academic communit form a potent force.

Advocacy journalism must not be mistaken for the pression of editorial opinion. The latter is clearly lab

* "In truth, there never was any remarkable lawgiver amongst any people who did not resort to divine authority, as otherwise his laws would not have been accepted by the people; for there are many good laws, the importance of which is known to the sagacious lawgiver, but the reasons for which are not sufficiently evident to enable him to persuade others to submit to them; and therefore do wise men, for the purpose of removing this difficulty, resort to divine authority." Niccolo Machiavelli, *Discourses on the First Ten Books of Titus Livius,* trans. Detmold, Modern Library ed. (New York: Random House, 1940), p. 147.

and serves a necessary function. Advocacy jour- perceives as a virtue the denial of reality, the sub- n of the subjective "ought" for the objective "is"; it ot to observe and report so as to provide a data r the taking of decisions by the people but to ad- goals of its practitioner's selection. This is accom- not through overt advocacy, as in the editorial or identified expression of opinion, but covertly, n selection, distortion, omission, and, on occasion, tion.

d another way, advocacy journalism seeks to shape rather than to report them so that they may be , to the extent that can be done, by the legitimate tutional) wielders of power. Advocacy journalists derivative constitutional legitimacy from a reading First Amendment which stretches liberty into license. constant, natural struggle for power, they must be s combatants, as distinct from neutral observers of ttle.

ie function as columnists—a mutant strain, half ate (as their work is labeled as opinion), half cor- as they employ deception). The processes of life, ing that of government, are not difficult to under- for one who has an average intellect and an educa- which has included a study of history that avoided uting for what occurred what one might wish to occurred.

h outstanding exceptions, such as the late Stewart , the columnist is a latter-day witch doctor, one who ds half his effort asserting that things are terribly ex and difficult to understand, and who then pro- to explain the riddle he has just created. For this e expects the deference once accorded a priest of *Ra*. columnists are harmless, however. An inbred group, vrite primarily for, and receive most of their attention their fellow *shamans* and may be looked upon as a of entertainment. Advocacy journalists, on the other as skilled practitioners of deception possessed of itous technical means the better to mislead, are rous. The only remedy available to an individual is a ne education, one resulting in an intellect uncorrupt- wishful thinking, chauvinism, or other perceptual dis- ns such as those attributable to race, religion, or sex. ankind is but lately on this earth. He is the most high- veloped of the *fauna* to date, but, in point of geologi- me, still in an early stage of evolution. Other animals hink, communicate, and use tools (see recent experi- s with high primates), but man is a quantum leap l of the rest.

an got where he is today by the process of natural tion—the survival of the fittest. That process, despite ig been slowed somewhat by the application of pity e uses of medical science, continues (near-extinction razilian Indian tribes, for example) and well-inten- d interventions into the workings of nature are usu- disastrous, as witness the Sahel. In the words of an rican poet:

> *This is the Law of the Yukon, that only the Strong shall thrive;*
> *That surely the Weak shall perish, and only the Fit survive.**

What is true of individual men is true of nations.

The United States, though having a large population, still-vast natural resources, lesser but still-formidable geographical position, and possessed of high technology and wealth, is a weakened nation. Her people are divided, her institutions corrupted by a refusal to acknowledge (perhaps now an inability to perceive) the real and thus an inability to deal with it. Her armed forces are weak. She is in the throes of an as-yet-bloodless civil war in which there is being attempted an act analogous to regicide.

Compare if you will the mind-set of the World War II U.S. Marine Corps or SS division *Leibstandarte,* as either went into battle, with the ill-disciplined, often drugged dropouts that make up a significant portion of the nation's armed forces today.

One is reminded of the France of 1940. The French had more troops, more tanks than the Germans, more of everything, save the tough, disciplined, confident *esprit* of the German soldier.

The master who instructed me in the deadliest of the Oriental martial arts taught me that the outcome of a battle is decided in the minds of the opponents before the first blow is struck. So it was in France in 1940. Adolph Hitler's secret weapon was not the devastatingly innovative combination of the *stuka* and the *panzer*. It was in the fighting spirit of the German soldier, each of whom carried *blitzkrieg* in his breast. My teacher was right; the battle for France was over before it began.

Jump ahead to the Battle of Britain. The superb combination of the Merlin engine and the elliptical wing notwithstanding, the heart of the Supermarine *Spitfire* ticked under the tunic of the pilot from Fighter Command.

What would the Red Army, Rommel's *Afrika Korps,* Patton's Third Army, or "Chesty" Puller's Marine Corps do to the U.S. Army that "wants to join you"? To ask that question is to answer it. But let the blame fall where it belongs—and it does not belong upon our youth.

> **ye'd turn on the gas in th' darkest heart, ye'd find it had raison for th' worst things it done, a good varchous raison, ieedin' th' money or punishin' the wicked or tachin' people a to be more careful, or protectin' th' liberties iv mankind, edin' th' money."**
> —Finley Peter Dunne
> *Observations by Mr. Dooley,* 1902

ANOTHER WEAKNESS of the United States today lies in the exaltation of the young. The young are without experience and a record of performance in the adult world. There is no reason to defer to their opinion on adult subjects, as they are without credentials. As it is the duty of the adult to form the youth, the blame for their deficiencies of education and character must fall largely upon the adult population.

Consider the education we offer today: rather than offend what is perceived to be his tender psyche, we promote the youth from one grade to the next although he has not mastered the work, thus producing high-school "graduates" who are functional illiterates. We persist in occupying the time of even the abler students with such nonsense courses as "black studies" and other "relevant" subjects so as to graduate children who are "well-adjusted" rather than educated. Rare is the student who has the wit to realize that he or she is being cheated by his adult men-

* Robert William Service, "The Law of the Yukon," *Songs of a Sourdough.*

tors; were he able to perceive it, there would be little he could do about it. No, the blame must fall upon the adults.

It is the fault of the parent who defaults to the school system, which defaults to the state bureaucracy, which defaults to the federal bureaucracy, which defaults to a class of academic nitwit such as Charles Reich, who celebrates "the greening of America" while what is taking place is the yellowing of America.

There is nothing wrong with American youth which cannot be cured by parents who see to it that their local schools teach reading, writing, spelling, arithmetic, history, geography, and science; who see that they grade examinations fairly and objectively, passing those who pass and failing those who fail, all the while enforcing such discipline in the class that there exists an atmosphere conducive to learning. Parents must ensure that their children do their homework and stay out of trouble after school on pain of effective discipline, the whole followed by a minimum of two years of obligatory universal military training and service in armed forces led by tough, professional cadres. Those few who refuse to serve may be provided a one-way ticket to Canada or the Scandinavian country of their choice.

How to rear the young? What virtues should be cultivated, what vices discouraged? What criteria have we to guide us as parents in the raising of our children and, as citizens, in the improvement of our country?

First, the young should be raised in harmony with nature. Nature is elitist. By definition, not everyone can be a member of an elite—but it is of the nature of men to try.

We are fortunate that our country fosters an aristocracy of merit. True enough that from time to time the b son gets the job; but then someone must be hired t the job, and that someone will be the best available sent governmental interference on the basis of some ceived "ought," such as racial, ethnic, or sexual bal

In raising our children, we must orient ourselves t pursuit of excellence in every endeavor. There is di and worth in every kind of human labor. Each is w of, and presents the opportunity for, excellent pe mance. Those who achieve it will form automaticall elite of that trade, craft, profession, or art.

As a corollary, it must be recognized that there dignity, if not a form of degradation, in living on the when one is capable of work, and to that end it shou a governmental goal to foster the conditions necessar full employment either in the United States or in territorial spheres of influence.

Central to the pursuit of excellence is competition only standard available by which excellence may be sured is the performance of the same task by other hu If a child is able to surpass his peers at each stage of hood, he will probably continue that pattern and su them as an adult, thereby achieving elite status. From men and women come our leaders—competitors all

The emphasis upon competitive spirit is of the gr importance. Not only is it in conformity with nature nearly always the key to the full realization of huma tential. Given equal or even less talent, in any conte stronger man will win. I do not mean physical stren mean strength of personality, that combination of fidence and determination which arises from self-k

MISUNDERSTANDING SECRECY

by E. Howard H

After the capture and sentencing of that extraordinary espionage figure Col. "Rudolf Abel," the Soviet government, which had sent Colonel Abel to America as chief of the New York GRU* *residentura*, contributed to his legal expenses and paid for the storage and return of his personal effects, albeit by circuitous means. Abel's family in the Soviet Union was cared for, and, one must assume, his salary and allowances were continued during his imprisonment in the Atlanta Penitentiary. When the Soviet Union captured U-2 pilot and CIA employee Francis Gary Powers, it tendered him in exchange for Colonel Abel, who was allowed to go home.

The United States government—through the Central Intelligence Agency—paid Powers' salary and living allowances during his confinement in the U.S.S.R.; it also relocated his family and saw to their welfare until and after his release.

When CIA agents Richard Fecteau and John Downey were captured in Communist China in the early Fifties, the United States government not only continued their salaries and allowances, but made extraordinary high-level efforts to secure their release through such Third World leaders as President Sukarno of Indonesia. As former CIA Director Richard Helms acknowledged, Downey returned to the United States to collect twenty years' accrued salary and related benefits.

Implicit—and often explicit—in the relationship between a clandestine intelligence agent and his employer is a form of social contract which says very simply that in the event of the agent's capture his employer will care for his family and exert every possible means to obtain his freedom. Were this tradition not well understood, employing powers would be hard-pressed to find competent, well-motivated, and reliable agents to carry out their covert missions.

It was this time-honored understanding that for a time buoyed the hopes of the seven men who were indicted—and in two cases tried—for surreptitious entry into Democratic National Headquarters at the Watergate. That their attorneys' fees were partially paid, that family living allowances were provided—and that these support funds were delivered by clandestine means—was to be expected. The official sponsors of their project were an Attorney General, John Mitchell, a Presidential counsel, John Dean; and a former White House aide, Jeb Stuart Magruder, whose authority for ordering the Gemstone operation was never questioned by those who carried it out.

The White House request to the Central Intelligence Agency to provide clandestine support to the seven indicted men—a request the CIA declined—clearly indicates a perception at the Haldeman-Ehrlichman level of the appropriateness of clandestine support. As time passed, however, the burden of providing moneys was assumed by less sophisticated personnel, and the defendants' urgent requests for overdue support began to be interpreted as threats "blackmail."

Here the principle o *rea* is all-important, f though the Watergate sought no more than wh believed their normal du Dean, and perhaps P Nixon as well, misco the situation, perceived i most discreditable term apparently based their on a totally false premi

The Watergate Seve known, since October 1 before that, regardless outcome of their tria would be granted immun forced to testify before t tergate grand jury. Thu was no question of bu lence, of suppressing th with "hush money."

The Watergate Seven stood the tradition of tine support.

Tragically for the nat all the President's me equally aware

* Military intelligence.

* E. Howard Hunt's latest boo Cover: Memoirs of an Ame ent Agent, will be publis winter.

n understanding of the world as it is and one's to it, the natural laws that control its workings, drive to excel.

gth, or personal force, is the ability to focus psychic to persevere until all obstacles are overcome, to be t only to tolerate adversity but to recognize it as a condition and turn it to advantage. An example of er may be seen in the case of a physical contest. e is a need for physical strength, for the body is ository of the personality, and the ability physically ast an opponent and resist adverse circumstances ortant. But if any one component of a man ought exercised, cultivated, and strengthened above all it is the will; and that will must have but one ob—to win.

sider a physical contest, man on man, such as dis- running or swimming. Because of the way these are organized, the contestants will be nearly equal sical ability. All will start at the same time and d at nearly the same pace. There will come a time course of the race when pain will occur. It is a l phenomenon, a signal from the body that it is be- tended, is under stress, and should, in normal cir- ances, be given a rest to recoup its strength. Pain e compared to the performance monitoring system aircraft. Just as sensors alert the pilot that cylinder- temperatures are too high and the engine is being orked, or that airspeed has exceeded design limita- so pain alerts the mind that the body is overstressed. therefore, should be welcomed as an information it.

ne items of military equipment, provided with sensors onitor performance, alert the operator to stress, and down the equipment automatically under such con- ns, contain a switch by which the operator may by- the automatic protective mechanism. To be employed in the most extreme circumstances, it is the "battle ride."

THE ELITE COMPETITOR knows that as pain strikes him in the course of a race it is striking his opponents at approximately the same time. He recognizes this situation as an opportunity and wel- es it. Employing his will as a battle override, he re- oles his efforts and, if his physical conditioning is suf- nt, wins. There is little danger in this practice, as, n the body is exhausted completely, it just stops func- ing. Nothing more can be done at that point but to e a mental note to condition it further for the future. champion competitor will find, however, that few of opponents have the strength of will to drive through a all the way to the point of total collapse. The ability lo so is an enormous advantage, not only in sport, but he training provided the will. With continued attention an remain indomitable and thus able to resist coercion the one hand, and on the other to wear down those o resist it in the achieving of its objectives. There is no re powerful weapon available for the constant battle t is life.

The most indomitable will, however, is of no avail unless rried to an educated intellect. Place a man of powerful l before a diesel engine with the command to repair it, and he will be unable to do so if he does not understand what it is and how it is supposed to work. That is also true when one introduces a man into this world; and what is true of men is true of those institutions composed of men—nations.

The United States of America was formed from colonies of Georgian Britons. It is important that the world view of the mother country be understood, as its citizens and leaders were of the same stock as the Founders of our country and shared an understanding of the world that was and is in accord with reality. That world view has best been articulated by the British historian Correlli Barnett as follows:

> *In the eighteenth century the English ruling classes—squirearchy, merchants, aristocracy—were men hard of mind and hard of will. Aggressive and acquisitive, they saw foreign policy in terms of concrete interest: markets, natural resources, colonial real estate, naval bases, profits. At the same time they were concerned to preserve the independence and parliamentary institutions of England in the face of the hostility of European absolute monarchies. Liberty and interest alike seemed to the Georgians therefore to demand a strategic approach to international relations. They saw national power as the essential foundation of national independence; commercial wealth as a means to power; and war as among the means to all three. They accepted it as natural and inevitable that nations should be engaged in a ceaseless struggle for survival, prosperity and predominance. Such public opinion as existed in the eighteenth century did not dissent from this world-view.**

It must be remembered that the Founders of the United States were members of the ruling classes of the colonies, the "squirearchy, merchants, aristocracy." They were men equally "hard of mind and hard of will. Aggressive and acquisitive." When England enforced the mercantilist laws against them, they found themselves on an economic one-way street. Predictably, such men rebelled and, by force of arms, went after what they wanted—a piece of the action. They got it and we are enjoying it today. In short, the men who formed our nation understood man and his world. It is only when we lose sight of reality that we are in danger of losing our way as a people and a nation.

Great Britain started to decline as a nation and lost her empire when her people fell victim to a combination of romantic idealism and evangelical religion. Her leaders started taking national decisions based upon what was "right" according to a subjective vision of what ought to be, as opposed to what was wise according to a hard-headed, national-interest-minded view of objective reality. It was nearly 200 years before British power had all been leached away. She was able to last that long on the momentum of her dynamic, even gaining new territory along the way; becoming, if you will, a "red giant" before collapsing into a "white dwarf."

I fear that the United States is in danger of succumbing to the same malady.

The Soviet equivalent of evangelical religion and romantic idealism is Marxist-Leninist ideology. The Soviet Union, consciously or coincidentally following the practice of Rome as remarked upon with approval by Machiavelli,**

* Correlli Barnett, *The Collapse of British Power* (New York: William Morrow & Co., Inc., 1972), p. 20.

** Machiavelli, op. cit., pp. 156-58.

pays due lip service to Marxist-Leninist ideology. I am confident, however, that her leaders are under no illusions as to the nature of man and the world. Marshal Grechko, we may be sure, puts his faith in rockets, tanks, a thoroughly trained and toughly disciplined army, and a rapidly growing navy to advance the growth of Soviet power and ensure that nation's continued independence—not in ideology. He takes his decisions upon a knowledge of the effects of nuclear fusion, not a belief in imminent proletarian revolt within the United States.

Adolf Hitler and Joseph Stalin respected each other to the end of their mortal conflict. Indeed, while the propaganda organs of the United States, Germany, Russia, and Japan all spewed forth tributes to respective ideologies during the second world war—Judeo-Christian religion, Nietzscheism, Marxism-Leninism, and Bushido-Shinto—in the end the leaders of all four countries put their faith in *panzers,* not in prayer.

FOR A MAN OR A NATION to be truly strong, each must be able to stand utterly alone, able to meet and deal with life relying solely upon his own inner resources. There may be no crutch of any kind employed, for when a crutch is removed, although one may retain balance for a short time, to fall is inevitable.

Let the virtues to be practiced, then, be those natural to man: duty, loyalty, patriotism.

Duty arises from obligation; one cannot exist v
the other. It is, therefore, to be expected of one wh
a duty that he perform it. He is, consequently, enti
no special regard when he does so as he is doing
what he and every other person situated similarly is
to do. It does not follow, however, that because
mance of duty is not especially praiseworthy, that it
important. On the contrary, it is the bedrock upon
rests man's natural interaction with his fellowman.

The primary unit of society is the family. Each
tional grouping of men is but an amplification of tha
unit: the tribe, the village, the state, the nation.
dictates that each member of a family discharge
obligation with respect to every other family member
a father has a *duty* to protect his young, and, wh
youth is sufficiently mature, there devolves upon
similar obligation to assist in the protection of other
bers of the family. This natural law may be seen in
tion very clearly in the activities of the lower anim
well as (if not, these days, in a superior fashion) in

Similarly, as one progresses through the various lev
organization (in the case of the lower animals fro
individual family unit to the pack or herd, etc.) t
tribe, village, state, and nation, it may be seen that
organizational stage places upon the individual o
tions peculiar to that stage, from which arises a co
ponding duty. For man to function as man, therefo
must always and everywhere *do his duty*; and to

Mission Impossibl

*Despite tantalizing rumors, no one has yet proved that the CIA played any official role in the Watergate burglary. Still, there is a moral link: the atmosphere created by the CIA's prolonged failure to overthrow Fidel Castro. After its disaster at the Bay of Pigs in 1961, "the Company" redoubled its futile efforts, hiring scores of Cuban exiles in Miami to conduct secret operations against the Castro regime. As Miami became virtually a Company town, the CIA turned idealistic refugees into hardened agents, c
ing a pool of blindly patriotic pawns—a pool from w
the White House plumbers eventually plucked their C
troops, the Watergate burglars.*

Harper's *has extensively interviewed two of those
glars, Bernard Barker and Eugenio (Rolando) Mart
Below are excerpts from a longer work in progress w
Harper's is preparing for future use.*



Eugenio Marti

WE CUBANS HAVE NEVER STOPPED fighting
the liberation of our country. I have perso
carried out over 350 missions to Cuba fo
CIA. Some of the people I infiltrated t
were caught and tortured, and some of them talked.

My mother and father were not allowed to leave C
It would have been easy for me to get them out. That
my specialty. But my bosses in the Company—the CI
said I might get caught and tortured, and if I talke
might jeopardize other operations. So my mother and
ther died in Cuba. That is how orders go. I follow
orders.

I can't help seeing the whole Watergate affair as a re

regarded as but a minimum standard of conduct. *lty*, too, is found in and based upon nature. Who heard of, if not observed, a friendship between of different species—a dog and a cat, for example? s no natural obligation between them; they *choose* ciate, and, in such instances, one may observe be- hem a bond of *loyalty*. The most common inter- example is that of a man and his dog. Virtually e has observed, if not experienced, the operation ty between them.

, when a human chooses to enter into a relation- th another human or group of humans not arising ature (a corporation or union, for example), he is o more *obligation* than he undertakes. True enough, assume obligations which require a corresponding his associates, but there is not *required* that which *nd* duty: *loyalty*.

ilty, then, is a true virtue. As the highest of the s, one would expect man to practice that virtue to hest degree. You can imagine my reaction, there- hen in recent times I discovered that the loyalty of of my former associates to our mutual leader was andard unequal to that of a dog.

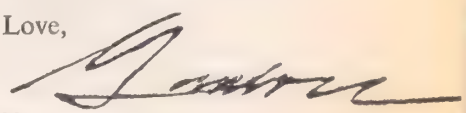
word *patriotism* is derived from the Greek word for ." There is a logic to that, for indeed a man's coun- father to him. There is nothing more natural than man refer to his country as his "fatherland."

of the nature of men to love their fathers and to revere them. Who has not known of a man who is considered generally to be less than admirable, but who is nevertheless loved truly by his children, who will fight at the first derogatory word directed toward him?

Some of our citizens, I among them, were smiled upon by fortune when the accident of birth provided us with a father who is an exemplary man*; but every man and woman born to or adopted by this nation is the beneficiary of the greatest stroke of fortune life can provide. This country, our fatherland, does more than nurture and protect us when we are young and weak. America provides an opportunity available nowhere else on earth to achieve every potential buried in our genes, identified by the intellect, and targeted as a goal by the will.

In return, she asks only that we do our duty as her son or daughter, as we understand that duty. She does not ask our loyalty, or the love we know as patriotism. Those must, and should, come unbidden freely from our hearts.

Love,



G. Gordon Liddy, No. 175-292
Cell 208, Cellblock 4
D.C. Jail
200 19th Street, S.E.
Washington, D.C. 20003

* And, in my case, with an equally exemplary woman for my mother.

The Watergate Bunglers

of the Bay of Pigs. The invasion was a fiasco for nited States and a tragedy for the Cubans. All of the ies of the U.S. government were involved, and they d out their plans in so ill a manner that everyone d in the hands of Castro—like a present.

uardo was a name that all of us who had participated Bay of Pigs knew well. He had been the maximum sentative of the Kennedy administration to our peo- Miami. He occupied a special place in our hearts se of a letter he had written to his chief Cuban aide ny lifelong friend, Bernard Barker. He had identified lf in his letter with the pain of the Cubans, and he ed the Kennedy administration for not supporting us e beaches of the Bay of Pigs.

when Barker told me that Eduardo was coming to and that he wanted to meet me, that was like a hope ne. He had chosen to meet us at the Bay of Pigs ment, where we commemorate our dead, on April 971, the tenth anniversary of the invasion. I always the monument on that day, but that year I had an- purpose—to meet Eduardo, the famous Eduardo, rson.

e was different from all the other men I had met in Company. He looked more like a politician than a who was fighting for freedom. He was there with his relaxing in front of the memorial, and Barker introduced me. I then learned his name for the first time—Howard Hunt.

There was something strange about this man. His tan, you know, is not the tan of a man who is in the sun. His motions are very meticulous—the way he smokes his pipe, the way he looks at you and smiles. He knows how to make you happy—he's very warm, but at the same time you can sense that he does not go all into you or you all into him.

We went to a Cuban restaurant for lunch and right away Eduardo told us that he had retired from the CIA in 1971 and was working for Mullen and Company.* I knew just what he was saying. I was also officially retired from the Company. Two years before, my case officer had gathered all the men in my Company unit and handed us envelopes with retirement announcements inside. But mine was a blank paper. Afterward he explained to me that I would stop making my boat missions to Cuba but I would continue my work with the Company. He said I should become an American citizen and soon I would be given a new assignment. Not even Barker knew that I was still working with the Company. But I was quite certain that day that Eduardo knew.

We talked about the liberation of Cuba, and he assured

* The Robert Mullen Co., a public-relations firm and reported CIA front in Washington, D.C.—Ed.

us that "the whole thing is not over." Then he started repeating: "What is Manolo doing?" Manolo was the leader of the Bay of Pigs operation. "What is Roman doing?" Roman was the other leader. He said he wanted to meet with the old people. It was a good sign. We did not think he had come to Miami for nothing.

Generally I talk to my CIA case officer at least twice a week and maybe on the phone another two times. I told him right away that Eduardo was back in town, and that I had had lunch with him. Any time anyone from the CIA was in town my CO always asked me what he was doing. But he didn't ask me anything about Eduardo, which was strange.

THAT WAS IN APRIL. In the middle of July, Eduardo wrote to Barker to tell him he was in the White House as a counselor to the President. He sent a number of memos to us on White House stationery, and that was very impressive, you know. So I went back to my CO and said to him, "Hey, Eduardo is still in contact with us, and now he is a counselor of the President."

A few days later my CO told me that the Company had no information on Eduardo except that he was not working in the White House. Well, imagine! I knew Eduardo was in the White House. What it meant to me was that Eduardo was above them and either they weren't supposed to know what he was doing or they didn't want me to talk about him anymore. Knowing how these people act, I knew I had to be careful. So I said, well, let me keep my mouth shut.

Not long after this, Eduardo told Barker there was a job, a national-security job dealing with a traitor of this country who had given papers to the Russian Embassy. He said they were forming a group with the CIA, the FBI, and all the agencies, and that it was to be directed from within the White House, with jurisdiction to operate where all the others did not fit. Barker said Eduardo needed two more individuals and he had thought of me. Would I like my name submitted for clearance? I said yes.

To me this was a great honor. I believed it was the result of my sacrifice for the previous ten years, for my work with the Company. In that time I had carried out hundreds of missions for the U.S. government. All of them had been covert, and most were very dangerous. Three or four days later, Barker told me my name had been cleared and several weeks after that came the first assignment. "Get clothes for two or three days and be ready tomorrow," he said. "We're leaving for the operation."

Barker didn't tell me where we were going and I did not ask. I was an operative. I couldn't afford to be aware of any more sensitive information than was critical for the success of my missions. There would be times when I would take men wearing hoods to Cuba. They might have been my friends. But I did not want to know. Too many of my friends have been caught and tortured and forced to talk. In this kind of work you learn to lose your curiosity.

So it was not until I got to the airport in Miami that I discovered we were going to Los Angeles. There were three of us on the mission. The third man, Felipe de Diego, was a real-estate partner of ours. He is an old Company man and a Bay of Pigs veteran whom we knew we could

In all my years in this country I had never been the Miami area before that day. I had always twenty-four-hour call. I kind of expected my CO where I was going, but he simply said it was fine to take a few days off, that there wasn't much to do time. I sort of thought he did not want to know was doing.

We stayed at the Beverly Hills Hotel and met in do's room for our only briefing. As we walked i need the equipment—devices to modify the voi and fake glasses, false identification. Eduardo tol these things belonged to the Company. Barker rec the name on Hunt's false identification—Edward J hon—as the same cover name Eduardo had used the Bay of Pigs.

The briefing was not like anything I was used t Company. Ordinarily, before an operation, you briefing and then you train for the operation. You find a place that looks similar and you train in and with the code you are going to use. You try plan many times so that later you have the elast abort the operation if the conditions are not ideal.

Eduardo's briefing was not like this. There w written plan, not even any mention of what to do i thing went wrong. There was just the man talking the thing. We were to get into an office to take graphs of psychiatric records of a traitor. I was to photographer. The next day we went to Sears and some little hats and uniforms for Barker and Felipe were supposed to dress up as delivery men and deli photographic equipment inside the office. Later tha we would break in and complete the mission.

They looked kind of queerish when they put clothes, the Peter Lorre-type glasses, and the funn Beard wigs. But that was not my responsibility, so I in the car while they went to the office of Dr. Fiel deliver the package. Just before leaving Barker had pered to me: "Hey, remember this name—Ells Eduardo had told him the name, and he told me b he was worried he would forget it. The name meant ing to me.

BARKER AND FELIPE were supposed to put th inside the office, unlatch the back door, and out. After the cleaning lady left, we were back in. Now, it happened that we had to w hours and hours because no one had figured out wh cleaning woman would leave. Finally, I believe, a g man came in a car and picked her up.

So at last we went to open the door—and what pened? The door was locked. Barker went around t if the other door was open, and after a long wait he st not show up. We didn't know what to do. There had another man in the briefing the night before in Edu room who hadn't said anything. Later, I learned i probably Gordon Liddy, but at the time I only knew as George. Just at that moment, he came up to us and "Okay, you people go ahead and force one of the win and go in."

Eduardo had given us a small crowbar and a glass ter. I tried to cut the glass, but it wouldn't cut. It was



would not cut anything! So then I taped the win-
d I hit it with this very small crowbar, and I put
d in and unlocked the window.
rding to the police, we were using gloves and didn't
ıy fingerprints. But I'm afraid that I did because I
/ear my gloves when I put the tape on the window
know, sometimes it's hard to use gloves. I went all
the offices with my bare hands but I used my hand-
f to wipe off the prints.
le the doctor's office we covered the windows and
ıt the equipment. Really, it was a joke. They had
s a rope to bail out from the second floor if anyone
ed us; it was so small, it couldn't have supported
us.
was nothing new. It's what the Company did in the
Pigs when they gave us old ships, old planes, old
ns. They explained that if you were caught in one of
perations with commercial weapons that you could
ywhere, you could be said to be on your own. They
you that they are going to disavow you. The Com-
eaches you to accept those things as the efficient
work. And we were grateful. Otherwise we wouldn't
ıad any help at all. In this operation it seemed ob-
—they didn't want it to be traced back to the White
. Eduardo told us that if we were caught, we should
were addicts looking for drugs.
ıd just set up the photographic equipment when we
a noise. We were afraid. Then we heard Barker's
ar knock and we let him in. I took a Polaroid pic-
f the office before we started looking for the Ellsberg
s so we could put everything back just as it was be-
But there was nothing of Ellsberg's there. There was
ıg about psychiatry, no one file of sick people, only
It looked like an import-export office more than a
ıatrist's. The only thing with the name of Ellsberg
was the doctor's telephone book. I took a photo of
o that we could bring something back. Before leaving
I took some pills from Dr. Fielding's briefcase—vitamin C, I think—and spread them all over the floor to make it look like we were looking for drugs.

Eduardo was waiting for us outside. He was supposed to be keeping watch on Dr. Fielding so he could let us know if the doctor was returning to his office, but Eduardo had lost Dr. Fielding and he was nervous. A police car appeared as we drove away and it trailed behind us for three or four blocks. I thought to myself that the police car was protecting us. That is the feeling you have when you are doing operations for the government. You think that every step has been taken to protect you.

Back at the hotel, Barker, Felipe, and I felt very bad. It was our first opportunity, and we had failed; we hadn't found anything.

"Yes, I know, but they don't know it," Eduardo said, and he congratulated us all. He said, "Well done," and then he opened a bottle of champagne. And he told us, "This is a celebration. You deserve it."

I told Diego and Barker that this had to have been a training mission for a very important mission to come or else it was a cover operation. I thought to myself that maybe these people already had the papers of Ellsberg. Maybe Dr. Fielding had given them out and for ethical reasons he needed to be covered. It seemed that these people already had what we were looking for because no one invites you to have champagne and is happy when you fail.

The whole thing was strange, but Eduardo was happy so we were happy. He thanked us and we left for the airport. We took the plane back to Miami and we never talked about this thing until we were all together in the District of Columbia jail.

In Miami I again told my CO about Eduardo. I was certain then that the Company knew about his activities. But once again my CO did not pursue the subject.

MEANWHILE, HUNT STARTED to do more and more things that convinced us of his important position in the White House. Once he called Barker and told him the President was about to mine Haiphong Harbor. He asked us to prepare letters and a rally of support in advance. It was very impressive to us when the announcement of the mining was made several days later.

I made a point of telling my CO at our next meeting that Hunt was involved in some operations and that he was in the White House, even if they said he wasn't. After that the CIA chief of the Western Hemisphere asked me for breakfast at Howard Johnson's on Biscayne Boulevard, and he said he was interested in finding out about Howard Hunt's activities. He wanted me to write a report. He said I should write it in my own hand, in Spanish, and give it to my CO in a sealed envelope. Right away I went to see my CO. We are very close, my CO and I, and he told me that his father had once given him the advice that he should never put anything in writing that might do him any harm in the future. So I just wrote a cover story for the whole thing. I said that Hunt was in the Mullen Company and the White House and things like that that weren't important. What I really thought was that Hunt was checking to see if I could be trusted.



Little by little I watched Eduardo's operation grow. First Barker was given $89,000 in checks from Mexican banks to cash for operational money. And then Eduardo told Barker to recruit three more men, including a key man. He signed up Frank Sturgis and Reinaldo Pico, and then Eduardo flew down to talk to our friend Virgilio Gonzales, who is a locksmith, before recruiting him. Finally orders come for us to report to Washington. The six of us arrived in Washington on May 22 and checked into the Manger Hay-Adams Hotel in time for Eduardo's first briefing.

By that time Liddy, whom we had known as George from the Fielding break-in, was taking a visible role in the planning. Eduardo had started calling him "Daddy," and the two men seemed almost inseparable. We met McCord there for the first time. Eduardo said he was an old man from the CIA who used to do electronic jobs for the CIA and the FBI. We did not know his whole name. Eduardo just introduced him as Jimmy. He said we would be using walkie-talkies, and Jimmy was to be our electronics expert. There was also a boy there who had infiltrated the McGovern headquarters.

There was no mention of Watergate at that meeting. Eduardo told us he had information that Castro and other foreign governments were giving money to McGovern, and we were going to find the evidence. The boy was going to help them break into the McGovern headquarters, but I did not pay much attention. They didn't need me for that operation so I had some free time.

During the day I went off to see the different sights around Washington. I like those things—particularly the John Paul Jones monument and the Naval Aca Annapolis. Remember that, prior to this, all of m tions for the United States were maritime.

"The United States is essentially a commonwealth of third-rate men—that distinction is easy here because the general level of culture, of information, of taste and judgment, of ordinary competence is so low. . . . Third-rate men, of course, exist in all countries, but it is only here that they are in full control of the state, and with it all of the national standards." —H. L. Mencken
"On Being an American," 1922

AFTER THREE DAYS Eduardo aborted the ern operation. I think it was because the scared. Anyway, Eduardo told us all t into the Watergate Hotel to prepare for operation. We brought briefcases and things like look elegant. We registered as members of the A Corporation of Miami, and then we met in Ec room.

Believe me, it was an improvised briefing. E told us he had information that Castro money was into the Democratic headquarters, not McGovern that we were going to try to find the evidence Throughout the briefing, McCord, Liddy, and E would keep interrupting each other, saying, "We way is better," or, "That should be the other way a

It was not a very definite plan that was finally upon, but you are not too critical of things when yo that people over you know what they are doing, wh are really professionals like Howard Hunt. Th called for us to hold a banquet for the Ameritus Co tion in a private dining room of the Watergate. The had access to the elevators that ran up to the sixt where the Democratic National Committee Headq are located. Once the meal was underway, Eduard to show films and we were to take the elevator sixth floor and complete the mission. Gonzales, o man, was to open the door; Sturgis, Pico, and Felip to be lookouts; Barker was to get the documents; I take the photographs and Jimmy (McCord) was to job.

We were all ready to go, but the people in the worked late. Eduardo was drinking lots of milk. H ulcers, so he was mixing his whiskey with the mil waited and waited. Finally, at 2:00 A.M., the night g said we had to leave the banquet hall. So then there discussion. Eduardo said he would hide in the closet banquet room with Gonzales, the key man, whil guard let the rest of us out. As soon as the coas clear, they would let us back in. But then they co open the door.

It is difficult for me to tell you this story. I do not it to become a laughing matter. More than thirty p are in jail already, and a lot of people are sufferi spent more than fifteen months in jail, and you must u stand that this is a tragedy. It is not funny. But you imagine Eduardo, the head of the mission, in the c He did not sleep the whole night. It was really a dis

So, more briefings, and we decided to go the next n This time the plan was to wait until all the lights had out on the sixth floor of the Watergate and then g through the front door.

They gave us briefcases, and I remember that there a Customs tag hanging on Eduardo's case, so I pull off for him. He got real mad. He said that every tim did something he did it with a purpose. I could not se purpose, but then I don't know. Maybe the tag ha open sesame command to let us in the doors.

Anyway, all seven of us in McCord's army walked u

ergate complex at midnight. McCord rang the bell, oliceman came and let us in. We all signed the nd McCord told the man we were going to the Reserve office on the eighth floor. It all seemed o me. Eight men going to work at midnight. Imag- sat there talking to the police. Then we went up ighth floor, walked down to the sixth—and do you it, we couldn't open that door, and we had to can- operation.

n't believe it has ever been told before, but all the hile we were working on the door, McCord would g to the eighth floor. It is still a mystery to me e was doing there. At 2:00 A.M. I went up to tell out our problems, and there I saw him talking to ards. What happened? I thought. Have we been ? No, he knew the guards. So I did not ask ques- but I thought maybe McCord was working there. the only thing that made sense. He was the one who to the place and it would not have made sense for ave rooms at the Watergate and go on this opera- there was not someone there on the inside. Anyway, d the group, and pretty soon we picked up our ses and walked out the front door.

historical assessment would be that [Watergate] was prob- use the word 'scandal,' the broadest but the thinnest scan- American history. . . . When they say this is like Teapot that is comparing apples with oranges, and, shall we say, poor oranges, too."
—Richard M. Nixon
May 13, 1974

s hard to imagine how a nation could give itself two greater aps than the Vietnam war and the Watergate scandals."
—Barry Goldwater
September 11, 1973

Watergate has done anything it has just brought the family r again."
—David Eisenhower
July 10, 1973

uardo was furious that Gonzales hadn't been able to the door. Gonzales explained he didn't have the r equipment, so Eduardo told him to fly back to ii to get his other tools. Before he left the next day, er told Gonzales that he might have to pay for his flight back to Miami. I really got mad and told er I resented the way they were treating Gonzales. s a little hard with Barker. I said there wasn't ade- operational preparation. There was no floor plan of uilding; no one knew the disposition of the elevators, many guards there were, or even what time the ds checked the building. Gonzales did not know what of door he was supposed to open. There weren't any contingency plans.

arker came back to me with a message from Eduardo: a are an operative. Your mission is to do what you are and not to ask questions."

onzales got back from Miami that night with his whole . I've never seen so many tools to open a door. No could hold him. This time everything worked. Gon- s and Sturgis picked the lock in the garage exit door; inside, they opened the other doors and called over walkie-talkie: "The horse is in the house." Then they s in. I took a lot of photographs—maybe thirty or —showing lists of contributors that Barker had hand- ne. McCord worked on the phones. He said his first taps might be discovered, but not the third.

With our mission accomplished, we went back to the hotel. It was about 5:00 A.M. Eduardo said he was happy. But this time there was no champagne. He said we should leave for Miami right away. I gave him the film I had taken and we left for the airport.

THERE WERE THINGS THAT BOTHERED ME about the operation, but I was satisfied. It is rare that you are able to check the effect of your work in the intelligence community. You know, they don't tell you if something you did is very significant. But we had taken a lot of pictures of contributions, and I had hopes that we might have done something valuable. We all had heard rumors in Miami that McGovern was receiving money from Castro. That was nothing new. We believe that today.

A couple of weeks later I was talking with Felipe de Diego and Frank Sturgis at our real-estate office when Barker burst in like a cyclone. Eduardo had been in town, and he had given Barker some film to have developed and enlarged. Barker did not know what the film was, and he had taken it to a regular camera shop. And then Eduardo had told him it was the film from the Watergate operation. Barker was really excited. He needed us to come with him to get it back. So we went to Rich's Camera Shop, and Barker told Frank and me to cover each door to the shop in case the police came while he was inside. I do not think he handled the situation very well. There were all these people and he was so excited. He ended up tipping the man at the store $20 or $30. The man had just enlarged the pictures showing the documents being held by a gloved hand and he said to Barker: "It's real cloak-and-dagger stuff, isn't it?" Later that man went to the FBI and told them about the film.

My reaction was that it was crazy to have those important pictures developed in a common place in Miami. But Barker was my close friend, and I could not tell him how wrong the whole thing was. The thing about Barker was that he trusted Eduardo totally. He had been his principal assistant at the Bay of Pigs, Eduardo's liaison with the Cubans, and he still believed tremendously in the man. He was just blind about him.

It was too much for me. I talked it over with Felipe and Frank, and decided I could not continue. I was about to write a letter when Barker told me Eduardo wanted us to get ready for another operation in Washington.

When you are in this kind of business, and you are in the middle of something, it is not easy to stop. Everyone will feel that you might jeopardize the operation. "What to do with this guy now?" I knew it would create a big problem so I agreed to go on this last mission.

Eduardo told us to buy surgical gloves and forty rolls of film with thirty-six exposures on a roll. Imagine, that meant 1,440 photographs. I told Barker it would be impossible to take all those pictures. But it did seem to mean that what we got before encouraged Eduardo to go back for more.

We flew into National Airport about noon on June 16, and Barker and I went off to rent a car. In the airport lobby, Frank Sturgis ran into Jack Anderson, whom he had known since the Bay of Pigs, when Anderson wrote a column about him as a soldier-adventurer. Frank intro-

duced Gonzales to Anderson, and he gave him some kind of excuse about why he was in town.

On our way to the Watergate, we made some jokes about the car Barker had rented. It gave me a premonition of a hearse. The mission was not one I was looking forward to.

Eduardo was waiting for us at the Watergate. This time he had two operations planned, and we were supposed to perform them both that night. There was no time for anything, it was all rush.

We went to eat at about five o'clock. Barker ate a lot and when he came back he felt really bad. I was not feeling too good myself. I had just gotten my divorce that day and had gone from the court to the airport and from the airport to the Watergate. The environment in each one of us was different, but the whole thing was bad; there was tension in those people.

Liddy was already in the room when Eduardo came in to give the briefing. Eduardo was wearing loafers and black pants with white stripes. They were very shiny. Liddy was not happy with those pants. He criticized them in front of us and he told Eduardo to go change them.

So Eduardo went and changed his pants. The briefing he gave when he came back was very simple. He said we were going to photograph more documents at the Democratic headquarters and then move on to another mission at the McGovern headquarters after that. McCord was critical of the second operation. He said he didn't like the plan. It was very rare to hear McCord talking because usually he didn't say anything and when he did talk he only whispered.

Before we left, Eduardo took all of our identification. He put it in a briefcase and left it in our room. He gave Sturgis his Edward J. Hamilton identification that the CIA had provided to him before, and he gave us each $200 in cash. He said we should use it as a bribe to get away if we were caught. Finally, he told us to keep the keys to our room, where he had left the identification. I don't know why. Even today, I don't know. Remember, I was told in advance not to ask about those things.

MCCORD WENT INTO THE WATERGATE very early in the evening. He walked right through the front door of the office complex, signed the book, and, I'm sure, went to the eighth floor as he had before. Then he taped the doors from the eighth floor to the bottom floor and walked out through the exit door in the garage. It was still very early, and we were not going to go in until after everyone left the offices. We waited so long that Eduardo went out to check if the tapes were still there. He said they were but when we finally got ready to go in, Virgilio and Sturgis noticed that the tape was gone, and a sack of mail was at the door.

So we said, well, the tape has been discovered. We'll have to abort the operation. But McCord thought we should go anyway. He went upstairs and tried to convince Liddy and Eduardo that we should go ahead. Before making a decision, they went to the other room; I believe they made a phone call, and Eduardo told us to go ahead.

McCord did not come in with us. He said he had to go someplace. We never knew where he was going. Anyway, he was not with us, so when Virgilio picked the lo let us in, we put tape on the doors for him and we stairs. Five minutes later McCord came in, and I him right away: "Did you remove the tapes?" He "Yes, I did."

But he did not, because the tape was later fou the police. Once inside, McCord told Barker to turn walkie-talkie. He said there was too much static. were there without communications. Soon we started ing noises. People going up and down. McCord said only the people checking, like before, but then the running and men shouting, "Come out with your ha or we will shoot!" and things like that.

There was no way out. We were caught. The were very rough with us, pushing us around, tyin arms, but Barker was able to turn on his walkie-talki he asked where the police were from. And then he "Oh, you are the metropolitan policemen who catc So Barker was cool. He did a good job in advising E do we were caught.

I thought right away it was a set-up or somethin that because it was so easy the first time. We all ha feeling. They took our keys and found the identifica the briefcase Eduardo had left in our room.

McCord was the senior officer, and he took c He was talking loudly now. He told us not to say a "Don't give your names. Nothing. I know people. worry, someone will come and everything will be all This thing will be solved."



Bernard B

THE FIRST NIGHT we were very impressed wi D.C. jail. It was always around 100 degree you dripped sweat. At nine or ten o'clock put the lights out, and for a whole hour p just screamed at each other and the guards and ever else. It's like something out of Dante—screams, cu and so forth. I asked one of the old-timers, and he

this every night—just letting off steam like the hour
nstration.
ose were the real hard days. Earl Silbert, the prose-
, treated us very, very rough. His language was
ll. By that time, they had traced the money back to
ank in Miami, and they thought we had money all
the place. When we went into the mission, I had put
ır identifications and wallets in a bag in the hotel
, and I told Howard that if something happened he
I have everything, including my address book with
/hite House phone number. But when Hunt left the
, he was in such a big hurry that he left everything
This was a very bad mistake, of course, because
mmediately established the connection with Hunt and
/hite House, and they traced all those phone calls
en Hunt and me. They had the connection on a silver
r. But I guess Hunt had enough things to worry
then.
Cord had the highest rank of our group in jail then,
o we looked to him for leadership. But we didn't
him totally, because McCord was very friendly with
l Baldwin, and to us Baldwin was the first informer.
e. Baldwin represented the very lowest form of a hu-
being. McCord was also different from the Cuban
because he did not know about the Ellsberg mission.
er a time in the jail, McCord said, "Bernie, I have
to the conclusion that the best thing for us to do is to
r own attorneys. I am going to get F. Lee Bailey. He
g attorney." He said I better start thinking of getting
ır the Cubans.
at is when I met Henry Rothblatt. I told him that we
ot have money to defend ourselves and he said,
t worry. I am just the right man for this case. I want
I I'm not interested in your paying me one red cent."
latt inspires a great deal of confidence. He isn't
of any judge. He showed me a book he had written.
d been associated with Bailey. He had defended the
Berets in their big case. He said, "This is so similar
Green Berets case that without your telling me
it is all about I can make a pretty good guess." I
lad that we had Rothblatt. We established the attor-
ient relationship, and under it I told him about the
gate and the Ellsberg break-in. So he knew we
n't use the truth as our defense in the Watergate case,
se we could not reveal our recruitment for the Ells-
nission.
ook us a long time—months—to get out of jail. We
get fifteen or twenty friends in Miami to put up the
on their houses for our bail. When we got out, I
ith Rothblatt and there were cameras and people all
he place. By this time I was almost out of my mind.
id there would be people harassing me wherever I
So I started thinking, and I said, "Henry, there is
ace where nobody will bother us."
said, "Where is that, Bernie?"
d I said, "The Watergate."
l he said, "You know, I think you got something."
took a cab to the Watergate, and there was nobody
We got a room, and I called my wife Clara in
i. I told her I was at the Watergate, and she
ied, "You are playing with fire!" You know how
n are about these things. I was acting in a logical

The next day I got a call. "Do you recognize my voice?" And I said yes. It was Dorothy Hunt. She told me to go to Miami and stay in the airport and meet the next flight of the same line. I made sure that Dorothy was not being followed, and then we went to my home. She said, "From now on, I will be your contact," and it was quite evident that the Dorothy that I had known had a split personality, because for the first time she used the operational terms that Howard and I had always used. She said not to trust Rothblatt too much, that she didn't like him. She said to start figuring out how much assistance we would need. Up to this time, we had not had any at all. She said remember the spirit of the old organization—that if you are caught by the enemy, two things will be done: (1) every effort will be made to rescue you, and (2) all expenses and your family will be taken care of. Even today, the families of those who were lost at the Bay of Pigs are being aided, and it is something you expect on a mission.

Dorothy was a very wonderful woman. She was very strong, and she would occasionally tell Howard if he was being excessive or something. She spoke seven languages, including Afghan. She was a direct descendant of Crazy Horse, and when she died her tribe offered a special place for her burial. When she died in December, right before our first trial, I came up to see Howard and he was a broken man. He looked eighty years old. He said, "Well, you do what you want, but I am going to plead guilty."

I said, "Why, Howard?"

And he said, "We have no defense. The evidence against us is overwhelming."

I said, "What about Liddy and McCord?"

And he answered, "Liddy and McCord are in a different sector. We are in one sector and they are in another. They have their own plan."

NOW, THIS INDICATED TO ME that we had our plan. This is why I told the Senate Watergate Committee that Hunt did not order me to plead guilty. He didn't. But if the man who is your leader, the man you admire and would follow, says he is going to plead guilty and that we have a plan, then that means something. He told me to go see Henry if I was worried about the case.

So I went to New York, and Rothblatt picked me up at the airport. And in the car, I said, "Henry, we can't say anything about the Ellsberg matter, we can't use national security, we can't talk about our recruitment—what is our defense?"

He looked at me and said, "Well, I am going to aggravate that Judge Sirica to the point where I am going to drive him out of his cotton-picking mind, and he is going to make so many mistakes with his arrogance that this will be a perfect case on appeal."

I said, "Henry, you are talking about appeal. Does that mean we are going to lose the case?"

"Naturally," he said. "We are going to win on appeal."

"Henry, what you are trying to say is that we have no defense."

He said, "Well, that's one way of looking at it. But I'll beat this thing. Watch."

I said, "Henry, I am going to plead guilty."

"Oh, no, you are not."

"Howard is going to plead guilty."

"I don't give a damn what Howard is going to do," he said. "If we plead you guys guilty, we would be giving up the ball game. And if you do plead guilty, I will not be your attorney. I will not be part of it."

So I told him, "Well, Henry, I have followed your advice and I like you very much personally, but you have not been able to gain the sympathy of Hunt and all these other people."

"Bernie," he said, "they are a bunch of bastards. They'll double-cross you. They'll sell you down the river."

I resented that very much at the time. Perhaps he was right. I don't know. I told him that I am a nice guy to get along with, but that I don't let anybody make up my mind, that I would let him know later. So I went back and consulted with Rolando. Then I talked with the others. I said every man has to make his own decision, and we all agreed that if Hunt pleaded guilty, we all would. So Rothblatt left us right at the beginning of the trial.

After the trial, we were waiting for the sentence in jail, and we were all under tremendous strain. And McCord told me one day: "Bernie, I am not going to jail for these people. If they think they are going to make a patsy out of me, they better think again."

So I said, "Jimmy, you are probably a lot more intelligent than I am and you know a lot of things, but let's face it. In my way of thinking, you don't do this because of these people. You are going to have to live with McCord, and I am going to have to live with Barker. I don't do this because they are deserving or undeserving, but because I have my own code."

Howard was very proud that we had stood up. We had played by the code and not broken. We took everything they had, and it was plenty. The judge sentenced me to forty-five years and the others to long terms, and he told us that our final sentence would be affected by what we told the grand jury and the Watergate Committee, by our cooperation. We were very worried, but we did not let out the Ellsberg thing. We were exposed by the very people who ordered us to do it—without their even being in jail. Krogh popped, they all popped, and our new lawyer Schultz came in and said that the Ellsberg matter is out now in the papers. He said we had better tell everything to the grand jury while they were giving us immunity.

The day before we went into the grand jury, we talked it over with Hunt. He said, "National security. We don't talk. None of us talks." We all agreed that it was a matter involving a traitor, and so we wouldn't say anything. The next day, the grand jury asked each of us if there had been other break-ins, and we said no.

AMERICAN SPIRIT

We are responsible, not our leaders, since we follow them. We let them divert our loyalty from the United States to some "party"; we let them boss the party and turn our municipal democracies into autocracies and our republican nation into a plutocracy. We cheat our government and we let our leaders loot it, and we let them bribe and wheedle our sovereignty from us. . . . We break our own laws and rob our own government, the lady at the custom house, the lyncher with his rope, and the captain of industry with his bribe and his rebate. The spirit of graft and of lawlessness is the American spirit. **—Lincoln Steffens**
The Shame of the Cities, 1904

I was very much surprised when Hunt came ba
said he had told them everything. We didn't know w
say. We just looked at each other. And Liddy
around and walked away. He asked the guard to t
him somewhere else, and he said, "From now on, it'
man for himself."

By this time, Hunt was totally changed. I don't w
talk for him or against him. Every man has many j
Sirica was a judge, Gesell has been my judge, and
am going to have to judge myself, and we will be
by time. Hunt will have to live with his own prob
feel sorry for him.

IT IS VERY HARD TO KNOW the truth in these n
because the truth has many aspects. If I am
my name on a mission, I give my operating
That is not a lie; it is a cover. I am not Barker
I am another person. It is a different dimension. I, B
would never go into a building in the dark of nigh
the operator—this guy with a false name holding h
liefs or fighting a windmill or something—could ver
do this.

The truth is confusing, and that is why I have so
trouble answering whether I would go through with
missions again. If Howard Hunt came today and ask
five times, I would say no to anything he said five
because I have lost faith in him. But we are not t
about men as individuals; we are talking about
After I heard Krogh say that the Ellsberg thing wa
national security but an attempt to smear him, tha
gusted me. I believe in the law; it keeps me safe. I
not do it again if I knew what I know now.

But if you ask me to do something for my coun
could no more say no today than I could then beca
would be betraying everything I have fought for, the
thing I have. I'm not rich, I'm not good-looking, I'm
young. The only thing I have of value is that I hav
voted myself during a whole lifetime to what I consi
duty.

How do you know when your country asks you t
something? You are supposed to know. In the S
Watergate Committee, I told them that I don't prete
have all the answers. I believe that I have been caug
in a current of time. When I think of these things,
lieve that I was never someone who went out lookin
trouble. One thing always seems to lead to another.
first revolution came to me in Cuba in 1932 when I w
twelve-year-old with an American father. The se
world war led me to the U.S. Army Air Corps a
German prison camp (my B-17 was shot down), w
led to police work back home in Cuba, which led to
tacts with the FBI. The FBI led to the CIA and Hunt
the Bay of Pigs. The Ellsberg mission led to Water
and the Watergate led to jail. It was a continuatio
things over which I had no control. Sometimes I have
feeling that I'm in the middle of a great big river like
Mississippi and I am just carried by the current and t
is no way of getting out.

I have reached the saturation point. Let's face it. I
much bigger trouble can you get into than Watergate?
get into something bigger than that, my God, I will
shot off to the moon or something. It's impossible.

ean's Dilemma

lays Gorey

ESIDENT: *They say, well, that son of a bitch in-*
er is not wanted in our society. Either way, that's
ne thing people do sort of line up against. They . . .
AN: *That's right.*
ESIDENT: *Either way, either way, the—the—the in-*
ed. I don't want him around. We wouldn't want
around, would we?

—White House tape, February 28, 1973
House Judiciary Committee transcript

VEN THEN, JOHN DEAN'S STOMACH was beginning to churn. He had wanted to leave the White House in November, but John Ehrlichman had persuaded him to stay, dangling before those blue eyes with ambition such lures as enhanced power, rec-n, and greater accessibility to the President. And ur more years: "Name your price."

enticements served as a blindfold as well. Dean's gal mind clearly and quickly grasped what consti-bstruction of justice, misprision of a felony, suborn-jury, in all of which he had been involved. At first ohn Mitchell would later attest—this "thing" had en dumped in Dean's lap, and when you are thirty-upwardly mobile, striding through the corridors of you rationalize a lot. You say, this is the way gov-nt operates at this level; the President and the Attor-eneral have limitless power; no one will ever know, anyone should learn, the power is here, the power is natters, the power, the power, the power.

e had stayed, but the strain grew worse by the day, night it bordered on being unbearable. Ehrlichman id the President's overwhelming victory for reelec-ould bury not just the Democrats but the critics in ess, and Watergate would be at the bottom of the che with them. But it had not turned out that way. gate was aboveground and becoming more visible And now Dean found himself pausing before he —to anyone—to make certain what he said today onsistent with what he had said yesterday, and the efore, and the day before that.

d still there was that churning in his gut. He was no But even if you are quite a bit lower than the angels an do things and know things that cause a churning ir gut.

haps Nixon detected something in Dean that day. likely, the President was making himself perfectly He was taking this already highly informed young more and more into his confidence—so as to claim tive privilege and lawyer-client privilege should Dean ked to testify. And should any notion of informing t in Dean's fertile brain, well, the counsel might re-on the orphan state to which informers are relegated spised by those they betray, scorned by those they help, ostracized by a society that does not sanction tale-bearing, even when their country is being pirated. Let someone other than one of the pirates smoke it out.

Dean's "that's right" must have assuaged the President on February 28, 1973, for the two men who had gone five-and-one-half months without meeting once now met and talked almost daily.

"They looked upon me as sort of a mousy guy," Dean told me recently. Not a rat. A mouse. Timid. Malleable. Inclined to agree with what was said, and to do what he was told to do. (That was essential to remaining in the Nixon White House.)

AND SO THE YOUNG LAWYER SAT in the Oval Office, flew on the *Spirit of '76,* lazed on Key Biscayne, at San Clemente, at Camp David. But at the end of each day he found himself in deeper than the day before. For his wife, the handsome Maureen, life became increasingly hellish. When John was home, which wasn't often, he was preoccupied, distracted, sullen. Even if eventually he did land one of those cushy $100,000 retainers, was it worth years of this? Phone calls at all hours. Summonses to the White House just as guests arrived. All these mysterious, urgent meetings. Ordered home from Florida on their honeymoon, even. All this could be endured, maybe. But not John's terrible blue funk. It was getting him, and now it was getting her.

The fateful weeks of March slipped inexorably by. Dean could talk to no one, really, except, occasionally, to Bud Krogh and now and then to Richard Moore. But in the White House your every conversation had to be guarded, even with close friends. Who knew how much? About what? Sure, Bud knew all about the plumbers, but what else? That was a problem in the Nixon White House, more so even than in Boston when Lowells spoke only to Cabots and Cabots spoke only to God. Hardly anyone except Haldeman, Ehrlichman, and Colson spoke to the god here; Colson hardly spoke to Haldeman and Ehrlichman; and they never talked to Mitchell unless they were forced to.

"Well, the problem had always been," Dean told the House Judiciary Committee, "Mr. Haldeman and Mr. Ehrlichman had not wished to talk with Mr. Mitchell. No one would sit down and talk amongst one another, and I was the conduit between them. One group would tell me to do one thing, the other would say to do the other thing. It was time to sit down and figure out how to deal with this problem."

In reality, it was past time. Dean sensed it, and so did the others, for, Dean told me, it was evident to him that some of his conversations had been taped all along, but now in March more of them were. "I didn't mind, really,

if all my conversations were on tape," he said. But the scrambling for cover intensified in direct proportion to the speed with which the cover-up was unraveling, and the mouse could sense that a trap was being baited.

Dean's secretary and the lawyers on his staff noticed the President's counsel sitting, his chair turned around, looking out the window, brooding for hours on end, saying nothing when they entered, oblivious to the sounds as they left.

His thoughts turned on the necessity to do something and the absence of anything palatable to do. "I would think, well, who would believe me, against the President of the United States?" Little old John Dean, with a blight or two on his own past: a cloud (purported conflict of interest) over his departure from his law firm; a divorce, scandal-free, but from a Senator's daughter.

And then Watergate. He had been central to the cover-up. He had played devil's advocate to Magruder's rehearsal of his perjured testimony. He had, with Ehrlichman, unloaded material from Hunt's safe on the hapless Pat Gray. He himself had shredded two of Hunt's notebooks, had dipped into illicit White House cash to finance his honeymoon with Mo. All this would come out. He would go to prison. So would others.

And again—would anyone believe? Perhaps—if he could stop short of involving the President. In mid-March 1973, that is what he wanted to do. Why? The potential repercussions of wounding the king paralyzed John Dean with fear. What if the Russians attacked, and people said it was John Dean's fault, for he had weakened the President? What if—with all that power—the President could prove that everything everyone did was proper—for "national security"? Haldeman, Ehrlichman, Colson—and probably even his own mentor, John Mitchell—would line up against John Wesley Dean III in a historic mismatch.

The mouse decided to continue his role, but to be wary of baited traps.

SUDDENLY, TWO WEEKS AFTER his February 28 talk with Nixon, it struck him. There was still a way out, perhaps. On March 23 the Watergate burglars would be sentenced. Surely Howard Hunt or Jim McCord, faced with a long sentence while Jeb Magruder made his social rounds, played tennis, and barbecued ribs in the backyard of his home in the suburbs, would sing. Dean could tell the President, urge him to "get out in front," to end the cover-up, take his losses, and possibly even survive.

On March 19 Dean was determined. Paul O'Brien, an attorney for CREEP, stopped by with Howard Hunt's blackmail threat. So the clouds were giving way again. It would be like this—something more every day. "I am tired of being put in the middle," O'Brien recalls Dean blurting. "I am going to bust this goddamned thing up. You and I are being screwed as conduits in this case. We can get stuck with an obstruction of justice." O'Brien beat a hasty retreat.

Sufficiently aroused, Dean screwed up his courage to telephone the President. On the twentieth he asked for time on the twenty-first to detail what he generously described as matters the President did not know or whose implications he did not fully sense. When P. and D. met, not even the "cancer on the Presidency" warning seemed

"Politics is perpetual warfare between two influences— on the part of the individual in it to render a maximum with a minimum of personal sacrifice and expenditure own money and effort, and a desire on the part of the dividual to obtain a maximum of personal prestige and v with a minimum of regard for public funds and public ne
—David Lawrence, *Harper's*, Janua

to shake Nixon, who in effect ordered the continua the cover-up, beginning with acquiescence to Hu mands. ("For Christ's sake, get it.")

Long before the meeting ended, "I was back cover-up, going along," Dean recalls. He had ste the precipice, and then, like any Caspar Milquetoast a fearsome boss for a raise, had drawn back. Mitchell, Haldeman, Ehrlichman—they saw the s as still salvageable. Could they be right? If so, it bea to prison.

But then, with Dean back on the reservation, th dent and his men committed the blunder (they we at blunders) that sent him off again for good. He go to Camp David and write a report. Not too ma cifics, the President had warned. A whitewash, when asked what he knew, the President could say is what I knew. I relied on this." Nixon, Haldem Ehrlichman were enthusiastic. And why not?

Whatever John Dean is, he is not stupid. When th caved in, and he knew they would—there would President, pointing to the copy of the "Dean repo

"This is all I knew."

And Dean? Crushed under the walls—all four o

He did go to Camp David, with Mo. For four da walked and talked in the sylvan setting that has re ated Presidents since FDR. At times he would si and try to write. With the bleakness that lay ahead, to exhaust this final possibility: would a "report" o House noninvolvement play anywhere outside of or even there? It was futile even to think so. Whe W. Dean III was a boy, and John W. Dean, J trapped him in some since forgotten mischief, t tried to weasel out. Said the father: "You're corner And when you're cornered, there's only one way o the truth." This was another such occasion. He w nered now, Dean told Mo. There was only one w She cried. And agreed.

THE REST IS HISTORY, not all of it complete Camp David, Dean telephoned and arran meet with a tough criminal lawyer, his f hunting companion Charles Shaffer. In the days of that historic March, Dean unburdened hin Shaffer, about everyone and everything, but not ab President. As lawyers will do, Shaffer told Mag attorneys that Dean would tell the prosecutors abo gruder's perjured testimony, and also about the m attended by Mitchell, Magruder, and Dean at whic

"There have been five considerable crises in American There was the need to start the new republic adequately i it gave the American people its natural leader in George ington. The crisis of 1800 brought Jefferson to the pre that of 1861 brought Abraham Lincoln. The War of 191 Woodrow Wilson in office; the great depression resulted election of Franklin Roosevelt. So far, it is clear, the h brought forth the man." —Harold J. Laski, *Harper's*, Ju

ly detailed his outlandish surveillance schemes. der headed for the prosecutors forthwith.

o, in April, the Nixon administration's house of me tumbling down. The prosecutor's questions lissolved Dean's foredoomed effort to shield the t, and one suspects that, in any event, Shaffer, a dangled his best bait—Nixon's misdeeds—before cutors in an effort to win immunity for his client. n and Magruder are in prison now. Mitchell, ıan, Haldeman, and Dean himself seem well on

e the prison doors had shut behind him, but when they shortly would, Dean reflected: "I do not for nd regret having decided to do what I did. I'm at peace with myself. It's good to talk openly and honestly."

John Dean had become the mouse that roared. His bellow, however belated and self-serving, cracked the foundations of the Nixon administration, and ensured its demise.

The people, President Nixon said, would say, "Well, that son of a bitch informed. I don't want him around. We wouldn't want him around, would we?"

Speaking for myself, and for any like-minded and like-situated near-victims of the Constitution usurpers who inhabited Richard Nixon's White House, I say: "Yes, we would." □

Hays Gorey, who has interviewed John Dean for many hours, is a Washington correspondent for Time *magazine.*



he Plumbers' Trial:

'roblem of Surplusage

by James Boyd

N THE FIRST DAY of the White House Plumbers' trial, as the prosecutor and the defense lawyers made their opening presentations, it became clear that the questions to be answered were the same ncerned in the pending Watergate cover-up trial of con high command and the Presidential impeachrocess itself. How actively must a high executive pate to be culpable? How privileged are governors ate laws binding upon ordinary people? How pene-are the claims of subordinates that they were merebwing orders, or the claims of superiors that they oo busy and too encapsulated to know what subor- were doing in their names?

sts and writers were there, some with no fast-ap- ing deadlines. For in the rooms assigned to defen- and witnesses, ghosts of the Nixon administration gun to reassemble—Ehrlichman and Colson, Krogh oung, Hunt and Liddy. In this unsparing light of in- there were characters to reread and faces to restudy. d seen most of them in other settings, in the vault- rsuit of power and in the pride of its possession; n the extremity of condign judgment on its exercise, would show the final face of their regime.

the accused who is ushered into Courtroom Number e very look of the place must have a chilling effect, a al confirmation of those queasy presentiments that disturbed his nights ever since he first heard the of federal investigators. On the opening day of trial, the defendants sat in their assigned places and looked about. Above them towered a judicial rostrum of intimidating height, backed by a wide panel of black marble that ascended to the lofty ceiling as if to signify the chasm that already separated them from society. Across from them, rising in three tiers, loomed the jury box, from which the arbiters of their fate would shortly be peering down. And between them and the jury were the chairs and tables of the prosecution, the tables piled with ominous stacks of documents in which the defendants' offenses were no doubt duly recorded, the chairs occupied by four single-minded men who had for months been pursuing them. Intermittently, one or another of the prosecutors would dart out through a side door that connected the prosecution to the vast accusatory apparatus of the United States, shortly to reenter with yet another incriminating shred.

And so they sat and waited and tried to look innocent. Ehrlichman is a great buffalo of a man, very tall and broad, topped by a massive, balding dome that so dominates his other features as to give his face a cone effect. When he is in cogitation, the corners of his mouth depress, and penetrating eyes betray a skeptical, no-nonsense interior that must have been rather terrifying to ill-prepared subordinates in the days when he stood second from the Crown. He has been told that he must somehow democratize himself and try to appear less formidable, and he has prepared for it in his usual workmanlike manner. A deep tan, well set off by a wardrobe of various hues of

blue, lends him an aspect that is casual, almost easygoing, yet substantial. He has new eyeglasses, with delicate rims and thin gold frames, that produce an effect of quiet dignity, almost benignity. During recesses he will affably receive autograph seekers and circulate among the press with dogged jocularity.

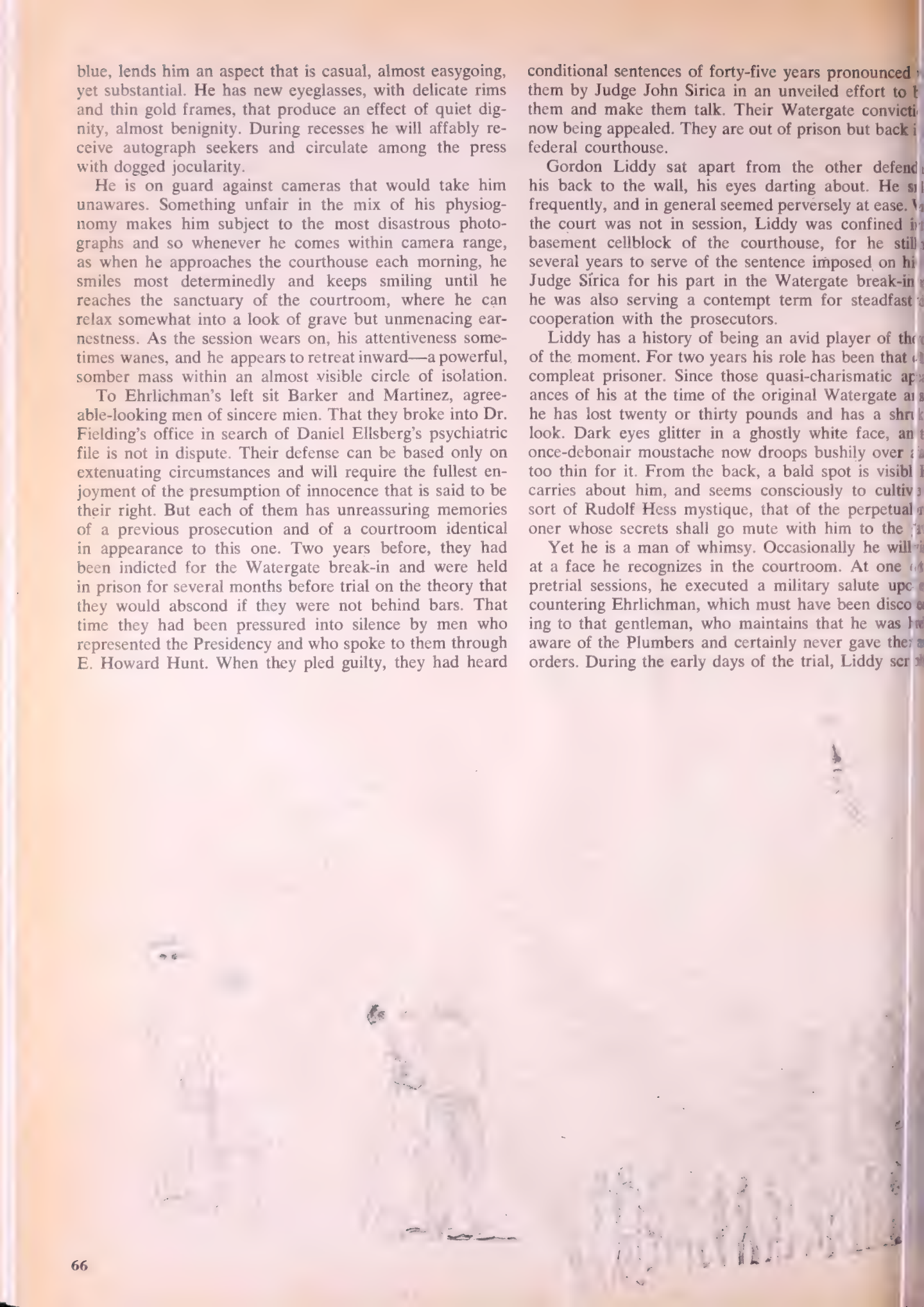
He is on guard against cameras that would take him unawares. Something unfair in the mix of his physiognomy makes him subject to the most disastrous photographs and so whenever he comes within camera range, as when he approaches the courthouse each morning, he smiles most determinedly and keeps smiling until he reaches the sanctuary of the courtroom, where he can relax somewhat into a look of grave but unmenacing earnestness. As the session wears on, his attentiveness sometimes wanes, and he appears to retreat inward—a powerful, somber mass within an almost visible circle of isolation.

To Ehrlichman's left sit Barker and Martinez, agreeable-looking men of sincere mien. That they broke into Dr. Fielding's office in search of Daniel Ellsberg's psychiatric file is not in dispute. Their defense can be based only on extenuating circumstances and will require the fullest enjoyment of the presumption of innocence that is said to be their right. But each of them has unreassuring memories of a previous prosecution and of a courtroom identical in appearance to this one. Two years before, they had been indicted for the Watergate break-in and were held in prison for several months before trial on the theory that they would abscond if they were not behind bars. That time they had been pressured into silence by men who represented the Presidency and who spoke to them through E. Howard Hunt. When they pled guilty, they had heard conditional sentences of forty-five years pronounced them by Judge John Sirica in an unveiled effort to them and make them talk. Their Watergate convicti now being appealed. They are out of prison but back federal courthouse.

Gordon Liddy sat apart from the other defend his back to the wall, his eyes darting about. He s frequently, and in general seemed perversely at ease. the court was not in session, Liddy was confined basement cellblock of the courthouse, for he still several years to serve of the sentence imposed on h Judge Sirica for his part in the Watergate break-in he was also serving a contempt term for steadfast cooperation with the prosecutors.

Liddy has a history of being an avid player of th of the moment. For two years his role has been that compleat prisoner. Since those quasi-charismatic ap ances of his at the time of the original Watergate a he has lost twenty or thirty pounds and has a shr look. Dark eyes glitter in a ghostly white face, an once-debonair moustache now droops bushily over too thin for it. From the back, a bald spot is visibl carries about him, and seems consciously to cultiv sort of Rudolf Hess mystique, that of the perpetual oner whose secrets shall go mute with him to the

Yet he is a man of whimsy. Occasionally he will at a face he recognizes in the courtroom. At one pretrial sessions, he executed a military salute upo countering Ehrlichman, which must have been disco ing to that gentleman, who maintains that he was h aware of the Plumbers and certainly never gave the orders. During the early days of the trial, Liddy scr



furiously on a yellow pad and passed them to his r, Peter Maroulis, giving rise to the intriguing pros- hat he contemplated a vigorous defense. But in fact nned no active defense, would call no witnesses, and decline to take the stand himself.

THE FIRST ACCUSER to take the stand was E. Howard Hunt. He is a pleasant-looking man, rather slight, pale, and mild mannered, almost subdued by catastrophic events. After seeing him nearly nto his surroundings, it is difficult to think of Hunt author of so many men's woes, the instigator of so trail of wreckage. Never again, no doubt, will a adventure novelist be let inside an administration. occasion, perhaps out of reflex habit, Hunt would a grandiose note, as when he was asked what kind k he did for the CIA.

," he answered airily, "subversion of prominent figbroad, the overthrow of governments, that sort of

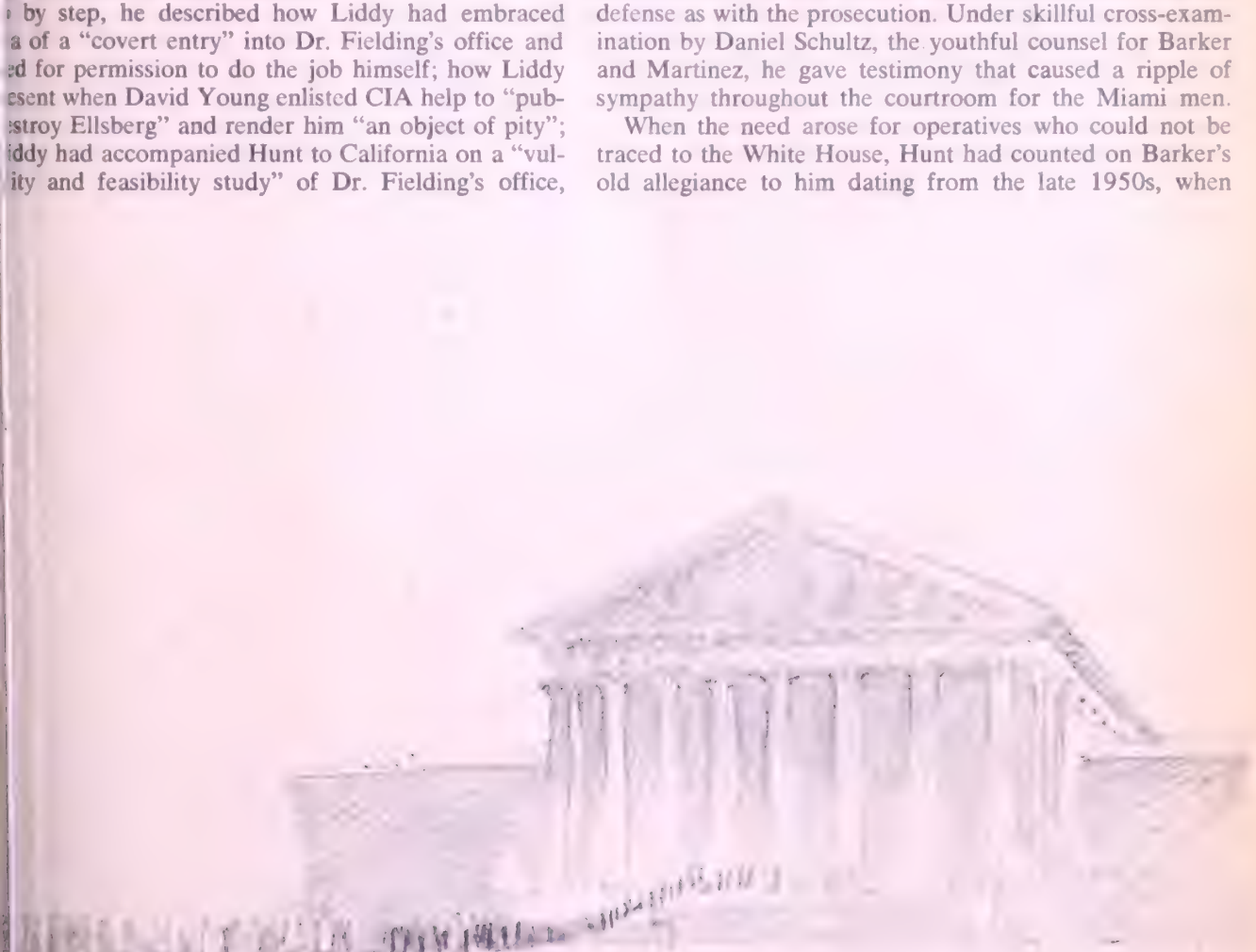
it's scope was now much reduced. His role in Pros- William Merrill's scheme of things was to convict l comrades—Liddy, Barker, and Martinez—and he performed this latest mission.

by step, he described how Liddy had embraced a of a "covert entry" into Dr. Fielding's office and ed for permission to do the job himself; how Liddy esent when David Young enlisted CIA help to "pubstroy Ellsberg" and render him "an object of pity"; iddy had accompanied Hunt to California on a "vulity and feasibility study" of Dr. Fielding's office, and how Liddy had slipped into the office and taken pictures with a CIA camera that looked like a tobacco pouch; how Liddy helped Hunt prepare the "final entry proposal" and its budget and made a pictorial presentation of it to Krogh and Young; how Liddy had gone with Hunt to Chicago to buy equipment for the entry; how Liddy had accompanied the "entry team" to Fielding's empty office on Labor Day, 1971; how, when the initial door-opening plan failed, Liddy had given the order to break it in with a crowbar; and how, when nothing on Ellsberg was found in Dr. Fielding's office, Liddy had unabashedly joined Hunt on recommending a burglary attempt on Fielding's apartment.

Hunt's testimony about Barker and Martinez also contained just the proper detail to establish a premeditated crime. He had personally recruited them, he testified, for a "surreptitious entry." On the night before the entry, Hunt had taken them to the scene of Dr. Fielding's office, walked them around the neighborhood, and told them they were to examine his files. And on the next day, to Hunt's certain knowledge, they did break in and examine the files.

There was no bias or malice in Hunt's testimony; his task of self-preservation required only that he tell the truth, and his admissions endangered him only if they were *not* the truth. He was thus as happy to cooperate with the defense as with the prosecution. Under skillful cross-examination by Daniel Schultz, the youthful counsel for Barker and Martinez, he gave testimony that caused a ripple of sympathy throughout the courtroom for the Miami men.

When the need arose for operatives who could not be traced to the White House, Hunt had counted on Barker's old allegiance to him dating from the late 1950s, when



Hunt was the celebrated "Eduardo," the CIA coordinator of the Bay of Pigs operation, and Barker was his lieutenant, "Macho."

After an absence of ten years, Hunt dramatically reappeared in the Cuban community of Miami; he told Barker that his help was needed against an unnamed enemy of the United States who was a "definite traitor, a passer of national security information to the Soviet Union, and a possible Soviet spy." Hunt was in the White House now, he said, where he could advance the Cuban cause. He represented a new agency, he told Barker, a "superstructure that included the CIA and the FBI, but was over both." Barker agreed to serve and to recruit other Cuban-Americans who would do what was asked of them without pay, as an act of patriotism. Following the tradition of the many CIA operations they had been involved in, Barker and Martinez asked no questions. They were not told the name of their target until ten minutes before the entry, and the name, Daniel Ellsberg, meant nothing to them when they did hear it.

Merrill had reason to be pleased with Hunt's testimony; it seemed to have buried the minor defendants irretrievably; now he could concentrate on the main target.

THE PROSECUTION HAD DESIGNED this entire case so as to reach the unreachable star. The charge against the defendants—conspiracy to deprive Dr. Fielding of his civil rights under the Fourth Amendment by illegally searching his files—had been drawn to cast a net large enough to ensnare Ehrlichman. Four other counts against Ehrlichman alone—for lying to the FBI and the grand jury as to his involvement and knowledge concerning the Fielding operation—served as backstops should he elude the main charge.

The four conspirators whom Merrill had either excused altogether from prosecution or had accommodated in plea bargainings had been spared so they might help him nail Ehrlichman. The lesser defendants, who could have been pursued on other charges, in other proceedings, were here essentially as props to enhance the larger purpose.

There was a hazard in Merrill's strategy. By ranging alongside Ehrlichman two deceived dupes for whom a natural sympathy was inevitable, while excusing those who deceived and set them up, he risked an emotional revolt by the jury that might vitiate his entire case. And by sparing those at the middle and upper-middle levels who had beyond doubt directed and supervised the crime, in order to get their testimony against the remote one whose guilt was difficult of demonstration, he might lose the lot, suffering the catastrophe that had befallen the New York prosecution of Mitchell and Stans and casting a cloud over the entire combined strategy of the Watergate prosecutions.

Yet the worthy prosecutor must go for the top man. In his evidence books, Merrill had it all down in testimony and documents—the acts and culpable knowledge of Ehrlichman that Young, Krogh, and Colson would testify to. On paper it made a convincing chronology:

August 5, 1971: Young and Krogh tell Ehrlichman that Dr. Fielding has Ellsberg's records but refuses to talk to the FBI; that the project needs these records; that Hunt and Liddy have the ability to go in and get them in a covert operation, and want permission to do so. Ehrlichman says they all ought to think about it further and c[illegible] concern that it not be traceable.

August 11: Young and Krogh write to Ehrlichm[illegible] would recommend that covert operation be under[illegible] examine all the medical files still held by Ellsberg's [illegible] analyst." Ehrlichman initials his approval, and th[illegible] in handwriting, "If done under your assurance that [illegible] traceable."

August 23: Young and Krogh discuss with Eh[illegible] raising money for "Hunt/Liddy Project #1."

August 25: Ehrlichman is informed by memo th[illegible] and Liddy have left for California."

August 26: To obtain Colson's help, Young an[illegible] write Ehrlichman: "We have already started on a [illegible] press image for Ellsberg. If the present Hunt/Lid[illegible] ect #1 is successful, it will be absolutely essential [illegible] an overall game plan developed for its use."

August 27: Ehrlichman writes to Colson: "On h[illegible] sumption that the proposed undertaking by Hu[illegible] Liddy would be carried out, and would be succ[illegible] would appreciate receiving from you, by next Wed[illegible] a game plan as to how and when you believe the n[illegible] should be used."

August 30: Young and Krogh phone Ehrlich[illegible] Cape Cod to report that Hunt and Liddy have r[illegible] from their preliminary check and that everythin[illegible] favorable. Ehrlichman asks each of them in tur[illegible] you still recommend it?" Each responds, "Yes." [illegible] man says, "Okay, let me know if they find anythi[illegible]

August 30 or 31: Ehrlichman phones Colson, th[illegible] House fundraiser for nontraceable projects, and as[illegible] without telling why, to raise $5,000 in cash and g[illegible] Krogh.

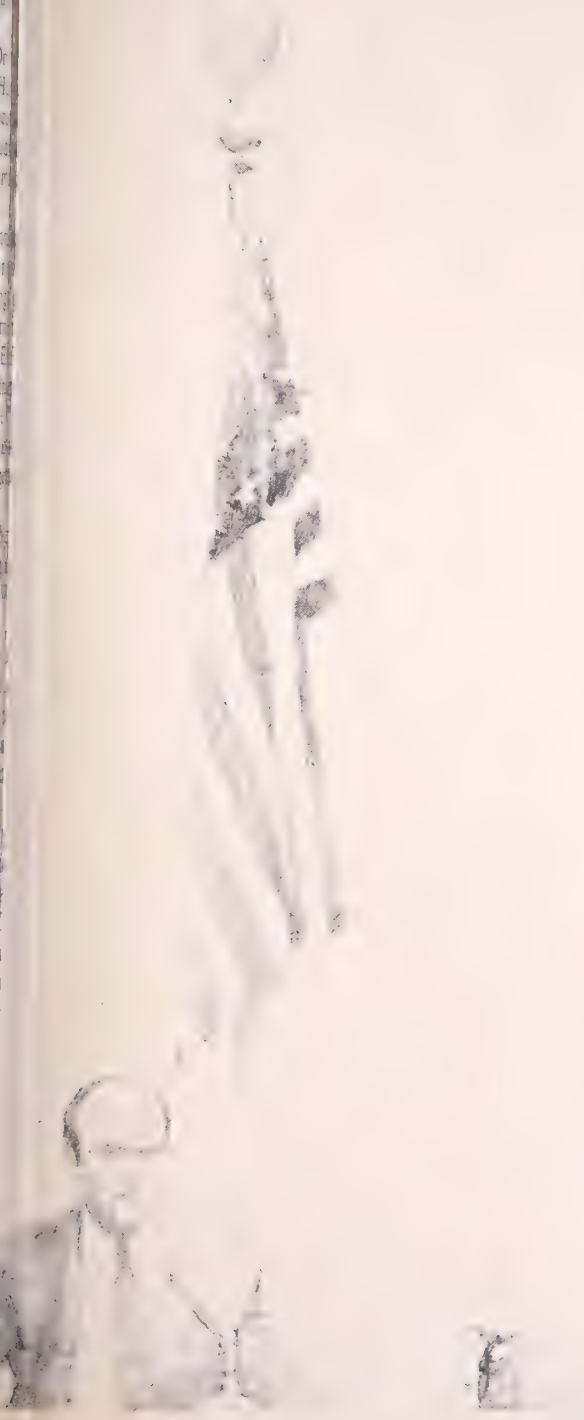
The facts were there, Merrill was satisfied, as [illegible] pared to bring on his key witnesses—Young, Kro[illegible] Colson. But a trial is more than an evidence book. [illegible] the witnesses stand up?

It is the task of defense lawyers to take up suc[illegible] ears and transform them, if not into silk purses, [illegible] into unidentifiable objects. The loophole each lawy[illegible] for his client was that of intent. Barker and Mart[illegible] could be contended, had not intended to commit a[illegible] nal burglary; they thought they were performing a[illegible] government operation, under White House authorit[illegible] tainly they knew it was not proper, by ordinary sta[illegible] to break into a doctor's office with crowbar and gla[illegible] ters; but in the past they had been directed by the [illegible] perform similar acts, for which they had been h[illegible] not punished. Might they not have inferred from th[illegible] there is a dispensating authority somewhere that rul[illegible] acts legitimate?

An "intent" defense by Ehrlichman was more c[illegible] cated, but to his lawyer, William Frates, endowe[illegible] multiple opportunities. Ehrlichman was simply unav[illegible] the follies his unwatched subordinates were planni[illegible] had not intended to authorize an entry of any kind; [illegible] not understood, because of semantic confusions [illegible] Krogh and Young contemplated that. He had not in[illegible] to make false statements to the grand jury and th[illegible] but in the great press of his duties and the pass[illegible] years, he had simply forgotten the preliminaries to the [illegible] ing break-in, and had no recollection of them at th[illegible] he testified. His only intent in all these matters,

rough his seventy-hour weeks, was to protect the security of the United States and implement the ons the President had given him.

AWYERS FROM ALL SIDES thus propositioned the jury, seeking to implant either certitude or doubt; but there was another competitor for its allegiance. It was the duty of Judge Gerhard Gesell to see to could, that this case was decided on the evidence law and not derailed by the highly charged forces ing to get loose in his courtroom—bias, sympathy, nted inferences, awe of or animus against high



office, curbstone notions of what constituted proof of guilt or extenuating circumstances.

"Good morning, ladies and gentlemen," the judge intoned to the jurors each morning, his great round face beaming down upon them as though they were marvelous children whose daily prodigies continually delighted him.

"Good morning, your Honor," the jurors chirped back in unison.

He would inquire as to the agreeability of the jurors' quarantined lodgings, preview the coming day's schedule, report on his efforts to have the courtroom air conditioning beefed up, apprise them of the little treats he had planned for them—a Fourth of July picnic, a weekend visiting period for relatives—and in other ways convey, within the limits of his autocratic manner, that they were very important people, partners with him in an arduous but exalted enterprise.

Even without the majestic setting and summary powers of his office, Gerhard A. Gesell would exert a dominating presence by virtue of the singularity of his person and the power of his mind. Broad-shouldered and well-fleshed within his black robes, he complements the great rostrum, fulfilling rather than diminishing its intended effect. Judicial white hair, care-lined brow, sombre eyes, rubicund complexion, and a mouth that somehow conveys full possession of the discriminating faculty—it is a visage that commands one's apprehensive attention.

When talking to his jurors or setting at ease a humble witness afflicted with the jitters, he can flash a suddenly incandescent charm; but his characteristic expression is that of one who constantly weighs and usually finds wanting. At his first entrance in the morning, his face has a rested, smooth, almost trim look, but as the hours of complicated testimony pass—which he must fully assimilate so that he may overrule a question today because of an answer made ten days ago—furrows appear and deepen, color rises, eyelids lower, folds invade the jowls and neck, and a certain shapelessness rubberizes his features. By four o'clock he resembles—to the erring prosecutor or defense counsel—a smoldering volcano on the verge of erupting.

But he does not erupt. His "sustained" and "overruled" come calmly and promptly, supported where necessary by an instant command of the law or the preceding testimony that is never challenged. Indignation with him seems not an indulgence but a lever to use most measuredly in raising the tone of his courtroom or lowering the temptations of lawyers to slip over rabbit punches or slide into unprofessional conduct. "This is the second time I have cautioned you, Mr. Frates. There will not be another," he will say in a fine, cultivated voice that penetrates without being raised. Or: "You cannot ask him what he understood, Mr. Merrill. Ask him what he heard." Or: "You have a bad habit, sir. You make your objection before the question has been asked. You must stop it."

The disciplining of lawyers and the sanitizing of testimony are only steps in a process. For this judge, the integrity of the law and of its fact-finding procedures is supreme. Once the government forces a defendant into his courtroom, it abandons its right to secrecy, the privilege of its leaders, the assumption of its grandeur. It is the defendant and the presumtion of his innocence that are now privileged.

Does Defendant Ehrlichman need access to his old papers to defend himself, and does the President refuse access? Then Ehrlichman shall be released, and the President shall be cited for obstruction of justice and contempt unless there is a compromise—which there was. Does Defendant Ehrlichman need the testimony of high officers —even the President and the Secretary of State? Then the President's testimony will be sought, either in person or in writing as the need warrants, and Secretary Kissinger "will be here, at 9:30 on Wednesday morning."

But Gesell's view of the integrity of the law cuts most grievously against the defendants, too. He has denied to Ehrlichman a defense based on the government's inherent powers in the national-security field because he recognizes no power that abrogates the law. And he has rejected notions advanced in behalf of all the defendants that good-faith obedience to trusted superiors in high office excused them from violations. Such orders, even if given by the President, were illegal, the judge says. And obedience to them was illegal.

After a day or two in Judge Gesell's courtroom, the idea sinks in. The rules and attitudes by which justice may be done are to be reverenced here. This is palpably felt. An audible jest by a spectator, or the bullying of a witn a lawyer, or the "accidental" mention in front of th of that which has been forbidden, becomes unthin not only because of the Jovian retribution that surely follow but because the spirit of fairness has exalted here and begins to enforce itself.

THE DIFFICULTY OF TRANSMITTING evidence the prosecutor's files to the jurors' minds b manifest with the arrival on the witness sta the pivotal witness for the prosecution. Young, thirty-seven, had come to the plumbers via nell, Oxford University, a Wall Street law firm, an years under Henry Kissinger. Among all the Wat accomplices whose names litter the rolls of the inc the convicted, the imprisoned, and the disbarred, Young shines iridescently as the genius of survival.

In the early phase of pretended White House ope and cooperation with various probes that were the under control, when Young's fellows were testifying perjuring themselves—he accepted the advice of c that he make no pretense of honesty and instead ado



criminal defense tactics—to refuse to talk, take , and demand complete immunity for squealing. he Watergate pioneer in this regard. Moreover, he ı to it that, against the dark day to come, he ave something exciting to ofer the prosecution. ırch 1973, just after Hunt's blackmail threat to 'seamy" doings by Ehrlichman, Young was di- bring to Ehrlichman the file on the Fielding op- Divining Ehrlichman's intent, Young first made hic copies of the documents that incriminated ıan, then put the originals back in the file and d it to Ehrlichman. When the file came back a s later, Young checked it and, sure enough, the ating memoes had vanished.

g kept his copies, and when the time came for him in with the United States for his freedom, he was offer: (1) the crucial documents; (2) evidence ciousness of guilt" by Ehrlichman, revealed in his of the documents; and (3) proof that Ehrlichman y refreshed himself on these matters only a few before he denied any knowledge of them to the d the grand jury. Thus it was that when Young stand to testify against his former collaborators completely in the clear—the only major architect atergate crime to have eluded both federal indict- ıd professional disbarment.

at their ease, however, men of such deviousness ıake the courtroom a Gethsemane for prosecutors. is a balding young man, mousy and unprepossess- ith a soft, toneless voice that has the effect of orm and trails off at the end of each sentence. On ıd, he displayed all the mannerisms of unreliability ty hands, averted gaze, blinky eyes, a face that d as if wrenched by uncertainty. Such was the cau- the man and the complexity of his mind, which to see multiple alternatives in the simplest ques- ıat he was for the most part unable to give a clear, answer. It was his habit to preface all key answers ıe qualifier, "I think." When asked to identify a ent he had authored, he would say, "I must have d this. It has my name on it. But I don't remember ıen asked what he or someone else had said at the gs on Merrill's chronological list, he would frequent- mpt to give his impression of what the speaker answer after answer became entangled by objec- rom Frates, most of which were sustained. At no luring several hours of testimony did Young specif- link Ehrlichman to the approval of an illegal bur-

supported Frates's defense strategy, which was upon Ehrlichman's faulty memory and on semantic ities. If it could be established that "covert opera- –the euphemism of the Plumbers' memo writing— to Ehrlichman nothing more than "an operation not publicly announced," if the jury could be persuaded o be guilty, Ehrlichman had to have explicitly ap- l a "break-in" by name or at least an unauthorized then all the evidence in Merrill's book would not t him. In less structured deliberations than a trial, ight automatically assume that if Dr. Fielding had sberg files locked up in his office and had refused ke them available to the law, then there was no way hold of them other than illegal entry, no matter what executive types called it. But juries are not free to form such inferences, and Frates now moved in to nail down these distinctions.

With his forceful, rapid-fire, Judd-for-the-defense technique, Frates was better than Merrill at extracting direct, if circumscribed, answers from Young.

Q. You did not consider the word "covert" to mean illegal, did you?

A. That is correct. . . .

Q. Did you authorize a break-in at Dr. Fielding's office?

A. I recommended a covert operation to examine files held by the psychiatrist.

Q. Answer my question! Did you authorize a break-in at Dr. Fielding's office?

A. I did not authorize it.

Q. Did you ever discuss a break-in at Dr. Fielding's office with John Ehrlichman, prior to the break-in?

A. Using the word "break-in," we didn't discuss it.

When Young left the stand, to slip out of the U.S. Courthouse unobtrusively, the case against Ehrlichman seemed to be foundering.

Merrill patiently gathered up his papers; just as he did not believe in gimmicks or stridency in eliciting testimony, so, too, he did not despair over a bad day in a hopeful case. Through Young, he had at least gotten introduced as evidence documents that would later speak to the jurors for themselves. And better witnesses would follow to corroborate Young's wispy uncertainties.

EGIL KROGH IS THE PERFECT WITNESS. He is handsome, but of the square-jawed, straight-eyed kind that conveys honesty to a fault. He sits motionlessly, his hands folded calmly in front of him, eyes on his questioner, and answers promptly and emphatically in a strong, clear voice. Such is the impression of truth he gives that it could issue only from either the deepest sincerity or the most demonic guile.

When the Fielding indictments first came down, Krogh confessed his guilt, admitted he was wrong, and accepted the six-month prison term which he has by now completed serving. So he was not under the taint of betrayal or opportunism.

Merrill easily took Krogh through the devastated terrain Young had just left behind.

Q. What did "covert operation" mean?

A. To me at that point it was clear that an entry operation would be undertaken to examine those files.

Q. Did you authorize an entry, Mr. Krogh?

A. Yes.

Q. Did you believe you had the authorization?

A. I did.

Q. On what did you base that belief?

A. I based it on the discussions with Mr. Ehrlichman, I based it on the memorandum. . . .

Frates, with delicate care, questioned Krogh, first on the August 5 discussion, then on the August 30 phone call.

Q. Was the word "entry" used in that discussion?

A. I don't recall it being used.

Q. Was there any reference during the phone call to a break-in?

A. No, sir.

On redirect examination by Merrill, Krogh amplified: "I don't recall using the term 'entry.' However, we had used terms of 'operation,' 'effort,' and 'covert,' which embraced what later took place. . . . It was on an open telephone line. This was not something I wanted overheard by anyone. I was doing my best to convey to him that the conditions had been met that this would be nontraceable."

Krogh left little doubt but that all concerned knew exactly what they were talking about.

His testimony and his obvious sorrow at giving it were the more impressive because of the biographical sketch Merrill had previously elicited from him. From boyhood, his family had been close to Ehrlichman's. Since Krogh had been twelve years old, Ehrlichman had been his guide and benefactor, influencing him to attend law school, helping him finance it through part-time employment at Ehrlichman's law firm, giving him his first legal job, bringing him to Washington, pushing him up the ladder until, at age thirty-three, he had been the youngest undersecretary in the Nixon administration. In the upside-down world of post-Watergate, Krogh's tortured devotion was far more damaging to Ehrlichman than was Young's treachery.

"At the moment I am unemployed," said Charles Colson with a grin, on being asked his occupation. In four days he would begin a one-to-three-year prison term on the guilty plea that severed him from the Plumbers trial. Colson is the only folksy-looking member of the Nixon former high command, a combination of Wallace Beery and Mickey Rooney.

He used to be rough and tough, a phrasemaker of macabre realism ("When you have them by the balls, their hearts and minds will follow"), but now he is mellowed, sustained by the Holy Ghost. Here for a cameo appearance, he answers questions with a serene and resonant authority.

"Mr. Ehrlichman said that Mr. Krogh needed $5,000 and could I obtain it?" Which Colson did, in cash, from a lobbyist, who was paid back out of milk-fund donations.

"Just after the break-in, Ehrlichman told him to forget about the game plan he had asked him for, explaining, "Some of our boys tried to get the Ellsberg psychiatric records and they failed."

TO THOSE WHO REMEMBERED the Ehrlichman of the Ervin Committee hearings—the lion of truculence, the tiger of memory, who, by the fifth day, had begun to eat up the committee, inflicting wounds from which that inquiry never really recovered—the mild-mannered amnesiac who here appeared under his name made manifest the difference between the political arena and a court of law. Here, the half-truth, the withering riposte, the crowd-pleasing rejoinder could be a ticket to the penitentiary.

There had been a tip-off to his ailment when his counsel had asked the Court's permission to call as a defense witness a psychologist who was an expert on memory blackouts among executives, a request refused because the good doctor had never actually examined the defendant. So Ehrlichman had to proceed without expert ground-laying. He could not remember. That was his cursed problem. Too many memos crossed his desk. Too many calls crowded his multiple phone lines.

"I trained myself to forget . . . not to pack aroun memory a great mass of stuff. . . . Otherwise y packing around too much surplusage, and then yo not function."

That was why he had paid so little attention to and Krogh, why he had misstated to the FBI and th jury. He could not remember.

Merrill quietly led him through ten meetings. and phone calls during which aspects of the Fielding were discussed before it occurred; many he could member at all, try as he might; of others, he could ber aspects that did not pertain to the break-in. M chronology was beginning to serve him well—the sc had salvaged from Young's testimony, the chunk Krogh's, the documents—he was tying it all togeth On a blown-up calendar, he drew circles around eve on which something important had happened that E man could not remember. Four other participant were just as busy as Ehrlichman, could remembe well, Merrill reminded the jury.

"The way Mr. Ehrlichman's memory works is to r ber only those things that are not harmful or those that he is finally confronted with by written doc . . . You remember he said, 'I have trained myself get things.' What he says he has forgotten are incr ing things. I am afraid he has trained himself to de

Mr. Frates asked each juror to search his ow ciencies. He had prepared computations showing three years a million pieces of paper had crossed E man's desk—252 feet of paper—and 10,000 phon He was in full throat:

"It's easy for them to say, 'Remember everything of 252 feet of paper—and say, 'If you don't, th ought to be indicted.' "

Maybe Frates was reaching them. But the troub John Ehrlichman does not make a very convincing bell.

AUDITORS FAR BEYOND THE COURTROOM a Judge Gesell's final charge to the jury as to defenses were valid and which spurious. Ob of the trial were sure that the jury would heed Gesell, and so, as he shifted forward his great, black bulk and began delivering his instruction, a vast an sive power seemed immanent in him.

An individual cannot escape the criminal law si because he sincerely but incorrectly believes that his are justified in the name of patriotism, or national curity, or a need to create an unfavorable press im or that his superiors had the authority without a war to suspend the Constitutional protections of the Fo Amendment. . . .

If you find that a defendant through the course dealings deliberately closed his eyes to what other would have been obvious to him, with a conscious p pose to evade the likelihood of prosecution, this si tion can be used by you as some evidence that the fendant had knowledge of the objectives of the c spiracy. . . .

You must have clearly in mind that the proper c cern of the President of the United States and other high office to prevent leaks of national security in mation would not have justified a warrantless sea

Fielding's office without his permission. There evidence that the President authorized such a and, as a matter of law, neither he nor any offi- any agency such as the FBI or the CIA had the ity to order it. . . .

only three hours of deliberation, the jury notified esell that it had reached a verdict. When the court ed, the foreman rose to read the verdict:
hman: "guilty." Liddy: "guilty." Barker: "guilty." : "guilty." Ehlichman was also found guilty on the four perjury counts with which he was charged. aring the news, Rep. Robert McClory, the second- Republican on the impeachment tribunal, broke s. Acquittal would have immeasurably strength- President's prospects; conviction hung the black f criminality on White House abuses of power.

N JULY 31, 1974, the four convicted defendants appeared before Judge Gesell for sentencing. He first addressed Ehrlichman:

"You hold the major responsibility for this l episode in the history of our country. . . . After eavy weight to the many affirmative aspects of your you are sentenced to twenty months to five years."

To Liddy:

"You . . . had a middle level of responsibility in this case . . . but the evidence demonstrates your violation was deliberate and your offense is clear." Liddy was sentenced to one to three years. They would run concurrently with his previous sentences so as not to represent an increased period of imprisonment.

To Barker and Martinez:

"You have contributed to illegal activity which in many ways was typical of the very regime you each so strenuously and courageously opposed in Cuba. . . . As you both well know, it is impossible to preserve freedom anywhere when zealots take over and the rule of law is ignored." But, since they had been "duped by government officials," Gesell said and "had already been adequately punished," they were both given suspended sentences.

Outside the courthouse there is a stone tablet on which is inscribed: "No person . . . shall be deprived of life, liberty or property without due process of law."

During a few weeks of June and July, in the courtroom of Gerhard Gesell, due process was rendered with rigor, justice, and mercy; praised be its name. □

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y Little White Lie

by Herbert L. Porter

SAID I WOULDN'T DO THIS, but here I go with "Con- sions of a Poor Son of a Bitch," or "Porter on the k." What changed my mind? A phone call from *rper's* on the very day that I read TRB's syndicated in the *Los Angeles Times* wherein that writer re- the popular refrain that the "tragic victims of Wa- are the *ruined young men* [who] came to serve the nt and were corrupted by their superiors [italics Compassionate? Don't be misled. TRB and a num- his lesser brethren are not really mourning for us, low men, the plastic, the faceless, the bird-brained, l-tailored robots. Listen to his next sentence: "Some nocents, but most were of the corruptible type— followers, team-players, genuflectors to authority." lly, after a really cruel comparison of the ruined men's social poise and comfortable backgrounds ne President's lack of either, the columnist got to naming *three* of these well-born but hapless , starting with "Bart Porter, 36, clean-cut, a nice wife and all that; 30 days in jail." Well, I have news B and any other Weeping Willies with the same ax d. *Bart Porter is not a ruined young man.* I can say t pretense that I do not regret what has happened Had I made this statement earlier, I would have uilty of gross self-deception or, at least, whistling in rk. But I can say it now and mean it. Certainly I do ndone nor do I defend the lapses in judgment that my difficulties. Nevertheless, I stand unashamed to- roud of the way family and friends stood by during ne of troubles. I am a far, far stronger person now was two years ago. Members of my family and many friends have grown through the sharing of my experience. Though they could never really know or feel my pain, neither could I always know theirs as they bled with me.

I shall cherish forever the hundreds of letters received from friends, friends of friends, casual acquaintances, and complete strangers from all over the country. Some wrote after my appearance before the Senate Investigating Committee, others after my guilty plea, and scores of others, God bless them, while I was doing my twenty-five-day stint at the Federal Prison Camp at Lompoc, California.

IT IS NOT TOO DIFFICULT to reconstruct the events that led up to the situation in which I found myself in April 1973. God knows I spent enough time thinking them through, wondering how something that seemed like such a little white lie at the time could have grown into the nightmare that it finally became. How did it all happen?

It began in the fall of 1970 in Phoenix, Arizona, where I was an executive in a small computer company that had just been sold. Our house was on the market preparatory to our moving to the Bay Area to be near our new headquarters when I received a call from an old University of Southern California friend in Washington, D.C. "The President is coming to Phoenix," he said, "and we want you to help with the arrangements." That was all I needed.

Under the direction of one of the regular White House advance men, a major rally was put together in just three days. Over 10,000 people jammed into the armory to hear the President give his now-famous "Phoenix law-and-order speech." It turned out to be an operation-was-successful-but-the-patient-died sort of thing. But I had done my job

LET ME SAY THIS ABOUT THAT

Nathan Hale said his only regret was that he had but one life to lose for his country. Facing indictments and sentencing rather than the hangman, the Watergate defendants also fashioned pronouncements. Here are some of the more—and less—memorable ones.

"I am absolutely positive in my heart, down to my toes, that I will never get into trouble again." —Herbert L. Porter

"I was ambitious, but I was not without morals or ethics or ideals. There was in me that same blend of ambition and altruism that I saw in my peers. Somewhere between my ambition and my ideals I lost my ethical compass. I found myself on a path that had not been intended for me by my parents or by my principles or by my own ethical instincts. It has led me to this courtroom."
—Jeb Stuart Magruder

"Like a dumbbell I played along with them."
—George A. Hearing

"My conscience is clear. Regardless of how rough the road ahead may be, I know that in the end my innocence will be established because I put complete faith in God and I believe deeply in my country."
—Charles W. Colson

"On the day I was i
I went out on my fro
and said I was innocen
tend to fight this thing
way through."
—Dwight L.

"I now feel that the s
of my motivation canno
what was done, and tha
not in conscience assert
security as a defense."
—Egi

well and a few days later was asked to come to Washington.

The decision to leave the business world to go to Washington was not difficult to make. To begin with, I had been in love with that city for years—the exhilaration, the feeling of excitement. The sense of history, the aura of mystery. Things happening that I wanted to know about.

I'll never forget my first visit during spring vacation from prep school. I was fascinated, transfixed. I could scarcely eat for watching the people in restaurants. Who were they? What did they do? What decisions were they making? What foreign intrigue was taking place under my very eyes? I was ecstatic.

Such enthusiasm was not unusual in teen-agers during the Fifties, but I never lost mine. On each subsequent visit, during college, during my Quantico station, and later when I rushed in and out on business trips, always, always there was that old schoolboy feeling of excitement and anticipation.

MY FIRST FEW MONTHS at the White House were spent in the office of the Director of Communications, Herb Klein. I remember that my mother in California had held high hopes that I would be assigned to Robert Finch, then counselor to the President, who, she felt, would be an ideal tutor for her neophyte son because of his reputation as a Republican moderate. But this was not to be.

I enjoyed working with Mr. Klein. He was a kind man, and extremely patient. But above all he had a reputation for total honesty. I often felt that efforts by others on the White House staff to undermine Herb's position would some day come back to haunt them. Herb had been in the newspaper business for years and understood the press better than anybody in Washington. At least he had credibility with a majority of the editors and publishers around the country, and he was sought after as a spokesman for the administration more than anybody who worked for the President. I can't help believing that, had Herb been given the authority he needed, the President's relations with the press and media would have been much better than they were.

Much has been written about Messrs. Haldeman and Ehrlichman's capacity for chewing up opponents or any individuals who were a potential threat to their power. Well-known, too, was the isolation of the President. If this was disconcerting to many of us younger men who had been accustomed to a more filial relationship with superiors in our business careers, it was certainly cause for frustration among the older men. The co in which H and E seemed to hold their subordinat tainly did not endear them to many. It was only lat I was to realize their capacity for *misusing* subord particularly the younger, more inexperienced me though I have long since shed any emotional rese I held toward this treatment, I am still mentally an itually appalled. It was so *cold.*

As for the President himself, I occasionally pass in the halls, but he never recognized me after I ha introduced to him. He rarely recognized anybody wasn't hurt—just slightly baffled. I had been naive to think that politicians made a point of remem names and faces.

By the time I was transferred from the White H the Committee to Re-Elect the President in May of I had a headful of palace gossip, I thought in terms they, and I could chant, "Four legs good, two legs with the best of Orwell's little pigs. (But I can't that in this respect things were too different in the of the Democrats.)

As Director of Scheduling, I had responsibility ordinating the political activities of over thirty sc surrogates for the President: Cabinet officers, Se Congressmen, and senior administration official would be out speaking in behalf of the President dur campaign. Also, I was given the task of organizing celebrities and athletes for the campaign, a rather assignment considering the egos of politicians and business personalities. Finally, I was given the Comm petty-cash safe and the job of paying out moneys dividuals. I'll never know why *I* was asked to do th I think this is what caused all of my troubles.

THOUGH IT WAS KNOWN that Attorney Genera Mitchell would resign to become head of the mittee, for several months the acting direct Jeb Magruder, my immediate superior. We b close friends. Although I had no reason to mistrus of the men with whom I worked, I probably trust most of all. Our wives and children were fond o other; we shared many of the same friends outside ical circles. We went on trips together. There was lutely nothing in our relationship to alert me to wh to happen later on.

A number of us were breakfasting in Beverly Hill

ing my guilty plea to
ieanor which I have
I do so out of respect
minal justice system
ted States and the in-
fact that the system
equal application to
chard G. Kleindienst

rticipation in Water-
n error and wrong. I
cuse."
—James W. McCord

"I am the only one in this room who really knows whether I am guilty or not guilty of the charges against me. Your Honor, I am innocent of each and every one of the charges in this case."
—John D. Ehrlichman

"I am prepared to account for my actions, which I deeply regret." —John Dean

"Your honor, I'd like to let you know how deeply embarrassed I am and how much I regret standing here before you this afternoon."
—Herbert W. Kalmbach

"I am certainly not looking forward to [going to jail]. But now I can start getting my life back together again. The last year has been an absolute nightmare for me."
—Donald H. Segretti

"Today I stand before the bar of justice alone, nearly friendless, ridiculed, disgraced, destroyed as a man. These have been a few of the many tragic consequences of my participation in the Watergate affair, and they have been visited upon me in overwhelming measure. What I did was wrong."
—E. Howard Hunt

paign party for celebrity backers of the President
rd came from Washington of the break-in at the
tic headquarters at the Watergate. There was
citement, much telephoning, and what seemed to
e time complete consternation on the part of all
ple. No one seemed to know why or how it could
pened.

later, Gordon Liddy was arrested and charged
sterminding the bugging project. As everyone
ie remained silent, refusing to testify. It is inter-
speculate about what would have happened had
his story. One thing is certain: I would not be
his article.

not dislike Gordon Liddy, an inscrutable figure
mysterious cloak-and-dagger past, though he
out of place on either the Finance Committee or
came on strong and made no secret of being con-
us of weakness in others. He seemed to say,
read on me!" I had never known anyone like him.

Magruder assured me that Liddy was solely re-
e for the Watergate fiasco, that no one higher up
horized such foolhardy and illegal activities, I
elieve it. I could not see John Mitchell approving
; of the sort, and I certainly did not suspect Jeb.
o be ten months later before I learned the truth—
er, before Jeb admitted his own participation. The
vill never know.

weeks after the June 17 break-in came "the sting,"
dn't feel it too much at the time. Magruder was a
seducer. He appealed to my friendship, then to my
He lambasted Liddy's stupid Watergate break-in.
: told me that huge sums of money had been given
y for "dirty tricks," which I had thought of as
but which in the aftermath of Watergate had taken
ore sinister meaning. Now, *if* the FBI or anyone
ne nosing around, would I corroborate the state-
at the money had been given to Liddy for intelli-
athering rather than dirty tricks? Watergate had
ized the campaign enough, and we couldn't stand
re bad publicity. Call it what you might—"an em-
ient of the truth," "a little white lie," or "a substitu-
one perfectly legal activity for another legal activ-
did not like any part of it. But because I had not
volved in Watergate and because I believed Jeb's
iat the buck stopped with Liddy, the possibility of
ig interviewed by the FBI seemed remote indeed.
is too busy scheduling the surrogates and other
's during that period to worry too much about what
I might be facing. I had not promised that I would comply with the request, but I had left the impression that I would if it became necessary.

Then one day in July it happened. The FBI came. I *was* interviewed. I *was* asked questions about the purpose of money that had passed through my hands from Hugh Sloan (treasurer of the Finance Committee) to Gordon Liddy. My answer: for intelligence-gathering.

Now that I had "done it for the President," it did not enter my mind that I might have to do it again—and again. (Talk about an innocent!) Quite suddenly in August I was asked to testify before the Watergate grand jury. It came as a complete surprise. Me? Before the grand jury? Why? I knew nothing about Watergate. Jeb said, "Tell the same story." Having been given to believe that Liddy, unauthorized, had used his dirty-trick funds for *l'affaire* Watergate, I could see why it sounded better to call them intelligence funds. But if I felt that testifying falsely before a grand jury was going pretty far just to change the name of a few never-to-be-performed campaign pranks, I felt powerless to do otherwise. I was trapped. If I changed my answer, what would I be doing to Jeb, John Mitchell, Bob Haldeman, and others who I was told were depending on me? I would lie awake at night imagining my getting through the ordeal without having to repeat that absurd story. I did not know that I was being used to cover up the truth about Watergate.

The fall was hectic as we wound up the campaign. Then, with the election over and a good job done, I thought, Magruder and I turned our attentions to the inauguration. He was the executive director and I his deputy.

IT WAS IN JANUARY, just before the inauguration, that I discovered I was to be called as a witness in the trial of the Watergate Seven. There was no longer the reason of saving the election, and I was beside myself with apprehension. Earlier my concern had been that I was being forced to do something that I knew to be wrong for a cause that I felt was right. Now it was different. Even though the lie was inconsequential and seemingly irrelevant to the trial at hand, it grew in proportion to the number of times it had to be repeated. And the only reason for repeating it now was that it had been told before. I could not change my story without betraying those whom I thought to be my friends. For the first time I felt the terror of unnamed dangers to myself and to my family.

After the trial, I felt depressed. I did not feel that I had

injured any of the defendants in the case because I was certain that my infinitesimal piece of false testimony was immaterial. But I felt somehow debased and uneasy. Something was wrong, but I didn't know what it was. I was losing my zest for life in Washington. When I made the decision to go back into the business world I felt better, making the private vow never, never to allow myself to become involved in so dreary a project again, no matter how lofty the purpose.

During the month of March, media charges against the White House and the Committee had grown wilder. Though I tended to discount most of what I read because so much that was written about me was untrue, it was obvious that there were things wrong that I knew nothing about. A pressure began to build inside me to get out the truth as I knew it—to at least get the record straight as far as Porter was concerned. But my path to the prosecutors was to be strewn with obstacles—two Committee lawyers who I am sure did not mean to harm me, and, later, Jeb Magruder's lawyer, James Sharp, who double-crossed me. Jeb himself, I believe, tried to help, but his timing was poor.

Final discovery of how I had really been used came on April 14, 1973. Jeb Magruder's world had collapsed when he admitted in a face-to-face encounter that he had been lying to me steadily since the break-in on June 17, 1972.

From then on I could think of nothing but getting rid of my burden of over nine months. There were times when I felt so alone, so isolated—as though I were the only culprit. I had cut myself off from the others. But I was committed to total disclosure and had small thought of the consequences. I did not ask for immunity at the Senate hearings, nor would I allow my lawyer to ask for it. Charlie Murray is a fine lawyer and did his best to protect the rights that I kept insisting on throwing away. But I had no stomach for taking advantage of legal technicalities. I wanted to tell all, such as it was, and I did. I must admit that at that time I still had great faith in our judicial system. Today I'm not so sure.

Though I was anxious to get to the hearings to clear the air, to dispel all press conjecture by telling what really happened, my two days there were much more harrowing than anything I had expected. It will be remembered by some that at the Senate hearings, Senator Baker put the screws to me by asking certain questions that have been the subject of argument among moral philosophers and theologians for centuries. Unfortunately, I was an early witness and received treatment a bit rougher than some of the later and more culpable witnesses. I realize now that the Senator was new to national exposure on television and couldn't resist the temptation to show off a bit. I think he was sorry later. I have forgiven him, but I must admit that for months afterward I had many a daydream wherein I sat at the Senator's table and *he* sat perspiring in the witness chair with the hot lights shining in his face so that he could not see his questioner. (Some of the que thought up for him were dillies!) At any rate, or easier questions he asked me was, "What caused abdicate your own conscience?"

My answer was, briefly, loyalty to the Presiden who I had met for the first time when I was eig old. "I felt that I had known this man all my l personally, perhaps, but in spirit. I felt a deep loyalty to him."

THERE WERE THOSE WHO FELT that for one sat on the ducking stool, and been tarred an ered in addition, I had suffered enough. inquisitors thought otherwise. For ten m was left hanging there, twisting in the wind. (It's ca Ehrlichman treatment.) Because I had no knowl anything they needed to convict another defendan gruder had long since made his deal), they were nc to let me off the hook. I have thanked God man that I knew nothing. I would hate to gain my free fingering someone else.

After I had entered my guilty plea, I really ha that I would be given some sort of suspended sente better yet, just probation. Because I had been sul and because my involvement was so peripheral, the cutors had promised to show me in the best light p

Be that as it may, I did try to prepare myself possibility of a prison term just in case the sky started with trying to visualize the maximum of fiv that all commentators—press and TV—used for dr effect. (Some of the bloodthirsty old jackals soun though they would have loved that.) I worked m down to maybe three months, hoping for probation. never prepared for "thirty days." As one of my inm quaintances at Lompoc said, "Thirty days? Why, I've in the chow line longer than that!" Well, Ehrlichman me a little fish, and Magruder's lawyer called me an I suppose the judge figured that little fishes and litt should be taught a lesson with little sentences.

Now that I've been there I wouldn't give anything experience at the minimum-security camp at Lompo camp was physically attractive, with green lawn flowers outside. Inside it had the appearance of a There were no fences, no bars. Everything was wide

I am glad to have had the privilege of spending and-a-half weeks with people I would never have otherwise. It's often said that if more men from the classes had to spend time in jails and prisons, cond would be improved, and fast. If this is true, then th publican party should become the party of *reform.*

One word more. I have taken a few pokes at the that I just couldn't resist. My good friends will know I'm not talking about them. Vic Gold gets five sta seeming to have understood my predicament sooner others did. But there are writers of a more "liberal" suasion who also have shown an understanding of I've been through. I can only hope that this is no normal fallout from a no-holds-barred attack on Ri Nixon as was the case in TRB's column. To all of say, "It's been tough, but not tragic."

Herbert L. Porter is now in the construction business wi father-in-law in California.

"For de little stealin' dey gits you in jail soon or late. For de big stealin' dey makes you emperor and puts you in de Hall o' Fame when you croaks." —Eugene O'Neill
The Emperor Jones, 1920

"Whenever a man has cast a longing eye on offices, a rottenness begins in his conduct." —Thomas Jefferson, 1799

"Curse on his virtues! they've undone his country."
—Joseph Addison
Cato, 1713

erformance
Wolf Trap"

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Dates subject to change. Check your local paper.

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COMMENTARY

RULERS V. REALITY

Of all the human flaws that haunt the White House transcripts, the most apparent is misperception—a common affliction of men in power. It is a familiar pattern: the greater a leader's power, the more distant from reality he is likely to be. He misperceives the facts, misjudges his options, and risks fatal mistakes. Seeking comment on this phenomenon, Harper's *received all sorts of responses. Among them:*

The problem is that when a President gets removed from reality so do the people who write about him.

For example, I now feel that I invented President Nixon and Vice-President Agnew and Watergate. I sincerely believe that I concocted the whole thing on June 17, 1972. They are all my characters and they belong to me. I get very angry when other people write about Nixon and Watergate as I feel the material is copyrighted.

I ask you to use your magazine to tell people to lay off. I thought of Nixon first.

—Art Buchwald

Art Buchwald's claim is presently in litigation.

Among the many causes of Richard Nixon's troubles, surely one was that he let himself be isolated in the splendor of the White House. In that Oval Office no voices were heard save those of sycophants, reflecting back his own mood and thoughts—or what the courtiers took them to be. Much could have been avoided if he had heard a few saying this should not be done, that is in error, but all such advice came to him filtered through a glass, darkly. Such isolation feeds upon itself until in time all perception becomes distorted. Whatever else those famed tapes show, they show a man shut off from the world.

In the extreme, this can be fatal. It was thus that Charles I and Louis XVI lost their heads. It was thus that Richard Nixon was brought to the edge of impeachment.

Mr. Nixon was not the first of our Presidents to be so afflicted. It has been a growing problem of the twentieth-century Presidency since the Roosevelt era, when we first began to view the President not merely as first citizen but as the omnipotent leader responsible for all our blessings—or ills. With power come the trappings of power, and with those trappings the inevitable isolation. Lyndon Johnson, once one of the most sensitive of politicians, surely would not have followed his Vietnam policy to disaster had he not been so isolated from the moods, thoughts, and feelings of the people.

How are we to avoid leaders cut off from the led? Inevitably there have been gropings for some new law, some new form of institutionalized arrangement to protect that man in the White House from misperceiving reality, misjudging his options, and so perhaps someday being misled to a fatal misjudgment.

I doubt this can be done by new laws, by new institutional arrangements. The trouble now is too many laws giving the President too much power, too much institutionalizing of the Presidency. The solution, if indeed there is one, is to diminish our expectations of the office and so diminish its powers and its panoply. At the very least, we should cease paying for those multiplying courtiers, that White House staff, those men beholden only to the President. All public servants should be answerable to the public, for so long as we have courtiers so long will we have a court around the President.

But the best hope is that the debacle that has come to Richard Nixon will teach his successors. Let's hope it will remind them of the age-old problem of all leaders, that calamity awaits him who lets his perception of reality be distorted by isolation, however splendid.

—Vermont Royster

Vermont Royster is a contributing editor of The Wall Street Journal.

How to make sure that future Presidents do not cut their ties to the reality principle? I doubt whether legislative or constitutional solutions to this problem are necessary, or possible. The first answer is surely to elect Presidents who, like most Presidents in our history, have an inner commitment to accountability and understand that their success depends on their capacity to elicit and mobilize informed consent. In the future voters will have to pay more attention than they have in the recent past to personal evidences of this inner commitment: temperamental openness and accessibility; a relish for face-to-face consultation, discussion, and debate; a readiness to meet the press and to level with the people; a belief in reason and persuasion; a dislike of furtiveness and secrecy; and those old-fashioned virtues of integrity and character.

Obviously even rather open Presidents have been corrupted in time by the pleasures and perquisites of the Presidency. The antidote is to reject the latter-day myth of the President as a man above the people, a myth bulwarked by the ghastly contention of the new conservatives that institutions of authority must command respect, whether or not they have done anything to earn it. Nothing is more mischiev
the singular idea of rec
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right to be protected f
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tion. An American P
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politician luckier than
ers—one who has ma
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cy has gone far enoug
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electorate will get the
dency back into proport
restore the historic sys
accountability, future
dents will be quite as
tethered to the reality p
as the great Presidents
past have been.

—Arthur M. Schlesin

Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr., author of The Imperial Pr
(Houghton Mifflin).

According to the or
political-science model
way government works,
important information
our society and the wor
passed upward through th
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**"Americans are always
ing about bribery and c
tion, as if it was their ow
cial invention, and as if n
else had any."** —Brendan
"Where We All Cam
Town," *Evergreen R*
May/June

an help you go now, pay later. Our new *Book of Europe* is a beautifully compiled vacation of more than 4,500 places in Europe and North Africa. Complete with color photographs, de- text, and 109 maps, it may inspire you to plan anything from a religious retreat in Italy to a tasting tour of France. When you take off, chances are you'll be carrying an airline ticket ed by Rand McNally. We print a great percentage of all airline, railroad, and bus tickets. If you se to finance your trip with a bank loan, you might well make your monthly payments by means Rand McNally computer-printed coupon book. It is only one of the many highly technical ser- we now provide for banks across the country. If you really want to give substance to your ms, start with the *Book of Europe.* **RAND McNALLY**

and you thought we just made maps



cial things about every facet of reality, the pristine distillate of the world's critical information. In fact, almost the reverse happens: less and less gets known as we move to the top. Not only is much vital information lost at each step of the process, but also there is a built-in bias to throw away unpleasant data. Advancing in the hierarchy depends on pleasing one's superiors, and good news confirms their own previous estimates of reality.

All of this refutes the notion that we rank-and-file citizens must go along with the President's policies on foreign and even domestic affairs because he *knows*, he is privy to all the secret information that only he can receive. We now see that he not only does *not* know all; he knows considerably less than any well-informed reader of the *New York Times*.

No cosmetic reform can improve this situation. Putting "good" men in office is no solution to this fatal flaw, which is inherent in the bureaucratic structure of government. There is only one solution: taking all the major decisions—and minor ones as well—out of the hands of government and putting them back where they belong, in the individuals and voluntary groups of the private sector. Allow individuals to act on their own knowledge and to communicate with each other freely through the marketplace. For the free-market economy is unequaled in its ability to communicate knowledge through the signals of the free-price system, and thereby to guide production and exchange without the coercive power of government and its bureaucracy.

Orthodox political scientists also maintain that while private citizens are wrapped up in grubby, short-range concerns, the rulers of government, up there on Mount Olympus, can and do plan wisely for the distant future. There is no clearer conclusion from the Nixon transcripts than the almost incredibly short-range vision of the top executive bureaucracy. They are interested, not just in the next election, but in the next six o'clock news on television: hence the Nixon belief that the transcripts would be a propaganda coup on his behalf. It was—for twenty-four hours. Again, the lesson is that there is no group of rulers we can trust to plan ahead *for* us; we must plan for ourselves, or else the far-sighted planning won't get done at all. In this Bicentennial season, it is well to be reminded that this is the true meaning of the Declaration of Independence.

—Murray N. Rothbard

Murray N. Rothbard is a professor of economics at the Polytechnic Institute of New York.

"Richard Nixon is given to suggesting that history follows him about with a Polaroid camera lest history miss something."
—William F. Buckley, Jr.
May 20, 1973

In the good old days, politicians operated in a world where the realities of power were understood by other members of the political nation, i.e., the exercisers of power whose opinions mattered—landowners, industrialists, bankers, bishops, et cetera. In that world, there was much sympathy for the politicians' evasions, duplicities, dishonesties, secrecies—not to say lies and corruptions—because most of those in power in other fields understood, from their own experience, how difficult it is to avoid these vices, how much they are an inevitable part of getting things done in the real world. A saving measure of cynicism, of tolerance, was built into the system.

What is new today is the extent to which the political nation includes a whole range of people—loosely described as intellectuals—whose values inhibit any understanding of the realities involved in the exercise of power. Because of the dependence of almost all forms of organization—military, industrial, bureaucratic—on specialized knowledge, intellectuals are an increasingly essential and influential part of the new power structure. But they do not feel at home in it. Theirs is the world of theory, abstractions, concepts, ideals—of conclusions rather than decisions.

Since reporters are also drawn largely from the same background, they share the same lack of sympathy for the flawed nature of politics, with the result that many of those within government, and many of those judging and commenting upon it, are joined together in a common reaction of disgust and disapproval.

Is it any wonder, therefore, that those charged with the responsibility of governing tend to isolate themselves from "informed" public opinion, believing with much justification that today much of it is unprecedentedly out of touch with the real problems of power? It is only possible for statesmen to be frank and open, relaxed and civilized, if they are presiding over a nation that is politically sophisticated, not to say cynical, at least in its higher reaches, in private if not in public. This used to be the case. Today, however, it is precisely in the higher reaches, where brainpower divorced from practical experience increasingly predominates, that political sophistication is most noticeably absent.

Thus I do not believe that the danger today comes primarily from *rulers* getting out of touch with reality. In my view,. the danger comes primarily from the *ruled* getting out of touch with reality, or rather being encouraged to do so by a new kind of political nation which simply does not understand what politics is, has been, and always will be all about.

I did not like what I read in the Watergate transcripts. But I recognized in them a truer picture of political reality than ever I recognize in the editorials of the *Washington Post* or the *New York Times*. There is a disturbing connection between the political dreamworld inhabited by the intellectuals and the nightmare world inhabited by the President, the fantasies and absurdities of the former provoking the indecencies and crudities of the latter.

—Peregrine Worsthorne

Peregrine Worsthorne is on the staff of The Sunday Telegraph *and author of* The Socialist Myth.

If a President really wanted to know what the people of the country were thinking, he/she could at least spend an hour every day making telephone calls to grass-roots America. School superintendents, shop stewards, grocers, and county agricultural agents, as well as the recognized leaders in various fields, could give the President valuable unfiltered views.

In the real world, however, professional bureaucrats know that Presidential misperception balances with the cop-outisms of Congress. This permits the bureaucrats to go on running things as they always have. It's the ebb and flow of the status quo.

—James Boren

James Boren is the president of the International Association of Professional Bureaucrats.

Diary of a Celebrated Personage on tour:

Monday it was all ruffles and flourishes, "Hail to the Chief," and standing ovations. *Tuesday*, again, ruffles and flourishes, "Hail to the Chief," standing ovations. [illegible] once again . . .

Conceded, the m[illegible] his formal speaking carefully. In any c[illegible] Americans have be[illegible] from childhood with [illegible] gible middle-class abh[illegible] *lèse majesté*, which, i[illegible] tive form, we call "r[illegible] the Office." So we co[illegible] feet, instinctively, [illegible] trumpets blare and a [illegible] voice bellows, "Ladie[illegible] tlemen, the Presider[illegible] United States."

But then, what at[illegible] low-profile entrances [illegible] like Trader Vic's? The[illegible] thing else again. No[illegible] no announcement. On[illegible] of recognition, follo[illegible] slow gathering of [illegible] across the dining r[illegible] suddenly, once again, [illegible] ing ovation.

And what about th[illegible] taneous plunges into[illegible] (the real, not the [illegible] village kind) that driv[illegible] cret Service protector[illegible] but which the man lov[illegible] his flesh-pressing pr[illegible] and for the same re[illegible] those screaming, leapi[illegible] ing, child-lifting peopl[illegible] ing out for a famous [illegible] touch of a celebrated [illegible]

All right, then, to p[illegible] Howard Baker: what [illegible] President know and [illegible] he come to know it? D[illegible] and Harris show his p[illegible] rating down below 30[illegible] Well, now, there m[illegible] been something wro[illegible] those polls—if Richar[illegible] was to believe his own [illegible] ears.

But there isn't, of co[illegible] public-opinion polls in[illegible] flective attitudes towar[illegible] and issues; the ovat[illegible] electronic-age genufle[illegible] the great modern god, [illegible] ty. And not simply in [illegible] of a President, either.

Item: Senators Sar[illegible] and Howard Baker, th[illegible] Young Country Boy a[illegible] summer of '73 televise[illegible] gate show, find themsel[illegible] whelmed with publishe[illegible] and speaking invitation[illegible] who pre-Watergate wo[illegible] had trouble attracting [illegible] man's attention at the [illegible] House, is more recently[illegible] to fleeing into the hot[illegible] room to escape a h[illegible] female autograph-seeke[illegible]

Item: A little-known[illegible] ton lawyer comes to W[illegible] ton as Watergate Speci[illegible] ecutor. He is imm[illegible] seized by social lion-ta[illegible] the capital's catch of th[illegible]

"New families coming on our lines right along... a dozen or so a month."

Gilbert G. Hilkemeyer, Manager
Three Rivers Electric Cooperative
Linn, Missouri



It's happening in rural communities and small towns all across America — rural electric cooperatives helping make country living the possible dream for many.

Last year alone nearly half a million new consumers plugged into our lines. This year, there'll probably be even more.

We can handle the job.

We're generally right at the center of activity, providing basic dependable electric power, using our skill and know-how to help get things going . . . new schools, roads, water systems, recreational areas.

We're nonprofit, consumer-owned electric systems. We know how to take on challenges; it's the nature of our business. We're experienced and resourceful, with a people approach to problems — the energy crisis in particular.

Ours is a big job — but then, we work for a big country.

America's Rural Electric Systems

RE ®

We care . . .
we're consumer owned

National Rural Electric Cooperative Association/2000 Florida Ave., N.W., Washington, D.C. 20009

And before even specially prosecuting his first case, Leon Jaworski is given the standing-ovation treatment wherever he appears. Being human, he goes along with it. Amiably. Indeed, enthusiastically.

Item: A Nobel Prize-winning Secretary of State, on arrival at a public theater, receives a standing ovation from an audience of popular-music fans. Frank Kellogg, 1929? Don't be silly. Even in the celebrity-crazed era of F. Scott Fitzgerald, American pop-music fans weren't given to fawning over their foreign ministers. No, the Celebrated Personage in this instance was, of course, Henry Kissinger, who made the scene for Frank Sinatra's performance at Capital Centre only a few minutes after a Celebrated Nonpersonage, former Vice-President Spiro Agnew, was also given a—you guessed it—standing ovation.

The Agnew ovation drew critical attention as a commentary on the perverse morality of our times. More important than the reception given a leader stripped of power, however, is what we're told by the elevation of a Secretary of State—a remarkably successful practitioner of the uses of power—to superstar status.

To be sure, since the day James McCord (minor celebrity) blew the Nixon White House cover story with his letter to John Sirica (major celebrity), we have wallowed in editorial warnings about the imperial hubris that brings our leaders to confuse their Personage with their Office. Yet there was Kissinger, beaming amid his mass of sycophants. No returning Roman proconsul could have asked for anything more.

More power to Henry, I guess. But that being the case, let's stop kidding ourselves that post-Watergate there are signs of a New Political Morality. For in the age of Johnny Carson, Dick Cavett, *Face the Nation*, and *Meet the Press*, it seems that the magic medium makes Celebrity-worshipers of us all, with the subjects of our adulation picked amorally and indiscriminately: (*Look, son, at the corner table. That's Jeb Magruder, the best-selling author. Why don't you go over and ask him to autograph the menu for you?*)

New Morality? Oh, sure. Any day now. But, meanwhile, why not even things up for history's sake? I mean, the least we could do is give a standing ovation, in memoriam, for poor Frank Kellogg, born fifty years too soon. And while we're at it, let's not forget good old Albert B. Fall. **—Victor Gold**

Victor Gold was press secretary to Vice-President Agnew.

When I worked with Barry Goldwater, he was accused of simplistic thinking when he said that (1) the American Presidency has become an elected monarchy, (2) secrecy in government is anathema to freedom, (3) secret diplomacy is an affront to democracy, and (4) federal welfare programs do not end poverty, they simply enroll selected dependent populations into new political constituencies.

Now he defends the most absolute privilege of the President, seeks to jail those who penetrate government secrecy, absolutely supports the most secret diplomacy imaginable, and sits in virtual silence while the great corporations become recipients of massive federal welfare. His former detractors, meantime, now echo many of his former supposedly extremist positions.

What has changed? Well, Goldwater is in, and his former detractors are out. So what else is new?

I derive from such experiences the following notion: what is crucially involved in the misperceptions of great leaders is not the isolation of power but the possession of power. Great leaders behave in bad ways not because of some imperfection in the system or even because of imperfections in the souls of the leaders. The system (here or in the U.S.S.R.) is fundamentally hierarchical and representative. It demands that a few rule. Here they are said to rule because they represent "the people." In the Soviet Union they are said to represent a progressive state and a force of history. But what they *do* is rule. The same thing applies in a commercial empire. The boss may be said to represent the stockholders. What he does is rule the employees.

Everywhere this system works perfectly.

A few *do* rule. They rule because they want to rule. It is their character to do it, not a failure of their character.

Would-be leaders who do not have power are renowned throughout history for their stirring calls for freedom. Leaders who do have power are known for their stern insistence on order, obedience, loyalty, progress, duty (to the institution that *they* represent or embody), and sacrifice (of everyone who isn't doing anything more important).

Dreamy liberal theorists still tell us that baked into some pie in some sky there is a prize way of doing things in which great leaders would not be isolated, would heed wisdom and rule in elegant style. If the Joint Chiefs just read the right journals, they seem to say, they would have showered Cambodia with rose petals. But the Joint Chiefs are hired to kill the enemies chosen by *their* boss, the Commander-in-Chief. And that's exactly what they do—not in contravention of the system, but in exact keeping with it. This seemed clear enough to some of our leading political theorists when the people being killed were John Kennedy's enemies. They supported his war as hotly as they opposed Johnson's.

Rather than moaning about how we are going to get along with great leaders, it seems to me that a millennium or so of experience might urge us to ask how, instead, we can get along *without* great leaders. The anti-Federalists in America had some notions along those lines and it might befit our upcoming Bicentennial to give them some second thoughts. The town meeting and local sovereignty once put these ideas into a real social form. Participatory rather than representative democracy sort of sums up the alternatives. Such ideas, it seems to me, are more realistic than various schemes of how best to speak wisdom to power.

When will we learn? Power is deaf. Not isolated. Stone cold deaf. **—Karl Hess**

Karl Hess was Barry Goldwater's chief speechwriter during the 1964 Presidential campaign. He is now a commercial welder and community organizer in Washington, D.C.

In his book, *The Rules of Chaos*, Stephen Vizinczey states as the second rule, "Power weakens as it grows." In other words, the level of chaos rises as the situation expands. Personalities of those who hold power have some bearing on whether or not the rule operates. But two rather different situations, President Johnson's conduct of the Vietnam war and President Nixon's efforts to manage the 1972 and the Watergate af pear to demonstrate the of the rule.

In each case the thought that he had power—in fact, growi er—sufficient to contro In each case the found that power is alw ative and can be measu against a controlled s President Johnson co control the situation i nam. President Nixon c control Watergate.

Johnson avoided facir the reality of his power by renouncing the Pre I believe that he coul been reelected, had he to make the race, but he have had to give up the v acknowledge the inadeq his power. He chose to the office and retain pearance of power, rath retain the office and adn he did not have power. In the campaign was to it as best he could tha ever succeeded him—R Nixon or Hubert Hump would at least for a time tain the pretense that Pr Johnson had had power.

In dealing with Wat President Nixon has strated the failure of po a somewhat different way available federal machine ferred to in a White memo was not adequate situation that grew defined or definable limit it reached the level of c

President Nixon did have open to him the w escape that was availa President Johnson. Jo could forgo reelection a that he was doing so in to be more effective. Re tion by President Nixon have been an admission potence, an admission he evading. In the end his ev made him impotent an stroyed his Presidency.

—Eugene J. McC

Eugene J. McCarthy was a con for the Democratic Presidentia ination in 1968.

In legend, a young king guises himself as a begga mingles anonymously a his subjects, thus to dis how things in his realm are. In the United States t the ruler's problem is qu ply difficult.

First, there is the diffe in vantage point: rulers from the macropicture, bu izens live in the microworl their own families, neig hoods, occupations. Techno

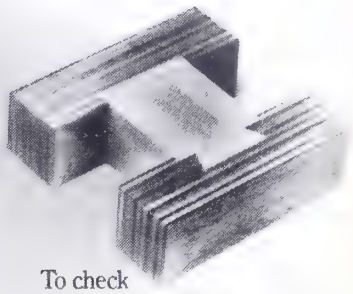
"It may be true, as Lincoln pretended to believe, that you can't fool all the people all the time; but you can fool enough of them to rule a large country." —Will Durant
"Is Democracy A Failure?"
Harper's, October 1926

THREE VITAL KINDS OF CONSISTENCY YOU WILL FIND IN A YAMAHA PIANO.



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Each Yamaha key-
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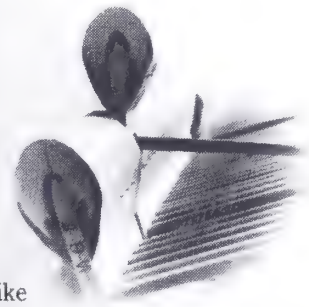


To check consistency and quality of workmanship, first find out if various materials used in the instrument are first rate.

For example, is the sounding board solid spruce? Are fine hardwoods used for the action parts?

Then examine the cabinetry. And mechanisms. Are edges and joints smooth to the touch? Can you see or feel inconsistencies?

Yamaha makes each part of its pianos and even ages the wood in its own advanced facilities for high standards of quality control.



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However bright or mellow (etc.) you like your piano sound, check to be sure its tone character is consistent, over its full range.

Also, be sure to ask how well the instrument is built to stay in tune.

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Consistency of touch, workmanship, and sound are just some of the things to look for in a piano. For a complete booklet on the subject of piano buying, write to Yamaha International Corp., P.O. Box 6600, Buena Park, Calif. 90620.

YAMAHA

increases the distance between vantage points.

Second, the United States is not a homogeneous country with a single moral culture. What some groups believe to be moral (abortion, gambling, the death penalty), others hold to be immoral. It is difficult for a single personifier of the whole people—a President—to comprehend, let alone to represent accurately, all the diverse groups of this tumultuous yet peaceful land. Which "realities" weigh heaviest in his recognition?

Third, the national press systematically distorts reality. Out of touch with heterogeneous realities, it presents a homogeneous image of the nation. The vast numbers of evangelical, fundamentalist citizens, for example, are treated with condescension. An anti-Catholic bias has been built into the language; although they number one-quarter of the population, Catholics can scarcely feel that one-quarter of the nation's symbols, biases, and preoccupations reflect their own symbols, biases, and preoccupations.

The upshot is that many Americans feel excluded from public presentations of "reality." They feel excluded, not only by the White House, but by the media and other institutions. Indeed, many social institutions—the schools, the universities, the media—seem intent upon *mis*informing us about the variety.

Thus, even if a President wants an accurate view of the United States, he can turn to very few institutional supports.

Fourth, in the Presidency as organized by the Founding Fathers, two quite separate roles are conflated: that of personifying the people, the kingly role; and that of executing the government's business, the executive role. For our own protection, we need to devise a way of separating these roles.

We do need someone to personify the people, to be the mythic link in the nation's narrative history, from Washington through Jefferson and Jackson and Lincoln and Wilson to the present. Our Presidents loom larger than any other figures in the national imagination.

We also need an executive officer who can be held accountable for policies that affect the many diverse publics of the land.

For six years Richard Nixon used the former role as a "cover" for certain activities in the second role. These other activities of his were designed to rearrange the power base of American politics. These activities are in one sense quite traditional for some Americans, as dramatized in Melville's *Confidence Man,* in *The Sting,* and in the history of the building of many great family fortunes; but they are justly feared and disdained in Presidents.

"The enthusiasm of this country always makes me think of a bonfire on an ice floe. It burns bright as long as you feed it, and it looks good, but it doesn't take hold, somehow, on the ice."

—Finley Peter Dunne
Mr. Dooley Remembers, 1936

In an odd way, Nixon was more in touch with the messy, multiple realities of American life than his enemies. Yet he committed certain symbolic violations; he violated the nation's kingly ideals. But he still was king.

To impeach a king is more awe-inspiring than to impeach a mere manager. The king can identify as brazenly as he dares with one part of the population, over and against another part. He can use the nation against itself.

Those who hate Nixon don't anymore. Ironically, it was his paranoia regarding his enemies that led him to hand his enemies the dagger of his own undoing. Reinhold Niebuhr used to speak of the one iron rule of human life: each of us is in the end done in by what we take to be our strength. (Niebuhr himself succumbed to this law.)

So it was also with Kennedy and his love for images of the new, the quick, the daring, the aggressive; so it was also with Johnson's unrestrained energy, on which he so prided himself.

There is only one sound political advice: lean, as Aristotle put it, against the wind of your own strength. A pitifully weak instrument against the ironies of history; and yet even attempts to improve upon it are subject to its bite.

The strength of our Presidents is their kingly, symbolic role. The strength of our activists is their moral passion. The strength of our conservatives is their economic power and Protestant symbolism.

No one group perceives realistically the complicated social texture of the entire country. The road to realistic perception is to acquire the perceptions held by our profoundest enemies—and to find ways to negotiate between their perceptions and our own. Respect for diversity is the highest form of politics. When politics declines, moralism rises: enemies are no longer partners in negotiation but objects of retribution. When the effort to respect diversity is more habitual to many in America, it will be easier for our Presidents to manifest it, too. We cannot ask Presidents to do what we do not do ourselves.

—Michael Novak

Michael Novak is associate director for humanities at the Rockefeller Foundation. His latest book is Choosing Our King *(Macmillan).*

Men in power usually know when they are doing wrong but believe they are powerful enough to keep the facts covered up. Even so, they need a new answer to the old question, "What is the right thing to do?" For example, when does one stop being a team player? How should one reconcile a feeling of personal loyalty with the public's right to know all the facts? What is the proper course of action when one has a financial or personal interest in one side of a situation? When, if ever, does the end justify the means?

As a guide in answering such questions, I propose a very simple test: *do that which you would feel comfortable explaining on television.*

The Watergate hearings made it painfully clear that many witnesses would have acted otherwise if they had anticipated the need to explain their actions in public. Reputations and careers have been jeopardized by failure to contemplate how actions taken in secret would appear when exposed to public scrutiny. Watergate witnesses have learned the hard way but, thanks to television, the rest of us are now in a position to learn from their experience.

Even if we are never called upon to explain our behavior, the proposed TV Test is still useful, since an action is inherently good or bad regardless of whether it is ever disclosed in public. The fact that we disclose our actions in public does not make those actions right or wrong, but the possibility that we will have to disclose them in public helps us to evaluate the actions properly.

—Arjay Miller

Arjay Miller, former vice-chairman of Ford Motor Company, is now dean of Stanford University's Graduate School of Business. A longer version of these remarks appeared in the San Francisco Examiner.

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—Matthew B. R

*Gen. Matthew B. Ridgway
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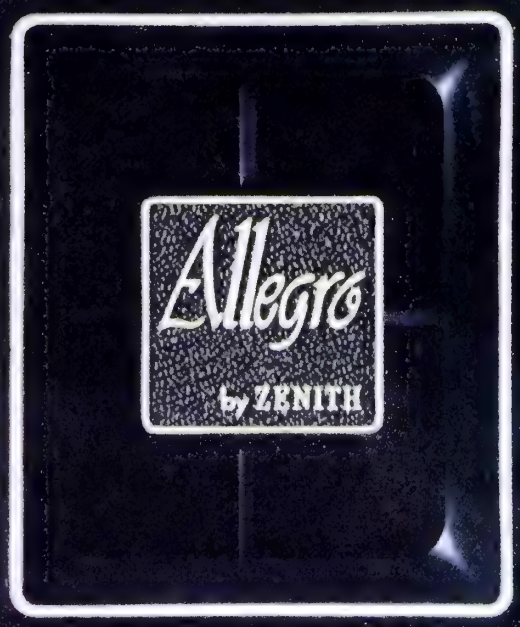
$$P = \frac{V \times St}{N}$$

—Theodore C. So

*Theodore C. Sorensen, former
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now with the law firm of Paul,
Rifkind, Wharton & Garrison.*

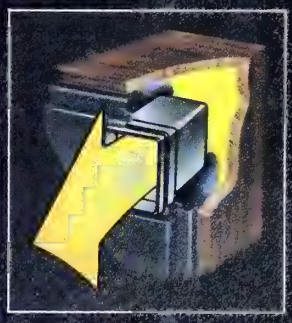
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*patent pending



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JR MAN IN JAMAICA

nge case of an innocent abroad who toiled to make himself an Ugly Ambassador

eur diplomatists are prone to prove ble. It is not merely that their lack of lge and experience may be of dis- ge to their governments, it is that the diplomatist is apt out of vanity and o the shortness of his tenure to seek id successes; that he tends, owing to ce, to be oversuspicious; that he is l to be far too zealous and to have ideas. —Harold Nicolson
Diplomacy, 1939

THAT VINCENT DE ROULET was the Ambassador in the annals of Ameri- macy is perhaps to overstate the mat- as, after all, responsible for no inva- ivil insurrections), but to say that he nreliable amateur seems to me a fair on a record that needs only a few introduction. Although he had been rican Ambassador in Jamaica from 1973, few people had heard of him occasion of his public disgrace. De- rsona non grata by the Jamaican gov- in July 1973, de Roulet was heard to the Prime Minister of that govern- "an emotional Yo-Yo." Few diplomats such plain words, and so I was sur- at the American press gave only brief de Roulet's dismissal. No matter how heir deportment or how profound their , American Ambassadors seldom get ie, particularly from small and depen- ntries in the so-called Third World. I that there was more to the story than a graphs on an inside page of the *New imes*. Preliminary inquiries among at the State Department suggested so chronicle of folly and embarrassment eft immediately for Kingston. I was to find that even in remote Jamaican there were people who remembered t's name with derisive laughter.

nwilling to believe what I had been turned to New York to talk to de Rou- lf. He had been described to me as an ively arrogant" man who took pride in his "forthright and pithy" manner of address. He was said to be brooding in his apartment on Fifth Avenue, and, if my information was correct, I reasoned that he would be anxious to tell his side of the story, to rescue his reputation from what I was sure he would regard as the calumny of his social inferiors. In this I was not disappointed.

De Roulet granted me two audiences, on one occasion allowing me to transcribe his remarks on a tape recorder. Throughout both conversations he maintained an attitude of sublime confidence, as if assured that one day the injustice done to him by lesser men would be understood in its proper light. Well over six feet, de Roulet spoke with an impetuous haste that I learned to recognize as consistent with his idea of himself as a man of action.

The following narrative relies largely on de Roulet's own recollection of the events that led to his expulsion from Jamaica. The more implausible episodes in the narrative I subsequently verified (and sometimes amplified) by talking to correspondents in Jamaica and officials in the State Department. I have tried to present the Ambassador's point of view, and I do not mean to detract from what he considers to be his considerable accomplishment.

I first met him at the Links Club on East Sixty-second Street in New York, where Early American prints and ancient wooden globes gave the room an air of civilized gentility. The Ambassador began by recalling the feeling of ennui that afflicted him in the summer of 1968.

"I had grown sick of sitting around the club simply complaining about things," he said. "I wanted to do something about it—to serve my country."

Noblesse oblige

ALTHOUGH WILLING TO CONSIDER any form of government service, de Roulet felt that he would be most useful as an Ambassador. At the age of forty-two he was a rich man, unashamedly proud of his race horses, his yacht, his clubs,

George Crile is a freelance writer who helped the Washington staff of Harper's *assemble much of the material in this issue.*

his inherited wealth. He sometimes boasted that he had been born into money, and that his wife—"a Whitney, you know"—belonged to one of the richest families in the country. He believed in the idea of what he called "a certain noblesse oblige in us."

De Roulet was a political conservative and would, no doubt, have contributed generously to Richard Nixon's Presidential campaign regardless of his ambitions. But, having made the decision to invest in the campaign, he thought seriously about exploring the opportunities available to him in a Nixon administration. For the first time in his life he sat down to write his curriculum vitae.

He started by citing his experience in the business world, where he is the owner of Towne-Oller & Associates, a "big, little company" that provides marketing information to the manufacturers of health and beauty aids. This company in turn owns the Patrina Corporation, which is engaged in the business of breeding and racing horses—seven or eight horses at a time.

De Roulet's passion for horse racing had led him into his major appearance in public service as a member of the New York State Racing Commission. He also listed his services as trustee of the prestigious Buckley School and as director of a Long Island bank; but his principal work had been in the field of medicine, or, as he put it, "I think I've been chairman of every standing committee of all the hospitals in Long Island City." Finally, he listed his various clubs: New York Yacht Club, Links Club, Links Golf Club, Turf and Field Club, Jockey Club, Twenty-Nine Club, Deepdale, and the Madison Square Garden Club.

Having decided on a government career, de Roulet had to find out how to get an appointment appropriate for a man of his background and experience. "I wanted to deal with the right guy," he said. "I didn't want to go through seventeen committees and all this, that, and the other thing." One option open to him was to inquire of H. R. Haldeman. De Roulet's father had introduced Haldeman's parents to each other, and the two boys had grown up together in Los Angeles, but for the task at hand he sought out another old California friend—a Republican fund raiser who set up a meeting for de Roulet with Maurice Stans.

De Roulet resented the suggestion that he sought to purchase an Ambassadorship. "They've never proved any Ambassadorships were for sale. In fact, Stans specifically told me at our first meeting that Ambassadorships are not for sale at any price." In any event, after the meeting, de Roulet said he spoke to his wife and then decided to contribute $50,000 to the 1968 campaign; a few months later he "ponied up" another $25,000, and shortly after the election he was appointed United S bassador to Jamaica.*

IN OCTOBER 1969 DE ROULET arrived ton aboard his ninety-foot yacht, *Pe* gether with a stable of race horses t tended to run at the Cayman track, h with him his amateur's conviction t foreign-service officers weren't up to lenge of true diplomacy. Within a few his arrival he developed a new respe complexity of his mission.

"Everybody thinks of Jamaica as an the sun where you drink rum and cop octoroons," he said, "but I can tell rough as hell. I jumped to my gun all I even carried a gun in my lap when through Kingston."

Whether or not the Ambassador r resort to such extreme precautions, th had in fact become unusually troub achieving independence from Great B 1962. These troubles are rarely see 300,000 American tourists who vacati maica each year. Inside the opulent to claves along the coasts, they are isola the island's problems. But, as the Jama scribe it, there's a "rich man in his cas man at his gate" quality to the count for outside of the affluent tourist encla is true poverty. The unemployment rate 25 percent, and the crime rate is extrem In recent years, the crime problem h exacerbated by the growth of the trade —a powerful Jamaican marijuana tha icans often exchange for guns. Some of t disturbing features of the times are t sional shoot-outs between the police an in Kingston and the assassination of businessmen. Underlying all of these p are a growing racial antagonism and colonial rebellion against U.S. econon trol of Jamaica's two major industries: and tourism.

The Ambassador's apprehensions al aroused by his first inspection of the K embassy. Not only was the building in down state, but he found that the Jamaic ployed by the embassy did not rise w approached. He considered this an aff his office, and thenceforth he required t stand whenever he passed by. Recall impressions at our conversations in the Club in New York, de Roulet thought it why the embassy had been allowed to f such dispirited condition. "You have to

* All told, de Roulet and his wife con $175,000 to the two Nixon campaigns. De mother-in-law, Mrs. Joan Whitney Payson, wa major contributor—$113,000 to the two Nix paigns, as well as $83,000 to Republican Cong al candidates.

plained, "that until I arrived, Kingsbe the repository of the dregs of Service."

Ambassador was impatient with the approaches to diplomacy, and he re- restrained by the rules of protocol. he even transformed the embassy's siness into a kind of comic opera. and then he would have his Foreign ficers, whom he referred to as his it on "playlets" with each one inact out the role of a Jamaican polit-. He also had them draw a cartoon imal each felt he most closely reand then had stamps made in those that they could be used to sign memos correspondence in animal code: de came a rabbit; the deputy chief of pussycat; the CIA man, an elephant. of the embassy, the new Ambassador emonstrated a talent for offending the es of his host country. In his converith me he spoke of the Jamaicans as spoiled race of people in the world," s," and as people suffering from a inferiority complex." During his tenmbassador his public characterizations n less flattering. He casually referred cans as "children," and in *Time* magwas reported to have called them "nige apparently didn't think that he was offending anyone. Neither did he think it impolitic to remark, as he frequently did, that Jamaica offered less for the tourist dollar than any other resort with which he was familiar.

When his dog was lost he placed an ad in the paper offering a $500 reward—far more than many Jamaicans earn in a year. He loved his dog and didn't understand why the newspapers wrote mocking articles, nor why some Jamaicans criticized him for valuing dogs more than people.

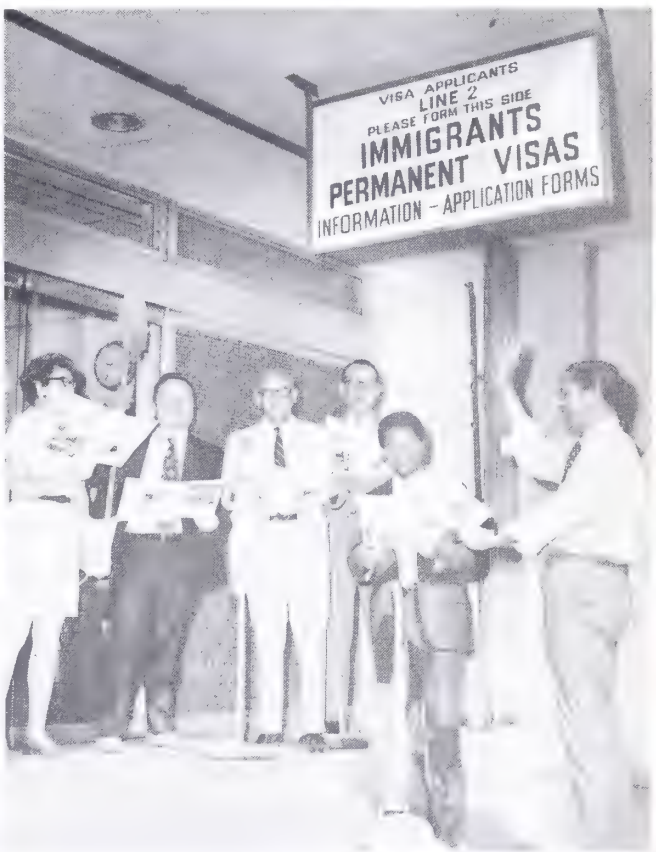
Shock treatment

ALL OF THESE SLIGHTS were minor, however, when compared to the fury that he stirred up over the question of visas. For two decades Jamaicans have been leaving their country for the United States. As de Roulet describes it, Jamaicans view a U.S. visa as "a passport to utopia, to a euphoriant utopia." Today there are an estimated 500,000 Jamaicans living in the U.S., compared to 2 million in Jamaica itself.

The problem from the standpoint of the United States is that only a fraction of the applicants can be legally admitted under our immigration quotas, which allow just a few thousand visas a year. Jamaicans have traditionally circumvented this barrier by taking out tourist visas and staying on as illegal aliens in the

"You have to remember," said de Roulet, "that until I arrived, Kingston used to be the repository of the dregs of the Foreign Service."





De Roulet and embassy officers serenading the visa applicants

United States. To prevent these back-door entries, the visa laws have been written to provide thirty-one different reasons for turning an applicant down. The result is that a screening official can, if he chooses, deny any application.

Ambassadors traditionally avoid direct contact with visa applications, but to the consternation of his State Department supervisors, de Roulet became obsessed with visas. He was determined to halt the illegal immigration, and to accomplish this goal he decided that it was necessary to use a kind of shock treatment. Jamaicans are "like women," he explained to me. "They're independent until they need something, and then all of a sudden they're not."

His visa policies soon created a bitter political controversy throughout Jamaica. He was accused of making the application process so exhausting and humiliating that Jamaicans would be discouraged from even applying.

Under previous Ambassadors the embassy had screened all of the applicants who appeared at the embassy on a given day. But de Roulet limited the number of applicants to 150 a day and made the screening process far more exacting. As a result, applicants had to queue up well before dawn to get a space in the line. Fearful of being rejected if they didn't look prosperous, they came dressed in their Sunday best and stood throughout the day wilting under the broiling sun. To add insult to injury he then closed off the embassy's toilet facilities for the visa applicants, explaining publicly that the Jamaicans use too much toilet paper and it clogs the toilets.

In an attempt to fully describe the daily scene at the visa line, de Roulet showed me one of his confidential State Department cables that he had written on the subject under the title "The Flesh Peddler." After passing the confidential document to me, he suggested I read it out loud to him, which I did.

> *It was a hot Monday morning. Summer in the Tropics had arrived and I was still in Jamaica, armed with a sinus headache but knowing full well that a long day and a long week lay ahead. I arrived at the Chancery shortly after nine and was greeted by a long line of human flesh, much resembling a funnel in shape. There are three apertures available at 43 Duke Street and the Non-Immigrant Visa line (or cattle chute as it is better known). The front door was choked with people who wanted to go and live in our country, Watergate and other problems not withstanding. With eyes aimed straight ahead at the bowels of my business I made my way through the front entrance with people picking at my arms calling on me to help get them visas.*

In another cable, which he also showed me with considerable pride, de Roulet described the desperation of a group of appli had been waiting in line since 2:00

> *The Ambassador arrived at Cha 9:10 on July 14 as the police guar entrance of the visa section was ann to the NIV applicants that there w no more interviews for the day. Th burst forward and the policeman thr self into the on-coming mob with fists. By sheer luck a riot was averted.*

IN TIME DE ROULET'S POLICIES led t that he was a racist; one television ir finally asked him if he looked down cans: "Well, when you're six foot, fo tall," he said, "it's hard to do anyth When criticized for his policies, counter with criticisms of his own. throw out a lasso and draw in all th who come there in country buses. . . . I national disgrace. Why don't you find so many people stand in line every their lives?"

On the occasion when he showe cables to the State Department, de R knowleged his role in a drama I had p heard described as "the Marine vend in a number of the controversies inv Roulet, accounts sometimes differ. Th ing is the story of the vendetta as tol Marines.

A Marine sergeant at the embassy tached from guard duty and put in the "granny corps," a collection of who were hired to clean the embassy De Roulet wanted the embassy to be and complaints had been lodged that ny corps wasn't doing its job. An inve revealed that the ladies were all religi ots who spent most of their time pray sergeant failed in his attempts to rea them, and so he resorted to a threat. clared that he was the devil and said punish them if they didn't start worki he hid in the closet, where he filled h with lighter fluid; when they came room, he threw open the door and spa fluid through a lit match. The resultin seemed to the granny corps to be fires bution, and they fled the embassy. T day the embassy was filthy, and the w tioned sergeant was put on report.

The Marines were already angry at d for having taken away their right to b free liquor. (They had been charged w ing the liquor to Jamaicans at a sizable In any case, one of the sergeant's bud parently set out to right the wrong tha had been perpetrated on his friend. W security duty that night, with a .38 on and a billy club in hand, he entered the

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sador's offices and began to search through the desk of de Roulet's secretary. He was looking for security violations, and much to his delight found, he claimed, some classified documents. On behalf of his friend, he gleefully put the Ambassador's secretary on report.

The young Marine's victory was short-lived, however, for while performing his security check he had found and eaten a stash of jelly beans that the secretary had stored in her desk. She retaliated by placing the sergeant on report for stealing her candies.

Now it was the sergeant's turn to avenge his friend; during his next night security patrol, he slipped into the Ambassador's bathroom and relieved himself in the toilet. When the deed was discovered, the outraged Ambassador struck back by putting the sergeant on report yet again—this time for defecating in the Ambassador's commode without flushing.

The sergeant's honor was now at stake, and on his next security duty he returned to the scene of the defecation to seek tougher revenge. After much fruitless searching, he spotted a wooden box on de Roulet's desk, and he carefully took out the screws and opened the box. Inside he found just what he had hoped for: several documents which, although not highly classified, had to be kept in a special safe. The triumphant sergeant put the Ambassador himself on report.

An unconventional success

ALTHOUGH DE ROULET'S IDEA of diplomacy often seemed to lead to trouble, it was, at least in the beginning, also responsible for a remarkable success. This came in the key area of diplomatic concern in Jamaica—the status of approximately $650 million worth of bauxite holdings owned by five American aluminum companies—Alcoa, Revere, Kaiser, Reynolds, and Anaconda. The importance of these holdings is substantial; aluminum is made from bauxite, and the United States relies on Jamaica for 60 percent of its imports. The State Department, wary of de Roulet's inexperience, instructed the new Ambassador to avoid any dealings with either the Jamaican government or the American aluminum companies over the bauxite question. The prohibition had a perverse effect on de Roulet; he made bauxite his consuming preoccupation. When he spoke of his efforts in this area, he did so with pride.

His first contact with the issue came immediately upon his arrival in Jamaica. The federal government, through its Overseas Private Investment Corporation (OPIC), had already extended $300 million worth of loan guarantees on U.S. bauxite/alumina investments in Jamaica, and it was recommending increasing that amount to $500 million. All that for the new guarantees to go throug the new Ambassador to grant his ap was considered a mere formality. D however, surprised everyone by firs and then steadfastly resisting pressure his approval. He said the risk to th States was too great; in his opinion t can aluminum companies had been i ble citizens in Jamaica, and he beli nationalization or expropriation ha a distinct possibility.

For six months, de Roulet held up guarantees. Finally, he gave his app only after receiving assurances from no more loan guarantees would be Jamaica. The Ambassador didn't ap the OPIC program—but once the $5(in loan guarantees had been issued, h ered it his responsibility to do wha necessary to protect the financial in his government. If that included d the orders of his State Department su so be it. "There are certain thing wheeling guy with lots of money ca explained. "I don't have to worry ab sent back to Washington to live in a house in suburbia for the rest of my

What ensued was a campaign of tional diplomacy in which a Senate mittee later found that de Roulet had special favors and implied threats in accomplish the objective he had bee cally instructed not to pursue. He had browbeating the chief executives of th can aluminum companies—insisting see to it that their companies improve lic standing in Jamaica.

These companies had come to Jama early 1950s; they bought up thou acres of land, scattering thousands families into the country's overcrowd The Jamaicans received little in retur the American firms succeeded in writi ments that allowed them to pay mini despite the enormity of their investm ther, the mining process, roughly th lent of strip mining, employs relati workers and devastates the landscape.

De Roulet's dealings with the alumi pany executives were pursued in a furtive fashion. Generally he only talke on his frequent visits to the United S then only when he had taken preca make sure that his phone was untap ally he called from a pay phone on Avenue near his New York apartment ing Central Park.

Until his intervention the chief exec the aluminum companies had never involved themselves with their compa fairs in Jamaica. But at de Roulet's i

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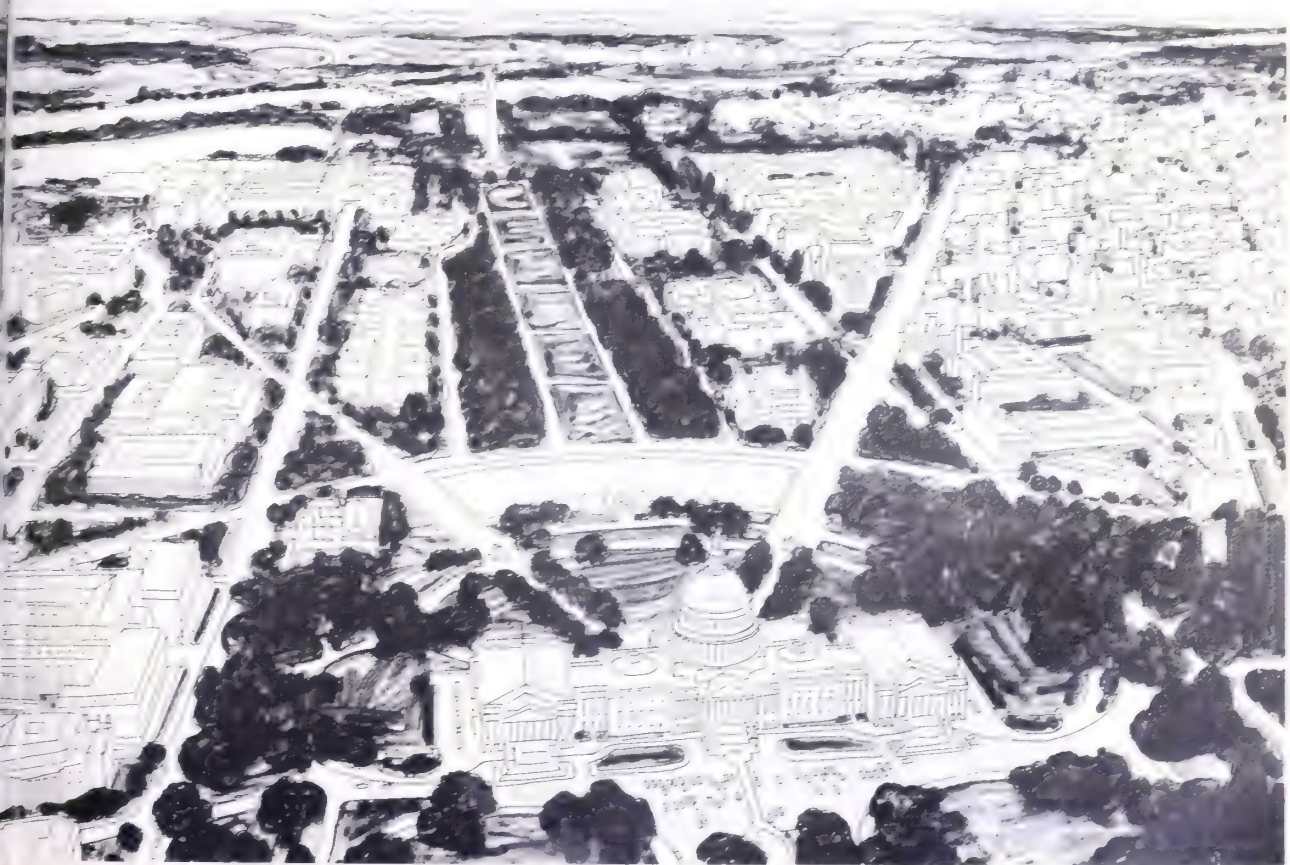
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these executives flew to Jamaica for at least ten meetings with the Jamaican government. As a result, the companies began to seriously support social programs in the country. Encouraged by this success, de Roulet began to extend his interventions into Jamaican politics. An election was coming up, and de Roulet set out to keep the question of nationalization of the American bauxite companies from being introduced into the campaign debate. He wasn't worried about the incumbent Prime Minister, Hugh Shearer, for the two men were friends. Shearer was what de Roulet called a "realist" —that is, a man willing to strike a deal. "In the whole time I dealt with him," de Roulet said, "I never had to listen to a long speech about his little people with withering bellies and the back-to-Africa crap. He was a hard-boiled businessman. He knew where his bread was buttered."

De Roulet was worried, however, about Shearer's rival in the election, Michael Manley. The danger with Manley, he explained, was that "he was much more of a socialist dedicated to an egalitarian society." De Roulet felt it essential to the interests of the United States to keep Manley from taking office, and he devised what was later characterized as a "deal" to get Shearer reelected. The Ambassador's scheme called first for getting Shearer an appointment with President Nixon. Ordinarily a President would not take the time to meet with the Jamaican Prime Minister, but de Roulet was be sisted in his efforts by his lifelong frien Haldeman. In the letter requesting an a ment, de Roulet pointed out that Shea not only violently anti-Communist but could be relied upon to maintain the in of American investments in Jamaica. Th Ambassador observed, was important for ety of reasons, "not the least of which fact that some of the President's close porters have extensive real-estate holdi Jamaica." De Roulet concluded by assur President that Shearer was a well-dress courteous Negro—not likely to say anyth flammatory or embarrassing, and pote valuable in enhancing the President's appeal with blacks.

The appointment was granted. In addi the Presidential meeting de Roulet also ar to have a $20 million AID loan announc before the election. As a further concessi took Shearer to see Richard Helms, the di of the CIA.

"I manipulated it," he said. "Yes, I br him right into the CIA building," the A sador declared proudly. "It gave us a cha talk about Cuba a hell of a lot, and it g a chance to get a hook into him. You kn makes these guys a Big Thing in the World."

In exchange for these offerings de R said that Shearer agreed not to raise the of nationalization in the campaign. "I thi got the general impression that the Pre of the United States in those days was a man to have as a friend and the bauxite were nice people to have as friends."*



Ambassador de Roulet with Prime Minister Shearer

IT WAS A FEW MONTHS LATER, in the spri 1971, that de Roulet reached the zenith brief career in the Foreign Service. He violated virtually every diplomatic taboo none of that seemed to matter. He was a cess. Not a humdrum success, mind you, full-blown, officially certified success. The ration was made by a team of career Fo Service officers in a confidential inspectio port which begins as follows: "Under the orous, skillful, and intelligent leadership non-career Chief of Mission, Embassy Kin gets highest marks for its achievements respect to U.S. objectives." The inspectors mented that the Ambassador's diplomatic was unconventional, but, they concluded works."

Also at about this time, President Ni personal lawyer, Herbert Kalmbach, fle Jamaica to attend Mrs. de Roulet's birt party. The Ambassador pledged Kalm

* Both Manley and Shearer subsequently d that they had made any deals with de Roulet.

r the President's 1972 campaign. ad begun to dream of an Ambas- gnment in Europe. The next year, candidate for Prime Minister un- lost the election. Instead of Hugh Jamaican electorate chose Michael son of one of Jamaica's national himself a deeply popular and charis- r. The country's poor embraced a kind of savior. Jamaicans often cal names to their politicians. They ey Joshua and Shearer Pharaoh, and chant their approval when Manley e would take them out of Egypt to Then he would hold up a cane that is "rod of correction" and say he it to sweep out the corruption of

not the kind of rhetoric that would Roulet, and I can imagine that on er Manley's election he began to lose Jamaica. He was suspicious of Man- ous of him despite his polished man- education at the London School of . Among the people in Manley's gov- e Roulet saw only a pitiful parallel ds of government officials found in l Africa.

ıow," he said, "somebody once said one of those cute little countries a guy who was twenty-eight years old London School of Economics as Fi- nister, and it's so true. It's sooooo

er the reason for his despondency, de on gave up his interventions in high l resumed his fitful questioning of un- isa applicants. He began to use his to harass those applicants of whom he ed. The first of these was Miriam the African singer and wife of Stokely el. She was staying in Jamaica as the Dudley Thompson, the Minister of , when she applied for a visa to travel ited States for a concert performance, t refused to grant it. He again showed le that he had sent to the State Depart- which he referred to Miss Makeba as Carmichael's "apparently well-known, , and well-endowed singer wife," later ting songbird" and the "*chanteuse* of

ulet looks back on his confrontation michael over the visa application with stakable pride of a triumphant warrior. n't even make me mad. I expected g, you know, really something fiery ionate and articulate. The funny part e's a creep."

news got out that de Roulet would not the visa, articles appeared in the papers and finally in the *New York Times*. Legally, the State Department cannot overrule an embassy decision on visas, but when calls started to pour in complaining that Miss Makeba's visa was being denied because she was black and married to Stokely Carmichael, an official in the visa section intervened. He felt that de Roulet was simply toying with Miss Makeba, and he ordered the Ambassador to grant the visa.

Undaunted by this rebuke, de Roulet soon created an even bigger headache for the State Department when he refused to grant a visa to Mick Jagger of the Rolling Stones. This incident was equally troubling because Jagger was trying to get to a charity concert on behalf of the Nicaraguan disaster relief fund. De Roulet said he couldn't grant the visa even if he had wanted to because he "had reason to believe" that Jagger was using drugs. The Ambassador entitled his cable "Rolling Stones Gather No Grass," and once again he informed his supervisors that he would not grant the visa to the "pebbles," as he called them, unless ordered to do so.

An order was given, but de Roulet still refused to grant the visa. He said he would first have to personally examine Jagger for needle marks. He finally granted the visa.

"De Roulet refused to grant a visa to Miriam Makeba, whom he described as Stokely Carmichael's 'apparently well-known, corpulent, and well-endowed singer wife.'"

Persona non grata

ASIDE FROM AN OCCASIONAL minor incident, de Roulet subsided into boredom and torpor as he awaited news on his expected promotion. In the meantime, he turned his attentions to his race horses and contented himself with making friends with John Connally, then in Jamaica trying to work out a cattle deal with the Manley government. Occasionally de Roulet roused himself to his old form. On one such occasion, he delivered a lecture to a mixed audience of Americans and Jamaicans in which he declared that Prime Minister Manley had an ambivalent personality, which he attributed to Manley's mixed racial origin. But none of this got him into any serious trouble until he was called back to Washington to testify before a Senate subcommittee investigating the abuses of multinational corporations. He was asked to comment on any actions he might have taken to protect U.S. bauxite investments in Jamaica. To the surprise of his audience of Senators, de Roulet freely described what he had done to get Shearer's assurance not to raise the issue of nationalization. And then he dropped his bombshell. He said that he had managed to extract a similar promise from Michael Manley during the elections. The Ambassador explained that Manley and his advisers were fearful that the CIA might intervene in the Jamaican elections as it had allegedly done several years before in Guyana. In his testimony, de Roulet said he had

taken advantage of the situation by offering Manley his word "as a gentleman" that the United States would not interfere in the coming election. In return, de Roulet said, he asked for and won a pledge from Manley not to raise the nationalization issue in the campaign.

The State Department was dumbfounded. Ambassadors are not supposed to do that sort of thing, and if they do they're certainly not supposed to talk about it—at least not in public. The Acting Assistant Secretary of State for Inter-American Affairs, Robert Hurwitch, immediately asked for the opportunity to set the record straight. He was worried that the impression might have been left that the State Department had been a party to some sort of improper "deals." Hurwitch acknowledged that prior to 1969 the United States had dealt with other countries in the hemisphere "as client states or with some kind of patronizing attitude," but all that has changed, he insisted. No longer was the United States employing what he called "trashy tactics." Hurwitch pleaded for understanding. "There is no deal, was no deal, nor was any deal intended," he told the now-astounded Senators. And then he made a similar appeal to the press and to any members of the embassy of Jamaica who might be present. They must understand and make their countrymen understand "that there was no intervention by the United States, past, present, or future, none was planned, and there was no deal on this matter."*

De Roulet, who was listening as Hurwitch spoke, did not understand why the Assistant Secretary was getting so excited. "I think it's perfectly proper to solicit something out of a politician when he's running for office," he observed later. It seemed to him that Hurwitch was making a bit of a mountain out of a molehill. It seemed that everyone was. Within a matter of hours, Prime Minister Manley had taken the drastic step of declaring him persona non grata, and overnight the incident was transformed into a raging national controversy, known in the Jamaican papers as the "de Roulet Affair." De Roulet reasoned that Manley's actions were the product of a psychologically troubled man.

He discussed the subject during our last conversation together, also at the Links Club in New York, and as he slumped back into a deep leather chair he seemed to become philosophical. Manley he dismissed as a "latent alcoholic," and Jamaica he thought of as "a hopeless cause." But these things were pe
the merest shadows, and to say that he
the victim of petty circumstance didn't
the larger questions that were troubli
He wanted to understand what had gon

"The only problem, I guess," he
simply that I stayed too long. Now, if I
ten out in time I'd have been written
finest Ambassador Jamaica ever had. T
that probably caused the trouble in the
that I never lost sight of the fact that I
for the United States government."

The Ambassador then reflected on th
virtues he had brought to his job. "Linc
from the Whitney family, whom I'm sur
heard of, and my family had some
You've got a certain noblesse oblig
That's really what it was all about—
oblige—but it was a noblesse oblige
activist zeal."

De Roulet's only real regret is that h
not have a chance to put his ability to w
where. "I wanted to go where there wa
ment, wheeling and dealing, where I c
to use the things I'd learned in Jamaic

When we walked out of the Links
stepped into his dark limousine and he s
out his legs as his chauffeur pulled aw
the curb and turned down Park Aven
Ambassador suddenly gestured to th
ment buildings on his left and right an
with a restored note of conviction:
people all around here and all they do
plain all the time. Well I went out and d
thing about it."

The confirmation of Vincent de R
by the Senate Foreign Relations Co
tee took about ten minutes. Sen. J
Javits delivered the only major staten
"Mr. Chairman, Mr. de Roulet is pe
ally known to me socially and politi
He is mayor of the Village of North
(pop. 385), which is very close to
York, and I have known him in that c
ity, talked with him about municipa
fairs, etc. And he is also quite well k
to me socially. His wife is the daught
Joan Payson, a friend of mine of very
standing, a very distinguished Long Is
family, New York family indeed, and
very well acquainted therefore with
de Roulet on both counts. I commend
to the Committee as a nominee for
post to Jamaica. I know Jamaica
well myself, and I think that he wi
congenial to them, and they to him. I t
Mr. de Roulet as Ambassador can mak
important contribution to better u
standing of the problems in the U
States and make more and deeper fri
ships for us in the Caribbean."

* Until de Roulet's testimony, the only public calls in Jamaica for nationalization of the bauxite industry had come from a few left-wing professors at Jamaica's universities. But thereafter no serious Jamaican politician could afford to be known as a toady of the United States. Within months, the Jamaicans, following the lead of the Arab oil countries, tripled the taxes and royalties taken from the American aluminum companies. Most knowledgeable observers believe this is only the first in a series of planned moves.

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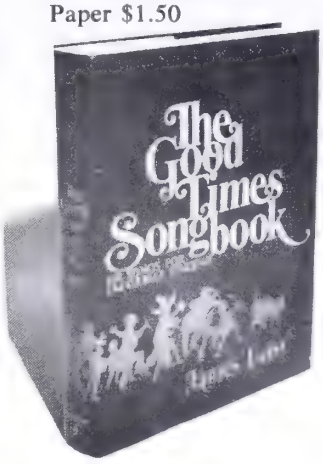
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John Fischer

THE EASY CHAIR

Watergate chaser: the all-American tonic



ON NOVEMBER 18 the spokesmen for twenty-two communities will gather in the public rooms of the Town and Country Hotel in San Diego for an unusual competition. During the next two days they will speak in turn to a jury of twelve men and women, and will present thick dossiers of evidence, usually documented with photographs and blueprints. The purpose of each spokesman will be to persuade the jurors that the citizens of his city or small town have done something remarkable—perhaps unique—to make it a better place to live in. Each of them will be hoping that the jury will designate his community as an All-America City: a title more coveted throughout the country than the cynical residents of New York and Los Angeles can easily imagine.

The twenty-two delegations will be the finalists in a competition among some 130 cities; the others already have been eliminated by a screening committee of the National Municipal League, the organization that has sponsored the contest for the past twenty-five years. Chairman of the jury will be Dr. George H. Gallup, the dean of pollsters, who is also chairman of the League's Council and of the American Institute of Public Opinion. After weighing the testimony before them, he and his fellow jurors will confer their award on ten or eleven of the contestants they deem outstanding. Their judgment will not be based on the doings of any local politician or bureaucrat. What they will look for is the voluntary effort of ordinary citizens to solve the problems of their community. Neither will they look for model cities; a city may have plenty of uncured ills so long as there is evidence that a substantial number of its citizens are working hard and intelligently to find some remedies.

FOR EXAMPLE, one of the winners last year was Albion, Michigan, a small industrial town not far from Battle Creek. About a quarter of its population is black, and it had long been plagued by the racial tensions common to such communities. But when other neighboring towns erupted into rioting, arson, and looting, Albion did not. Its peace was preserved, not by a tough police department or experts on race relations, but primarily by the initiative of Mrs. Barbara Gladney, the wife of a black police sergeant. In 1968 she and her husband got together with a couple of white frends, Paul and Sandy Pimentel, to talk about the lack of social contact between the r the resulting misunderstand resentments. The four of cided to invite a few of the white, and Chicano friends mal coffee parties. By 19 forty couples were meetir regularly; they ended up by The Melting Pot, a social tion that sponsored interra nics, dinners, and dances. dents, the most volatile el the community, they organ sessions. In all, more tha people attended Melting P ings. Since many of these more active and concerned of their neighborhoods, th able to spot any incipient and damp it down.

Truman Barnes, driver o bion school bus, was both 1965 by the town's worst an abandoned forty-eight-a pond. It had silted up, chok water weeds and accumula of junk—from tin cans to ol along its banks. He persuade Boy Scouts to help him mak a yard at a time, at cleanin mess. A year later they had 100 people, youngsters and in their project. By 1970 it panded into a campaign to the Kalamazoo River, whi through Albion. Some 500 vo devoted their weekends to

John Fischer, an associate editor of this magazine, has just finished a book, The Almost Good Society, *about innovations in local and regional government. It will be published next spring by Harper & Row.*

ing out trash, and plant-
ng its banks.
nteers alone could not
the silted pond; they
ey for equipment and
help. Barnes organized
recycling center to col-
ll old newspapers and
it has earned more than
he dredging fund.
ac, the high-school ath-
, had a different kind of
most towns, Albion stu-
hard time finding any-
during the summers, ex-
round the drugstores and
joints. Nearly all were
were tempted into van-
1968 Isaac got the idea
m he called Earn, Learn,
e started with 100 young-
morning that summer
l for one hour at painting,
schoolyards and parking
ing the innumerable other
t went undone around
is they were paid modest
rest of the morning they
y and study—swimming,
amics, science, art, camp-
nd remedial reading and
s. Lagging students got a
atch up with their school-
rs had their first exposure
activities; many got their
ence on a job.
ce the project Isaac col-
ney from friends and
; later he got a grant from
Foundation. Volunteers
th the supervision and
he scheme was so popular
people that it expanded
until 1973, when it was
ed into the regular public-
mer program and opened
nterested students.
lbion residents got in the
ing things for themselves,
ched out in other direc-
citizen-operated historical
day-care center, a volun-
lance service, a housing
onsored by local churches.
now is fairly teeming with
s, and they aren't self-
about it.

UD, MINNESOTA, on the
nand,had suffered from too
goodism. Its 40,000 people
100 years been besotted
e in their cultural institu-
se include one of the state's

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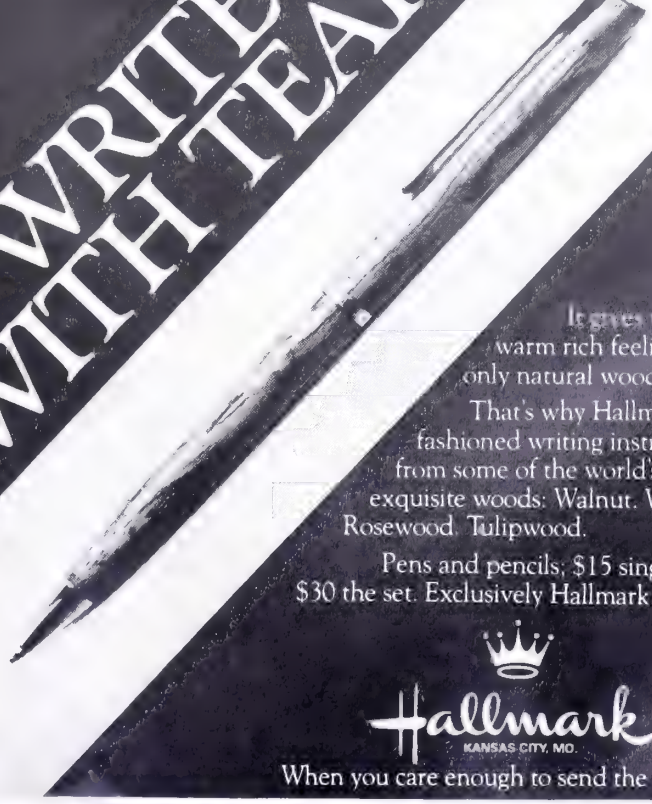


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LENNART NILSSON



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earliest teachers' colleges, a Benedictine monastery that spawned Saint John's University and the College of Saint Benedict, a veterans' hospital built on land contributed by local citizens, a reform school, a community health center with a staff of 1,400, and a superior school system. The voters have never turned down a school-bond issue.

But all these institutions, alas, were tax exempt; as they grew and demanded more municipal services, they came to occupy more than half of the taxable land in the city. As property taxes on the remaining land climbed steadily, St. Cloud finally realized that it was doing more good than it could afford. Since nobody wanted to close down any of the institutions, the city had no choice but to create a bigger tax base.

To that end, 160 local residents formed a volunteer, nonprofit organization called St. Cloud Opportunities. It sold enough bonds to pay for a tract of 182 acres just outside the town boundaries. This land was annexed to the city, provided with roads, water lines, and sewerage, and promoted nationwide as St. Cloud Industrial Park.

By 1973 all the industrial sites had been sold to eleven major new industries. They brought in more than 3,000 additional jobs, with a payroll above $20 million. Equally important, the new firms have invested more than $25 million in buildings and equipment; the property tax on this investment brings in about $387,000 a year to the city treasury. Moreover, St. Cloud did not accept just any old industry that came along. It insisted on nonpolluting, environmentally sound plants; neither did it offer tax exemptions or any of the other traditional bribes to persuade them to locate there. The city's attractiveness and its cultural institutions were inducement enough.

To make it still more attractive, and to widen the tax base a little further, St. Cloud decided to remodel its aging downtown business district. The job was not left to a few professional planners. Instead the initiative was taken by some 200 merchants and businessmen, who held a series of meetings to get the views of the whole community. After more than 100 sessions, a consensus emerged: traffic had to be diverted to a ring road system around the core of the city, an obsolete bridge on Main Street had to be replace central shopping district closed to automobiles. good part of the cost, downtown property subsc than $500,000. The resul ping district that now co cessfully with suburban kets—and which, incide won a special award fro nesota Society of Archite

As its most triumphant ment, St. Cloud set up a r of metropolitan governme and all its neighboring co It includes a metropolita commission, a regional se ment plant, a comprehensi tem, and a regional healt ter—all leading to co though hard-to-specify, ec

The residents of St. Clo get back to do-gooding hearts' content, and stay the same time.

ALBION AND ST. CLOUD remarkable as you m On the contrary, they are resentative of the eight munities that won All-An awards last year—and others that have won th past, not to mention hu others that came close but final competition. I have that additional civic ach diverse but just as impre emerge in next month's c

At a time when we all by the news of Watergat and assorted rascalities i fice, it is easy to believe whole social fabric is Certainly it is under strain one who takes a careful lo is happening in countless ties throughout the cou help but feel a little rea isn't easy, because places l and St. Cloud rarely mak tional news. We know mor like about Dean and L who, beyond their neighb heard of Barbara Gladne Ray Rowland of St. Cloud, Cervantes of La Habra. or Joe Mason of Jamest York? Or thousands like are working, uncelebrated, their hometowns a little mo of their pride. While their may be low, they are the th hold the social fabric toge

OOKS



LETS AND DITIES

W. Russell III

ard Concordance to e, edited by Marvin Spe- d University Press, $45.

E PEOPLE with a passion ooks. Not trifles like *War* or *Clarissa*, but collec- tions of *everything*. For ose with enough of a pas- ia to know that it was ice cream that Chico g in *A Day at the Races* a runner-up in the first niversity Trivia Contest ying, "tutti-frutti," for there is a new book.

r than *Bartlett's;* in fact, an *Bartlett's* and *Roget's* At any rate, it's 1,600 and thirteen inches high es wide by four inches spect it took about two py. It's called *The Har- rdance to Shakespeare*, dited by Marvin Spevack M 360/50. Don't let the you: although based on l-edited *Riverside Shake-* ntly issued to exaggerated arvard has always had a emaic conception of the the *Concordance* is really last great monuments to olarship.

, of course, a book that vill want to own. Those acks or rickety tables had the opportunity. But it is worth perusing on a cold ok worth at least borrow- for the exercise.

s they say, tell you more kespeare than you really want to know, but much that is useful, too. What the American edition does is to list every word in the Riverside edition of Shakespeare, with a "frequency," a "relative frequency," and a frequency split between verse and prose. For most words it also gives, arranged by play, each use of each word, or as it calls them, the "context" for each use. Thus we are given twenty-five columns of all the uses of *good,* which come to 2,960, making it the forty-fourth most frequently used word in Shakespeare. Fortunately, we are spared a list of contexts for the forty-three most frequently used words. Thus for number one, *the*, we get merely a frequency (27,457), a relative frequency (3.1037), and a split (20,835V, 6,622P). The German edition also lists frequencies separately for each play, and even for each character in that play. (All counts are exclusive of emendations.)

The precision is impressive, even visually. The previous effort, in the late nineteenth century, saved space by printing successive entries continuously; here each entry has a separate line. Thus Shylock's "I thank thee, good Tubal; good news, good news," is listed three times under *good*. And Lear's great line is listed five times in the *never* column.

The Harvard Concordance does have a certain entertainment value; it is, in a strange way, a "good read." You can, for instance, use it to test your knowledge of Shakespeare. Glancing at several short entries I was surprised at how often I could cite the line with that word. (I got one of two *unhoused*s, placed *equalities* and *epicurism*—both from *King Lear*—and guessed right that *accusativo* came from one of the schoolboy scenes from *The Merry Wives of Windsor*. On the other hand, I knew only one of the three *button*s, a word which Shakespeare seems to have been the first to use in its modern sense.)

Another potential discovery—though for this you need the German edition, with its appendix listing words by frequencies—is the rather fanciful portrait that can be built up of Shakespeare based on how often he uses certain words: he has as many *cousin*s as *husband*s, although both are matched by his *through*s. A balanced view of life is evidenced by a parity between *milk* and *murder*, though both are relatively infrequent, occurring less than one-tenth as often as *truth*, which is matched by *woman* and, rather oddly, by *Caesar*. Those who like to see Shakespeare as optimistic and benevolent will be cheered to find that *hate* occurs 183 times, *love*, 2,259; that, although 2,960 people or things are *good*, only 130 are *bad*. There are also 252 *tomorrow*s, and only 25 *yesterday*s, but those looking for Keats's famous "negative capability" will be reassured by the 1,075 *never*s. Frivolous? No doubt; but to learn that Shakespeare thought of things happening "ere" other things only half as often (386 times) as he thought of them happening "til" other things happened (742) is to learn a bit about

Thomas W. Russell III, formerly editor of On Film, *has taught Shakespeare at Yale.*



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his ideas about the past and future, about causality, about time.

The German edition provides another insight. A quick count of columns in the "frequency" appendix shows that Shakespeare used a plurality of his words—in fact, nearly half—only *once*. Good words, too, as in Hamlet's father's ghost's description of his state at death—"Unhouseled, disappointed, unannealed"—an entire line made of three words Shakespeare found no use for again. Or *assassination*, a word used once in *Macbeth* and never again, even though that use marks its first recorded appearance in English. To invent words, use them once, and then discard them like old Kleenexes suggests a profligate parsimony, an author's supreme confidence in his own foison.

PART OF THE JOY of the *Concordance*, along with the dopey numerical paraphernalia, is the various typographical conventions used to distinguish one kind of word from another, with a rigor that is positively Empsonian: the list begins with *'A'*, *'A*, */A'*, *A'**, */A'**, *A**, */A**, all before we get to *Aaron*.

One problem with the book is that, once you get involved with the statistics and appendixes, you start wishing there were more. While all that information was in the computer, why didn't they do more with it? Why, in the American edition, couldn't they reprint the table of relative frequencies, or even just a list of the once-used words? Why not a separate list of the words Shakespeare invented? Why, instead, only the three meager appendixes, given over to homonyms and hyphenated words, telling us little more than that *viol-de-gamboys* is alphabetized under *viol, gamboys*, and *de*?

But since this is a book for which I, for one, am grateful, I don't want to end on a sour note. So I will just point out that the book, although typeset by a computer, is really quite elegant. Typographically it is worlds above the German edition, which is set in computer type. The Harvard version is thus able to employ lower case and bold face, making it a great deal easier to use than the original. In fact, it could easily be said to be more elegant graphically than the First Folio itself, even if not, perhaps, as rewarding. □

ETHNIC IDENTITY

by Vincent Crapanzan

Blood of My Blood, by Gambino. Doubleday, $7.9

THEN NIXON REFERRED Sirica as a "wop judg gate became the first pul since *The Godfather* to g talking about Italians in thi The "scenario," as Nixon involved most of our stere Italians making it in There were the powerful ymous Mafiosi lurking be President's dealings in Flo his connections in Las Veg was Donald Segretti, the s punk kid; Peter Rodino, th New Jersey family man in every Italian mother's fav and, of course, the judge, th esteem, *il giudice*, the ideal piration. Whoever they were the Mafiosi, the Segrettis, nos, or the Siricas, they hac They were far removed fron erate peasants who started into this country at the en last century, fleeing the *m* southern Italy and Sicily.

There are today in the States upwards of 20 mil ians. Most of them are des of these peasants who soug in America and instead foun ty—different to be sure poverty of the Mezzogiorno, erty all the same. They settl tle Italies throughout the They learned to live in ci rather than in hovels, to su to rich landowners but to who spoke a language they understand. They saved wh money they could—first t their wives, their children, tives so distant that they w be recognized as relatives other group of Americans, to buy a house with a plot where they could nurse a fi maturity, grow arugola and w tard and even a few grapes f made wine. They dreamed o

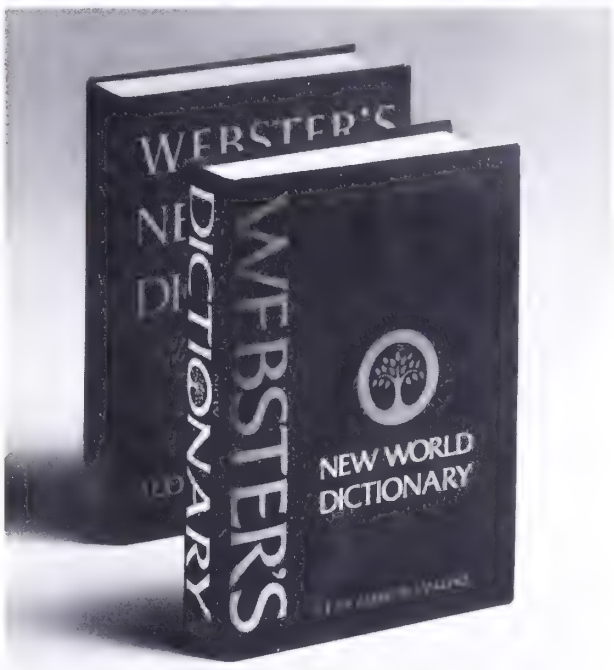
Vincent Crapanzano is an anthropo the author of The Hamadsha *(Un California Press).*

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life of the *galantuomo*,
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mbino's *Blood of My*
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only to find his iden-
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via vecchia bears little resemblance to the ways of the old country.) Gambino is no exception. He, too, falls into the trap of confusing the immigrant's myth of Italy with the reality of Italy itself. He seeks in his Italy an explanation and a justification for the ways of the Italian-American and does not recognize that the response is part of the myth.

ONE OF THE PROBLEMS with *Blood of My Blood* is its New York City parochialism. It fails to distinguish between Italian-Americans just as it fails to distinguish between, say, Neapolitans and Sicilians. There is no acknowledgement of class among a people who come from a highly stratified society. The ethnic continuity of the Italian-American is considerably more illusory than Gambino suggests. He does much to break the stereotype of the Italian-American that many Americans hold, but he risks substituting one stereotype, more to his liking, for another. The Italian-American man is, Gambino tells us, neither the volatile, hot-blooded Latin, jealous of his honor and his women, nor the man in the Alka-Seltzer commercial—simple, happy-go-lucky, and sentimental. He is neither the swaggering scoundrel nor the buffoon. He is instead an *uomo di pazienza*, a man of patience, of inner control, of self-reliance and reserve. The Italian-American woman is the center of the family, of life; the ideal of womanliness is *la serietà*, seriousness, competence. She takes pride in her body and her role as mother and wife. (Gambino tries to defend the Italian-American male from assault by feminism. We learn that a favorite toast, *felicità e figli maschi*, "happiness and male children,"—"reflects economic values rather than male chauvinism." One wonders what Gambino would make of such proverbs, quoted in Carla Bianca's recent book *The Two Rosetos*, as "Miserable is the home where the hen sighs and the cock is quiet," "Never buy women and cloth in the dark," or "When the husband speaks, the wife must lose her voice.")

The family is the core of Italian-American life. Its order, the *ordine della famiglia*, governs not only relations within the family but its very posture to the outsider. Gambino observes that, for the peasant, all other social institutions were the spectrum of attitude from indifference to scorn tempt." He might well ha a southern Italian lulla from Bianca:

The love of your moth only love,
The love of other peopl words.

Your own people love y The other people's love nothing....

Your mother's house i is safe, is gold.
Outside is dark, is black, is there.

These attitudes obviou with the American notion subordinated to outside in Perhaps their most retrog fect has been on educatio Americans are one of the cated ethnic groups in th States. They have brought as Gambino says, "an anti-school bias." Their p of education is summed u traditional saying, "A ca and bread makes for beau dren." A child who is well Gambino tells us, is not n one with schooling but r whose character has been those values and attitudes, l skills that perpetuate the fan There is here again a very tive strain, one reflected in that Gambino does not qu who makes his child better self shall cry one day."

Gambino is most defens he treats the conflicts of th American. His explanation chanical, even when he wri himself. "My mother's se eration insistence that I d school and my ability to d ated special problems for r defined my personal situ third-generation terms whil cial environment was still ing in second-generation (What does this mean, anyw seems incapable of distin what is typical of boys of l economic class from what i of his own ethnic backgro goes to exaggerated length serve a clean image of the American. Writing about c example, he quite unders emphasizes that most Itali icans have nothing whatsoe

fia. But then he goes on
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who believe this—and
there are—it is hardly
ng in a book which none
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dded in his cultural tra-
he has lost the edge on
his people that is neces-
ccurate and sympathetic
□

I THE GAY
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ı Gaiser

s Can't Always Be Lov-
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s mid many wrinkles,
eyes,
ient, glittering eyes,
gay.

—W. B. Yeats
"Lapis Lazuli"

WORD has been usurped
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iew, perhaps irrevocable
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ı ebullience rooted in wis-
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the term was originally a
, rising from the subcul-
elected for its irony.
ıy redeems *Roommates*
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but occasionally funny)
ived by the former edi-
ay, a homosexual news-
e book offers a seem-
ıling panorama—the highs
of gay life. Lige Clarke
Nichols' advice to their
mbines common sense with
ıumor. Still, the letters
lected indicate a certain
aying the homosexual as a

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well-adjusted individual, buffeted about by a hostile society but smiling through the storm. Where are the hysterics, hypochondriacs, desperate alcoholics, potential suicides who appear daily in lonelyhearts columns for heterosexual readers? This presents a bewildering anomaly, since the gay population, harassed as it is, should be even more driven to extreme behavior. The "gaiety" demonstrated here is a bit too frenetic to be wholly convincing. The most poignant (and least genitally obsessed) letter is signed, "Johnny from Philadelphia."

> *Ten years I have lived in the same neighborhood with a Black Gay. . . . He is beautiful and very Black and so very Gay. . . . For ten years we have walked past and hungrily searched into the depths of one another's eyes. Still not a word have passed our tormented lips. I have now entered my first year of medical college, but sorrowfully, he dropped out of school while in the tenth grade. . . . The problem lies in the desire that we entensely share for one another. I sometimes wonder if this problem would exist if it were not for the fact that we don't differ. . . . Only in that of our skin pigmentation. Fore you see, he is a beautiful Black Gay and I, White. . . . When will the silence be broken, and how do one go about it?*

Lige and Jack respond sagely:

> *We suspect that* you *are the beautiful Gay dropout and your intended one is the White fellow who's in . . . medical school. No matter, except that you shouldn't have tried to hide the fact that you're Black. . . . Learn to be proud of your Blackness. . . . the most terrible barriers in the world can be jumped when you grin from ear to ear and offer a stranger your hand.*

Scattered among the letters are brief essays in which the authors confront the serious problems their gay readers share—coming out, meeting someone, anti-gay crusaders. Quoting constantly from Walt Whitman, Lige and Jack trumpet their quaint reassurances: be yourself, life is beautiful, everything will be all right. Such blissed-out optimism is poignant enough, but for heterosexuals, at least, it is bound to seem as useful as the philosophy of Norman Vincent Peale. Dear Lige and Jack, why don't you read Voltaire?

The Lesbian Myth wa
The Sodom Myth. O
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rats, monkeys, chimpanze
analogy likely to endear
Lesbian subjects. Miss
has views on human
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book gather momentum
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Wysor's pedantry. By th
ever, Yeats's vision may b
in a wider sense than "J
Philadelphia" might dream
things fall and are built
And those that build them
gay."

"The sand...little flowers here and there...
the sea and the sky. I love it."

Lynn Houston on her
twelfth visit to Bermuda.





"I used to hunt Easter eggs here.
Mum and Dad hid them everywhere—
in the trees, between the little rocks."



t's great to be on this big
ı of green again, looking onto
that blue ocean."

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LETTERS

The Ford model

Saul Friedman's article ["In Praise of Ignorance," August] relating Vice-President Ford's career and expertise is well written and beautifully innocent. However, Friedman doesn't mention Ford's adamant sponsorship of a proposed impeachment of Justice William O. Douglas, ostensibly for publishing an article in a magazine of which Ford disapproved. This plan made headlines for months until wiser heads in the Republican party quashed it. Ford was not as eager to pursue righteousness in the matter of passing judgment on his old friend Richard Nixon. I'm forced to concur with the *Manchester Guardian*: "We needed a Lincoln, but got a Ford instead."

OLE LILLELAND
Pasadena, Calif.

Editor's note: The thirty-eighth President of the United States himself reminded the nation that it's getting a Ford, not a Lincoln.

Critics and criticism

I must suppose that anyone acquainted with my work and with the opinions I have expressed over the years, or even anyone who carefully read the passages from my recent book *Sincerity and Authenticity* which Saul Bellow quoted and commented on in his recent essay ["Machines and Storybooks," August], will not require my statement that Mr. Bellow has misrepresented my views, to the extent, indeed, of exactly inverting their intention. To anyone who failed to see that this is the case and who is interested either in what I actually said or in the critical processes of the mind of one of our notable novelists, I suggest a small comparative study of the last chapter of *Sincerity and Authenticity* and Mr. Bellow's interpretation of it.

This constitutes my chief response to the substance of Mr. Bellow's strange performance. As to its tone, I would call attention to his curiously contemptuous attitude toward intellectuals, especially professors. He is, of course, a distinguished member of both groups.

LIONEL TRILLING
Aspen, Colo.

SAUL BELLOW REPLIES:

So Professor Trilling and I do not disagree after all, and I suppose that I have been unfair to him. But he is mistaken if he thinks his position is clearly stated. His essay is anything but clear. Why is he surprised by my misinterpretation? His surprise surprises me. He cites T. S. Eliot and Walter Benjamin on the end of storytelling and J. H. Plumb on the decline of narrative history. Does he indicate anywhere that he disagrees with these authors? He does not. He writes obscurely, and I read impatiently. Enough said. Those who are interested in this unhappy question are advised to read his essay and judge for themselves.

Internal security

I should like to point out two errors in Murray Kempton's "The Sound of Tinkling Brass" [August].

Mr. Kempton states: "Otto Otepka, a State Department security officer, undertook to alert ordinary Americans to what he [illegible] be the peril of Commun[illegible] in our foreign policy by [illegible] sonnel files to a Congres[illegible] tigating committee."

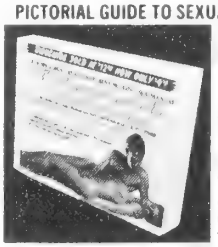
Mr. Otepka had tes[illegible] the Senate Internal Secu[illegible] mittee to the effect that [illegible] widespread laxity in the [illegible] tion of required security [illegible] in the State Departm[illegible] ples of laxity included [illegible] ing of security clearance [illegible] of clearances, and horiz[illegible] designed to evade secu[illegible] ments. When Mr. Otepka [illegible] denied under oath that [illegible] of laxness were valid, h[illegible] by the committee to sub[illegible] statements with evidence [illegible] ka thereupon supplied d[illegible] evidence to the comm[illegible] proved laxity as charged [illegible] that his superiors had [illegible] oath. This was the descri[illegible] beginning of the Otepka [illegible] appeared in the publishe[illegible] the Senate Internal Secur[illegible] mittee. The documentary [illegible] gave to the committee t[illegible] charges consisted of t[illegible] which were classified "cc[illegible] not personnel files. Fo[illegible] Otepka was demoted, ar[illegible] for over five years. The St[illegible] ment officials who had per[illegible] selves were never put on [illegible]

Elsewhere in the a[illegible] Kempton implies that Ral[illegible] charges of safety defects [illegible] vair were valid. In the [illegible] 1972, after extensive in[illegible] the Corvair was given a c[illegible] health by the National Hig[illegible] fic Safety Administration. [illegible] sion was concurred with b[illegible] in the decision-making pro[illegible] including policy makers, [illegible] and technical staff. Mr[illegible] charges were *not* substanti[illegible]

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Accuracy in M[illegible]
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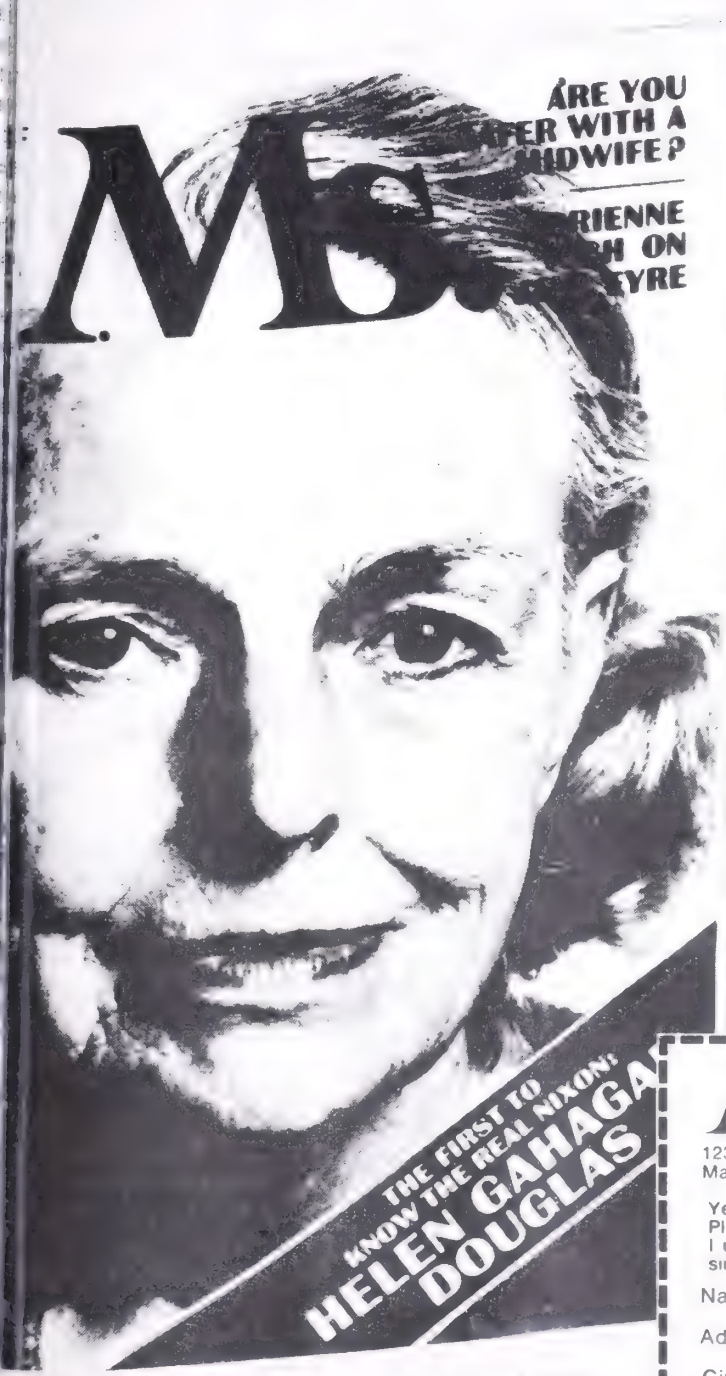
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Doesn't this sound like the kind of open-ended, honest magazine you've been looking for all your life? And this is just a sample of the many candid, vitally important articles you'll be reading in *Ms.* every month. With special features and wonderful short stories by some of today's best writers, *Ms.* satisfies the total person you are—and the fuller, richer person you're trying to be. Why not take the first step and return the coupon right now?

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GAME

TIME MACHINE by Teresa Gerbers, Glenmont, N.Y.

Suppose the barriers of time abruptly crumpled, and all of history's most famous and infamous personalities were suddenly and uncompromisingly faced with one another. What would they say? Imagine the confrontations:

Bobby Riggs tells Susan B. Anthony: "Put the banner down, honey, and fix me a sandwich."

Cleopatra wiggles her finger at Venus de Milo: "For a fat girl, you don't sweat much."

Stalin admonishes Cromwell: "The trouble with you, Ollie, is you don't have a sense of humor."

This month we invite readers to thrust history's most powerful, evil, saintly, beautiful, and clever people into direct confrontation. Let them smother each other in admiring embraces, or smugly blast themselves pent-up jealousies of all the ages.

Send your entry on a postcard to "Time M Harper's Magazine, Two Park Avenue, New Y 10016, no later than October 9. Entries become erty of *Harper's Magazine*. Winning entries wi lished in the December issue. Decision of the final.

First Prize: *200 Years—A Bicentennial I History of the United States* (U.S. News & World

Runners-up: A Plug-Mate lamp.

Winners of "The Mailbag," the August game that asked readers to pen letters circumventing uncomfortable situations in history and legend, are:

First Prize

A Treasury of Traditional Wisdom, by Whitall N. Perry (Simon and Schuster):

From Helen of Troy—Dear Menelaus: Forgive the abrupt departure, but Paris in the spring is irresistible.

—Theodore Hatlen
Santa Barbara, Calif.

Runners-up

Six in the Easy Chair, edited by John Fischer (University of Illinois Press):

From Marie Antoinette—To the People of France: My recent remark to the bakers of France was not a casual statement, but an order.

—Karen C. Karcher
Chicago, Ill.

From Judas—Dear Jesus: Much as I would like to be with you and Peter in your vigil on Passover, I have a prior commitment which I cannot in good faith break.

—George W. Carson, Jr.
Bloomfield, Conn.

From Nathaniel Hawthorne—Dear Hester: In reference to your letter . . .

—John Yetka
Athens, Ga.

From Henry VIII—Dear Anne: I canceled your appointment at the hairdresser's.

—Gloria Rosenthal
Valley Stream, N.Y.

From Richard M. Nixon—Dear Mr. Carnegie: I wish a refund on the course I took. —Diane Bada-Antista
Colorado Springs, Colo.

From John Connally—Dear Dick: I can't recall ever saying that I wanted to be President unless I saw you at one of LBJ's barbecues. But that's unlikely, you see, because he had a list . . .

—John J. Crosson
Ben Lomond, Calif.

From Richard M. Nixon—Dear Mr. Dean: Did we have a conversation on March 21?

—Dan Barton
Beverly Hills, Calif.

From George McGovern—Dear Tom: It seems I am always getting my percentage figures turned around.

—William C. Clement
San Francisco, Calif.

From Alexander Hamilton—Dear Aaron: On second thought . . .

—Dr. J. Ted Best
Sea Level, N.C.

From Ramses II—Dear Moses: After being plagued with indecision, the Egyptian government has finally agreed to provide exit papers for your people. If you find a Hilton in the Promised Land . . .

—Mrs. Shirley Driks
New York, N.Y.

From No-Stretch Stockings, Inc.—Dear Mr. DeSalvo: In answer to your inquiry on our "no-stretch guarantee"...

—Kay Finkbeiner
Little Rock, Ark.

From Sen. Joseph McCar
Mr. Welch: I saw red whe
you were involved in this A

—Reginald
De

From John the Baptist—You
It has come to my attention
comments concerning your p
fairs have been erroneously
to me.

—H.
Syra

From President Eisenho
Sherman Adams: I realize N
shire winters are cold, but .

—Lad
Southf

From President Kennedy—
ta: Has anyone explained
tages of having missile base

—Mar
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From Bella Abzug—Dear Lo
to register a complaint reg
inconsistency of the puni
Adam versus that of Eve, a

—Harr
Jackso

From President Nixon—De
Bernstein and Woodward:
dorial positions have sudde
up overseas, and . . .

—A. W
A

From Bud Abbott—Dear Lo
In response to your query,
first?" . . .

—H. A
Manchester

FUTURE GAMES: Readers are invited to submit their own suggestions for games. Those who invent games eventually published in the magazine will receive credit lines and prizes.

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QUERY
Meat Causes Tension?

Mariette Risley of 1027-A East de la Guerra Street, Santa Barbara, California 93103 writes: "When meat prices went up, I began searching for other sources of protein. My first month of meatless dieting left me feeling a little tired, but now I sleep better, have better health, and even my forty-plus complexion has improved. My nerves have gotten steadier, too, possibly because not eating meat means not consuming the adrenaline that gets pumped into the animals' systems just before they're slaughtered. I have come up with a diet that includes necessary nutrients and protein and is fairly low in calories and fats. I would like to share what I have learned, and would be interested in hearing from others who have been experimenting similarly."

STRATEGY
New Saddle for an Old Horse

Phase One of American politics was when you personally knew your Congressman and slapped his horse on the rear end when he galloped off to Washington. Phase Two was when the only way you even heard of your Congressman was through the newspapers. But now a handful of people in Oregon are restructuring the machinery of political dialogue to bring the people and the pols back together. Phase Three might become an era of media referendum, caucus balloting, and computer tally feedback.

In Portland last summer, the Atomic Energy Commission, the new Federal Energy Administration, and local educational groups sponsored two SYNCON (Synergistic Convergence) radio referendums. The listeners were asked to define both the big questions and the answers, and the results were collated and beamed back out across the airwaves. A second group called Bend in the River (cofounded by writer Ken Kesey) held a caucus of 100 delegates elected at town meetings, and together they drew up a multiple-choice ballot listing the ten most significant problems of the state and country. The ballot was published in half a million newspapers and handouts across Oregon, and the completed forms were mailed back for collation and analysis.

The conclusions of both polling efforts was that Oregon needs: (1) more media referendums; (2) alternative health and educational facilities; (3) reduced energy consumption, expanded energy sources, and less pollution; (4) a progressive energy-use tax; (5) education on recycling; (6) a state energy agency; and (7) a moratorium on nuclear power, with a vote to decide future policy.

Media referendums are "a new style of politics toward action," say the leaders, "not pretty plans and pacifying platitudes. The workers are changed by the process itself, which is one of the most important benefits. We did it, and so can you."

To learn how to set up media referendums and caucus balloting in your community or state, or to arrange for speakers with experience in setting up these systems, write to the Uni-versing Center, 1520 Southeast 37th Street, Portland, Oregon 97214.

OPPORTUNITIES
Publications

Two Quaker non-registrants are apparently the first draft resisters convicted and sentenced for violations committed after the Indochina cease-fire and the end of regular inductions," reports the Central Committee for Conscientious Objectors in

the July 17, 1974, edition of their *News Notes*. If you are interested in learning about the work of the CCCO, or would like to subscribe to their newsletter, you can reach them at 2016 Walnut Street, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania 19103.

Win is a weekly newsletter dedicated to "joy, affirmation, chaos, flowers to the enemy, terror to the Old Left, innovation to the New, yellow submarines and white bicycles, civil disobedience and noncooperation, resistance, and jail. But mostly *Win* is about peace and freedom and how to reach it." If this piques your interest, you can find out more about the publication by writing Win, P.O. Box 547, Rifton, New York 12471.

13th Moon is a women's literary magazine that began as a City College of New York enterprise, and is now trying to involve women from across the country. Published twice a year, *13th Moon* offers works by some of the best-known modern poets, but much of the material comes from unsolicited manuscripts by previously unpublished authors. According to the editors, the magazine is directed toward all women: it is not a "feminist" publication, but it does not exclude feminist material. Quality is the only criterion for selection. No advertising is included. If you'd like to subscribe ($2 a year) or send in your poems, write to Ellen Marie Bissert, 30 Seaman Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10034. Include a stamped, self-addressed envelope with submissions.

QUERY
TAP Leaks

Jerry Smetzer, executive director of the Fairbanks Town and Village Association, writes: "We are confronted with what Secretary of the Interior Morton called the biggest private construction project in the history of the world. Now that construction of the trans-Alaska pipeline has begun, Alaskans are faced with a serious lack of information about it. We are developing a network for dealing with the problems of construction so that officials may resolve them before they become serious." Smetzer asks readers to let him know if they can help set up the Impact Information Center in Fairbanks. This includes both people who have access to information about the pipeline and others who could serve as conduits and processors of the news. Anyone in the U.S. and Canada who would like to get involved in the project can get more information from the Impact Information Center, P.O. Box 1267, Fairbanks, Alaska 99707.

OPPORTUNITY
Playing At Pharaoh

Would you like to help design a city, build it, and then move in? A Los Angeles group called Experimental Cities is now recruiting people to help devise, and construct Earthlab, which will begin as a village of 1,000 and expand to the point deemed desirable by its citizens. The project is only in the blueprint stage right now, so if you're interested in it, you probably can still influence its character and location. According to the directors, who are land planners, architects, geologists, and ecologists, Earthlab will be a "decentralized, open-participation, communication community. Those with skills and interest will prepare the data-base, plan the community, and construct the first village. Our target date is July 4, 1976. We hope that the village will herald a new, humanistic era in the nation's third century." For more information, write to Genevieve Marcus, Ph.D., Director of Philosophy and Research, Experimental Cities, 11747 Bellagio Road, Suite 8, Los Angeles, California 90049.

OPPORTUNITY
Connecting Craftsmen

Calling yourself a craftsman is one thing; selling your wares is another. If you haven't perfected your craft, and your material isn't quite as good as the next person's, there's no reason anyone should buy your work and not his. But if your products *are* good, and could be better, then you might benefit by joining the Connection.

The Connection is a new, nationwide organization that has put out a 204-page access-to-tools publication (similar to the *Whole Earth Catalog*) and also sets up several ways artisans and craftsmen can sell their products. First, you can submit at no cost three to six color slides of your products for the Connection's crafts catalogue, scheduled for early next year. Second, you can through their monthly which comes free if you a ber of the Connection. Th ganization is attempting t distribution system for cot and small-farm produce.

This gargantuan enterp brainchild of two men, na gesh and Zubin, who say t like to hear from anyone in working with them. T them, or to get more in write to their publisher, Pr P.O. Box 224-H, Ojai, 93023. (Look for a revi catalogue in next month's Living.)

OPPORTUNITIES
Conferences, Festivals

Wanted by the Law— ence on women and the le —will be sponsored by Syr versity on Saturday, Oc Judith Younger, Dean of cuse Law School, and M Krupsak, New York legis scheduled to speak at th ence, which is open to a Workshops and panels wil employment in law and la ment, sex discrimination, vorce, and welfare rights. services and help in findi modations will be provide formation or reservations Women's Law Caucus, E. Hall, Syracuse Law Sch cuse, New York 13210.

St. Andrew's College in burg, North Carolina, is ing a three-part festival called "New Voices from t The first part, to be held 27-28, will feature an Ap film group called Appal second, scheduled for Octo will combine the staff of th publication, *Mother Ear* with several well-known mentalists, possibly Barry er and Paul Erlich; and th be held November 8-9, wil the work of *Southern Voic* lanta-based human-rights tion. Lectures, concerts, d hibits, and workshops wi pany all three weekends. information, write to F. Jones, English Program St. Andrew's College, La North Carolina 28352.

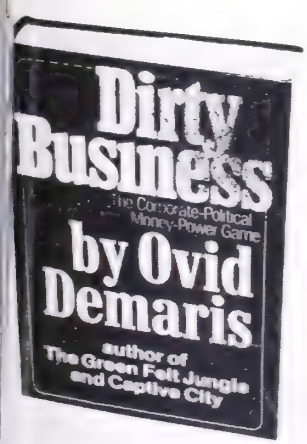
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The most exciting part of travel through Britain is that you're constantly discovering what you want to see next. Each new sight triggers a new change in plans. If you are one of the fortunate few with time and leisure to improvise, a good way is to travel by rail. A $70 21-day BritRail Pass will let you wander through England, Scotland, and Wales in any order you please. (10% surcharge after August 1.) We have other passes if you stay longer or less, but please note, you must buy them here. Write BritRail Travel International, Dept. 131-23, P.O. Box S, Staten Island, N.Y. 10305.

The gray whale and its breeding grounds: An 8-day trip off Baja California. Questers Worldwide Nature Tours has chartered the MV/Cape Polaris to observe the gray whale and its newborn calves in their winter home. Tour members also see marine birds, sea lions, and seals. Sailing San Diego January 31; expert leadership. Write for 1975 Directory describing this and 33 other nature tours. Questers Tours and Travel, Inc., Dept. HM, 257 Park Avenue South, N.Y.C. 10010.

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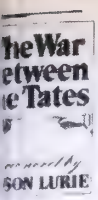


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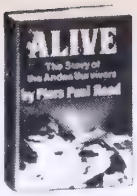
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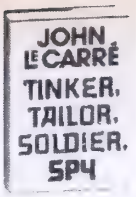
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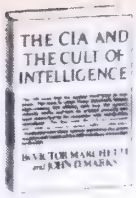
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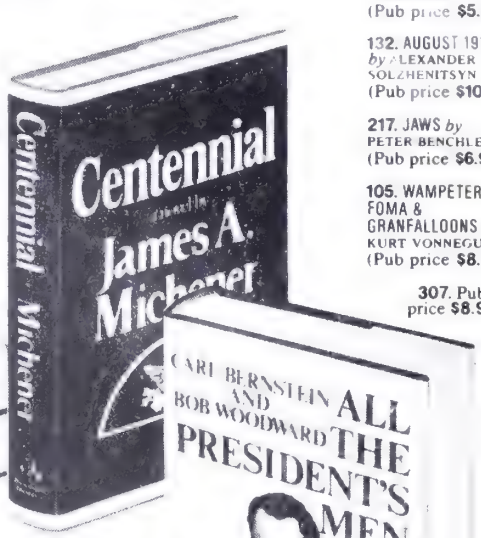
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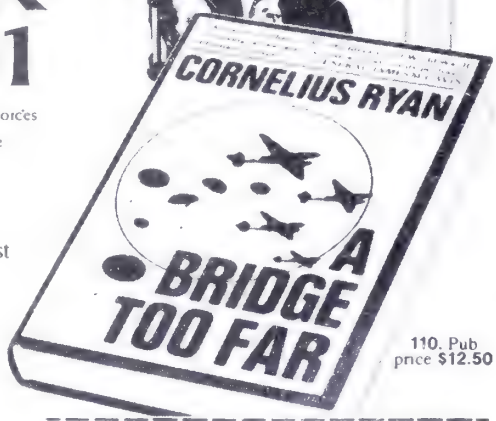
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The Effects of Ice on Scotch

ow fast a drink of Scotch whisky over rocks loses its flavor depends on e proof of the Scotch and the richness of its blend. These two factors are timized for "on the rocks" Scotch drinkers in 90-Proof Famous Grouse, enerable old brand from Scotland only recently introduced to America.

by Allen Mac Kenzie

BURLINGAME

countries where Scotch has been onsumed for centuries, ice and whisky arely mingle. But on this side of the ntic, the picture is quite different. e a small percentage of American ch drinkers take it neat, better than drink it "on the rocks." The rest of us varying amounts of water, club soda, era. And ice. Always plenty of ice great American drink requisite.

would seem then that the American h devotee, particularly our on-the- fancier, has a right to raise a serious ion: *Is the Scotch I drink ideally l to enjoyment over ice?*

Pursuing a Perfect Proof

turn our attention first to the proof at a Scotch whisky is bottled. Consider pothesis that there is indeed a better for on-the-rocks Scotch drinking than f the brand you currently favor.

ctically every Scotch sold in this y is bottled at 80, 86, or 86.8 Proof. he instant you pour Scotch over ice, ains between 40% and 43.4% alco- volume. (Proof is double the per- ge of alcohol.) The chilling effect of e is accompanied by dilution. And your drink has been properly cooled 0 seconds to a minute—you achieve ne Scotch connoisseur refers to as "the ideal sip." From then on, the Scotch drinker's enjoyment typically runs downhill, as the drink loses its freshness.



While there is no way to preserve that fresh Scotch flavor indefinitely, we submit that you can sustain the freshness substantially longer with 90-Proof *Famous Grouse*. If you have never heard of this brand, we are not surprised. It is a well established name in Scotland, but only recently introduced to America. So far as we know, *Famous Grouse* is the only Scotch now available in this country at 90 Proof.

A Revealing Experiment

To demonstrate the merits of a slightly higher proof, we performed a simple experiment: 50 millilitres of Scotch (about 1.7 ounces) was chilled with 100 cc of ice. The ensuing dilutions at 80, 86.8 and 90 Proof are charted in the graph at left.

You'll notice that after 15 minutes on the rocks, the proof of *Famous Grouse* is diluted to a level which occurs after 12½ minutes when the Scotch is 86.8 Proof, and after 9 minutes when it is 80 Proof. In essence, the *Famous Grouse* brand has remained about 2½ minutes fresher than 86.8-Proof Scotch (Interval A on graph), 6 minutes fresher than 80-Proof Scotch (Interval B). If you "nurse" a drink beyond 15 minutes, the advantages of 90 Proof Scotch are even more pronounced.

Proof, of course, is not the only influence on the flavor of a blended Scotch. The proportion of malt to grain whiskies, origins of the malts, aging methods—these are also important factors determining the relative richness of Scotch flavor.

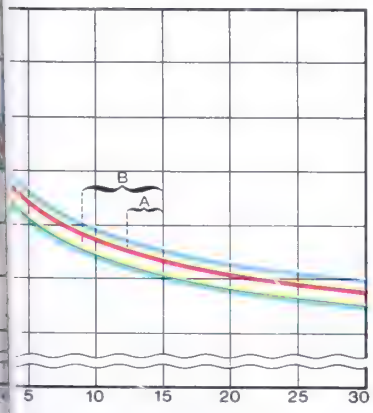
The makers of *Famous Grouse*—Matthew Gloag & Son of Perth, Scotland—have been producing Scotch in the same family for six generations. And they have performed their most noble feat in the rich blend they created for *Famous Grouse* Scotch. Its flavor—so remarkable at the outset—holds firmly to its character during prolonged contact with ice.

Knowledge of Scotch, however, cannot be indefinitely pursued in the abstract. Your learning process must ultimately include a leisurely sip of *Famous Grouse* on the rocks. For Scotch drinking is one of those pleasures enjoyed most, not in the pursuit, but in the conquest. Scotland's greatest bard, Robert Burns, said it best:

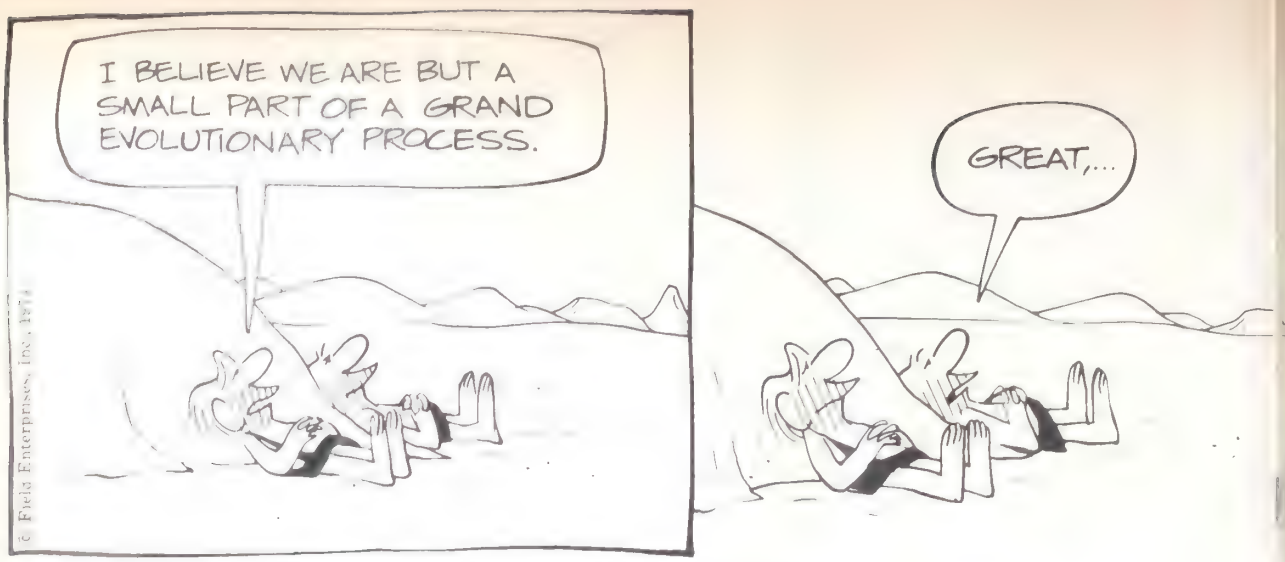
"Gie me a spark o' Nature's fire,
That's a' the learning I desire."



90 PROOF. BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY. BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND
IMPORTED BY AUSTIN, NICHOLS & CO., LAWRENCEBURG, KY.



ION BY ICE OF SCOTCH AT DIFFERENT PROOFS (72°F).
Proof 86.8 Proof 90 Proof





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WRAPAROUND

)VENTURE: INTO OUTLAW TERRITORY

idea of adventure lends to as many interpreta- as there are people who traveled as far as the own. On safari in East the professional hunter ie client from St. Louis the same rhinoceros, but orm different impressions evil intent. So also the nces in perception be- the mercenary soldier ne recruit, between the aptain and the passenger ever before has seen the milar disparities can be ed through the infinite iations of human experi- which to somebody al- seem commonplace and iebody else always seem ous.

lventure does not yield to itive definition, then it epend on the imagination person who seeks it. It anything that anybody is, anything that satisfies iimal criteria of risk and of journeys in unsched- rections and the approach finality of death. The mind may discover the ients of adventure in an landscape (cf. the writ- ames Joyce, or the labors ysicist who spends twen- ; in pursuit of a chimer- iation); the literal mind necessary to slaughter ts or wander with an ito Mesopotamia.

general understanding he more obvious defini- nd of these I like best : advanced by William in *Twelve Against the* t accords with my own ion and with the sup- s that prop up the mar- est-selling violence. Bo- ds the instinct for ad- inherent in the nature He divides the self into



opposing political factions, one of which he aligns with the social and conservative tendencies implicit in the history of civilization.

The other faction he identifies with the impulse toward anarchy and greed, also implicit in all men, that revolts against things as they are, against property and the weight of circumstance, against obligations of family and what Paul Zweig on page 5 calls "the enclosures of the feminine." It is this faction that Bolitho associates with the adventurous spirit, and he describes its implacable opposition to the combinations of society in the following antithesis: "We are born as wasteful and unremorseful as tigers; we are obliged to be thrifty or starve, or freeze. We are born to wander and cursed to stay and dig."

Writing from the point of view of a man obliged to stay and dig, Bolitho gives way to wistful admiration when recounting the depredations of men who lay waste entire continents in search of their own desire. He assumes that most men would attempt to do the same if they possessed the courage to admit their appetite for money, women, empire, and immortal reputation. He doesn't concern himself with the legion of failed adventurers, with the multitude of small-time criminals who end in prison or on the municipal bench and who lack an intelligence or ruthlessness of purpose sufficient to their ambition. Bolitho prefers to celebrate the happy few who succeed on so vast a scale that they become synonymous with the mythology of the state. With men of this magnitude (Alexander, Napoleon, Charles XII) Bolitho grieves only for the prudence that overtakes them in later life and tempts them "to keep as well as grab." Nothing so saddens him as the spectacle of the adventurer grown old, heavy with possessions, an admired ornament of the social order that follows in the train of his conquest.

What delighted Bolitho also delights the audience for American folk heroes. It is the exhibition of anarchy triumphant that binds together the otherwise contradictory legends of the James brothers and J. P. Morgan, of the Chicago syndicates and old John D. Rockefeller ordering the destruction of his competitors. The same respect for the grand predator accounts for the popularity of *The Godfather* and the Rolling Stones, for the success of most detective fiction, the lyrics of Bob Dylan, the politics of the Kennedys, the works of Harold Robbins and Norman Mailer, or of any other story in which the hero destroys his enemies with the remorselessness of a tiger. All praise to the man who repudiates the duties of a citizen and breaks free from the cage of laws.

The contributors to the present issue of **WRAPAROUND** seldom make so extreme a statement, and yet, each in his own way, they describe approaches to the edge of an abyss. They find themselves in a place where the safe conventions no longer count for anything and where they recognize themselves as believers in little else except their own survival.

—Lewis H. Lapham

Out Where a Man Is a Man

The summer I was ten years old, I worked as a cowboy in the Texas Panhandle. My job had no resemblance to anything in a John Wayne film. Most days my cousin Robert Baxter and I herded a couple of dozen steers from the Baxter pasture, just outside the town of Shamrock, to my Uncle Claude Caperton's pasture about six miles away, where the grass was a little better. Unlike TV cowboys, who always seem to ride at a high lope, we just shambled across the prairie, for two reasons: the slower you move cattle, the less weight they sweat off; and our horses could seldom be kicked into anything faster than a walk. Mine was an old white mare with a rare talent: she could sleep while walking.

The work was not stimulating; it was merely hot, dusty, and dull. (Anyone who thinks his present job is a bore should try contemplating the rear elevation of a steer for a few days.)

So we looked forward with considerable eagerness to the only adventure that came our way that summer: the butchering. About once a month we would cut out the fattest yearling we could find, get a rope around his throat, and drag him to a heavy cedar stake set in the Baxter backyard. When we had the steer snubbed up close to that, Mr. Baxter would rouse himself from his rocking chair on the back porch and hobble out to join us. (He was a retired cowboy, once top foreman on the Turkey Track Ranch, and he suffered from the usual occupational diseases—arthritis, many badly set bones, a slipped disk, and hemorrhoids.) He brought with him a twelve-pound sledgehammer. He lifted this high above the head of the now immobilized steer, took careful aim, and hit him just between the horns. The cow collapsed instantly and, apparently, painlessly.

The stunning was a chore Mr. Baxter always reserved for himself, because he didn't trust any ten-year-old to do it without hurting the beast. But from then on the job was all ours, under his laconic supervision. First, Robert and I cut slits in the hind legs between bone and tendon just above the hooves. Into these we inserted the points of the spreader, a two-inch hickory stick sharpened at both ends. We tied a rope in the middle of the spreader, and then threw the other end over the branch of a tree about ten feet above the ground. By tugging mightily, and with Mr. Baxter also tailing onto the rope if the steer was a heavy one, we hoisted it until its nose was about two feet above the ground. A gallon bucket went under the nose.

Either Robert or I took a skinning knife with a long, thin blade and jabbed it into the steer's throat at precisely the right place, about three inches above the jawbone. Nobody ever slashed a throat from side to side, because that would have damaged too much of the hide. If the thrust hit the big throat artery, as it was supposed to, blood would spurt out in a quick fountain—we had to be nimble to dodge it—and then subside into a slow, viscous trickle that soon filled the bucket. Within half an hour, the blood would congeal into a thick jelly. Some families would save this as a future ingredient for brawn and head cheese; we fed it to the chickens as a valuable supplement to their usual diet of milo maize and grasshoppers.

When the trickle stopped, we began the skinning. It started with a shallow incision exactly down the center line of the animal's belly from anus to jaw. Similar incisions were made in the inside of each leg, from the center cut to the hooves. We were then ready to start peeling back the hide, with fingers and skinning knife, one boy working on each side. This was a delicate operation. If the knife sliced too far into the body, it would leave bits of fl tallow clinging to th which later had to be off; if it went too sha was likely to puncture t to Mr. Baxter's awesom But when everything we it came away inch by neatly as the peel off an After about three hours the hide spread on the under the carcass, ha down, with tail and hoo attached.

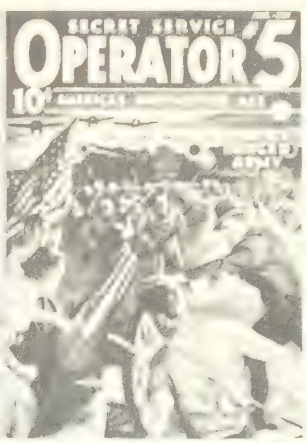
Next came an even m icate operation: the rem the viscera. If we were enough, all the innard out in a single packag tained inside a membra a cellophane wrapping. ing this onto the hide, v out the heart, kidneys, breads, and marrow gut- sential ingredient for s bitch stew, a favorite dis tle country. The rest w a gulley a hundred yard to be disposed of by th and coyotes.

It usually took us three hours or so to dis the carcass into man chunks—haunches, forequ brisket, short ribs, and What Aunt Myrtle nee immediate use we to the kitchen. The rem wrapped in brown pap cels, we loaded into M ter's Model T Ford, for to kinfolks' (who added a big share of the popula Shamrock) and to the co er at the ice company town. Since beef was th item in every meal, in breakfast, we could lo ward to another butche three or four weeks.

Even ranch families butcher their own mea days, since it is easier t a yearling to the nearest terhouse. A good thing, t wife says; she regards t ceedings as barbarous, e ly for ten-year-olds. It seem so to Robert and n didn't feel sentimental cattle, nor squeamish ab skinning and butchering. we were learning a new s man's skill, far more i ing than our daily ch horseback—and it provid whiff of blood and that, Jung tells us, every boy yearns for. **—John**

John Fischer, now an assoc itor of Harper's, *served as t azine's editor in chief from til 1967.*





"You do not need to leave your room. Remain sitting at your table and listen. Do not even listen, simply wait. Do not even wait, be quite still and solitary. The world will freely offer itself to you to be unmasked, it has no choice, it will roll in ecstasy at your feet."
—Franz Kafka (1883-1924)

UNDERCURRENTS

They were talking about a company of Spanish dancers scheduled to appear soon at the theater in Rouen.

"Are you going to see them?" she asked.

"If I can," he replied.

Was this all they had to say to each other? Yet their eyes were full of more serious talk, and as they forced themselves to find commonplace phrases they both felt the same kind of languor stealing over them; it was like a deep, continuous murmur of the soul, dominating that of their voices. Astonished by this new sweetness, they had no thought of describing the sensation to each other or trying to discover its cause. Future joys, like tropical shores, project their native softness in a perfumed breeze that blows into the vastness stretching out before them and makes us sink into a kind of drowsy intoxication in which we care nothing for whatever may lie over the horizon. **—Gustave Flaubert**

Madame Bovary, 1857

cing the mikaze Rhino, d Other Stories

worked for some years for en's magazine which fea- l stories like "John Yel- Beard Russel's Compound Wanjuri Spear Women" onze, full-bodied Kikuyu ties, they strangled men trapping wire and drank s of goat blood, but a hard- l ex-Adirondack lumber- named Johnny Russel, came to Africa for adven- handled them like so many of paradise at a Congo en's zoo").

ost of the writers who crea- ese "true adventure" pieces nervous men, approaching ife, who probably never ex- nced anything more thrill- an losing $12 at the Thurs- ight poker game. Though ld never do it as well as a er of other writers (some om went on to write block- novels), I wrote adven- tories myself: "The Thou- Agents Who Tell Us Every the Russians Make" gh, merciless, these ruth- dedicated bands snatch ed SS leaders from the tine and war criminals the fjords of Finland. der to shoulder with the 'est, the 'terrible 1000' has ffed, outgunned and out- l the best the Kremlin has cloak and dagger game"). personal favorite was 964 and I Have Three to Kill," a first-person scence of a former GI as a prisoner of the Ger- and who discovers his ile tormentors at the 1964 s Fair. The hero and sa- villain finally meet atop w York State Tower, and, terrific battle, the hero the villain off the tower's rom which he hurtles to th on the pavement be- o make the story com- authentic, I climbed the myself, but I never did own. I'm acrophobic.

specialty, which I wrote he by-line of (Col.) G. G. was "danger job" stories: en Most Spine-Chilling ions in the World and o Land Them." I made p, of course, having had personal experience, pick- rageous professions like ng jaguars for a major pany, so the skin wouldn't be damaged, and the furrier would have an easier time. (My uncle-in-law, a furrier, was always complaining about damaged furs.) We never contemplated the problem of endangered species. We were just hungry, desperate to pit our brute strength and raw nerve against the forces of the wild ("I Faced the Kamikaze Rhino").

Once a colleague wrote about an imaginary foundation which allegedly offered $5,000 to any "he-man" who would marry a call girl and reform her. The mail was heavy, and one aspirant for the bonus actually came to the magazine's office. He was a deputy sheriff from northern California, about nine feet tall, with huge hands, who slowly formed each word with his lips before he actually made any sound. "I think I could handle one of them women," he assured me. "Friend of mine from Redwood City, a state trooper, married a who-ar and she turned out fine."

"You're a bit late, sheriff," I told him. "You can't imagine the number of men who have been in this office wanting to marry call girls. We never have any time for our regular work. By now, the girls are all taken."

He looked as if he were about to cry. "I'm always missing chances in life," he complained.

"Give me your name and address," I said, "and I promise you that you'll be notified the next time there's a real exciting opportunity." **—M. B. Shestack**

M. B. Shestack has written articles, some of them true, for many national magazines.

The Flight From Women

The enveloping influence of the feminine haunts adventure tales in subtle but definite ways. The adventurer cannot be contained by situations. His life is a flight into danger, as if he were pursued by an enemy which he feared more than danger itself. And this appearance of flight is altogether apt, for the adventurer does have such an enemy. The adventurer is in flight from women. Because he cannot cope with the erotic and social hegemony of women, he flees them even into death. The pattern, eventually the stereotype of later adventure literature, has made this a familiar theme. As in the *Iliad*, the adventures of medieval romance are occasioned by women, performed by men. In Grimm's fairy tales the most frequent motif has young, adventurous men performing dangerous tasks to win the hands of princesses. In the literature of popular romance, sublime "defenseless" women invariably require the bravery, daring, and loyalty of men capable of risking their lives. But the woman not only inspires the adventure hero to his bravery; she is also, perhaps principally, the adversary he needs to master. The adventure performed for the woman is also performed against her. In many Westerns, for example, the main character is a drifter who arrives in a town where he gets mixed up in a local dispute involving the safety or the well-being of a woman, who falls in love with him. She reveals in him a strength which he had been reluctant to recognize in himself, even more reluctant to use. Because of the woman, he manages to win out, proving himself and guaranteeing her safety. His newly won strength of character is needed for another purpose now: to protect him from the woman, whose seduction he is able to resist by riding off into the hills, still lonely but still unmarried. The action of the story develops as if, at some level, it were a ceremony whose purpose was to ward off the binding power of the woman—and, by extension, of the community itself—by turning her own wish to be protected against her.

The adventurer's essential triumph is masculine. His gift is to bind the binder, to outwit and defeat the mysterious identities of woman. The woman he defeats expresses the bewitching domesticity of the house, the space of the community—which is immobile, predictable, fenced off against the amoral potencies of the extrahuman world. She presides over the safe breathing-space of human—that is, social—needs. Woman rules the home, and home is where the arts of man are nurtured. The psychologically oriented mythologist finds obvious analogies between the womb, harbor and shelter of life, and the tent, house, or room.

In fleeing the female and her enclosures, the adventurer is initiated into the empire of the masculine. But the flight is curiously imperfect, because it must be reaccomplished incessantly, and, in a sense, the adventurer's career violates all standards of responsible "male" behavior. It does not uphold morality; it lacks the productive logic of work. By yielding intuitively to the rhythms of chance, by courting the favors of Lady Luck, the adventurer becomes profoundly sympathetic to the wiles of the extrahuman. He learns how to abandon himself to adventure—*ad venio*, "whatever comes"—to be permanently available.

The adventurer's unsequential, passive temperament is, in fact, strangely feminine. Where he least thought to find his enemy, then, he finds her again: in the very temperament which makes him so responsive to the mysteries of the world.

Here is where the adventurer discovers the elusiveness of woman. She is the house from which he frees himself in order to give birth to himself as a pure male. But she is also the means within him by which he escapes. And she is still more: her various incarnations appear before him as occasions for adventure, mysteries beckoning to him out of the obscure fertilities of chance.

In a psychoanalytic perspective, the adventurer represents a poignant male fantasy: moved by his desire to vanquish the many faces of woman, he reinvents the shape of manhood itself so as to free it from its attachments to the feminine.

The psychoanalytic emphasis on the role of the "dreadful mother," in and before the Oedipal crisis, can be criticized as simply one more way in which patristic morality is haunted by women. Its explicative value, therefore, can be doubted. What cannot be doubted is the endless struggle which the adventurers of myth and literature undergo against the triple presence of woman: as domestic binder, as demonic adversary, and as shaper of the adventurous character itself.

—Paul Zweig

This piece is adapted from Paul Zweig's newest book, The Adventurer *(Basic Books).*

"When I choose between two evils I always like to take the one I've never tried before."
—Mae West
in *Klondike Annie*, 1936

RAPAROUNDOWRAPAR

Tilting at Buses

One day, as I was tooling my bicycle up Eighth Avenue in Manhattan on my way home, I spotted my friend René Auberjonois, also tooling up Eighth Avenue on his way home. At first I didn't realize it was René, but whoever he was, he had on these incredible-looking wooden clogs—the kind you see in old Dutch paintings—with four-inch-thick soles carved out of a single piece of wood. "That bicyclist deserves to get killed," I thought, "for wearing that ridiculous footgear." When I realized it was René, I pedaled to catch up. I remarked on his remarkable clogs but he didn't seem too interested in discussing them. He really wanted to talk about where he was going to go on his vacation. So, with the taxis honking, the buses belching exhaust in our faces, we tried to avoid the potholes and carry on a conversation.

René is an actor and a very good one. He plays all kinds of parts—waifs, tough guys, lovers, nineteen-year-old boys, old men. When he's not acting, he doodles around the house, drawing, singing, cooking, helping with the kids. Unegotistical, even-tempered, generous—altogether one of the nice people in the world.

So there we were tooling up Eighth Avenue talking about his vacation plans. The light turned red. We stopped. A bus roared up the street, nudging us, vomiting exhaust in our faces. The light turned green. I continued on my way, but René fell back, and a few seconds later I heard a loud grunt and a thump. Alarmed, I turned around in time to see René stagger and catch his balance. "Are you okay?" I called out. "Oh yeah," he muttered. "Just kicked the bus." I took a good look at those clogs of his, and for the first time I noticed large metal plates covering the soles and toes. "You what?" I asked. "Didn't you notice what that bus did to us? He was cutting us too close. He was forcing us off the road. He can't be allowed to get away with that."

"You kick buses on a regular basis?" I asked. "Oh, yes, and cabs, too. One time I was coming across Fiftieth Street when this cab and I got engaged in a very nasty struggle. It became extremely personal. The cab was slowly and deliberately, inch by inch, trying to run me onto the sidewalk. So I picked up my bike and smashed it down on the roof of the cab. Then I very deliberately climbed on the hood of the cab, walked across, jumped down on the other side and removed my bicycle from the hood, which was, of course, smashed in. The cabdriver was struck dumb. What's most important, though, is the principle. You simply can't allow them to get away with it. You must fight back."

"Where'd you get those clogs, René?"

—Robin MacDonald

Robin MacDonald is with MacDonald Productions, a film company based in New York.

WAR IS HELL

"Somebody's got to get that ammunition dump," said Mitty. "I'm going over. Spot of brandy?" He poured a drink for the sergeant and one for himself. War thundered and whined around the dugout and battered at the door. There was a rending of wood and splinters flew through the room. "A bit of a near thing," said Captain Mitty carelessly. "The box barrage is closing in," said the sergeant. "We only live once, Sergeant," said Mitty, with his faint, fleeting smile. "Or do we?" He poured another brandy and tossed it off. "I never see a man could hold his brandy like you, sir," said the sergeant. "Begging your pardon, sir." Captain Mitty stood up and strapped on his huge Webley-Vickers automatic. "It's forty kilometers through hell, sir," said the sergeant. Mitty finished one last brandy. "After all," he said softly, "what isn't?" The pounding of the cannon increased; there was the rat-tat-tatting of machine guns, and from somewhere came the menacing pocketa-pocketa-pocketa of the new flame-throwers. Walter Mitty walked to the door of the dugout humming "Auprès de Ma Blonde." . . . Something struck his shoulder. "I've been looking all over this hotel for you," said Mrs. Mitty. "Why do you have to hide in this old chair? How did you expect me to find you?" "Things close in," said Walter Mitty vaguely. **—James Thurber**

"The Secret Life of Walter Mitty," 1939

Rolling Over

I happen to know what the first person to go over Niagara Falls in a barrel said of the experience. Years ago I read about Mrs. Annie Taylor, you see, and the story stuck in my mind. My family visited the Falls a couple of times when I was young, and I'd had a flash about going over them, an urge so strong, in fact, that it frightened me and I never told anyone about it.

Anyway, Annie Edson Taylor traveled from Bay City, Michigan, just after the turn of the century to go over the Falls in a barrel. She was a widow, quite poor, and e
ured, it is said, that sc
riding over the Falls in a
would solve her economi
lems. She was wrong, bu
getting away from the s

The barrel, obtained
Niagara area, was an o
one—made of oak and
five feet high. According
end, Mrs. Taylor was
some doomsayer that it
surely break up when it
water at the bottom of t
foot drop over the C
Falls, so she floated it o
test (a wet run, so to
with a cat inside. The
withstood the drop, but
was killed. For reasons t
not clear, Annie Taylo
sidered the test successfu

At the time of her gr
venture, Annie Edson
was a proper, modest
forty-three who would
low photographs to be t
her as she entered the
because, even with he
black skirts, she could no
exposing her ankles.

It was October 24, 19
five minutes after four
afternoon, the lady starte
Grass Island, about or
above the Falls.

She prayed, she sai
for the entire mile and
seconds of free fall, ar
lost consciousness. Eighte
utes later her barrel go
up on a reef, and she w
to crawl out.

Then Annie Edson T
poor widow from M
said something that belo
there with "Damn the
does" and "I shall retu

Annie Taylor crawled
her barrel with a gash
concussion, looked aro
the ring of anxious fac
said:

"Nobody ought ever
that again." **—Tom**

Tom DeVries, formerly a
for KQED in San Francisco,
lance writer.

READERS

Sometimes, quite unexpectedly, a quiet moment appears in my life—a short segment of time when my mind is floating freely, searching for recognizable landmarks that will lead to undisturbed anchorage—a moment before I've settled on a particular train of thought or been distracted by uninvited external stimuli. There are no sounds to fathom, no sights to focus, nothing to lure my attention.

A child bursts into the room, explosively. He is my son, and he unknowingly possesses, in the soft palm of his hand, all the essential elements required to live a free and uncluttered life. I can sense the bond of inheritance in the way he stands momentarily, hands hanging loosely from his jeans pockets, and because of the manner in which he speaks: my own words, sentence patterns, peculiar kind of grammar—exclamation points and all. His eyes tell of a deep familiarity, and his blood, surging through his maze of vessels, must be the same as mine.

No matter what outer shell I may have carefully constructed to protect myself, to seal myself tight against any potential emotional affliction, no matter what scarred and heavy crust the struggles and cruelties of the world may have slowly fastened upon me, his action illuminates everything.

But upon reflection, I see that I acquire no extraordinary power thereby, nor do I gain the answers to mysteries. A glimpse of hidden knowledge is perhaps, just for a moment, mine.

—Fred E. Schwartz
Chicago, Ill.

ONLY MAKE BELIE

It is a plausible thes
the urbanization of Am
drying up the capacity of
sters for adventure, even
tasy. For the inner-city
journeys beyond the ne
hood are nothing bu
grammed trips in a bus
If that child is poor, he
exposed to the books a
seum artifacts that can st
fantasies. If he is poo

, fantasies involving gran- may be too unrealistic to his indulgence.

urban kids, the thesis add, aren't much better Their immediate environ- is a sterile one of indis- shable houses on mani- lawns; their travels are lly orchestrated by moth- r scoutmasters.

competing thesis, probably red by the purveyors of day-morning TV, would it that urbanized children, g real-life adventure possi- s, have a richer capacity ntasy as a form of escape. ps. On the other hand, s children are so satiated levision's vivid vicarious tures that they have lost bility to construct their

ently, twenty-seven of the y-two fourth-graders of Royal school competed contest to write imagina- venture fantasies. Though sponse was small and the lacked experimental ls, the stories are instruc-

nt Royal is an inner-city but, while the majority students are black and it has a sizable minority ite kids from a middle- ashionable neighborhood, ome middle-class kids lack and white, from all ne city. Thus it offers a cross-section of the urban tion than most inner-city , and it also has a better ion.

to report, the capacity for ative escape from the ay environment was dis- almost exclusively by middle-class kids—and y few of them. Though ldren were invited to go rward or backward in nly three chose to do so. the son of a doctor, f his journey to Mars in "Now I'm in space pass- moon. Now I'm passing Whoa! I better get back .") Valerie, whose moth- fashion designer, imag- e interior of a house in "It would have slide-open hanging chairs, a ma- nat would give you any- like a sundae, an ice- oda, a pizza, a soda, or g you wished.") By way agic ring, Leslie trans- herself back in time. came a cave man and said, 'Ooga! Ooga! Me want ring!' ")

"I was over Tony's house playing a game," wrote Harold, who is black and who is repeating the fourth grade. Almost without exception, the black children set their adventures in the immediate neighborhood: at home, at a friend's house, in a park. Sharon, a bright little redhead, wrote of sailing to a strange island with a friend. ("Then we saw the monkey on a mermaid's back going toward the island.") Two white kids, including my son, used scouting trips as vehicles for narrative.

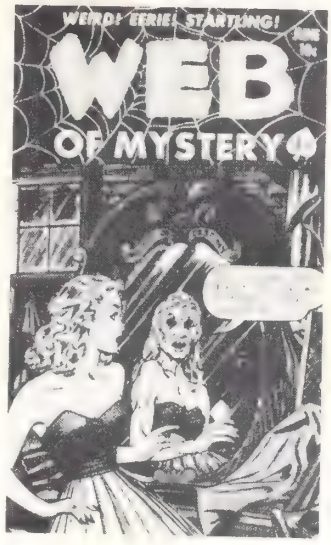
For a generation raised on cartoons and other TV fantasies, these children show a surprising disinterest in magical powers. Aside from Leslie with her magic ring, the only other child to ascribe to herself extraordinary abilities was Letitia, a black girl, whose bicycle flies through the air, Chitty-Chitty-Bang-Bang style.

I was struck by the preoccupation of the students, both black and white, with things that go boo in the dark. Haunted houses, giants, ghosts are frequent themes. But encounters with the scary are ephemeral. The giant that frightened Mari lyn turned out to be friendly. The ghost in the off-limits haunted house was only Susan's father under a sheet, trying to teach her a lesson. The skeleton in Marjorie's attic was a medical-school teaching device. For Barbara, the shadow in the backyard that frightened her at night was revealed to be "a great big tree blowing in the wind." Sam annihilates a "green thing" with a convenient can of gasoline: "I put some on him and I lighted it and he got blew up and that's the end of him."

Finally, I noticed that these kids favor dropping down holes to enter fantasy worlds, though I leave it to psychoanalysts to figure out why. Max fell through a hole in a tree and encountered a huge unicorn. Others fell down holes to encounter giants, witches, and anthropomorphized dogs. Usually the holes are in woods or parks, but Harriet fell down a hole at the candy counter in a theater. Said one faller (who failed to sign his name to his story): "I was out cold when I got up."

—Anthony E. Neville

Anthony Neville is a free-lance writer based in Baltimore.





Before the Battle...

"Death, wounds, the loss of my family [said Prince Andrey]—nothing has terrors for me. And dear and precious as many people are to me: father, sister, wife—the people dearest to me; yet dreadful and unnatural as it seems, I would give them all up for a moment of glory, of triumph over men, of love from men whom I don't know, and shall never know."

and After

"That's a fine death!" said Napoleon. . . . Prince Andrey knew that it was said of him, and that it was Napoleon saying it. . . . But he heard the words as he heard the buzzing of flies. . . . There was a burning pain in his head; he felt he was losing blood, and he saw above him the high, faraway, everlasting sky. He knew it was Napoleon—his hero—but at that moment Napoleon seemed to him such a small, insignificant creature in comparison with what was passing now between his soul and that lofty, limitless sky with the clouds flying over it. It meant nothing to him at that moment who was standing over him, what was being said of him. He was only glad that people were standing over him, and his only desire was that these people should help him and bring him back to life, which seemed to him so good, because he saw it all quite differently now.

—Leo Tolstoy, *War and Peace,* 1869

"Boss, life is trouble—only death is not. To be alive is to undo your belt and look for trouble."

—Nikos Kazantzakis, *Zorba the Greek,* 1946

MARK THE MOMENTS

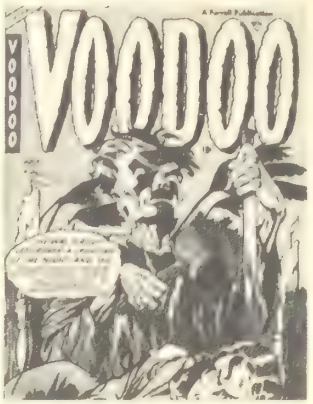
This feeling of adventure definitely does not come from events: I have proved it. It's rather the way in which the moments are linked together. I think this is what happens: you suddenly feel that time is passing, that each instant leads to another, this one to another one, and so on; that each instant is annihilated, and that it isn't worthwhile to hold it back, etc., etc. And then you attribute this property to events which appear to you *in* the instants; what belongs to the form you carry over to the content. You talk a lot about this amazing flow of time but you hardly see it. You see a woman, you think that one day she'll be old, only you don't see her grow old. But there are moments when you think you *see* her grow old and feel yourself growing old with her: this is the feeling of adventure.

—Jean-Paul Sartre

Nausea, 1938

INTRAPAROUNDOWRAP





Expect Nothing, Be Ready for Everything

When the swordsman stands against his opponent, he is not to think of the opponent, nor of himself, nor of his enemy's sword movements. He just stands there with his sword, which, forgetful of all technique, is really only to follow the dictates of the unconscious. The man has effaced himself as the wielder of the sword. When he strikes, it is not the man but the sword in the hands of the unconscious that strikes. There are stories in which the man himself has not been aware of the fact that he has struck down the opponent—all unconsciously. The working of the unconscious is in many cases simply miraculous. . . .

There is a Japanese film play [*The Seven Samurai*] in which unemployed samurais are given a trial of their swordsmanship. This is fictitious, but there is no doubt that it is all based on facts of history. The leader of the whole enterprise . . . placed a young man behind the entrance which must be passed by every comer to the building. As soon as a samurai tried to step over the threshold, the young man was to strike him suddenly with a stick and see how the newcomer behaved. The first one was caught and received the stick coming down over him with its full force. . . . The second one dodged the blow and in return struck the young man. . . . The third one stopped at the entrance and told the one behind the door not to try such a mean trick on a fully seasoned warrior. For this one sensed the presence of a secret enemy inside even before he actually detected him who was securely hidden. . . . This sensing of an unseen enemy seems to have developed among the swordsmen to a most remarkable degree of efficiency in those feudal days when the samurai had to be on the alert in every possible situation that might arise in his daily life. Even while in sleep he was ready to meet an untoward event. **—D. T. Suzuki**

"Lectures on Zen Buddhism"
Zen Buddhism and Psychoanalysis, 1960

NO PLACE FOR A LADY

Far from growing familiar with my prison, I beheld it every moment with new horror. The cold seemed more piercing and bitter, the air more thick and pestilential. My frame became weak, feverish and emaciated. I was unable to rise from the bed of straw and exercise my limbs in the narrow limits to which the length of my chain permitted me to move. Though exhausted, faint and weary, I trembled to profit by the approach of sleep. My slumbers were constantly interrupted by some obnoxious insect crawling over me. Sometimes I felt the bloated toad, hideous and pampered with the poisonous vapours of the dungeon, dragging his loathsome length along my bosom. Sometimes the quick, cold lizard aroused me, leaving his slimy track upon my face, and entangling itself in the tresses of my wild and matted hair. Often have I at waking found my fingers ringed with the long worms which bred in the corrupted flesh of my infant. At such times I shrieked with terror and disgust; and while I shook off the reptile, trembled with all a woman's weakness. **—Matthew Lewis**

Ambrosio, or The Monk, 1795

Ten, Nine, Eight...

Looking for a job with danger, suspense, thrills, chills? Apply to: Bomb Section, Scientific Research Division, New York City Police Department. "We feel this is where the action is," says Sgt. Terence McTigue. "It's exciting."

The Bomb Section, which consists of about seventeen men and two dogs, gets a call whenever someone finds a bomb. If it hasn't exploded yet, they try to stop it from doing so, or move it someplace where it will do no damage.

"I think it takes a man who's not a worrywart, that's for sure," says Sergeant McTigue. "You don't want the hero who's going to run out and walk on water and tear bombs apart with his bare hands. And we wouldn't want anybody who'd be worrying all the time or pacing the floor. What we do look for is a level-headed guy who's cautious, who's aware of the potential hazards and doesn't rush in."

The Bomb Section, a close-knit group of men, is a reputable organization with years of experience. "We've been in business since 1903," says McTigue, whose office is decorated with bombs. The pay is no better than that of other policemen, and applicants must be able to work in the presence of fear.

"The fear kind of heightens your attention," McTigue feels, "and your adrenaline's flowing and you probably think and work better—at least I do—under those conditions."

The trick, he says, is to concentrate on the technical aspects of the work, rather than on the danger. "You suppress the other business. Because if you're thinking about, you know, jeez, I can get my tail blown right against the wall here, then you're not going to do the job right."

McTigue, who is thirty-nine, has been with the section fifteen years and still has all the bodily parts he began with. He does not even bite his fingernails. "It really doesn't benefit you to get all psyched up about it because you could get an ulcer or become quite nervous," he says.

The sergeant has no exciting hobbies. He works around the house a bit and likes a little fishing now and then.

Considering the Section's heavy workload, casualties are light. In 1940 two Bomb Section men were killed in an explosion at the World's Fair. In 1956 an acting sergeant lost his thumb to a fragmentation grenade. About three years ago a couple of men were injured by an incendiary device planted in Macy's.

The only recent Bomb Section death occurred last December. The officer, driving a car to a building that had exploded, was killed in a traffic accident. **—Lewis Grossberger**

Lewis Grossberger is a reporter for the New York Post.

To sing, to laugh, to cry,
To walk in my own way and
alone,
Free, with an eye to see things
as they are,
A voice that means what it says
to cock my hat
Where I choose—At a thing
Yes, a *No*,
To fight—or write. To travel
any road
Under the sun, under the stars,
nor doubt
If fame or fortune lie beyond
the bourne—
Never to make a line I have not
heard
In my own heart.

—Edmond
Cyrano de Bergerac

THE DISCOVERY OF THE EAST POLE

The East Pole, that persistent pinhead we think should be on our world maps somewhere between the Manchurian archipelago and the Cobalt region, eluded geographers and explorers all during the Gold Rush era of discovery. Truth to tell, it failed even to occur to Peary or to anyone else—until Bustard Chuggerton's inheritance check arrived in 1909 to transform a schoolboy's fantasy dream into a grown man's serious quest. One year the Chuggerton East Pole Expedition had been outfitted, manned and bade bon voyage aboard the chartered barkentine *Mary Emily Barnardo, Jr.*, slipping her moorings at Bristol.

"Queer Doings at the Docks," mumbled *The Times* the next day. Queer doings

UNDOWRAPAROUNDOW

Airedale sled dogs yipping
ir pens on the foredeck;
gerton's personal tent, a
y-room canvas country
flapping on the poop; a
six-man crew culled from
ostlers and menials on
gerton's estate, grumbling
veating in their bulky furs,
g to near mutiny even be-
he ship embarked. Soon
xpedition was under sail
ll was forgotten—includ-
e maps. But by dint of the
visation that was to be
gerton's chum throughout,
rkentine wended her way
rd via Quebec City, Tam-
Quebec City again, and
', after 241 days, into the
Ocean.

uggerton could almost
the East Pole now, even
couldn't quite locate it.
its all day in his d——d
reads the first mate's log
ay 3, 1902, "and punches
n that d——d globe. Sled
ll losing their hair in this
l heat." Those balding
s betray Chuggerton's one
al gaffe: his belief that
st Pole, like its North and
counterparts, loomed as
Arctic vastness. Had he
oo much of other polar
tions, or thought not
enough of his own, or
We will never know.

at stands beyond doubt is
n the night of July 12,
after lying becalmed on
ss sea east of Hong Kong
er three weeks, the *Mrs.
Barnardo, Jr.*, bumped up
something hard. Land at
Now the East Pole trek
its final, overland stage.
er there been in the an-
exploration a more stir-
ght than twenty-two dog-sleds slithering over the rice paddies, rills, and dusty trails of Cochin China, the bellowing cries of "Mush!" lost amid lush vegetation and drooping vines that blind a man already up to his eyeballs in sealskins? Did Chuggerton need to mark his way with cairns, or ration out jerky and whale oil amid a verdant abundance that surrounded, nay, entangled his hardy band? Good questions!

Onward forged the expedition, snagged here in reeds higher than a man's head, bogged there in mud from ceaseless monsoon rains. And then, after six months of Arctic privation in the Indo-Chinese jungles, a cloak of mystery suddenly enfolds the Chuggerton East Pole Expedition. The postcards stopped. The trail of cairns petered out. A search party, had anyone thought to mount one, would have found little to go by. A discarded galosh chanced upon near Ch'ang-ch'un on the fringes of Inner Mongolia in 1908, Chuggerton's monogrammed tea set, discovered in a Vladivostok pawnshop in 1919, traces of Airedale heritage in a breed of Mongolian herd dogs as late as the Forties—and little else.

Medical science has, of course, immortalized the quest in its own cruel way by labeling a certain pathetic disorder "Chuggerton's syndrome." But nothing more commemorates an adventure some may call foolhardy and others merely mad, but about which decent folk will hopefully maintain a polite and enduring silence.

—Bruce McCall

Bruce McCall is a free-lance writer and artist who lives in New York, surrounded by his extensive collection of Chuggertonia.



oto from doomed 1902 East Pole Expedition catches normally re- ir Bustard Chuggerton clowning it up for camera.

READERS

"St. Anthony's major temptation, in terms of his living here, was perhaps this: ordinary life."
—Donald Barthelme
"The Temptation of St. Anthony," 1971

Last fall I was severely bitten by my own Great Dane, Star, a beloved and treasured insurance against whatever may occur in the remote mountains where we live.

Star is ordinarily gentle and loving with women and children and any creature I tell him to be nice to, though he doesn't take kindly to the male sex or anything that might threaten me or the kids. But trouble arose when I took in a Samoyed dog named Baron while his owners went abroad, and Baron decided to take over Star's territory. Not being familiar with the breed, we had no idea a Samoyed would attack a dog three times his size and twenty times his strength, but attack Baron did, repeatedly. Star tried to ignore Baron, since I'd told him to, but from time to time he'd take an offhand swipe in self-defense. After several visits to the vet to patch Baron up, we decided that he and Star would have to be kept apart. Since Baron had never been allowed inside a human dwelling by his masters, and Star had always had the run of the house, Baron lived in the garage and Star lived indoors with us.

One morning I started for the kitchen with my two-and-a-half-year-old daughter, Keri. Now, Keri is nicknamed "Pokey," unkindly but accurately. I went ahead of her into the kitchen, where Star was awaiting us. As she climbed slowly to the door, Baron made an unanticipated bid for the run of the house. It happened so quickly that I'm sure he didn't even see Keri in his path. But I did. And so did Star. In the same fraction of a second I stepped between Keri and Baron and shoved Keri under the table, while Star snapped ferociously at Baron—and got my leg instead.

I must have been in shock, since I recall no pain (but lots of fear for Keri still). I gave my leg a brief glance, more annoyed that my only good pair of slacks had been ripped than that the insides of my knee were protruding from my skin. I managed to separate the dogs by calling Star outside; then I escorted Baron back to the garage, made arrangements to see a doctor who lives about thirteen miles away, took off with Keri, and finally picked up a hitchhiker to drive in case I passed out.

Every good adventure has its irony, and the irony of this one was that I was expecting a long-awaited visit from my college roommate, who's a doctor. She turned up that afternoon, in time to force me to stay off the leg, get a friend to care for the kids, and get me antibiotics, which the doctor who treated me had forgotten to prescribe.

Who was the hero or heroine of this adventure?

Was it Baron? After all, he made a heroic bid for new territory against proven odds.

Was it Star? He protected his charges instantly and effectively. It wasn't his fault that my leg got in the way.

Was it me? I acted instinctively, as Star did.

Was it my friend Sue, the doctor? She kept me from worrying, hemorrhaging, and getting infected.

Was it my husband? He was out working for a nice big fatherly firm to make money so we could all live in peace in the mountains, and commuting an hour each way. That makes him a hero any way you look at it.

—Estelle Heskin
Boulder Creek, Calif.

When sufficiently moved, I throw caution to the winds —never even *see* the red light! Cowardice disgusts me. Once, when a not-too-pleasant bull needed to be moved from one pen to another, and the farmhand looked on, frozen, I vaulted the board fence and shooed the bull into the proper pen. Another time, while I was hanging up clothes, I saw a snake lying right in my path. I picked it up by the tail and threw it into some weeds. A man working nearby looked up and said, "Golly, you're brave." Not at all, just impulsive. Frankly, though, I can think of one thing that frightens me—failure.

—Zelma Graham Patterson
Louisiana, Mo.

WRAPAROUNDOWRAP

On the River

Some people feel real small in the presence of a magnificent natural setting. And that's great. Sensing the enormity of creation, you know you can't compete. You must go with it.

Rivers give you this feeling. Go down a fast one, with lots of rapids. You'll end up with an understanding of your abilities and a sharpened sense of decisiveness. Each set of rapids is preceded by a small space of calm water, and a choice. Once you decide on a path through the unseen rocks and the white water, you're instantly committed to that decision. You have to be big enough to trust it because it will be irrefutable for an agonizingly long time, until you come out on the other side.

When you travel through the rapids, your abilities can help you. Or save your life. Or rescue your friends. But your commitment is what aligns you with the river, so that you're rolling with it. You join the river. You put aside the maps. You explore yourself. **—Richard Erlanger**

Richard Erlanger is a free-lance graphic designer.

"Dare we open our doors to the source of our being? What are flesh and bones for?"

—Paul Reps
Zen Flesh, Zen Bones, 1957

The Abra River in the Philippines came down through the mountains of Ilocos Sur and emptied into the sea near the town where we were stationed as Peace Corps Volunteers. Once, fleeing the beat of the tropic sun, we went swimming in it, but this was frowned upon by the local people because of the sirena—a creature half fish, half woman—who lurked under the water, waiting to pull you down in an eternal embrace.

When we announced to our Filipino friends that a group of about ten PCVs from adjacent areas were planning to take a raft downriver on a Sunday outing, they looked puzzled. "Don't," they said. "It is very dangerous." Since we couldn't get them to be more explicit, and since they often cautioned us against doing things that took physical effort, we just laughed, and they laughed, too.

At our rendezvous, about twenty miles upriver, we easily purchased a forty-foot bamboo raft from a willing boatman, and a sizable crowd stared at us as we inexpertly poled off.

The first meanders were pleasant. The sluggish water gave back the sun in dancing pinpricks of light, and the surrounding hills, though dry and eroded before the rainy season, offered their own purple beauty. Gathered sociably along the river's edge were women doing their laundry. Their chatter drifted toward us, as did the whack-a-whack of their wooden paddles as they beat the dirt out upon the rocks. "Where is Debbie?" I asked. "She can't swim," replied her roommate, "so she decided not to come." I didn't like the sound of that.

Not long afterward, we got into an unmanageable stretch of fast water and hit something. We flailed and struggled but slowly, relentlessly swung broadside. As the raft cracked down the middle, my mind could only record facts: we tipped, cameras and other belongings were swept away, one of our party fell overboard; we clutched at him, pulling him back. Eventually, amidst the terrifying sound of tumultuous water, we stuck on a rock in the middle of the river.

Strengths and weaknesses of character revealed themselves until Ed jumped into the water. "Whoopee!" he shouted. We fully expected to see his head disappear beneath the foam, but the water was only armpit deep. An embarrassing sense of ourselves came and went. Then an unwarranted cockiness replaced our unwarranted panic, and, joking and laughing, we floated our crippled vessel off the rock and clambered back on.

About a mile down, we ground to a halt again on some submerged fish traps. The broken bamboo was becoming increasingly waterlogged, and we were sinking ever lower in the water. From the farther bank a raftsman traveling in the opposite direction shouted something at us—"Mataycayo!" It floated by faintly. "Doesn't that mean 'You will all die'?" someone asked rather timidly. Ahead of us was a bend we couldn't see around.

Not everyone agreed that the raftsman had actually said, "Mataycayo," but a wariness, perhaps caused more by the waning afternoon light than by any rational assessment, us beach our raft for a of reflection. We had n where we were. It would ficult to walk out over th dering mountains. We damp and without food many hours away, night s an unappealing prospect.

Tired and quarrelsom were becoming increasing pable of making a rash d when another raftsma peared. Something abo bold sweep of his bow oar to a need in all of us a hailed him.

He began to outline a lying somewhere ahead Because of the language the details remained u but one thing came th strongly: his detachmen were of a race apart. I pected our motives to be alien. Whatever we deci do was all right with him. we asked him if he woul us to our destination for money and our raft thro he agreed with a gestur said, "It's up to you."

As we climbed once aboard our raft, which wa lashed to his, I let my d slip from my hands, an longer burdened, started perience a joyful calm lasted through the rest voyage, even when we ca the danger that would ce have meant tragedy had w to meet it on our own.

With the towering hill shadowy in the dusk, a per roaring grew thunderous an irresistible current g us, speeding our two raf ward. Suddenly a huge b loomed in our path. White boiled around it. The thr ing rock—capable of sm rafts, limbs, heads—and sucking vortex sent out a challenge to our raftsman face was impassive, but h sweating. Again and aga threw his whole weight s and deftly against his oa then we were past it. We an appreciative cheer and joking almost immediately started to sing. This came ally to us. But something stance, the manner, of the pino spoke of his disapp told us he thought our re inappropriate. He though should be praying.

—Susan

Susan Witty spent two years Philippines.

Suddenly he stood by the edge of a full-fed river. Never in his life had he seen a river before—this sleek, sinuous, full-bodied animal, chasing and chuckling, gripping things with a gurgle and leaving them with a laugh, to fling itself on fresh playmates that shook themselves free, and were caught and held again. All was a-shake and a-shiver—glints and gleams and sparkles, rustle and swirl, chatter and bubble. The Mole was bewitched, entranced, fascinated. By the side of the river he trotted as one trots, when very small, by the side of a man who holds one spellbound by exciting stories; and when tired at last, he sat on the bank, while the river still chattered on to him, a babbling procession of the best stories in the world, sent from the heart of the earth to be told at last to the insatiable sea. **—Kenneth Grahame**

The Wind in the Willows, 1908

In the Deserts

Truthful I call him who goes into godless deserts, having broken his revering heart. In the yellow sands, burned by the sun, he squints thirstily at the islands abounding in wells, where living things rest under dark trees. Yet his thirst does not persuade him to become like these, dwelling in comfort; for where there are oases there are also idols.

Hungry, violent, lonely, godless: thus the lion-will wants itself. Free from the happiness of slaves, redeemed from gods and adorations, fearless and fear-inspiring, great and lonely: such is the will of the truthful.

It was ever in the desert that the truthful have dwelt, the free spirits, as masters of the desert; but in the cities dwell the well-fed, famous wise men—the beasts of burden.

—Friedrich Wilhelm Nietzsche

Thus Spake Zarathustra, 1885

WRAPAROUND CONTINUES ON PAG

★★ TION

The Daily Newspaper

★★★ NEWS

ME 506, No. 27— WEATHER: Sunny, Breezy, Cooler.

BIG THREE GO UP!

G.M., Ford, Chrysler Hike Prices.



DETROIT—To keep up with recent rises in the price of steel, the Big Three auto manufacturers announced new increases on cars and options.

This is GM's seventh price rise since the end of the '73 model year. Increases have included not only the basic vehicle but extra standard equip- ...quipment and destination charges.

Ford and Chrysler, hiking their prices a total average of $584 and $458 respectively.

Extraordinary Increases

The multiple price increases put into effect by the auto makers are unusual for the industry, which in the past tried to limit increases ...

Little One Stays Down!



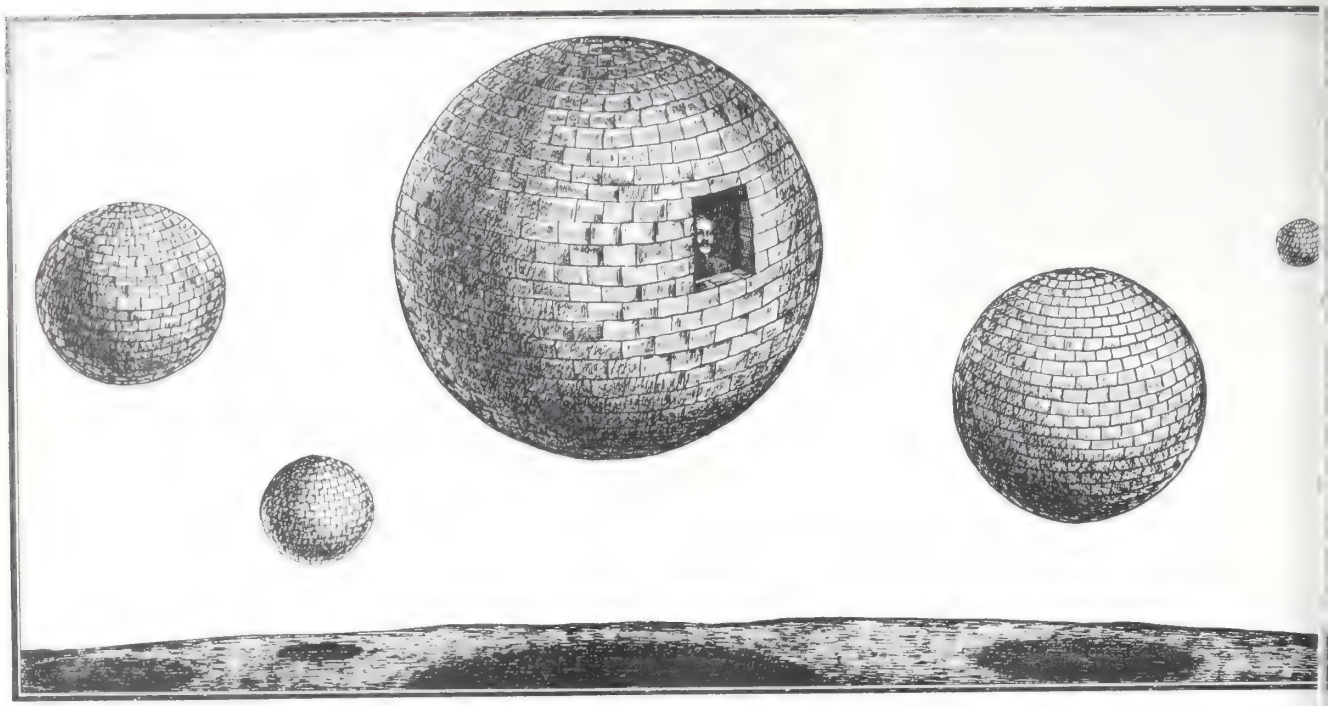
Still $2625*

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Estelle R. Ramey

BOREDOM:
THE MOST PREVALENT AMERICAN DISEASE

Welcome to the banquet of life: Ennui sits at the head of the table, Tedium below the salt



IF YOU REALLY WANT to know what's bothering a lot of Americans, don't read the articles in the medical journals; read their advertisements. One such sociomedical vignette showed some busy mothers decorating the school gym for a PTA non-event. Off in a corner is a lone, dispirited woman. The caption under the picture diagnoses her disease as: "M.A. (Fine Arts) . . . PTA (President-elect) . . . representation of a life currently centered around home and children, with too little time to pursue a vocation for which she has spent many years in training . . . a situation that may bespeak continuous frustration and stress: a perfect framework for her to translate the functional symptoms of psychic tension into major problems. For this kind of patient—with no demonstrable pathology yet repeated complaints—consider the distinctive properties of Valium."

In other words, our heroine is dying of boredom. Short of a personal and cultural revolution, the root causes of her sickness can't be treated. Her brain is starving. A convenient way to adjust her to her proper duties is to "tranquilize" her with a mind-dulling drug. It will also get her off her doctor's back.

Boredom is a grossly underestimated malady. It causes mischief and destruction; it is socially very expensive. Erich Fromm identifies it as the insidious cause of catastrophes ranging from drug addiction to violence. Bertrand Russell said that "boredom is a vital problem for the moralist since at least half the sins of mankind are caused by fear of it." Yet boredom per se gets little or no attention from the public health establishment. For one thing, most victims do not identify it as the origin of their difficulties. They tend to think of it as a trivial complaint that afflicts only the decadent and jaded. This is nonsense; in our society boredom is endemic and increasing.

If poverty is economic deficit, then boredom is psychic deficit. Like poverty, its consequences must be cured by social changes, not by medicine. From the medical point of view, therefore, both poverty and boredom are no-win problems. Patients c to the doctor complaining of a iad of physical symptoms, and resist treatment. Such patients drag on themselves, their fam their doctors. The big traffic in scription tranquilizers probabl flects the boredom of the doctor than the needs of the patient.

Aside from the medical cos boredom, this neural disorder e a social price in many other Schoolteachers have known f long time that children who are in the classroom are a menac everyone around them—the olde child, the more extensive the age. Rising suicide and divorce reflect, in large part, higher more broadly democratic den for "meaningful" experiences, an unwillingness or inability t erate monotony. Educated peop bored. Uneducated people are bored. The old are bored, and s the young.

WHAT IS BOREDOM and w most susceptible to it? It painful condition resulting fr

Dr. Estelle Ramey is a professor of physiology and biophysics at the Georgetown School of Medicine.

t of sensory responsiveness to
xternal world. Every human be-
vulnerable because of the fun-
ntal nature of our nervous sys-
There are no class, race, age, or
ines in its distribution, but it
most agonizing after sustained
ctual challenge or prolonged
lation of the senses. Starving
ce-feeding the highest centers of
rain will induce its characteris-
comfort, while high sensory or
ctual expectations will intensi-
symptoms.

st studies of boredom have con-
ted on the pathological effects
notony on people or animals
controlled laboratory condi-
The results are directly appli-
to many real situations—men
ed in distant Antarctic out-
prisoners of war, prisoners of
lonely housewives, truck
s on long solo runs, space
s, and airplane pilots. Every
of evidence we have supports
quent statement of Christopher
y, who, as a British secret
during World War II, was
and imprisoned by the Nazis:
n discovered that variety is
e spice but the very stuff of
Ve need the constant ebb and
f wavelets of our conscious-
now here, now there, keeping
ur isolation in the ocean of
so that we neither encroach
encroached upon."

tional and intellectual health
ls on an appropriate amount
on in a varied environment;
is no reason to believe that
need less variety than men, or
n less than adults. It has been
placent male assumption that
ent women don't mind doing
d of tedious tasks that would
intelligent man right up the
lowever, studies done on sex
ces as a factor in tolerance to
otonous environment have
hat women may respond even
rritably than men to such
ints. D. V. Biase and his
es used a group of male and
college students and subject-
to a uniformly uninteresting
ment. They were well fed and
gly into soundproof rooms of
ortable temperature, with a
fused light (or no light) and
low, unchanging background
no sound at all. The subjects
e down but were not allowed
. A device like a lie detector

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was used to monitor their nervous response. None of the subjects could stand the boredom for long.

The absolute monotony quickly produced emotional disturbances sometimes verging on the violent. Women showed a lower tolerance than men for isolation and tedium, and they were more likely to verbalize their distress. In what Biase calls "the Colonel Glenn syndrome," however, some of the men persisted in denying that they had difficulty coping with the torment of sensory deprivation, even though they had been observed during the course of the experiment to be moaning and writhing. Our culture, it appears, does not like its men to be anything but strong and stoical in public. When anguished, they keep a stiff upper lip and perforate their ulcers. Women have the right, for what it's worth, to complain.

Whatever the culturally permissible responses, it is a fact that every aspect of brain function, in both men and women, was disturbed after even a few hours' exposure to sensory deprivation. Their reaction time, sensory acuity, power of abstract reasoning, verbal ability, space visualization, and internal motivation to move or to daydream or to think, all decreased. They became as empty of responsiveness as the environment was empty of input. Nothing in, nothing out is apparently the credo of the human nervous system. (Physical exercise, incidentally, appears to tone up the entire nervous system. When the subjects were allowed to move around or to exercise, their tolerance for environmental monotony increased.)

We come by our hungry brains in a natural progression. Even rats can get bored in an unchallenging environment. Anita Hatch took some laboratory rats and put them singly in warm cages with plenty of food and water but with little visual or aural stimulation or handling. After three months in this suburban rat heaven, the animals began to act like caricatures of the lonely housewife or her unemployed spouse. They became jumpy, irritable, and aggressive. They nibbled constantly and became fatter than their peers out in the exciting world. The bored rats then began to show signs of organic disorders. They developed nervous twitches and scaly tails. If they had had access to a rat doctor, they would have run up high medical bills and would have been put on tranquilizers. It wouldn't have helped them to have to go back to the same old cage.

Those rats didn't need a doctor. They needed some variety and stimulation. Just putting them back in a lively rat community for one week reversed all their pathology. It should be noted, however, that if the rat community gets too crowded and too lively, the rats once again begin to develop diseases, and these disorders of satiation are little different from those of deprivation. Thus either too much or too little nervous stimulation leads to unresponsiveness. A good environment provides just enough sensory input to maintain a sense of well-being—for mice, women, and men.

THE NEED FOR EXPLORATION and novelty seems to be built into brains and the more complex the brain, the more the need for variety. It is not only men who climb mountains just because they are there. Laboratory animals trained to run a maze to get food will learn the easiest and fastest path to the food, and then, after a while, the little beasts begin to experiment with more difficult ways to get fed. If even a rat brain is willing to sacrifice a quick meal for a change of pace, what can we expect from the voracious human brain? Exactly what one might think—it will go to remarkable lengths to escape boredom.

The trouble is, we don't know how. Ennui is so pervasive and so nebulous. Whose fault is it that so many people are bored with their lives? Mrs. M.A. Fine Arts, because of her underutilized brain, has psychic tension, but just turn the page of that same medical journal and meet her husband—the male mainstay of the tranquilizer industry. This drug ad shows a middle-aged, middle-management executive with overflowing in- and out- boxes and three phones ringing at once. Tranquilizers will keep him going until his coronary occlusion makes further medication unnecessary. His is the other face of boredom—psychic tension from overload and satiation. Life is unsatisfying. Tranquilize it.

Clearly, it's not simply the occupation that creates the pervasive sense of tedium that many Americans are experiencing. Large numbers of stereotypic housewives are not by the PTA or their daily ro They enjoy them. There is, i far more potential flexibility a riety in running a home than ing a file clerk, a bank teller, try at a missile base, or an as to an assistant editor at *Pent* Many workers in what seem deadly, boring jobs do not rep happiness with the work. Oth occupations that are far more esting (to the observer) quit i and despair at the boredom o lives. The depression and anx boredom seems to be generat one's perception of the value work and the degree of e awareness of more exciting po ties. It is not the job itself b sense of control, power, and st engenders that determines w you'll suffer the pain of boredo

A research scientist may h perform many repetitive ope to obtain useful data, but the cation of that data and the re tion of her unique contributio the work exciting. A psycho hears some stupefying stories a day's work, but his status, come, and his God-like importa the patient make up for the t An accountant spends his da endless columns of number there is apparently a satisfyin metry to his balanced additio subtractions that compensates intrinsic monotony of his life's Of course, accountants do get Some take to squirreling away numbers of $100 bills to enliv day. Psychoanalysts, too, get and start investing in real es racehorses, and research sci get bored and become ine scientist-administrators.

It's nice to have options. Bu happens to someone who is f a job or a household like a amber? When there are no oth ble choices, boredom is endur human beings always get so their own back; they strike o whatever power they have the society that inflicts this t upon them.

You can't tranquilize ever The bright child, bored by a t unimaginative educational and too little physical activity to enliven things by throwin balls. Bored adolescents for paging gangs to provide the ment that their routine, impov

The answer is Audi.

What's the question?

Q With words like "inflation" aroun do words like "luxury, performan and economy" mean anything?

It seems the tighter the money, the looser the language. And these da the word "luxury" is almost as inflated as the dollar.

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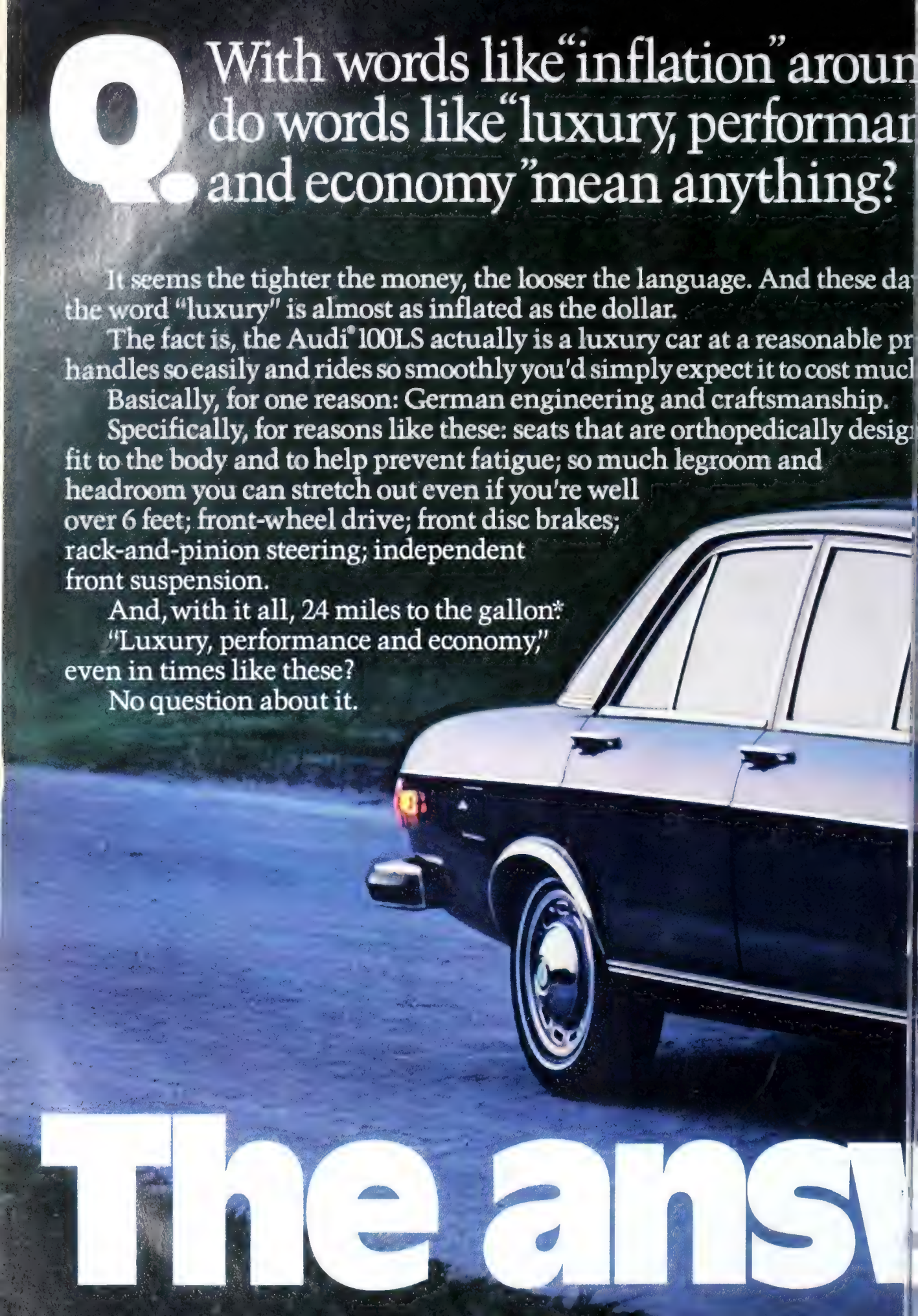
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The ans

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lives don't generate. They don't all live in slums. You'll find them in the best suburbs, ripping off the local stores just for the hell of it.

Men on assembly lines get so bored that they develop a free-floating hostility. On a recent television program, a man was shown moving an auto from one spot to another a few feet away, after which he went back to get another car, and so on and so on all day long—the ant and the grains of sand. He was asked whether he ever detected any faults in the cars in the process of moving them. He said, "Sure I do." He was asked if he reported them. His answer was succinct: "No." He was being screwed by "them." Screw "them."

THERE'S NOTHING NEW about boredom, just as there's nothing new about its emotional cognates—sloth, despair, hopelessness, alienation, passivity, and anomie. It's simply that we are less willing to endure the condition than our bored forebears. The desire for change is now accepted as a justification for almost any kind of behavior. The divorce rate is escalating in all age groups but is most dramatic in marriages of twenty to thirty years. More than 95 percent of all those late divorces are requested by the bored, middle-aged husbands. Most bored wives are still willing to settle for a tranquilizer, but then, an older woman's options are pretty much limited to that. The husband, however, can opt for a hedonistic thrashing around that used to be culturally unacceptable. Even politicians, those sensitive barometers of social sanctions, can now seek out new young bed companions without suffering a drop in the polls. Their constituents seem to understand that marriage to the same woman for thirty years can get damned boring. Everybody understands, except maybe the politician's old wife.

Our society regards its women's capacity for being bored in a curiously contradictory way. Women no longer have to be pregnant all the time, and they don't have to be ignorant. At last, they can be seen as strong, intelligent, vigorous persons. At the same time, however, they are seen as weak, nonintellectual, and by nature fit only for the protected atmosphere of a harem. The same man who insists on sending his daughter to the most elitist and intellec demanding college can't under why women aren't satisfied w nice home, husband, and chi His mother was. What right these pampered women to be b

It is true that in an industri ciety, most jobs are sedentary notonous, and impersonal. They one big advantage, though, housework. They provide mon an index of personal worth along with that money, a subt important sense of indepen The tranquilized housewife is and so is her husband, but least has some economic ego ance. And working men do get the house every day and i world of other adults. Even t sembly-line worker can get so lief from his tensions by relati his co-workers as in a tribal rit every evening he can leave his ous job and find a change of p his "after-work" activities. Th little change of pace for his w

The forlorn wife and moth the pharmaceutical blurb suffe only from a lack of "meaningfu uli," as one psychiatric refe book puts it, and an "inabil become stimulated" by her dai tivities; she also compounds psychological problems by f guilty about her attitude. She d necessarily want a paid job, b "libidinal and aggressive striv that were necessary when she student are now counterprod and must be denied. One way t with this is to take on still mo ligations (president-elect PTA then to complain about havin much (not too little) to do. Ob ly, she does have a lot of very sary functions. Her harried da been catalogued ad nauseam constant chauffeuring of the chi the volunteer work that nobody ciates, the gourmet cooking c the PTA wheel-spinning, the ca feeding of her semidetached band, and the endless shopping Somehow, though, she can't wo that old zest. Neither can he band, but the dynamics are diff

Medical counseling for the of either sex usually comes at a price. But there is general agre in the profession that wome outnumber men in the catego time-wasting, neurotic goldbri Doctors complain bitterly abo bored housewives who clutter

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ing rooms and "have nothing the er with them." Such women a heavy load on our medical- delivery system because bore- —with its accompanying depres- guilt, and anxiety—mimics just t all organ system disorders— rashes, headaches, backaches, nic fatigue, dizziness, shortness eath, sexual dysfunction, insom- excessive sleeping, stomach , menstrual disorders, personal- hanges, and chest pains. Unfor- ely, "psychogenic pain" hurts as much as any other kind of and all good doctors are obliged to rule out grim organic dis- that can present the same toms. This takes a lot of time money.

. William A. Nolen, a surgeon, ng recently in a popular wom- nagazine, describes the problem vay: "Women who are 'all tired account for a substantial seg- of most medical practices. 're difficult—almost impossible tients to treat. Most are in the -five-to-forty-five age group. 've been married ten to fifteen , their children are all in school, husbands are earning a reason- comfortable living. Very few of have jobs outside the home. a woman with this complaint s to my office, I almost always the same thing. She may be ly overweight—who isn't?— therwise, physically, there's not n thing wrong with her." Dr. then speaks directly to these ening females: "Most of you red for only one reason. You're ." The good doctor is exactly but his Rx for cure shows a is lack of insight.

len advises these women to take 10 or $15 that an office visit cost and spend it on a "relaxed at a restaurant" or on a "good ." What happens to his patient the movie is over and the lunch ested? She comes back for an- prescription for her sickness. ven this Band-Aid treatment of ructive disease is preferable to raconian "cure" some doctors treat chronic boredom. Dr. describes a typical, restless pa- named Beth, aged forty-two, was referred to me by a reputa- mily doctor as a candidate for ectomy." The referring doctor ted the operation because Beth anemic due to prolongation of



her menstrual periods." It turned out Beth was not anemic and that she "needed a hysterectomy about as much as I did."

But if Beth shops around long enough, she will almost certainly find a doctor prepared to yank out a healthy uterus or prescribe expensive iron shots or tranquilizers or energizers or prolonged psychoanalysis. In fact, Beth may insist upon such mistreatment in order to have a socially acceptable reason for her terrible malaise. Being bored out of your mind is not considered a serious ailment, but a hysterectomy has clout. So does a nervous breakdown or alcoholism.

IT'S NOT ONLY THE WOMEN who can afford the casual hysterectomy, the endless psychoanalysis, who are caught up in the tedium of high expectations and minimal satisfaction. Traditionally, the working-class woman was supposed to be uninterested in anything other than her home, her church, her children, and her man. Not for her the luxury of yearning for fulfillment. All she needed was a full uterus, a full belly, and shining kitchen linoleum. Where McGinty sat was the head of the table, and that's how she liked it (he said). Boredom was for those fancy ladies uptown. In actual fact, her life was stultifyingly boring most of the time, and so was her husband's; but neither was encouraged to do any soul-searching about the full life. Times have changed. Working-class women, like their richer sisters, don't have to be pregnant all the time, and, when they do go to work to help keep the family in shoes, they learn about another dimension of themselves. They like the give and take of the working world. They are finding in themselves the ability to be independent.

No woman—upper-, middle-, or working-class—gets bored with her daily routines because Gloria Steinem and Betty Friedan told her to be unhappy. Boredom is a predictable consequence of the pill, educational opportunities, and the financial demands of an expanding economy. Recent books that cry havoc because women are no longer satisfied with lives of undeveloped potential and unrealized dreams are trying to preserve a social structure that is already a shambles. To understand what's going on, their authors would do better to look at the indignities we inflict on older, retired men. As life expectancy and our expectations of life increase, so does our vulnerability to boredom. Healthy men who are forced to retire and "enjoy" their well-earned leisure often find themselves sickened by the deprivation. Dr. Jay A. Winston of Harvard described a typical retired man:

Mr. G., a self-employed businessman, had delayed his retirement until age 72. His health had remained good. His work had been personally fulfilling. Retirement was actually his wife's idea. Mrs. G. was looking forward to the relaxing lifestyle that her husband's retirement would finally allow.

Mr. G. expected he would travel, develop new interests, and spend more time with his family. But his work had been at the center of his life. He had never developed hobbies. While he had enjoyed providing his family with the means to entertain themselves, he had not partaken in many of the activities himself.

His business sold, Mr. G. found he was bored, frustrated, resentful. He arose each day and wandered around the house without a sense of purpose. His personal habits began to change—he became uncharacteristically sloppy, changed his clothes less often. He was irritable. And his mental capacities were suddenly failing. He would walk downstairs only to discover he had forgotten what he was looking for, or what he wanted to do. He began to forget people's names.

Disturbed at these changes, Mrs. G. sought help for her husband. A thorough medical examination revealed no organic basis for his symptoms, which were classic signs of early senility. As part of a psychiatric evaluation of the problem, Dr. Shader decided to initiate a "life review" with Mr. G.

Mr. G. admitted he never really wanted to retire, and he acknowledged anger and resentment towards his wife for forcing him to do so. Eventually he was able to confront his wife and express his anger, which re-opened communications between them.

Things improved after that. He was able to arrange to do part-time consulting work for the new owners of his life-long business enterprise. He and Mrs. G. soon found they were beginning to enjoy their new-found leisure ti together. After 16 weeks of th apy, Mr. G.'s memory proble and other signs of senility h disappeared.

Not many old men can afford therapy. They just disintegrate.

When sensory activation an tellectual curiosity are suppresse a dull environment, the brai sponds with a protective withd from the real world. In his work institution-bound patients, Dr. H R. Mark has found that revitaliz of almost moribund human b can often be achieved by the si technique of making available t that they can handle and exa and manipulate. When you er their interest, it is like engagin wheels with the motor; they sta move. Doctor Mark calls lonel anxiety, and boredom America' jor diseases.

Our society has thus create apotheosis of a physiological d ma. For some, satiation is the lem. The phones on the desk stop ringing. Crisis follows The rock music gets louder strobe lights whirl faster, the m become bloodier, movement place to place becomes more fre relations with others increase nentially, and the ability to re decreases constantly. The sound be turned up even higher as dea supervenes, and even then the e ment diminishes. Catch-22. Fo ers, nothing exciting or new ha as each day mimics every othe Little is asked, little is given.

History is full of examples extraordinary things that wome men will do to avoid satiati boredom. The only thing that i is the great increase in the nu of people who have joined the for diversion or fulfillment. used to be strictly an upper-clas ease that affected a few lords ladies of the realm. The rest of contemporaries were struggling perately to survive. It is only primal hungers are comfo blunted to mere appetites that human needs—love, respect, cr ity—come to the surface of sciousness. It is absurd to spe the intellectual boredom of a sta woman or man.

In the United States, alth there is terrible poverty for most Americans are well fed have more than a modicum of s



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Q. Why does CCF use a sponsorship plan to help children?
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Q. Is CCF an emergency relief organization?
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Q. What does the child receive?
A. In general, CCF supplements other resources to help provide clothing, shelter, health care, spiritual guidance, education, school supplies, balanced diet —and love. You'll receive detailed information about the project where the child receives assistance.

Q. May I send an extra gift?
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Q. May I visit my child?
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Q. May groups sponsor a child?
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Q. Is a financial statement available?
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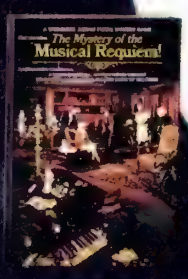
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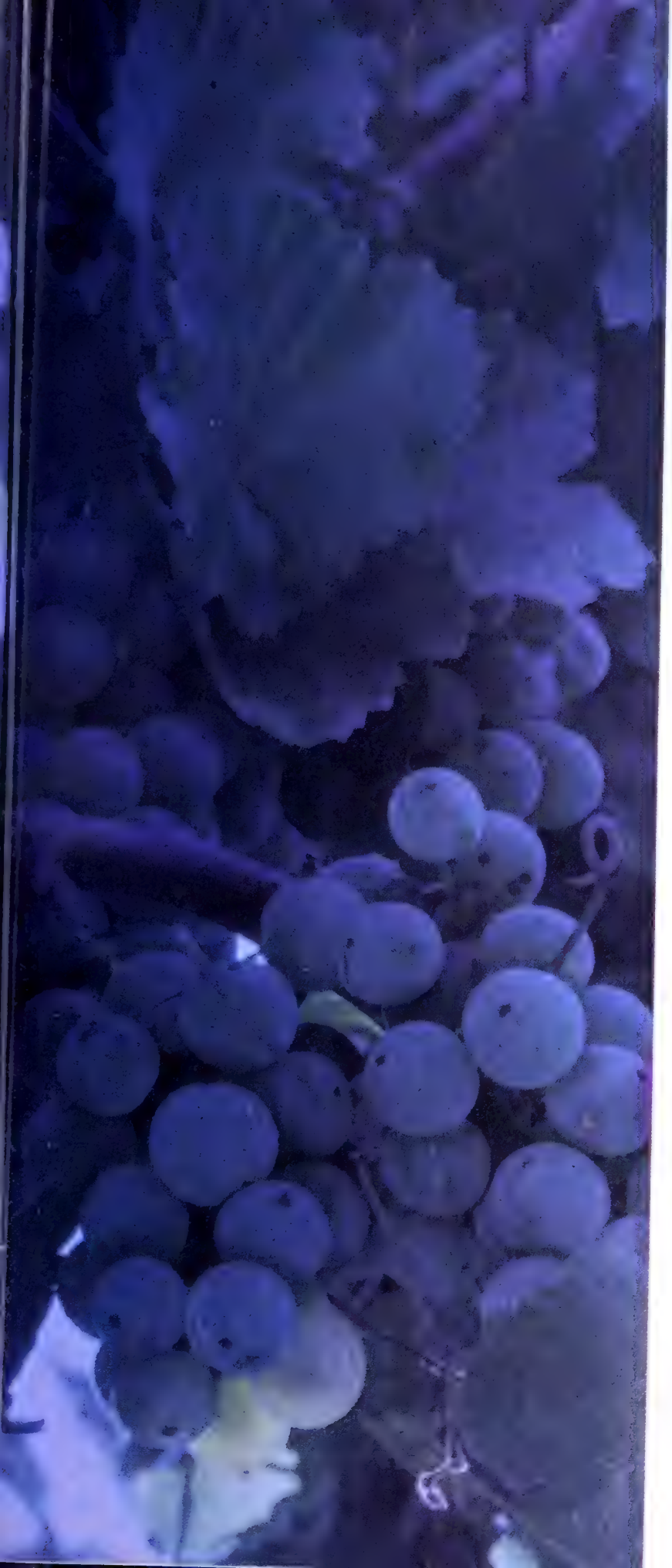
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Lewis H. Lapham

THE EASY CHAIR

The American Hero is a pearl of great price



ON READING THE PAPERS these days I notice that the leading social critics continue to mourn the absence of the American hero. They refer to him in the way that naturalists refer to the buffalo or the passenger pigeon, as if he were an extinct species that once made glorious the Great Plains. On otherwise dull afternoons, when no prominent man has been indicted for bribery or political conspiracy, editorial writers embellish the theme with laments for their lost youth. They remember a golden age (variously placed in the 1930s, '40s, and '50s) and wonder what happened to the heroes they collected on baseball cards when they were small boys in the sandlots.

This astonishes me because I had not thought that the American hero had been lost. As with a number of other questions of mythology, my misunderstanding probably has to do with definition. When I think of heroes I do not think of schoolboys wielding wooden swords or of military commanders with whom I associate calamities sufficiently magnificent to warrant their posthumous reputation. Neither do I think of politicians who promise to change the course of empire or of financiers notorious for their plundering of the Federal Treasury. I think instead of the heroism that I have encountered in so many people under so many different circumstances that it seems to me a condition as commonplace as the weather. I think of a tendency rather than a commodity, of a private act instead of a public image.

For the most part heroism appears in clumsy and undramatic ways, recognizable not as melodrama but as the everyday proof of generosity, selflessness, and courage. It is a quality that resembles genius, something that arises from nobody knows where, as sudden and unpredictable as the shifting of the spirit. If I grant my own definition I find myself surrounded by a multitude of occasional heroes, by friends who endure the weight of pain and adversity, by acquaintances who resign high-paying jobs for reasons of principle, by strangers met on subway trains who intervene in robberies. Beyond my own observation stands the record pieced together in the back pages of the newspapers in the few paragraphs that describe the countless incidents in which people abandon their self-interest in a moment of feeling or for the sake of an idea they hold valuable. I have read about a sixteen-year-old boy stabbed to death on a New York street while trying to prevent the theft of a smaller boy's bicycle, about men who have suffered torture for a period of months.

The record moves me to admiration, and yet I find none of it reflected in the lamentations of the critics who inform me of paradise lost. The routine courage of the ordinary life commands no space in the headlines, and when I look to the moralists for instruction I find that they prefer to illuminate the texts of weakness and decay. Instead of admiring the courageous man who bears his suffering without complaint we have learned to admire the man who can exploit and advertise his grief. We complain about our slightest inconvenience because the noise of our sorrow gives evidence of our sensibility. How perceptive an observer, we say, how

Lewis H. Lapham is the managing editor of this magazine.

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sensitive and well-informed, clearly a victim of consequence who has seen through the confidence game that binds him to the wheel of injustice. The idea of a man dying in obscurity, while writing letters to unimportant friends and without benefit of publicity, strikes us as absurd. Imagine what he could do with his death if he placed it in the hands of a competent promoter.

THE ENORMITY OF SUCH an oversight was first made plain to me last summer when I met a California producer who had been impressed by the suicide of a news correspondent on Florida television. The correspondent shot herself during an evening broadcast, and her performance had inspired the producer to an idea for an afternoon series entitled *Say Goodbye*. He hadn't worked out the details of the formula, but he thought it might require the guest of the day to tell his or her story (in twenty-two minutes, subtracting time for commercials) before committing suicide in whatever manner accorded with his or her feeling of disappointment. "There would be a problem with the police and with the sponsors," he said, "unless, of course, I could sell it as a documentary." Thinking that he was making a joke I told him that he was a man ahead of his time. But he wasn't joking, and he interpreted my remark as a compliment. "On the coast," he said, "I'm known as a visionary."

His proposition troubled me for several days; the more I asked myself what was wrong with it, the more I wondered about the process of transforming people into objects. It is the same blurring of the distinction between the public and the private, between what pertains to the individual and what can be sold to the afternoon television audience, that also confuses the mourners for the lost American hero. Those who bemoan his disappearance dream of an image instead of a man. Perhaps this is because the mechanism of mass communications can deal only with images. Even as late as the nineteenth century the hero might have been somebody who could set an example of conduct, a man whom lesser men could follow into exile or from whom they could learn the discipline of virtue. But the twentieth century chooses to stare at images, and so the modern hero becomes an obje necessarily distant figure who tracts crowds in airports and stands, vaguely seen within a c of admirers, as a symbol of s thing else. The public hero rel the society that his admirers p to imagine as their own rather the one in which they live—cf. Third Reich and the New Fronti and it is the realignment of the with the imaginary that gets so r people killed. By becoming the stract object on which his follo can project their collective long for immortality, the public hero presents them with a blank heads on which to write their singular taphs. It is possible that every ety needs such heroes to defin purpose and lead its wars of lil tion but that doesn't make friends of the people.

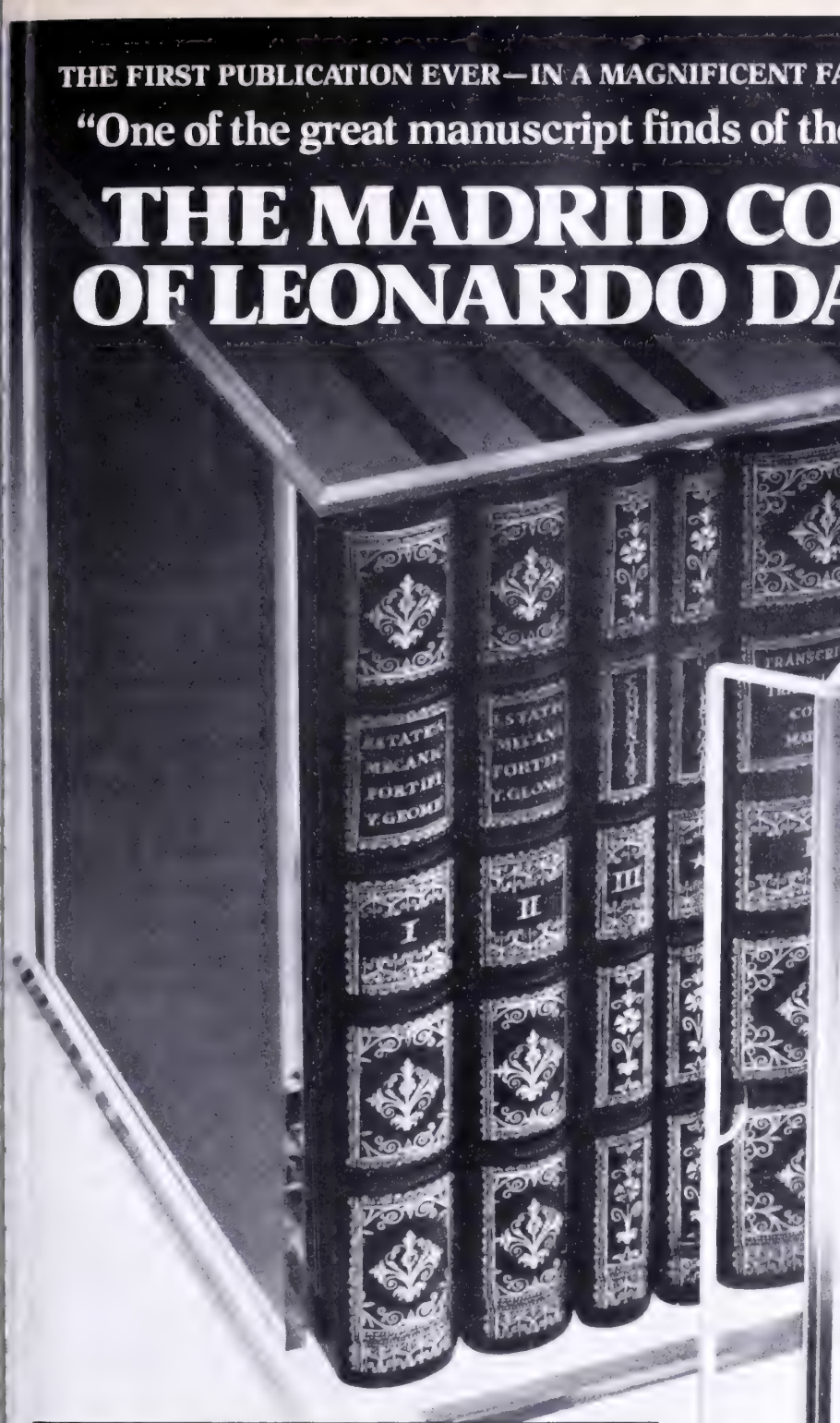
GIVEN MY TIN EAR for pa music I was alarmed by th tional search for a hero to play posite Nixon's villain during the year production of the Wate melodrama. The duality of the A ican mind favors the Christian sion of the world into the dar and the saved, and if Nixon had cast as the Anti-Christ then sumed that I had reason to fea arrival of anybody armed wit righteousness of an avenging a In the spring of 1973 I began ing a list of those offered as didates for the part, and I was prised not only by their numbe also by the carelessness with w they were chosen. So enthusi was the demand for a hero tha stage managers seemed willin consider anybody who could arr an audition before the Ervin mittee. Even a partial list sug the state of random haste—San vin, John Dean, Elliot Richar James McCord, John Sirica, Wi Ruckelshaus, Lowell Weicker, Rather, Woodward and Bern Archibald Cox, Howard Baker, Rodino, Kay Graham, Alexander terfield, Daniel Ellsberg, and H Kissinger.

Of all the men nominated fo part Kissinger seemed the mos likely and therefore provided clearest demonstration of the pr ing confusion. Mr. Kissinger is a of many accomplishments, but t him a hero strikes me as a co

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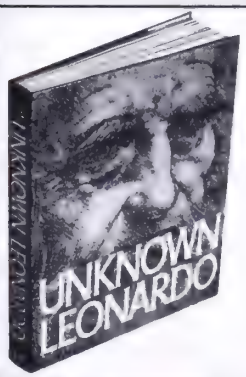
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*Dr. Edward C. Moore, in The New York Times (2/14/67), pg. 1

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diction in terms. He professes to follow the precepts of Metternich, a statesman known for his hatred of heroes and his suppression of liberal causes, and he knows that the success of a diplomatist depends on cunning, precise calculation, and a willingness to employ whatever means justify the ends of policy—all admirable and useful characteristics, no doubt, but not the characteristics of a hero. Similar inconsistencies encumbered the [illegible] candidates for the part. Politicians and informers must perjure themselves too often (not for heinous reasons but simply because that happens to be their line of work), and journalists must resort to the same forms of lese majesté that compromised the operatives in the Nixon White House.

I suspect that a comparable awkwardness disfigures most public men, which is why it requires such a great deal of money to make a hero out of anybody employed by the state. If the successful hero is a manufactured object, then the man who carries around the effigy must be somebody about whom his contemporaries know only those things that contribute to the effect. The trick is always done with mirrors (cf. the life and times of Teddy Kennedy). Possibly this is because the ideas associated with the heroic and the ideas associated with government no longer belong to the same categories. Except in time of war, and then only by accident, the two sequences of ideas have little to do with one another. The business of the state requires an absence of passion that would do credit to a dealer in a gambling casino; it comes down to a matter of maintaining the army and the roads, of enforcing the laws against civil disorder, of collecting taxes, and distributing the dole in such a way as to forestall crimes against property. Although necessary, none of these tasks seems to me heroic. The civil servant who gives way to generous impulse interferes with the workings of the machinery and [illegible] himself brought up on departmental charges of conduct unbecoming [illegible] democrat.

THE LAMENT FOR THE LOST HERO became popular in the middle 1960s. It conformed to the rhetoric of despair and provided yet another reason to revile the troop of pygmies that somehow had gained control of the government in Washington. As the bright visions of the decade receded into the historical past a great crowd of critics emerged from within its shadow bearing witness to an apotheosis or a massacre. A number of writers couldn't tell the difference between these two events, which led to schisms and excommunications among the secular clergy, but all were agreed that everything had changed and that nothing could ever again be the same. For the loss of innocence it was necessary to choose sides and affix the blame. Somebody had to be responsible for the loss of the Vietnam war, and it was important to find out why America the Beautiful suddenly was revealed as a society divided by class distinctions and racial hatred. Who had been lying to whom, and for what reason, and where was justice? The public debate assumed a quasi-religious character, and questions of morality preoccupied the authors of best-selling tracts; books such as *The Greening of America*, *The Armies of the Night*, and *The Best and the Brightest* became the modern equivalents to the inspirational literature published in the Victorian era under such titles as *The Exemplary Life of Miss Betty Anne Stamper—A Christian Confession.*

Content to nod and make the ritual responses ("yes, it is true, this is the worst of all possible worlds, worse than it ever was, o dearly beloved, and slowly falling into dust"), I accepted the lamentation as a literary convention of the period because I understood that publishers paid large advances for bad news. I also understood that it is a comforting thing to imagine that all the heroes have died. If only pygmies remain, then who is there against whom a man can measure his own shortcomings?

With the passing of the Nixon administration I expected the convention to change. The succession of indictments, convictions, and mumbled confessions testified to the miserable truth of what the moralists had been saying for so many years, and I assumed that they would rest content with their victory. In this I proved to be mistaken. Even the President's enemies took no pleasure in his undoing. Instead of celebrating his resignation with joyous thanksgiving they posed for the television cameras in attitudes of civic grief and continued their lament in the pious of Charles Colson's conversion truth of God. Otherwise worldly —Congressmen and journalists iar with the ways of the milk and accustomed to the settleme conference committees—began ing about the restored conscier the American people and the they had seen on the road to D cus. If I thought that they were ly hypocrites, feigning a seizu conscience for a moment's pub I wouldn't have felt so sadden their statements of faith. But pect that many of them believed they said, and this gives me r to fear their disillusion. No s had President Nixon departe California than it seemed as if body in Washington was deter to make a hero of Gerald Ford umnists competed with one ar in the extravagance of their for the new President's cando his willingness to bind up the w of the nation, for his simple-m belief in the American way o George Meany consented to vis White House for the first time i years, and Democratic Congres remembered that good old Jerry embodied all the Midwestern v of loyalty, trust, open-hande and charity.

THE BUSINESS OF making ir resembles any other busin that it requires the transpositi subjects into objects, and with first twenty-four hours of Pre Ford's accession to office he h gun to acquire the rigidity of a in a public park. The trouble this technique is that it does justice to the man whom it se transform. Whereas the objec be relied upon to represent wh supposed to represent and to at a fixed price, the man who r his humanity cannot be trust conform to factory specifica Sooner or later he does som that disappoints his fabricators. become dissatisfied with their work, which, because they consi their own, they then feel entit destroy. With President Ford th tire process took exactly one m When he made his acceptance s in August it was apparent th was a man who believed in the tian doctrine of compassion. time this was accepted as a

another aspect of the American
o who had cleared the wilderness
ing the first six days of the week
then listened to sermons on the
enth. But when the President act-
on his belief to grant a full pardon
ormer President Nixon, his com-
sion was denounced as a weak-
s. The same columnists who had
ised him for his honesty reproved
for his betrayal of the Constitu-
n. I concede that Ford acted with
olitic haste; my quarrel is with
se who convert men into icons
then perversely smash them, in
h instances for reasons of their
n. The gilding on the statue was
ely dry before the makers of the
ge began to gouge it off.

suspect that Charles Lindbergh
lerstood the whimsical nature of
process, which is why he avoided
publicity that threatened to turn
into stone. I assume that he also
ognized that what most people
n by heroism is the deification of
cess.

The people who mistake the made
ect for the sudden lurching of the
it must always be looking in the
ng place for the wrong thing.
y will look past the courage of
r friend to the empty television
en, ignoring the evidence of their
experience for the ready-made
o who might return triumphant
n the moon or run onto the stage
he Merv Griffin Show dressed in
ohair suit. Because we don't know
n to expect him, and because we
t hold ourselves in perpetual
diness for his entrance, we deval-
any expression of the heroic that
s not carry with it the emblems
success. We will assume that the
ic comes to us direct from stu-
s in Washington or Los Angeles,
we will condemn our own lives
ause they will seem to resemble
e movies, lacking a professional
and a musical score by Lalo
iffrin.

or people reduced to such a state
confusion, the American Hero
t be somebody whose approach
would be well advised to dread.
ink of a mechanical contrivance
d onto the stage of a high-school
itorium, its fixed grin as vacant
the smile of a vaudeville come-
n, its gestures as life-like as Dis-
's Abraham Lincoln, and its prom-
as vague as the ways in which
dmirers soon will begin to vanish
ugh unmarked exits. □



EVEN ON A LYNCHBURG FOX HUNT,
the talk will generally take a turn toward whiskey.

Mainly, we'll sit round the fire, let the dogs do the work and tell stories about the good old days. We'll recall when Jack Daniel bested all the big distillers at the St. Louis World's Fair. Or the time Tennessee voted dry in 1909. And the day Mr. Jack nearly got married. It seems that the stories could go on and on. But then the dogs get to baying in a special way and someone says, "Boys, let's chase ourselves a fox."



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L. J. Davis

TEARING DOWN BOISE

One day there may be nothing but a shopping center left of Boise, Idaho



Friends of Old Buildings

ONLY TWICE in this century have other Americans had much reason to think, for good or ill, about the modest metropolis of Boise, Idaho. The first time was in 1907, when Clarence Darrow unexpectedly persuaded a local jury to acquit Big Bill Haywood, the labor organizer, who had been accused of hiring the bomb-murderer of a former Idaho Governor. The second time was in the 1950s, when Boise was shaken by a homosexual scandal that briefly made it something of a national laughingstock. Now, unhappily, the place is about to get a third crack at notoriety. If things go on as they are, Boise stands an excellent chance of becoming the first American city to have deliberately eradicated itself.

Boise is the capital of Idaho, the seat of Ada County, and the only significant business center between Salt Lake City, Utah, and Portland, Oregon, a distance of some 750 miles. At the time of the 1970 census it had a population of 74,990 people, 28,000 of them Mormons. In addition, there were about 7,000 Basques—whose ancestors had been imported to herd sheep—160 Amerindians, 136 Japanese, 89 Chinese, 4 Filipinos, and 268 blacks, 69 of whom were fortunate enough to hold jobs. The city is said to owe its curious name to a group of wandering French fur traders who stumbled on the site in 1811, beheld the cottonwoods lining the river that wound through the broad alluvial plain at the foot of the mountains, and immediately (if the heroic mural that graces the front of South Junior High School is taken as an authority) began hollering, "*Les bois!*"—a logical notion, considering the vast sagebrush desert these gentlemen had been crossing for days on end. Boise still styles itself "The City of Trees," although at the moment it is in serious danger of becoming The City of Stumps. Dutch-elm disease has arrived, and 600 of the city's 7,000 majestic elms have recently died.

Despite its isolation and small population, Boise is a headquarters town. The Boise Cascade corporation has its main offices there, in a large, squat new building constructed of a material that local people politely refer to as "brown." Trees grow behind glass in its lobby, while men with New York haircuts, carrying Italian briefcases, move in and out of the doors in a steady stream. Morrison-Kn one of the world's largest co tion companies, is headquarte the other side of town; the nental Life and Accident Co is renovating a structure on Street; and J.R. Simplot, who his stack in dehydrated potato ing World War II, will loca headquarters in a fourteen-sto fice building now going up n

Boise treats big business wi same tenderness with which P treats ships. The working class mogeneous, industrious, and fi docile; people go to work at head for home at five or late the two-martini lunch, while n known, is not much in evidenc city has no slums worthy c name and, therefore, no milita is rock-ribbed Republican ter perhaps the only reason Idah rently has a Democratic Go is that his Republican prede rashly tried to give the White Mountain Range to a mining c ny. Boiseans still smoke C drink Scotch on the rocks, wear skirts, and believe in progres companies understandably fin moral climate helpful; they good wages, and their worker good value. The result is the

L. J. Davis's latest book is Walking Small, *a novel, to be published by George Braziller.*

IBM Reports

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Further reductions could bring about still greater benefits—benefits that will be seriously needed. Should the world's population increase by some 800 million people by 1985 as expected, there will be unprecedented demands for food, shelter, clothing, medicine, transportation and other necessities of life. The computer can greatly aid productivity in each of these areas.

In the future, as in the past, the lower the cost of computing, the more significant the computer's contributions to society can be.

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Brother Timothy F.S.C.

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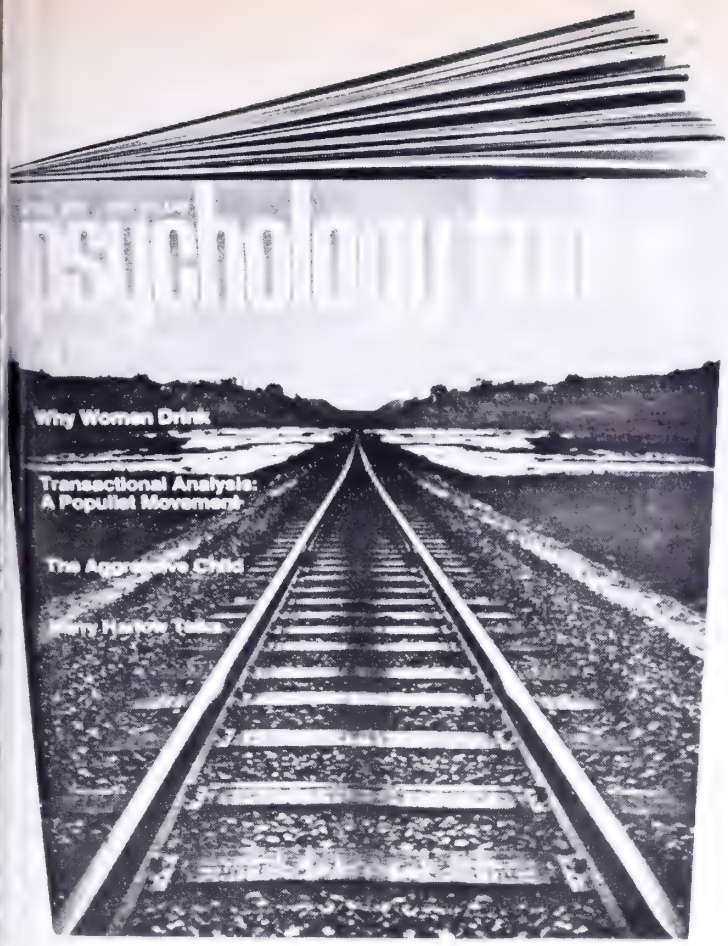
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of economic vigor and social
that has become utterly al
much of the rest of the countr
Boise is a dying city.

IT IS DYING for the same rea
many other small American
are dying, have died, or will
begin to die: an overdose of
witches' brew composed of au
biles, greed, bad planning, go
tentions, idiotic architecture
civic pride run wild. Dependi
which way you come into
Boise appears to consist exclu
of used-car lots or fast-food
rants, among the latter an incr
chain called Sambo's, in who
taurants diners eat (guess w
pancakes beneath cute, glass
rals depicting episodes in the
the weirdly yellowish (jau
hepatitis?) little hero of the
popular nursery tale. In the p
Brooklyn where I now live, a
like that would be firebombed
minutes after it opened its doo

Downtown Boise gives the i
sion that it has recently been
by an exceedingly tidy bombin
conducted by planes that clean
after themselves. Main Street
tually deserted. A few eerily p
less stores still stand on the
side, the offices above them e
while across the street a small
sea of parking lots stretches
south as the railroad track
blocks away. The old Bouquet
is still there, with its heroic, g
oak bar, and a new office build
going up a few hundred yards
but in the midst of all that de
emptiness they look as forlo
buffalo standing in the rain
zoo. On the corner of Ele
Street, the Grand Hotel has
obliterated by a California-style
lift of mansard roofs and gray st
it has been renamed the Safar
tor Inn.

Downtown still makes a
show of doing business in the
cipal canyon of trade along
Street, but no one seems to be
ing much attention; on a
warm, bright Tuesday morn
perfect shopper's weather—a
nonball, if fired the length o
sidewalk, would have struck e
nineteen people. At six o'clo
the evening the town closes up
pletely, with light still in the
Then there is a fifteen-minute



The case for bottling up rage. Many therapists trace man's violence to bottled-up anger. But now a psychologist has marshalled evidence to show that venting violent emotions merely strengthens the tendency to behave in violent ways.

Mixed marriages. An in-depth study of 20 black-white marriages explores daily life in mixed marriage, reveals problems with family, friends, and community, and undercuts misconceptions.

Emotional effects of jogging. When middle-aged men embark upon a regular exercise program, it has been found, their personalities change. They become more self-sufficient, resolute, stable, and imaginative. But they also have increased feelings of guilt and become accident-prone.

Backstage behaviorism. A psychologist who studied acting and directing describes Lee Strasberg's school of Method Acting and explains the scientific control of behavior that is as important to the Stanislavski method as it is to key-pecking pigeons.

The many masks we wear. If you seem like different people at different times, does that mean you're a phony or wishy-washy? A noted psychologist argues that on the contrary having multiple identities is healthy and should be encouraged.

Men drive women crazy. Women, brainwashed by society, are more likely to require psychotherapy than men are. A New York psychologist says that psychotherapists—both male and female—hold up as desirable for women those characteristics that they would never associate with healthy adults

Brainwashing works. In just 40 minutes, using no coercion, a psychologist can alter your basic values and change your behavior. Students at one university showed changed behavior as long as 17 months after the experiment, says a social psychologist as he ponders the ethical implications of his work

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jam on the roads leading west, toward the suburbs, where more than half the county's population now lives —a traffic jam Boiseans find intolerable, and they are thinking of building a whacking big freeway to eliminate it—and after that, the central business district belongs to the newspapers blowing in the gutter, its vacant pavements illuminated by new streetlamps topped by giant aluminum coolie hats.

In the East the reason for much of the suburban exodus is colored black; in Boise it has four wheels and honks. The automobile, however, is only a passive instrument, the executor of a policy that has its real roots elsewhere.

Planning came late to Boise. Until the early Seventies, politics in the city was of the time-honored good-ole-boy variety, with the Mayor and members of the city council going about their jobs as a sort of sideline to their private businesses. A few years ago a number of the city fathers stood to make a good deal of money off the way the city was sprawling to the west, out into the best farmland in the county, and they saw nothing wrong with doing so. The Mayor himself was a prominent builder. "They had no notion whatever of what the planning process entails," said a local official. "It was a simple matter of feathering their own nests. I never heard of a place where the vested interests were so blatantly in control. They had no notion whatever of public service, of what being a public servant entails. You can't plan in a situation like that. The pressures get to be unbearable."

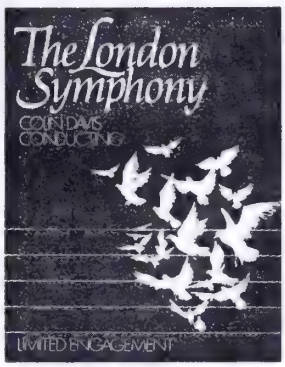
The head of the Ada Council of Governments, Bob McAbee, resigned in July 1973, after two futile years of trying to keep the city from turning into a mini-Los Angeles. Within the next two months, eight of the ten professionals on his staff followed his example. Although a new city government has since come to power, his successor, Alvin Marsden, is understandably a cautious man.

So much for checking urban sprawl. Meanwhile, in another part of the forest—the central business district—other forces were energetically at work. They were tearing the place down.

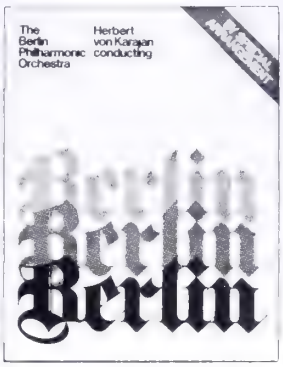
The Boise Redevelopment Agency was formed as long ago as 1966. Like so many similar agencies across the country, its goal is t rest urban decay and stem the f from the inner city. In its eight pursuit of this commendable pose, it has gone through thre velopers—Urban Properties, Inc Pittsburgh, which decided it cou afford the project; Boise Casc which overextended itself in c fields and had to withdraw; anc current designee, the Dayton-H son Corporation of Minneapol but almost from the beginning, H and its appointed commissio have been inflexibly wedded t single concept: a megastructure currently envisaged, this would a single vast building, housing u one roof an air-conditioned s ping mall, over 800,000 square of commercial space (inclu three department stores), 300, square feet of office space, a h of over 250 rooms, and 2,444 p ing spaces. An additional 1, parking places are planned for s lite structures scattered around site. It would be, in effect, a su suburban shopping center. The c struction of this monolith entails total clearance of eight blocks in heart of the city and portions three more—a good half of do town. The only building to be tained is the Bank of Idaho, a 1 edifice of numbing mediocrity t resembles nothing so much a stack of giant toaster ovens. The tal cost of the project ranges tween $70 million and $200 milli depending on whom you talk to.

THE MEN AND WOMEN OF BRA engaging and civic-minded p ple; they are without a doubt nicest bunch of urban planners have ever met. The agency's ch man, Carroll Sellars, is a charm merchant of the old school, and executive director, Gary Hughes, an earnest and disarming you man. They are neither villains fools and, by their lights, they h achieved much. For example, t have cleared almost all the l south of Main Street. Relocation the businesses that existed there h been carried out with a lack of c ualties that should make the m agers of most clearance projects vious. (They have lost exactly thre the owners of two chose to tire, and the third, a Basque ho owner in his eighties, was shot de

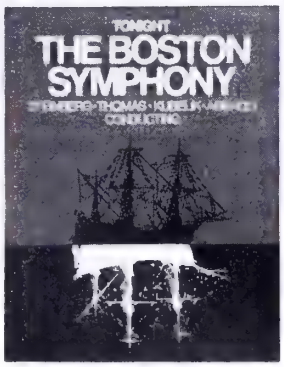
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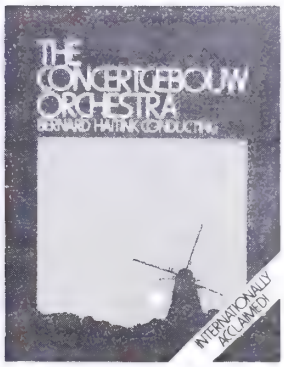
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by one of his tenants in a non-clearance-related dispute.) The city treasury will lose no tax moneys if the megastructure is built, and private industry will bear nearly half the cost. Perhaps most important in a city afflicted by both an inferiority complex and an outspoken affection for such local wonders as Arrowrock Dam (the tallest in the world between 1915 and 1932), there is no denying that the megastructure will be the biggest thing of its kind for miles and miles.

At the same time, it is hard to shake the feeling that the people at BRA are affected with a species of tunnel vision. BRA has no fallback position, no alternative plan. As far as BRA is concerned, the megastructure must be built, come hell or high water. Damn the objections, full speed ahead. The objections are many.

"My God," says Bob McAbee, "when I got there and saw what they were doing—the kind of total clearance that has been discredited on both coasts for years—I simply couldn't believe my eyes."

It is not just that total clearance is currently unfashionable; total clearance is out of favor in most cities because it has never worked. Leveling a business district takes time, sometimes years, and it does not take a great deal of thought to perceive that turning it into a temporary prairie of parking lots only increases the centrifugal forces that caused the area to decline in the first place. If the only thing you can do when you come downtown is park your car where the place used to be, most people are pretty much inclined to say the hell with it. They go to the suburban shopping centers instead—not just some of the time, but all of the time. Once the megastructure is built—*if* it is built—there is absolutely no guarantee that these people will suddenly come streaming back. Except for its sheer bulk, it does not differ substantially from the suburban malls these people will have increasingly accustomed themselves to. It is no easier to get to, and in many cases it is harder. Parking will cost money; in the suburban centers it is free. Nor can the managers of those centers be expected to take competition from the megastructure lying down. BRA proposes to overcome these difficulties by holding concerts in the mall. It is a solution that strikes more than one observer as the equivalent of whistling in the dark, except that in Boise's case it more closely resembles fiddling in a dirigible hanger.

The buildings already torn down or in the path of further demolition were low and sturdy structures, put up before the advent of such modern miracles as elevaters and air conditioning. They were adapted to the climate of the high desert as best they could be, with thick walls, tall ceilings, and windows that went up and down. The megastructure, by contrast, is elevatored, escalatored, and air-conditioned to a fare-thee-well; the enclosed central mall itself is a couple of stories high at least, which is a lot of empty space to cool off or heat up, as the case may be, especially when you consider that it also has an immense glass roof. Moreover, the entire concept is almost totally dependent on the automobile, with all its integrated and satellite parking spaces designed to accommodate the sort of vehicles that, in New York, are driven by black pimps. The energy crisis hasn't yet hit Boise with anything like an instructive impact. Gas is not only plentiful but a good deal cheaper than it is in the East, even though the nearest refinery is on the coast, 400 miles away, and television pictures betray no tendency to shrink alarmingly on hot days. There can be little doubt that the energy pinch will eventually creep up on Boise, however—no place in the world can escape it, not even rock-ribbed Republican territory—and the megastructure's enormous need for power will do its bit to chivvy matters along. It is at least possible that in a decade or so Boiseans will wake up one morning to discover that their $70 million or $200 million (as I said, it depends on whom you talk to) has bought them the largest potting shed in the Intermountain West.

There is also the possibility that the megastructure may never be built at all. The actual building of it hinges on the three department stores that will form its commercial heart; if there are no department stores, there will be no megastructure. As a recent letter in the local paper remarked, they might just as well plant sagebrush in the parking lots and give the town back to the coyotes. Of the three, the essential store is J.C. Penney. If Penney moves in, a do effect is expected, with two companies falling neatly into p If Penney does not come in, ever, everyone will have to pu thinking cap on again. At the ment, Penney betrays no inclin to commit itself to anything. ready has a perfectly good sto downtown Boise, and it also somewhere else to go, if it wan

The last fly in the ointment man named Harry Daum, an wants J. C. Penney's, too. H Daum appears to have vowed grass will grow in the streets of before his days are done. He small, round, intimidating man didn't seem to blink once in course of a forty-five-minute i view) who came up from Calif in 1960 with the notion of buil shopping centers. This he has ceeded to do in the suburbs considerable panache and un success. Now he proposes to bui grand shopping center close to city: the West Boise Mall or, as opponents would have it, Daumt Like the downtown megastruct the new center would include 800,000 square feet of comme space. Its 600 acres would also port light industry, office spac golf course, and 1,200 units of h ing. Needless to say, Harry D would like to have J.C. Penney's as much as BRA would, for the s reasons. The Daumtown site sta spang in the population center Ada County. It is adjacent to a road line that could easily be conv ed to mass transit if the county p ners ever come to their senses. H Daum has done his homework, an he gets his way, not only is the m structure finished, but so is do town Boise.

MEANWHILE, A LOT OF the citiz of Boise have reached a p where they don't want a bit of it. megastructure. No Daumtown. any of it at all.

Boiseans are an amiable, even-te pered people. Slow to anger, r tively untouched by urban traum they have had little experience community organization outside th churches. Not long ago, though, great many of them made the co mon discovery that cars were park where their childhoods used to that their city was in serious dang


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America imports one-third of its oil. Even with energy from other sources, U.S. oil imports will increase for some years. Most of that increase will come from the Middle East. Important as that oil is, it may not arrive here nearly as efficiently as it could.

The reason? America is largely inaccessible to the biggest, most economical oil tankers in the world —*supertankers*. This is because at 200,000 tons and up, these ships require much deeper water than is found in almost any U.S. port.

The result is that America must now rely on smaller tankers to supply our energy system. For example, six 70,000-tonners are needed to deliver the same 3 million barrels of oil that a single 400,000-ton supertanker could deliver.

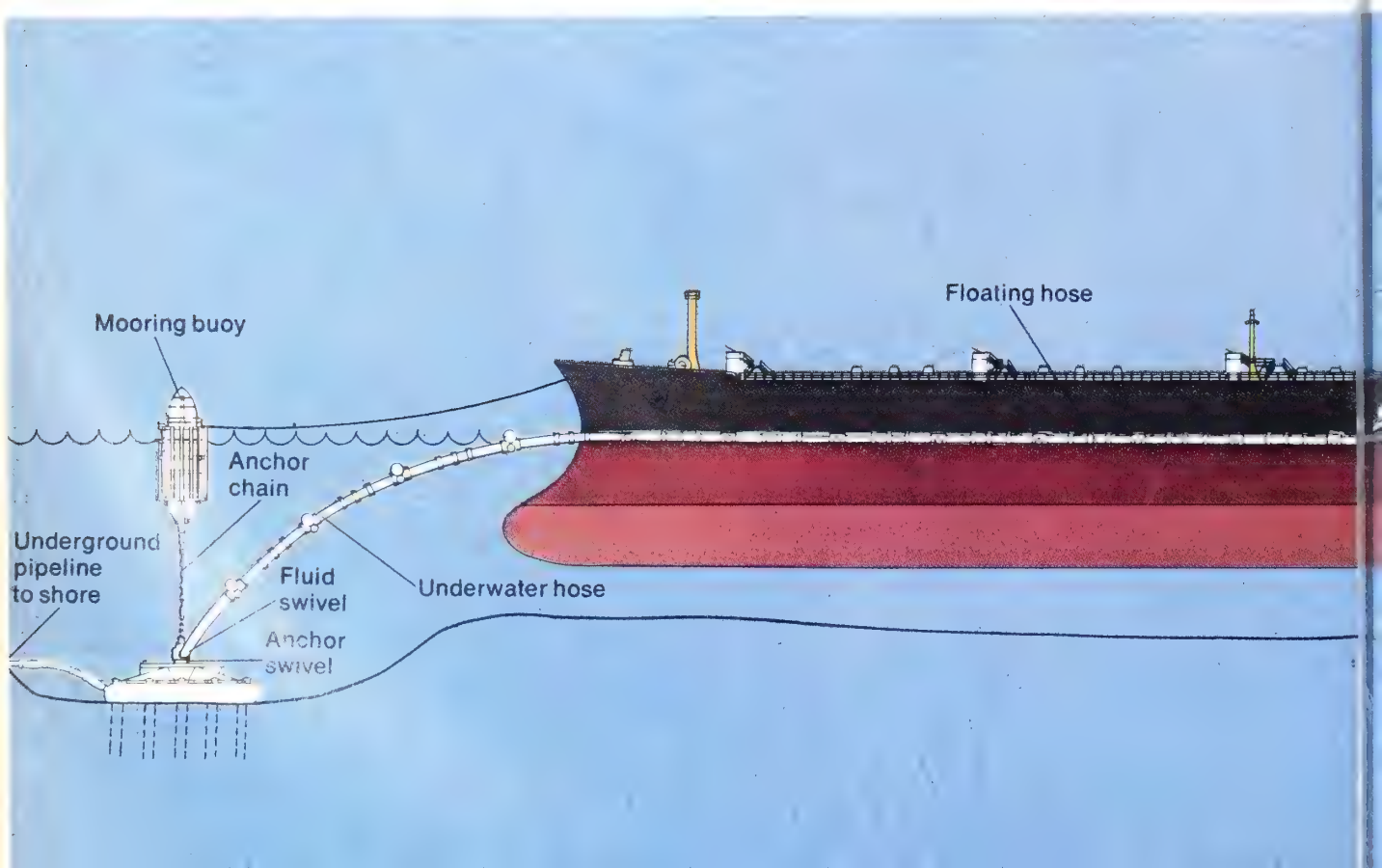
Using fewer but larger ships would reduce harbor congestion, decreasing the chances of collision and spills. Using the big ships also would improve efficiency. For example, moving crude oil from the Middle East to the United States in supertankers would require significantly less fuel than movi
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e engaged in design and udies for the development rst deepwater offshore oil ls for the U.S. Of course, will be necessary to allow ction to begin.

step in the Gulf

offshore oil terminals have oposed for the Gulf of Mex- e of these is "Seadock," a planned for installation off st of Texas by Exxon and a of other companies. Plans ocate "Seadock" 32 miles , southeast of Freeport. Con- al underground pipelines nove crude oil from "Sea- o refineries along the Gulf nd in the Midwest.

ner proposed deepwater ter- alled LOOP—Louisiana Off- Oil Port—would be located s off the Louisiana coast. It nove crude oil, again via underground pipeline, to refineries in Louisiana, Mississippi and the Midwest.

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Exxon and other companies also are looking into the feasibility of similar offshore oil terminals to serve the Northeast, including New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Maryland and Delaware.

Should states and the cities involved desire it, offshore facilities could provide the opportunity for local industrial expansion.

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Offshore oil terminals greatly reduce the effect of tanker operations on the environment. Noise and visual impact would be cut a good deal because the unloading facility cannot be seen from shore and because fewer tankers would be coming to it. Storage tanks, which are needed no matter how oil is delivered, can be located so as to minimize their visual impact on the landscape. But the drop in harbor congestion would be the greatest environmental benefit because it would substantially reduce the chance of collisions and spills.

If you would like more information on oil tankers and offshore terminals, write for our free booklets, "Safer Tankers and Cleaner Seas" and "Reducing Tanker Accidents," Exxon Corporation, P.O. Box 711, Elmsford, New York 10523.

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asing to exist, and that directly e path of the bulldozers lay vir- y all that remained of their ar- ctural heritage. It made them as hell.

RA's Phase II area, north of n Street, is still standing and partially vacated. It is on this nd that the battle has been d. On one of the threatened ks stands Idaho's only Richard- an Romanesque office building. by is the Eastman Building its cornice of lions' heads, al- empty now, its shredded canvas ngs blowing in the wind like red flags; the handsome, mas- y rusticated Union Block; and, aps most important of all, the Theater.

he Ada is one of the last Egyp- style movie palaces in the United s. Built in 1927 by a local archi- named Fritz Hummel, it has a roof, walls three feet thick, and ior decoration that must be seen e believed. A pair of lovingly iled lotus columns support the cenium arch, on which are paint- gaggle of barechested but oddly leless dancing girls who appear e either shaking their fists at musicians or desperately im- ng them to stop. Above is a t scarab that looks as if it weighs n. Flanking the stage itself— e once, incredibly, I sang "Ghost rs in the Sky" at Uncle Don's was it Uncle Jim's?) kiddie mat- —are a pair of crosslegged Phar- , curiously tricked out with of those nippleless breasts and ing bowls of red neon in their I'm told there used to be a my in the lobby, but that was re my time.

he theater was opened to the ic on a recent morning by a p called Citizens for a Better tal which began its program a recital of longtime favorites he old pneumatic organ. In ad- n to *vox humana* and the rest of usual stops, this wonderful ma- e can also do sleigh bells and ourines, and did. (There used to stop for horses' hooves, too, but as broken long ago.) Then we a movie made about twenty s ago for the Chamber of Com- e. It told us what fine fellows local merchants are, and it ex- ed us to go to church every Sun- Every time an old landmark ap- ed on the screen the audience cheered, and when the lights went up again, 700 people were present. A girl went up front and told us in tones of the purest Virginian why it was essential to stop Harry Daum and save the rest of downtown from BRA, and the director of the local art museum, who comes from California, told us why he hadn't liked it there and why he liked it here. Many of the most ardent preservationists in Boise come from outside the state, and a good many of them live in huge, handsomely restored Victorian houses in the oldest part of town.

BRA's answer to these people is one that will strike a wearyingly familiar note in the ears of preservationists everywhere: nothing can be done. Boise is in a class-two earthquake zone, and the old buildings have wooden foundations. They provide none of the amenities of modern structures. The cost of rehabilitation is prohibitive. "Let's face it," says Carroll Sellars, "most of these old buildings are junkpiles. We're not tearing down a damn thing that's worth anything. If the historic preservationists had been around in olden times, the whole world would look like the Parthenon."

Setting aside such an alarming spectacle, it must be admitted that Sellars has a certain amount of right on his side. It *would* cost a bundle to rehabilitate the old buildings, although a number of them appear to be in absolutely splendid condition even now. In Boise, as in almost everywhere else, the cause of historic preservation is an uphill fight because it is subjective. It is impossible to put a price tag on the value of a city's culture, although it is childishly simple to put a price tag on the cost of obliterating it forever. "It's a question of context," says Arthur A. Hart, director of the state historical museum. "A question of knowing who we are and where we come from. A question of our human identity. The megastructure is inhuman. Not only that, but it could be anywhere in the world."

These are good words, and one has heard them before, often while a wrecker's ball was swinging somewhere in the background. An old tale is being played out in Boise, and it probably will not end well. Irreparable damage has already been done. If Boise succeeds in obliterating itself for a shopping mall, there exists a sinister likelihood that at least some other small cities will follow suit, not because the megastructure works, but because it was built at all. The lessons of New York City's public housing projects, of Los Angeles's catastrophic freeway system did not prevent hundreds of other cities from following their path, with similar, inevitable, and easily predictable results. If a technology exists, somebody will use it.

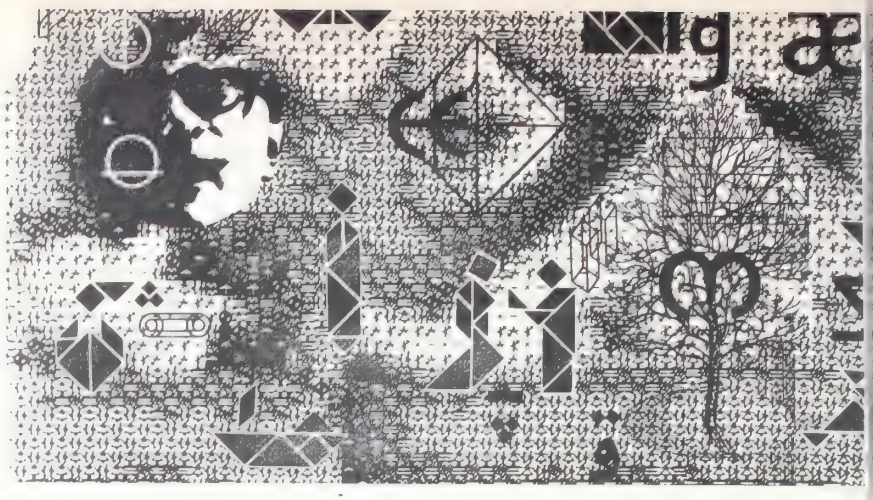
On my last day in Boise, I went down to the corner of Capital Boulevard and Front Street, where Chinatown used to be. A little park occupies the site now, on the edge of the vacant lots, with a couple of concrete benches and a few shrubs in pots and no shade at all. It was a hot day without a breath of wind, not a cloud in the sky, and the desert making itself felt just over the horizon. I sat down on one of the benches and tried to remember what had been here, where the Hip Sing Association had been, where the herbalist's had been, thinking about the legends of tunnels under the streets. I found myself wondering—okay, not without a certain amount of bathos, but what the hell, this was my history somebody had just wiped out—what I would tell my son if I ever brought him here. I remembered that I'd once written about a character in a novel who had felt much the same way. The character in my novel was sixty-five years old.

After a while I became aware of something odd. People were flashing past in their cars out there, no doubt on their way to some distant shopping center or other. As they went by, they stared at me. It was clear that they'd never seen anybody sitting in the little park before. I was interesting; not as interesting as Chinatown used to be, but interesting. They were wondering what was wrong with me, why I'd chosen to sit out there on that hard bench in that worthless little scrap of park at ten o'clock in the morning in ninety-degree weather, surrounded by roads and cars. I had to admit that it was pretty damned peculiar, all right, and I immediately got up and walked away across the parking lots toward what was left of the town where I was born, thinking about the words of Harry Thaw on seeing a particularly atrocious new building. "My God," he said. "I shot the wrong architect." □

George B. Leonard

LANGUAGE AND REALITY

"The core and the surface are essentially the same, words making them seem different."



THE 1971 U.S. STATE VISIT to China and columnist James Reston's famous appendectomy there posed a challenge to American science. No longer able to ignore acupuncture, our scientific community responded in its accustomed manner. By and large, it did not ask how to use acupuncture, but how to explain it.

Here "explain" obviously has a special, loaded meaning, involving the assumptions, terminology, and conventions of a specific subculture —that is, Western medicine. For 3,500 years or more, Chinese scholars have explained acupuncture as part of a holistic concept of the human organism. The Chinese explanation is systematic, consistent, and quite sophisticated. But there is no place for that explanation, with its notions of yin and yang and "spirit," in the Western medical model. It is therefore dismissed as inadequate. For Western acceptance, acupuncture must undergo Western explanation.

Thus far, most Western attempts to explain acupuncture have dealt only with its uses in anesthesia. The applications of the art to maintaining good health have generally been ignored. Therefore, it seems entirely possible that acupuncture, in some reduced and disfigured form, can be shoehorned into respectable "scientific" medicine, and the Western concept of what is real in this area can remain much the same as before.

But beware. Any serious attempt at including unfamiliar phenomena in a certain verbal realm may change reality as perceived in that realm. Even if acupuncture-as-anesthetic is neatly disposed of in words that comfort the AMA, an inch of our reality may change—indeed already is changing—in the process.

It is not just acupuncture that strains our language and our sense of reality. Rather, it is what we once considered most obvious and self-evident that is now cast over with doubt. In medicine, housing, anti-poverty programs, education, agriculture, we see the "obvious" solutions becoming part of the problem. Phrases once set in granite—"law and order," "freedom and dignity" —now waver before our eyes. National policy makers manage to ignore studies that show our present way of life, based on the exponential growth of production and consumption, to be utterly doomed. As the most likely response to chaos and catastrophe, those who make the studies predict the creation of something like a police state or, at best, "friendly fascism," with ever-increasing suppression of individual impulse by drugs, operant conditioning, and even brain implants.

Surely there is another alternative. Changes in what we now so carelessly term "human nature" could make the necessary transformation to a non-expansionist society not only possible but desirable for the individual spirit. If *being* could become a focal subject for education and example, then there would be a chance that the human need for adventure could shift from the arena of the expressway and the gun to that of the body and the spirit. There would be a chance then that our children would value collaborative rather than competitive relationships, intrinsic joy rather than aggression, harmony with rather than exploitation of the natural world.

Shifts of this magnitude have occurred at least twice previously during the human journey. The perception, consciousness, and being of a primitive hunter and gatherer are radically different from those of the tribal farmer. The tribal farmer lives in a different human universe from that inhabited by the citizen of the national state. To consider another change in human nature (without which a humane future seems highly unlikely) is hardly illogical or unscientific. Yet, this alternative gets only a brief mention in "future studies" and then in the most cautious and diffident tones.

What is this hesitancy? What is it that prevents us from a full and open discussion of possible steps toward our own salvation? The answer is complex, involving at the least a certain amount of unexamined cultural politics. But the heart of the problem is linguistic. It is hard enough to talk about all human change. To speak of a change of *being* is even harder. At the very mention of the subject our language, that rich and magnificent instrument, dissolves into confusion or silence.

FOR THE PAST THREE YEARS I have been conducting an informal experiment with lecture audiences numbering from 50 to 4,000. At some point during my presentation, I take about five minutes to define mystical experience, relying mostly on William James's description in *The Varieties of Religious Experience.* To good measure, I also include Abraham Maslow's concept of peak experience. I try to make my definition as simple, unthreatening, and all-inclusive as

George B. Leonard, author of Education and Ecstasy *and* The Transformation, *is currently at work on* The Ultimate Athlete, *a book about a new approach to sports and the education of the body.*

ble. Then I ask for a show of
s from those who have had a
ical or peak experience. Invari-
about one out of ten raise their
s. I follow this question with its
erse: How many have *not* had a
ical or peak experience? An-
10 percent raise their hands.
eliability of this behavior is al-
eerie. The exact percentage may
by a few points, but whether I
peaking in an urban center or a
town, whether the audience is
up of college students or ele-
ary-school teachers or business-
the response is always just
the same. And there is always
ame ripple of laughter as the
nce anticipates my announce-
that 10 percent of them have
mystical experience, 10 per-
ave not had one, while 80 per-
have neither had one nor not
ne.

point is that we have no stan-
acceptable vocabulary of con-
sness change. Since there are no
tate words for the experience,
ds outside the limits of the real
ost of the people in my audi-

And yet the anthropological
l seems to show quite clearly
ltering consciousness (as in the
al experience) is as much a
l human function as sleeping
eaming or sex. The Tibetans
some 120 terms for different
of being. The modern West, in
s probably the only culture in
y that has placed no positive
at all on what we can only
ly call trance or possession or
nistic experience. If we could
some sort of intent to a cul-
and I feel eventually we must),
uld conclude only that Western
e, by depriving its individuals
vocabulary of consciousness
e, is exercising the most effec-
ensorship possible over this
f experience.

see how the mechanism of cen-
might work, let us for a mo-
ccept the thesis that almost all
children have the latent ability
auras. What happens when the
egins talking? Bobby has just
l to generalize colors. He has
arned that if he points out a
and calls its name aloud he is
to get some sort of approval
an adult. Seeing a blue glow
l his mother's head, Bobby
to it and says, "Blue." She
s him: "Forehead." Later, he



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may try again, pointing at the aura on some other part of her body. "Blue." "No, dear. That's my *arm*. There's no blue there." If Bobby should persist, which is extremely unlikely at this stage of development, his mother would find it hard to conceal her annoyance or anxiety.

B. F. Skinner's analysis is useful here. When a certain class of behavior is never reinforced, it eventually disappears. The child never reinforced for seeing auras will in all probability stop talking about auras. What is more, he will probably stop ing them. According to this thesis, the people who now claim to see auras missed out on some part of the cultural conditioning process in childhood, or relearned the behavior later under the sanction of a counterculture environment, or else were among those few children whose parents or peers reinforced the verbal report of auras at an early age.

Consciousness change in general represents a far more complex set of behaviors, and is therefore more difficult to extinguish entirely. But it is clear enough to most of us that we should distrust our own feelings where any radical change of perception, consciousness, and being is concerned.

A woman from Monterey, California, told me of the chain of events that followed her first mystical experience. She was washing dishes one sunny day when she was suddenly overwhelmed with an awesome feeling of bliss, accompanied by the conviction that "we are all one." She hastened to tell her family of the marvel that had come into her life. They were quite upset and insisted she see a psychiatrist. He, too, was deeply concerned, and soon she found herself in a private mental clinic. From here, it was only a short step to a state mental hospital.

Up to this point, the woman told me, she continued to insist that in some very real sense we are all one. After a couple of days in the state hospital, however, she decided she had had enough and stopped making this claim. She was quickly released and has since lived a perfectly normal life, being careful only not to slip up and say that we are all one. Her caution is understandable. In her milieu she faces double jeopardy: (1) no way to talk about and thus deal with certain experiences in the context of the normal and (2) a qu adequate vocabulary of pathology.

Other milieus are springing up this country, however, in which t woman's experience would bring different response. At Esalen a hundreds of other such centers, instance, consciousness change is g erally encouraged and celebrat The means for achieving it are v ied—precise and haphazard, tas less and elegant—but are genera effective. We go to Esalen and c cover that we have been living i gray world. We perceive new colo We begin to imagine a rainbow. return to the gray outside world a try to explain.

And then a strange thing happe Our language, once so firm and assuring, begins to slip and slide. sentence starts out boldly, then cru bles against an invisible wall of comprehension. We begin grop for words. We become aware of stringency of our language in whole realm of feeling. What is it say we "cry"? We have cried a do ways. What is the lexicology of stasy? There are no respecta words. We descend into silence. T colors merge into monochrome ag and we ask ourselves, "Did it rea happen? Was I once that large a various and alive? Was it *real*?"

TO DEAL WITH UNFAMILIAR sta of being, it is not enough to sta back and make judgments. M analysis may not suffice. We must willing to entertain the possibility some personal transformation, and so doing reduce, if only by a little the customary ironic distance t separates us from experience.

We have not yet begun to consi how much reality we hold at bay means of irony, and how rigidly ir ic distance is maintained, even in most "personal" writing. Tom W can resort to novelistic and m novelistic devices in what he calls New Journalism and perhaps only crease the essential distance betw the center of his consciousness the beingness upon which he is porting. Norman Mailer can blurt personal excretory and amatory tails while somehow managing maintain his usual superior and trolling stance in regard to the ver world he is creating.

Mailer knows his game. Whe layer of irony is stripped away, w

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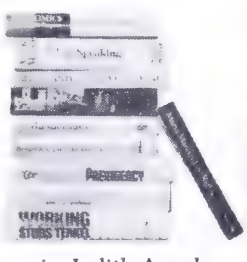
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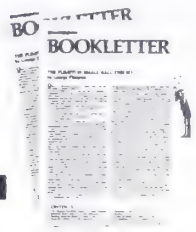
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ing often seems to lose its hard edges. To reduce irony is to expand the boundaries of the real. For a moment, the floodgates are opened. Nascent reality pours in, blowing our minds, expanding our consciousnesses, making us softheaded, leading us into madness—or into that state of first light and creation inhabited by Mozart and the young Newton, that state Maslow calls "a second naiveté."

Instead, irony serves us well, protecting us from madness and genius, providing us, in Wallace Stegner's words, "that way of staying safe while seeming wise." A moment comes in John Fowles's novel, *The French Lieutenant's Woman,* when his Victorian hero, Charles Smithson, finds himself deprived of his sense of irony. "To be without such a fundamental aspect of his psyche," Fowles explains, "was almost to be naked."

Without our customary shield of customary words, we stand unclothed and vulnerable. Experience itself threatens us. For, in the absence of a language adequate to the experience, how can we accept the experience? How can we dare?

WRITERS WHO CARE ABOUT felicity of expression would do well to avoid the exploration of new cultures and unfamiliar states of being. At some point, the prudent novelist or poet connects his boldest adventuring to a well-known legend or a secure tradition. He anchors his words to the common rhythms and verities of the human experience. Thus he enlists unacknowledged and tireless coauthors. The Oedipus legend was already working upon Sophocles's audiences when they came to experience his particular rendering of it. The stern tradition of the seafaring life stands beside Melville on every page of *Moby Dick.* Browning's arrangement of the words, "Oh, to be in England/Now that April's there," is a notable achievement, but the work done by "England" and "April" is not inconsiderable.

The skillful writer who uses what is old and sure in human life wears a magician's cape. With the slightest touch of his wand he calls up a world within us. With few and simple words, he conjures up odors, images, childhood memories: "It is autumn; the leaves are falling."

But what if we are from anoth world in which there is no autun and there are no trees? How ma pages would it take to explain, n only the mechanism of autumn, b all the poignant associations? A how would we go about describing leaf to one who has never seen tree? Seven words might easily gr to seven pages. The writing wou tend to show signs of overwork. the end, the most heroic effort mig be dismissed as trivial by those wh live in a seasonless, treeless wor while being judged obvious by tho who know trees and seasons. Wh writer would choose to put hims in such a situation?

But there are moments in hum evolution when what is old and su becomes doubtful, and a whole n world of being beckons. If we wi to enter, we must leave our m comfortable and elegant modes expression behind, and take o chances with language.

STRIKING OUT in new territory, w are tempted first of all by jargo To describe new conditions, we ma up new terms easily ridiculed by p ponents of "straight talk." In ma cases, however, these constructio represent a petition for inclusion, a change in consciousness. When w call streetcleaners "sanitary en neers," we are urging their inclusi in a larger human group to whom w give a certain consideration and r spect. When we say "chairperson the word may have a clumsy, emba rassing ring to it, but we are forc just by saying it to include anoth sex in the class of those thought cap ble of wielding a gavel.

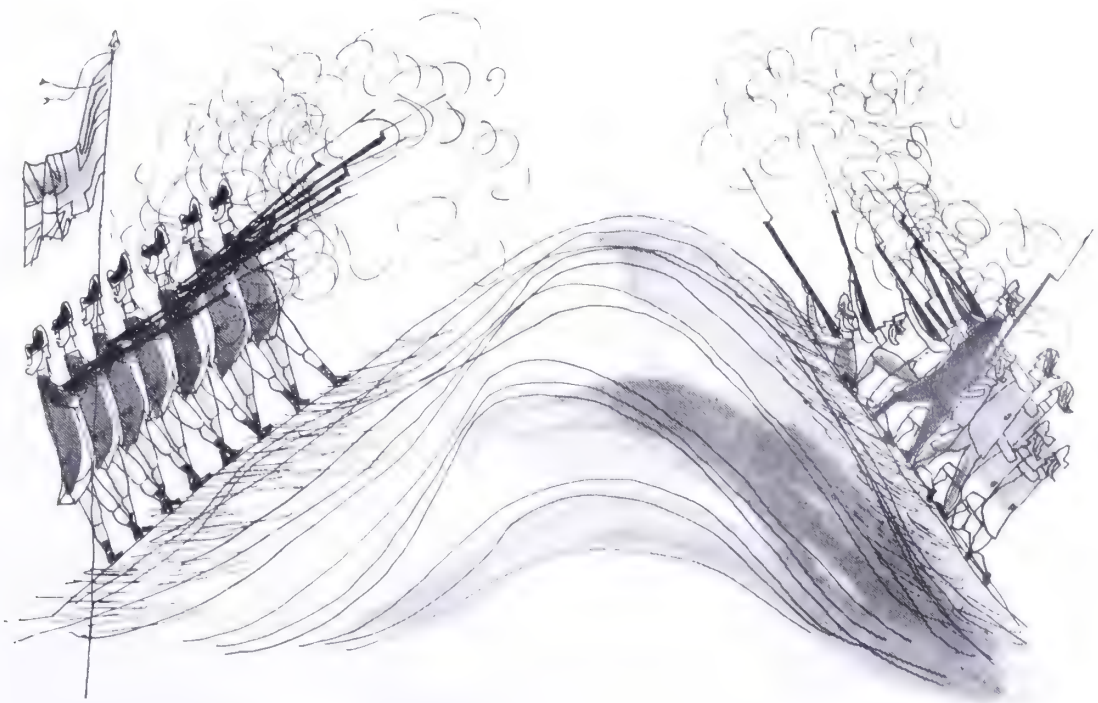
Jargon may proliferate when w try to pin down experiences not y experienced by the culture as whole. Linguistic purists are und standably offended by words and u ages associated with new adventur of the body and spirit—encounte gestalt, Rolfing, human biofiel spontaneous-enactment technique peak experience, self-actualizatio The purists have probably forgott that the Freudian terms they now casually use were once new a clumsy and challenging, a key el ment in Freud's historic attempt make the invisible visible. To the e tent these terms have entered co mon discourse, the culture h changed.



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and you thought we just made maps



Shaping new modes of expression shapes our perception of reality and thus, in some real sense, reality itself. We would hesitate to create a reality based on cheap jargon. But we might as well not waste energy struggling for modes of expression that will draw praise from conventional critics. Any excursion into a significant new reality will be perceived as barbaric by some, no matter how it is expressed. In fact, there is reason to suspect that the most effective verbal expression in this respect will be violently resisted. Beneath the criticism there lies the fear of the intrusion of a new reality.

What these times demand, I believe, is a work as bold as, or even bolder than, Diderot's encyclopedia. Not exactly an encyclopedia, for that format is too slow in preparation, too ponderous and fixed to meet the challenges of the current period. But we do need the encyclopedic spirit, something like a comprehensive "instruction in the circle of arts and sciences" for an age of transformation of consciousness. Perhaps it has already begun, not just in books and papers and seminars but also in tapes, films, and videotapes, for there are many authors, thinkers, and adventurers today who are concerned, in sometimes separate ways, with being and transformation. This work, if we can conceive it as that, is only in its first stages—witness the contributions of Gregory Bateson, Carlos Castaneda, and Michael Murphy, to name a few. But awareness that a new encyclopedia is in progress can quicken our spirits, focus our energies, and help us cast off caution.

IN THE END, reality itself, the essential ground of all being, cannot be described in words alone. This notion finds simple and lovely expression in Witter Bynner's version of Lao-tzu's *Tao Te Ching*:

Existence is beyond the power of words
To define:
Terms may be used
But none of them absolute.
In the beginning of heaven and earth there were no words,
Words came out of the womb of matter;
And whether a man dispassionately
Sees to the core of life
Or passionately
Sees the surface,
The core and the surface
Are essentially the same,
Words making them seem different
Only to express appearance.
If names be needed, wonder names them both:
From wonder into wonder
Existence opens.

We use words to discover no-words. We regard life with the passion of language in order to see its manifest forms. We still that passion in order to experience the Tao, "All That Is." Existence is word and no-word. Words are both our prison and our way out of prison. What we have called paradox does not represent the contrary or the exceptional. As we move from mere appearance toward the basic structure of existence, we find that paradox, complementarity, is precisely the way things are, the Tao itself.

Experiments on the optic nerves of frogs have shown that only a tiny fraction of the rich world available to our sight ever gets past the retina of the frog's eye. The frog can see a small dark object moving toward its eye but cannot see it if it is moving away. A leafy tree, unmoving, simply does not exist for the frog. A lovely sunset makes not a ripple in frog consciousness.

In his linguistic explorations, Noam Chomsky claims to have discovered a "deep structure" of language that exists in all human creatures, and that undergoes "transformations" as it emerges into expression as various tongues or symbols. Chomsky suggests that this structure is innate. As human beings, all of us may be born with a certain, fixed way of processing reality. If Chomsky is right, we have to consider the possibility that our linguistic structure, like the structure of the frog's optical system, shapes our perception and finally limits what we can perceive. There may be another, far richer world beyond the tree and the sunset, beyond words. Language itself may hold our eyes fixed on the moving shadows within the cave.

Again, paradox, for there is a different way of looking at the same formulation. On the deepest level, our language, our symbolic system, seems to resonate perfectly with All That Is. To approach the essence of the symbolic may be to approach the essence of the universe itself. Physicists are finding increasing wonder in the that purely abstract statements, t ly disconnected from physical rea can make such quick and powe connection with the material verse. A human being can state effect, that what we call energy locked in what we call matter in proportion of the mass of that ma multiplied by the speed of light n tiplied by itself—and not long af ward there is a sunburst in the N Mexico desert, a kind of "reali that we can see and hear and f Modern science seems to take us b toward ancient wisdom: "In the ginning was the Word." The physi universe is a mere shadow of the s bolic realm.

But why dichotomize or assi priority? Why not say that the d structure of language resonates w the deep structure of the mater world, coexists with it? At the ut depths, what we call language m be a voiceprint of the infinite, a te plate from which we can genera words to enable us to interact w the Many, and with the One.

We have eyes to see with and e to hear with, and we have words tell us what we may or may not s and hear. We bring words up fr the depths to tell us we may build atomic bomb or an airplane or worldwide communications netwo But there are also words to tell that in the primal forests are wo ders now unseen. Words have kill the dryads. Words can bring the back to life (as we have learned fro Blake, Hopkins, and Yeats), a words can allow us to sense again t shimmering connectedness betwe the trees, the flowers, the wind, t moss, and ourselves. From the pos bilities of language we have dredge up a powerful discourse of separati and instrumentality. A language union and being also exists. On timidity and inertia prevent us fro helping it rise to the common spee of this culture.

For a long time, words have be used to block the way toward tran formation. Now the situation is s urgent that we would be unworthy o our own insights if we stepped asid from the task of seeking words for new world, no matter how difficult o embarrassing the effort may be. Pe haps our knowledge that transforma tion is possible comes from the realn of no-words. But we will need word to let it happen.

eople either ask for Beefeater, or they ask for gin.



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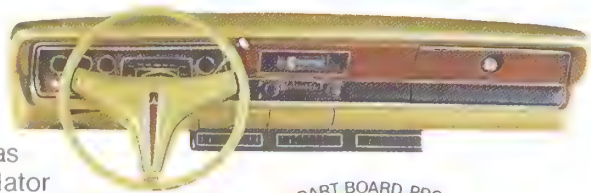
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E JUST MADE $2 BILLION more today," the Iranian official said. "The sheik of Dhabi put his prices up a few cents a bar- ' He did not have to explain; all the diplo- s assembled at dinner were, by virtue of r posts in Teheran, experts on the compli- d arrangements by which oil prices are d. He went on to talk about the French elec- s, Watergate, and the difficulty of getting d lamb today in Iran. He was good at such versations, witty and knowledgeable. With Oxbridge accent, he seemed rather more nopolitan than the American and Western opean diplomats. But some of these thought superficial—a bit of a yes-man and a pub- elations expert. Later he drove one of his sts home in his black Mercedes with the top n and the tape deck playing a mournful sian song. He played the same tape twice, ting out the beauty of the melodic line.

What are the words?" the foreigner asked.

I won't tell you."

But why not? What are they?"

It's a revolutionary song. I won't tell you words. It's sick, that song, sick."

ne night a few years ago, the official had driving that car at high speed, drunk, and had crashed into the gates of the Shah's ce. In a second the searchlights were on , and he heard the sound of a dozen rifles king to the ready. He says he does not know he did it.

an is a country of walls and mirrors. Walls ound the villages as they surround every house in Teheran, dividing the public and private lives, creating distances where they do not exist. Behind walls that are mud-brown and anonymous, the rich conceal their fountains and gardens from the desert. The great Iranian poet Hafiz never wanted to travel because, like all visionaries, he felt that the truth must lie inside. He also felt that even there it was not easy to find. In keeping with this sensibility, the great families of Iran have covered the insides of their houses with murals and faceted mirrors so that each room is a visual maze of light and reflections of the real and painted figures. Turn the thought around and the mirrors are a complete defense system, turning away the truth. In Iran nothing is exactly as it seems. A foreigner finds uncertainty behind arrogance, sadness behind euphoria. But ambiguity may be the only principle of nature in Iran.

Iran today appears to be as fortunate as any country has ever been. Over the past three years the oil revenues of the Iranian government have jumped from $2.5 billion per annum to an expected $18 billion. If, as seems probable, oil prices continue to rise, the figure will equal the total exports of some Western European countries, such as Great Britain. These billions are, of course, only a fraction of the capital that will wash from the oil-consuming to the oil-producing states over the next few years. But the situation of Iran is very different from that of the Arab sheikdoms on the other side of the Persian Gulf, whose small populations and great desert wastes cannot begin to absorb

The Shah's fears of a third world war breaking out over Iran may become a self-fulfilling prophecy

Frances FitzGerald won the National Book Award for Fire in the Lake, *a report on Vietnam.*

Frances FitzGerald

GIVING THE SHAH EVERYTHING HE WANTS

such amounts of money. Iran, the world's third-largest oil producer, is about the size of Alaska. It has more than 30 million people, and a relatively large quantity of arable land. Its mineral resources, principally copper, may be potentially as valuable as its oil. The Shah now predicts that his country will be the fifth most important power in the world—after the United States, the Soviet Union, Japan, and China—within the space of a generation. Whether or not he is correct, the GNP growth rate of Iran is today the highest in the world.

Teheran today is a boomtown. There is nothing quite like it, even in this oil-rich part of the world. The population, over 3 million, has nearly doubled in ten years. The construction of new office buildings, high-rise apartment houses, and superhighways proceeds at such a rate that even residents have difficulty fin their way around. The only points of refer are the snow-covered peaks of the Elburz M tains to the north. On the new avenues are s selling plumbing fixtures, television sets, hideous brocaded, Louis Napoleon-style f ture. These avenues are raceways where cedes-Benzes, Opels, Simcas, Volvos, and American cars jockey for position. At rush the traffic looks like something out of Jean Godard's movie, *Weekend;* every day you see one or more spectacular accidents blood flushing into the street. These roads about the only public spaces in the new such has been the pace of development and speculation that there are few mosques an parks at all. Because of the walls, the only r side vistas are those made by construction —giving onto more blind walls.

On Friday, the Islamic day of rest, the y people of Teheran like to climb the mour behind the city on a path that is lined with rooms and restaurants. Ten years ago, said, very few people made that climb—m taineering being a middle-class pursuit. thousands of young men and women, s dressed in blue jeans and climbing boots, ot in workday trousers and pointed shoes, scra and elbow their way up, five or six abr The all-day climb provides one of the few o sions for the young people of Teheran to outside the restrictions of their conserva families. It is also the only way for mos them to get out of that denatured city.



Henri Cartier-Bresson/Magnum

Gold r

TEHERAN HAS BEEN A BOOMTOWN for s years, but since the rise in oil prices year the pace has accelerated. Last spring ernmental delegations, often including h of state, flew into Teheran at the rate of on two a week to ask for oil in exchange for cultural products, capital goods, and tech ogy. The foreign ministers, industrialists, bankers formed a procession much like tha the friezes of Persepolis showing the emissa of kings bearing tribute to the ancient em ors of Persia. German industrialists have agreed to build $2.2 billion worth of joint ture projects in Iran, including what will be of the largest oil refineries in the world, as as a petrochemical complex, a steel mill, an diesel engine plant. The French governm signed a $4 billion agreement for, among o things, the sale of five nuclear reactors the construction of new railways and a liquefaction plant and pipeline. During t inter-government negotiations, private busin men gathered from everywhere. The banc rooms of the Hilton and the Inter-Contine

e booked each night by Hawaiian Agro-
ics and other multinational corporations.
the hotel lobbies, Japanese, German, and
erican bankers complained about the tele-
ne system and strode about with heavy
fcases. "A businessman called me the other
," one American resident said. "He didn't
e an introduction. He had nothing specific
sk me. In fact, he didn't really know why
was here at all except that he felt that there
t be a lot of money to be made and he
ght he'd figure a way to glom onto some of
t's like the gold rush here."
ommerce is only the visible part of the new
vity in Iran. The Shah is doubling or
ling the strength of his armed forces. His
ps now number 280,000. Only a handful of
ians know anything about this buildup,
ch is labeled "classified," and at the moment
ull extent can be gauged only by inference.
1973 the Shah bought $2 billion worth of
tary equipment from the United States; in
4 his purchases rose to $5 billion out of a
l American arms sale of $8.5 billion. The
tagon has not released much information on
equipment sold, but it is known that last
Iran had outstanding orders for more than
F-4E and F-5E fighter aircraft, and nearly
helicopters. Iran also ordered 800 Chieftain
n tanks and 250 Scorpion light tanks from
ain. This year Iran has bought 80 of the
Grumman long-range fighter-bombers, the
ls. It has also bought the most advanced
ll missiles and so-called smart bombs that are
led by lasers or television devices. Iran has
of the largest helicopter fleets in the world.
il it was discovered that American defense
ractors cannot sell shares to foreign coun-
s, the Shah had considered buying Grum-
. As it is, he is thought to be negotiating for
YF-16 and YF-17, two models of fighter-
bers that are still under development. With
addition of these aircraft he may well have
third-largest air force in the world. In a few
s Iran will have the capacity to manufacture
tom bomb, and by then it will have a deliv-
system that can reach all the way to Mos-
. It will also have the depth of military
pment and personnel to fight a protracted
ventional war against one or more of its
hbors.
rior to last year's energy crisis, Americans
very little attention to Iran. For the press,
Imperial Majesty Mohammed Reza Pahlavi,
h of Shahs, Light of the Aryans, was a walk-
figure. He appeared regularly at White
se receptions where, handsome, straight-
ted, graying nicely at the temples, he would
photographed with Jackie Kennedy or Pat
on on his arm. The press rather liked him,
this "hereditary ruler of an ancient and fab-
s empire" provided a little color to the
otherwise drab line of visiting presidents and military dictators. The favorite press picture of the Shah was a color portrait of him in full-dress uniform, with gold braid and medals, seated on the jewel-encrusted Peacock Throne of Persia. The picture always appeared with a caption listing all his titles. The press did not, of course, wish to seem overly impressed by such magnificence. When in 1971 the Shah celebrated the 2,500th anniversary of the foundation of the Iranian empire with a fete at Persepolis that cost $100 million, most of the press criticized him for such a wasteful display, while at the same time exploiting the event to the maximum with full-color spreads of the assembled royalty. Information about the Shah never added very much to, or subtracted from, the royal portrait. Journalists treated him with

"Each room is a visual maze of light and reflections of the real and painted figures. Turn the thought around and the mirrors are a complete defense system, turning away the truth."



René Burri/Magnum



Elliott Erwitt/Magnum

Frances FitzGerald

GIVING THE SHAH EVERYTHING HE WANTS

the same indulgent condescension they gave Haile Selassie and, in the 1950s, Ngo Dinh Diem. Americans were thus unprepared for what the Shah would have to say when, during the energy crisis, the press for the first time allowed him to talk at length.

"I know everything there is to know about oil, everything," he said at the time. "I'm a real specialist, and it's as a specialist that I tell you the price of oil must rise. There's no other solution. However, it's a solution you of the West have wished on yourselves. Or, if you prefer, a solution wished on you by your ultra-civilized industrial society." On another occasion, he said: "Well, some people will say that this is going to create chaos in the industrial world, that this is going to be a terrific burden on the poor countries. That is true, but as to the industrial world, I think that they will have to realize that the era of their terrific progress and even more terrific income and wealth based on cheap oil is finished. . . . Eventually all those children of well-to-do families, who have plenty to eat at every meal, who have their cars, and who act almost as terrorists and throw bombs here and there or go some other ways, they will have to rethink about all these aspects of the advanced industrial world." And at another time he remarked, "I would like you to know that in our case it is not just to take vengeance on the West; as I said, we are going to be a member of your club."

The Shah's interviews do not seem to accord with his former image. At the very moment of triumph his voice vibrates with anger, much of it directed at his allies in the West. He is almost childish in his victory. There is a resentment that seems to have been stored up over years of silence. But it is no good trying to find out about this Shah in Iran.

IMAGES OF THE SHAH are omnipresent in Iran. Framed portraits of him hang in the airports, in banks, in movie houses, and in every small shop. Huge oil paintings adorn the lobbies of hotels. The Shah's statue stands alone in parks and at the entrances to small towns. His face is on the stamps and in every office. Foreigners learn not to ask about these pictures because questions produce only shrugs and smiles. Iranians mention the Shah's name only to pay tribute.

The reticence of Iranians is not surprising given that Iran is a police state much like the Soviet Union. The secret police, called by its Persian acronym, SAVAK, has agents in the lobby of every hotel, in every government department, and in every university classroom. In the provinces, the SAVAK runs a political intelligence-gathering service, and abroad it keeps a check on every Iranian student. Private estimates put the number of SAVAK agents at 70,000—or approximately one for every [illegible] Iranians, but the numbers have, in many [illegible] ceased to be important. SAVAK officials t[illegible] selves say that they have more unpaid inf[illegible] ers than paid agents. As these informers [illegible] agents tend to concentrate on the top leve[illegible] Iranian society, it no longer matters in som[illegible] cles who belongs to the SAVAK and who [illegible] not. Educated Iranians cannot trust an[illegible] beyond a close circle of friends, and for [illegible] the effect is the same as if everyone els[illegible] longed. The SAVAK intensifies this fea[illegible] giving no account of its activities. People [illegible] ply disappear in Iran, and their disap[illegible] ances go unrecorded. Occasionally piece[illegible] information will leak out to the West. [illegible] known, for instance, that Vida Hadjebi Tal[illegible] a sociologist at the University of Teheran, [illegible] been imprisoned without trial since mid-[illegible] and has been harshly tortured. At the tim[illegible] her arrest she was, according to a Swe[illegible] newspaper, investigating the "living condi[illegible] of Iran's peasant population." The Shah [illegible] that his government has no political priso[illegible] (Communists, he explains, are not politica[illegible] fenders but common criminals.) Amnesty [illegible] ternational estimates that there are a [illegible] 20,000 of them.

No one really knows what the policy of [illegible] SAVAK is. Occasionally the government h[illegible] publicized trials of people it describes as C[illegible] munists and/or traitors and saboteurs. [illegible] most celebrated trial this year was tha[illegible] twelve journalists, artists, and filmma[illegible] charged with conspiracy to kidnap the S[illegible] or a member of his family. Whether these [illegible] ple knew each other is unclear, and, accor[illegible] to *Le Monde*, the twelve were arrested [illegible] months before the government claimed [illegible] were. Two of them were executed on Febr[illegible] 18, and the next day the government annou[illegible] the execution of another group of six for "s[illegible] tage, arson, assassination, and armed att[illegible] against the state" without giving any info[illegible] tion about their arrest or the circumstance[illegible] their trial. The Shah has said that "nobod[illegible] arrested unless he has jeopardized the secu[illegible] of the state." But even words seem to thre[illegible] that security. Last year Reza Baraheni, a [illegible] and literary critic, was jailed until he conse[illegible] to make a televised statement denouncing [illegible] evils of Marxism. The curious thing, say th[illegible] who know him, is that he is not a Mar[illegible] in any doctrinaire sense and that he belie[illegible] what he said on television. Recently, the g[illegible] ernment seems to have been concentrating [illegible] the repression of intellectuals—it has mad[illegible] number of public examples. But it is harc[illegible] tell: this spring there were reports of a m[illegible] arrest of schoolteachers, taxi drivers, and oth[illegible] in the provincial city of Hamadan.

Iranians themselves do not seem to know w[illegible]

"My tastes are very simple. I only want the very best of everything."

An eminent British prime minister was quoted as having made that statement.

Well, we guess just about everybody would like to have the very best of everything.

But for most of us, that just isn't possible. We can't afford a Rolls-Royce (with chauffeur), servants, summer and winter homes, etc.

But it is interesting to note that even those who can afford all those things still cannot buy or serve a better whisky than Maker's Mark.

And, as for the rest of us, no matter what our means, we can at least enjoy the very best of some things. One of those things is love, another is companionship. And speaking more materially, another is whisky.

Moderation is key.

If you drink in moderation, then the extra cost of Maker's Mark is amortized over quite a period. We'd be the first to admit that immoderate drinkers probably can't afford Maker's Mark. But then they really can't afford any whisky, can they?

Maker's Mark was intended to be enjoyed in moderation. It is not, and never will be, mass produced. It is made, little at a time, slowly, thoughtfully, and is meant to be consumed in the same manner.

Not for everyman.

So, Maker's Mark will never compete for the mass market.



it tastes expensive
...and is.

Made from an original old style sour mash recipe by Bill Samuels, fourth generation Kentucky Distiller.

Maker's Mark Distillery, Loretto, Ky., Ninety Proof - Fully Matured.

It was never Bill Samuels' desire to do so. Bill, founder of Maker's Mark Distillery, is a fourth-generation Kentucky distiller who knew exactly what he wanted when he started making his own whisky back in 1953.

All he hoped for was to find the pride of self-achievement in making a whisky of singular character for those few who understood whisky well enough to enjoy a truly outstanding distillation.

For you?

Though it's not for everyman, it could very well be for you.

Free booklet.

When you're in our neck of the woods, we cordially invite you to visit our little distillery on Star Hill Farm near Loretto. Meanwhile, if you have an interest in the history of whisky-making in the Bluegrass state, write for a free copy of our little booklet, "The Wonderful World of Kentucky Whisky."

they can say and what they cannot. "You can criticize anything in this country except the Shah," journalists will tell you. The catch is that over the years the Shah has become identified with the government as a whole and with all of its major programs. The newspapers confine their crusading to such questions as whether the sewage system in Teheran ought to be installed after the subways are built or at the same time. Foreign journalists have difficulty getting any kind of information; since it is assumed that the SAVAK knows whom they have talked to, officials tend to respond to most questions with lies or convoluted, long-winded evasions. The lies are often completely unfathomable. For example, the head of an important Teheran newspaper, a man known to have been a police informer in his youth, took the trouble to lie to me about his age. A foreigner may soon conclude that Iranian officials live without the ordinary distinctions between truth and untruth. Certain of these men no doubt do; because the government has no ideology and no definition of political error, every day they must imagine anew what the government would have them say. And it is easy enough to get lost between reality and what a person thinks the government thinks is true. Happily for the unimaginative, the propaganda keeps repeating various notions that have coalesced into a quasiofficial history of the regime. This history is much more complicated, though perhaps no more accurate, than the accounts in the American press.

The road to power

WHAT NEITHER THE IRANIAN official history nor most American press accounts touch upon is the manner by which the Shah came to power and the relationship of his regime to the Western democracies he now so abuses. The gaps are important in that the truth of these matters helps considerably to explain the current policies of the Shah and the present condition of his country. In Iran this truth is very close to the surface; but it is rarely spoken.

What Iranians know, in the first place, is that the conventional picture of the Shah seated on the Peacock Throne is, to a large degree, a *trompe l'oeil.* Far from being an hereditary monarch, Mohammed Reza Pahlavi is the son of a colonel—an illiterate until adulthood—who provided the military support for a coup against the reigning Qajar dynasty in 1921. The colonel took the name Pahlavi—the name of the ancient Persian language—as a piece of public relations when he crowned himself Shah. He thus created an air of historical legitimacy while dissociating himself from the Qajars, whose corruption and inefficiency had done a good deal for the spread of republican ideas in Iran.

Reza Khan—Reza Shah the Great, as [illegible] cial histories now refer to him—was a st[illegible] man in both senses of the phrase. He had truck with Western notions of popular so[illegible] eignty; what interested him was the powe[illegible] the West: the artillery pieces, the banks, [illegible] the railroads. He was fascinated by railro[illegible] and after he had built them—by fiat, by thr[illegible] by the force of his own huge energy—he li[illegible] so the current Shah says, nothing better t[illegible] to ride them from place to place, checking [illegible] watch to see that they were on time.

Unlike some of his predecessors, Reza S[illegible] wanted Western power for the state, not [illegible] for his own family. In the twenty years of [illegible] reign he pacified the nearly autarchic tribe[illegible] Iran—the Kurds, Kashgais, Turkomans, B[illegible] chis, and Bakhtiaris—and established a mo[illegible] army and a centralized bureaucracy. With [illegible] new power of the state he managed to re[illegible] the influence of foreign powers—particu[illegible] that of Great Britain and Russia—which, [illegible] ing the Qajar period, had established a sy[illegible] of concessions bordering on colonial co[illegible] over the wealth of the country. He fought [illegible] British in the League of Nations over [illegible] rights to the Iranian oil fields. But Reza S[illegible] made one enormous miscalculation. In the 1[illegible] he fostered close relations with Germany. [illegible] present Shah explains that he wanted a c[illegible] terbalance to Britain and the Soviet Union, [illegible] that was surely the case. But Reza Shah wa[illegible] a man to be put off by Nazi practices, an[illegible] may well have had some sympathy for H[illegible] particularly in his claims to Aryan supremac[illegible] At the beginning of World War II, he decl[illegible] his country neutral and refused to give i[illegible] British and Soviet pressures to expel Ger[illegible] technicians and propagandists living in Ira[illegible] August 1941, British and Soviet forces inv[illegible] Iran, took control of the government, and fo[illegible] Reza Shah to abdicate in favor of his son. [illegible] present Shah came to the throne as a vi[illegible] puppet of the Allied powers, the humili[illegible] of being a mere figurehead compounded b[illegible] fact of his acceptance of the title from hi[illegible] ther's enemies.

In his autobiography, *Mission for My C[illegible] try,* published in 1961, the Shah devotes a[illegible] tire chapter to what he calls his "positive na[illegible] alism." The qualification looks oddly old-[illegible] ioned now, and the protestation unneces[illegible] But the book was written in English with[illegible] help of an American scholar, and the Shah [illegible] reason to feel vulnerable on the question o[illegible] own nationalism, and not only because o[illegible] way he came to the throne.

For the four years of World War II, whil[illegible] British and Russians occupied Iran, the [illegible] was not a very important figure in his [illegible] country. Relieved of the autocratic rule o[illegible] father, the old powers reasserted themse[illegible]

We have only one proven source of energy for now...and the next 400 years



OIL

Known U.S. oil reserves are being depleted. The search is on for new discoveries. Meanwhile, we grow more dependent on imports.



GAS

Our known gas reserves are dwindling fast. Unless new sources are found, demand may soon exceed existing domestic supply.



SOLAR

We would need perpetual sunlight. As yet, there's no full-scale, practical way to store energy from the sun.



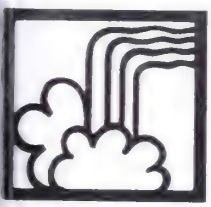
COAL

There's enough U.S. coal to last an estimated 400 years. Based on BTU values, coal makes up 88 per cent of the nation's energy reserves. Greater utilization of coal can keep our lights burning and our industry humming both now and for centuries ahead.



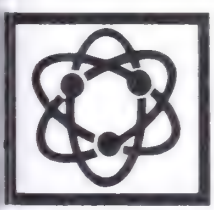
WIND

Too primitive. Windmills still work in some areas, but they're unreliable and inefficient.



WATER

Only about 4 per cent of the nation's energy comes from water power. And we've already harnessed our best sources.



NUCLEAR

Promising but slow in developing. Atomic power *may be* our best bet in years to come. Nuclear power today contributes about one per cent of U.S. energy.

Coal is vital to steel

Coal is needed in vast quantities to make steel. And the steel industry is a large consumer of electric power, of which coal is by far the largest source. Bethlehem mined more than 14 million tons of coal last year, and most of this was used in our own blast furnaces.

What about surface mining?

Surface-mined land can be reclaimed responsibly under present state reclamation laws. About 20 per cent of Bethlehem's coal is surface-mined while more than 50 per cent of the nation's coal is surface-mined. If unreasonable restrictions on surface mining are enacted, the nation may be in trouble. That includes all coal users. And steel users. And all who use electric lights and appliances would feel the pinch.

Why restrict our most abundant fuel?

We favor legislation that will make it possible to meet the nation's energy needs and reasonable environmental goals at the same time. More coal is needed now to avert steel shortages. Why cut coal production by unreasonable restrictions on surface mining at a time when all other energy sources—except coal—are in critical supply?

Bethlehem

Frances FitzGerald

GIVING THE SHAH EVERYTHING HE WANTS

The landlords, the tribal chiefs, and the religious leaders regained some of their old strength, and even those who had served Reza Shah now vilified him. At the same time, political parties organized among those groups that had come to self-awareness under the reign of Reza Shah. The principal parties were the Tudeh (the Iranian Communist party) and the National Front, a loose coalition of middle-class nationalist and religiously oriented groups. When the occupying forces finally moved out of Iran, a political struggle erupted, one issue of which was the independence of the Majlis, the national legislature, and the extent to which those elected to it represented the various political groups.

The other main issue was the question of the oil concessions. The British-owned Anglo-Iranian Oil Company had, since 1905, held monopoly rights over the oil fields abutting the Persian Gulf and sustained a virtually autonomous position within the country. The National Front, led by Mohammed Mossadeq, along with other nationalist groups, felt the concession to be an infringement on Iranian sovereignty and opposed similar concessions to the Soviet Union as well. The position was a popular one among the politically conscious in Iran—the Allied occupation had left no reservoirs of goodwill—and Mossadeq had great appeal as a moral leader. By 1951 the National Front was strong enough to bring Mossadeq to power as Prime Minister. As a result of the previous British refusal to give the Iranian government a half of the oil profits, his first act of office was to demand the nationalization of the oil fields.

THE STRUGGLE OVER THE OIL FIELDS brought the United States to the center of the Iranian stage for the first time. From the beginning, the British took a strong line on the nationalizations, calling for a boycott on Iranian oil and an embargo on the sale of goods to Iran. The Americans were concerned about the strategic position of Iran in relation to the Soviet Union and the rest of the Middle East. (The United States had run a military and police training program in Iran since 1943.) As in the Suez crisis a few years later, the United States attempted to play the role of mediator between Britain and its former dependent. But the position of both countries remained inflexible: Mossadeq would not relent on the principle of nationalization, and the British would not agree to a 50-50 profit-sharing formula. Although the British could not obtain their terms, the oil supply in the 1950s was so much greater than the demand that they did manage to enforce their embargo. Soon the economy of Iran began to suffer, as did the enthusiasm for Mossadeq among the Iranian upper classes.

The Truman administration had supported Mossadeq, but the Eisenhower officials thou him a radical (he had forced the landlord pay taxes and cut the government revenues signed to the Shah) and had little sympathy his cause. They refused to increase Amer aid and to make long-term loans, with the r that the economic situation got worse and National Front weaker. Worried by the spe of a Communist take-over in Iran, these offi began to look for an alternative to Mossa They found it in the Shah. They also fo supporters of the Shah in the army and police—both of which had been well canva by the American training mission. The CIA an American general then stepped in and b to organize. In August 1953, the Shah was suaded to dismiss Mossadeq and appoint eral Zahedi (father of the present Ambass to Washington) as Prime Minister. When sadeq refused to step down, the Shah fled country, leaving the Iranian generals and CIA to carry out what amounted to a mil coup. The Shah returned three days later, Mossadeq was safely under arrest. The E hower administration soon announced th would allocate $45 million in emergency a Iran and an additional $5 million a mont aid for the next three years.

The CIA-sponsored coup marked a tur point in Iranian politics. Now, when the A ican Ambassador to Iran, former CIA Dir Richard Helms, tells Iranians that he see alternative to the Shah, the remark is a observation—as opposed to the implied mand it was to his CIA colleagues two dec ago. The coup did not bring the Shah to kind of power he holds today—that power not come until a full decade later, after the plication of a billion dollars in American and a substantial increase in oil revenues ing to the Iranian government. Still, it was of the more effective CIA ventures of its

Ambassador Helms's current observation a the Shah has strong echoes: in 1963 the Ar can Ambassador to South Vietnam was te President Kennedy that there was no alter to Ngo Dinh Diem. The Shah and his P Minister are very aware of Diem's fate. all, the Shah, like Diem, was brought to by a CIA coup, and, like him, he receiv very large amount of American aid bet 1954 and 1963, a good deal of which went creating his army and police force. The A icans, along with the Israelis (who needed ian oil), formed and trained the SAVAK.

Until 1963 the Shah had many of Di problems, one of which was the need to pa his own supporters, direct and indirect, at expense. Even with American aid, the co drifted near financial crisis for a decade. T was no guerrilla movement in Iran, but t was opposition that was strong enough to th

if not to eliminate the Shah, at least to uce him to the status of a true constitution- monarch. But by the early Sixties the Shah l oil revenues to supplement American aid; se permitted him not only to increase the ressive apparatus of the state but to buy im- tant parts of his society as well. And to look the economics of oil is to see that, to the ih's government, oil revenues had many sim- ities to American aid.

Oil politics

FTER THE SHAH'S RETURN to Teheran in 1953, the first order of business for the erican government was resolving the ques- n of control over the Iranian oil fields. The eement signed by the Shah in 1954 gave the nian government nominal sovereignty over fields while vesting full management and mmercial rights in an international consor- n of oil companies. British Petroleum (the ner Anglo-Iranian) took a 40 percent inter- five American majors took an interest of ercent each for a total of 40 percent; the nce went to eight small American compa- and two European concerns. The impor- feature of the agreement was, of course, entry of the American majors into Iran. nificantly, the American majors, having large stments elsewhere in the Middle East, did want to go into Iran. It was the United es government that worked out the agree- nt and that forced the majors in. There had n an antitrust suit against the majors pend- in the Justice Department that would have rived them of their power to fix prices and r joint production and refining arrange- nts all over the world. In pressing for the ance of the majors into the consortium, the ional Security Council prevented any effec- prosecution of the suit. It was an offer the ors could not afford to refuse. That deal has vented the American government from reg- ing the oil companies in an effective fashion his day, but it also gave the U.S. a new and leable form of influence over the Iranian ernment and over Middle Eastern politics in eral.

ntil last year, most people thought of oil commodity something like coal or iron ore, price and level of production being related he cost of production and to supply and de- d. But the price of Middle Eastern oil has ys been artificial: it has depended not on r or underground deposits but on interna- al politics. In Iran, as in the sheikdoms of Persian Gulf, the oil gushes up as if it were ing for release. The cost of production is ly less than would be the cost of collecting sand above it. In the Sixties, the average cost to the oil companies of extraction was 16 cents a barrel, whereas the extraction of American oil cost $1.73 a barrel. And yet, traditionally, because of the dominance of the United States and its oil companies, the price of Middle Eastern oil was set at the cost of producing the stubborn, low-lying American oil. The quantity of annual production is similarly arbitrary, for in the Persian Gulf area the reserves are so large and so well identified that the limits to annual production are theoretical. Since World War II, the major oil companies, acting as a cartel, have calculated their volumes of production in such a way as to support oil prices and—though this is a more complicated matter—their own profits. Until the late Sixties their monopoly position was so great that they could do what they liked in the oil-producing countries. In Iraq, where radical governments fought through the Sixties for the nationalization of oil, production increased by only 185.3 million tons from 1961 to 1968. Iranian production, on the other hand, rose 600.5 million tons in the same period—the largest increase in all the oil-producing states, including Saudi Arabia—and in 1967 oil contributed 55 percent to the annual government revenues. In those years, there were many changes of government in Iraq but none in Iran.

In 1963 the Shah launched what he called the White Revolution, a series of edicts calling for the nationalization of water and forest resources, land reform, women's suffrage, the establishment of a Health Corps, a Literacy Corps and an agricultural extension service. Only two of these reforms were actually carried out, but one of them was quite important. The land reform law, adapted from the far more radical proposals of the opposition, enabled the government to buy surplus land from the old landlords and sell land titles to the richer peasants, who traditionally had the right to farm the land and act as village headmen. The reform did nothing for the poorer peasants, who had no such rights and could not buy in; in fact, it penalized some of them by abolishing the traditional claims they had on the landlords. But politically it was a great success. In one blow the Shah managed to destroy the quasi-feudal system in the countryside and the independent power base of the landlords while compensating the landlords well enough to maintain their loyalty. He also managed to divide the peasantry so that they had no common interest in organizing against him. There remained the nomad tribes, but these were no match for the Shah's army. The countryside was his.

And as the oil revenues increased, the city people had more and more of a stake in his government. The oil wealth permitted the Shah to support the building of small businesses and to subsidize food while allowing the importa-

"The CIA-sponsored coup did not bring the Shah to the kind of power he holds today—that power did not come until the application of a billion dollars in American aid and a substantial increase in oil revenues."

Frances FitzGerald

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tion, untaxed, of certain consumer goods from the West. The middle class floated up on a tide of oil: it bought refrigerators, sent its children to Western universities, and felt that every day Iran was becoming more modern and sophisticated. And the Shah hired the children of the middle class, for in his expanding economy there were, as one Iranian said, "not enough cousins to go around."

THE PRESENT OFFICIAL IRANIAN view of history is that the Iranian government has been engaged for years in the fight to stop the exploitation of its natural resources by unscrupulous oil companies and that it has finally succeeded. "We have broken the oil cartels," one economist, a former official, told me. Recently the Shah has taken on some of the rhetoric of the radical nationalists, blaming the oil companies for, among other things, creating the oil deficit in the United States last winter.

"I am of the opinion," the Shah has said, "that in the past we have been exploited by the colonial powers, by the capitalist world," and he has spoken of "seeing the noble product of our earth wasted in needless consumption by the affluent industrial societies of the world." The Shah's argument is a good one in the sense that, as he says, Iran has not benefited from its own oil to the degree the United States has. The taxes and royalties the Iranian government received in the Fifties and Sixties were a small fraction of oil company profits and a fraction of the revenues the U.S. government collected on gasoline taxes from American consumers. Then, too, as the Shah points out, oil has many other more valuable uses than fuel, principally in the petrochemical products that up to now the industrialized nations have manufactured for themselves and resold to Iran at a profit. The fact is, however, that the Shah made a pact with the West for just such a system of exploitation. The 1954 agreement has been modified several times in Iran's favor, but the initiatives have not usually been Iranian.

Until last year Iran was docile on the issue of national control (the nationalization in 1954 had been nominal), and it has been a follower rather than a leader in the negotiations between oil-producing and oil-consuming countries for an increase in the percentage of government profits, often lagging behind even those Arab sheikdoms which could not possibly invest the revenues in their own countries. Up to now the Shah's profits have increased mainly through increases in production.

After the Organization of Petroleum Exporting Countries (OPEC) meeting of last December, the Shah made a premature announcement of the dramatic decision to increase oil prices, thereby suggesting that he had played a major role in promoting the new prices. That r- ing, however, only certified the changes ... had already occurred. The new oil prices a... fact the result of a staggering increase in... demand for oil over a ten-year period, the g... ual loss of oil-company cartel control ove... pricing, and the growing sophistication o... the oil-producing nations. In the contex... these trends the countries that took the ... aggressive initiatives were Algeria, Libya, ... Iraq, the latter two countries governed by ... ple the Shah considers "crazy, bloodthirsty ... ages." The new power of OPEC owes muc... them as well as to the new solidarity of ... Arab states on the question of Israel an... the decision to use an oil embargo as a we... in the October War. The Shah, who can b... disguise his contempt for all Arabs and wh... plies that King Faisal is a puppet of the U... States, did not join that embargo. But he ... ited from its fallout. The Shah's aggressiv... tionalism is in fact only as old as the su... of his fellow rulers. The mythology, how... must be maintained.

As a result, an interview with Iranian ban... today is not quite like an interview with t... of any other country, even though appeara... may be much the same. Their offices have ... to-wall carpeting, leather couches, and p... bi- or tri-lingual secretaries. The bankers ... young men who dress in Paris- or Londo... tailored suits and speak English with mid-Atl... accents. They have degrees from Cambri... Harvard, or Stanford; they are perfectly ch... ing and perfectly fluent in the arcane lang... of fiscal policy or the international mon... system. But change the subject to politics, ... they will talk about the virtues of Oriental ... potism or the miracles the Shah has wro... with his White Revolution.

All this talk is, of course, mostly nonsens... the bankers themselves know. Still, there is s... thing miraculous about the economic growt... Iran. To achieve such growth the develo... countries of the world have required heavy ... dustry, huge labor forces, and thousands u... thousands of highly educated people. But ... wealth of Iran came, so to speak, from now... —from a small arid plain in the southwes... corner of the country. The production of oil ... manded very little labor and no domestic ... created technology. It was liquid money, wh... flowing directly to the Shah, gave him comp... freedom in his own country—at the price of ... continued obedience to the West. From ... Iranian standpoint that pact had a magical ... mension. Within Iran it gave the Shah the k... of power that occurs not so much in life a... fairy tales, where the wish of the child-eg... fulfilled completely, leaving the rest of na... unchanged.

In the early Sixties one Kennedy adminis...

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GIVING THE SHAH EVERYTHING HE WANTS

tion official went to see the Shah to persuade him to set up a Bureau of the Budget or some such piece of orderly, rational bureaucracy. The official argued the matter on the basis that the Shah, as the only source of power in the government, was far too exposed to an assassin's bullet, and that he ought to share power with others in order to deter a coup and give his government wider and more stable foundations. How the manufacture of such a bureaucracy would have resulted in the sharing of power the official did not explain. But the Shah must have felt the condescension of this advice, for instead of diplomatically saying yes and doing nothing, he pushed a buzzer. The door opened, and one of his high officials came in bowing, scraping, and cringing. "You expect me to share power with *that?*" the Shah asked.

Balance of terror

THE SHAH, WITH HIS ALADDIN'S LAMP of oil wealth, has wiped out or transmuted the whole history of the 1940s and '50s and all of its republican institutions. In official history Mossadeq is now a nonperson, and the period of the National Front "the dark ages," an interregnum in the glorious reign of the Pahlavis. (The Shah, it is explained, left the country in 1953 in a self-sacrificing attempt to prevent bloodshed as the people rose up against a corrupt, foreign-dominated government.) Iran still has a constitution. It has a national legislature whose members are chosen in regular elections with universal suffrage and two parties. The elections, however, always turn out to be a victory for the government party. The Shah has explained this phenomenon in an interview.

> Q: *The opposition doesn't appear to be very vigorous. Does it agree with you on the major issues?*
>
> SHAH: *It strikes me that it would be difficult to do otherwise. What could the opposition say? Could it say our oil policy is bad? That our policy of national independence is bad? That our social policy is bad? That what we are doing for the workers and farmers is bad?*
>
> Q: *There may be some disagreement on the methods. . . .*
>
> SHAH: *In our country? The methods we use are the only ones possible.*

Amir Abbas Hoveida has been Prime Minister for the past nine years. Pear-shaped of body, agile of mind, he wears small exotic orchids in his buttonhole and sometimes kisses babies as a political gesture. He, too, belongs to the Alice-in-Wonderland world of appearances. "You know," he said to me, "I can't understand why anyone would want to join the opposition. There are so many opportunities in government. . . . Actually, some of the op tion deputies do join my party and rise to positions in government. The ones who tend to be men of rather inferior quality." Red-Queen assessment may sound engag frank, but of course the Prime Minister k better than anyone else the answer to his tion. The opposition exists because the selects and pays its members, just as he se and pays those of the government party, because at some time the Shah may wish t rid of Mr. Hoveida by "democratic" mean

The Shah, of course, has other means, instruments other than Mr. Hoveida. His ernment is much like the inside of the grea Persian houses. Behind the legislature are regular government bureaucracies, and be the government bureaucracies, the Court. its Imperial Inspectorate and its numerous er departments, the Court bureaucracy act a shadow government to the ministries and National Iranian Oil Company. Shadowing ministries and the Court are the military-se ity agencies, including the SAVAK and itary Intelligence. The Shah stands at the ce commanding all avenues into this maze. As American scholar has pointed out, with ch and graphs, the system resembles the tradit al regimes of Iran, and the Shah contro much as the Qajars did, by the principle of position and the balance of terror. There ar ways at least two of everything. For every i tution there are others, equally powerful, conflicting, or competing, interests. Every portant post has opposites somewhere else in government; every important man has his ri

In maintaining this balance of terror, Shah pays particular attention to the ar forces and the police. It is said that he per ally reviews the intelligence files on all offi above the rank of captain and that he will permit the important troop commanders speak with each other or to come to Tehe without his permission. The Shah handles business world in much the same fashion. keeps the essential industries, such as oil steel, under direct government control. W these industries compete with private busine over such commodities as concrete, the S can control the outcome. Then, if the gove ment decides that a certain private corporat is getting too big or making too much pr a law will suddenly be passed, a competitor be discovered, or the gendarmes will be sen collect taxes.

Charity functions are always a success Iran if a member of the royal family is prese the prince or princess will simply line up richest guests and stare at them until they d tribute. A certain amount of money for the n affiliate of the Harvard Business School in Te ran was raised in just this way.

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EXCEPT IN THE FORMALITIES of the court, with their much-publicized gold braid and bowing, the medieval nature of the Shah's system is invisible. Officials, businessmen, university chancellors, and others who make up the elite of Teheran resemble their counterparts in New York, London, or Paris. They play tennis a good deal these days, and they talk of inflation and President Ford. In modern apartments, hostesses in caftans make careful mixes of businessmen, hairdressers, journalists, and painters in blue jeans who stare into space until made a fuss over. "Don't you see?" one foreigner complained to me. "It's all completely hollow. They're carefully studied imitations of us. But they're creatures and flunkies of the regime."

That, too, is an illusion. After a week, a foreigner will discover that the Westernized people of Teheran are perfectly aware of their own duality, and they feel the contrasts acutely. The same person who so fluently presents the regime's propaganda will also drop a remark like a stone into the smooth surface of a diplomatic dinner party: "You know the way we have to stand in front of *him*? Like this. With our hands over our balls." The tone will be too bitter for even the wives of diplomats to ignore. After a week in Teheran, a foreigner will hear people close to the center of power ruthlessly mocking the Shah's policy and themselves in the same breath before dropping back into silence or changing the subject. You will hear that the banker who presented the most dreamlike of historical theories was fired from a high government job because of his habit of independence—his questioning of the Shah. You will also hear that the journalist who presented such a perceptive analysis of certain forms of corruption is little more than a flack for a certain high official.

"You can't believe what we say," one Iranian businessman told me. "We have many more doubts than we can express. But then, as a foreigner, you'll probably hear lots of 'subversive' talk from people who want to impress you as having some independence—talk they couldn't get away with among those who know them. The truth is that we're all a part of the system." As his remark indicates, Iranian society is a conundrum much like that of the old story about the man who always lies and the man who always tells the truth. The remark itself was a part of the conundrum, and at the same time perfectly true. There are many in the upper echelons of Iranian society who are honest with themselves and who will eventually tell a foreigner, "We have been bought," and who feel guilty because of it. For them there are as many or more who enjoy the game, who like the money and the illusion of power—particularly the present great excesses of both—and who will lie and humiliate themselves in order to stay in the game. The problem i the first group does not therefore cease t long to the system. And the second has ma the symptoms that only the first can ex "We are suffocating here. . . . I sometime like leaving the country for good. . . . It's man, the Shah, among other things. He give us anything. Not a crumb. He won' to us any longer. He despises us." And groups do the same kind of things. They a great deal of money. They leave Iran ever they like for business trips or vacatic Europe and the United States. And they —they know very well—that there is no native to the Shah, that they are powerles that they live on a very thin film on the t Iranian society.

$200 a

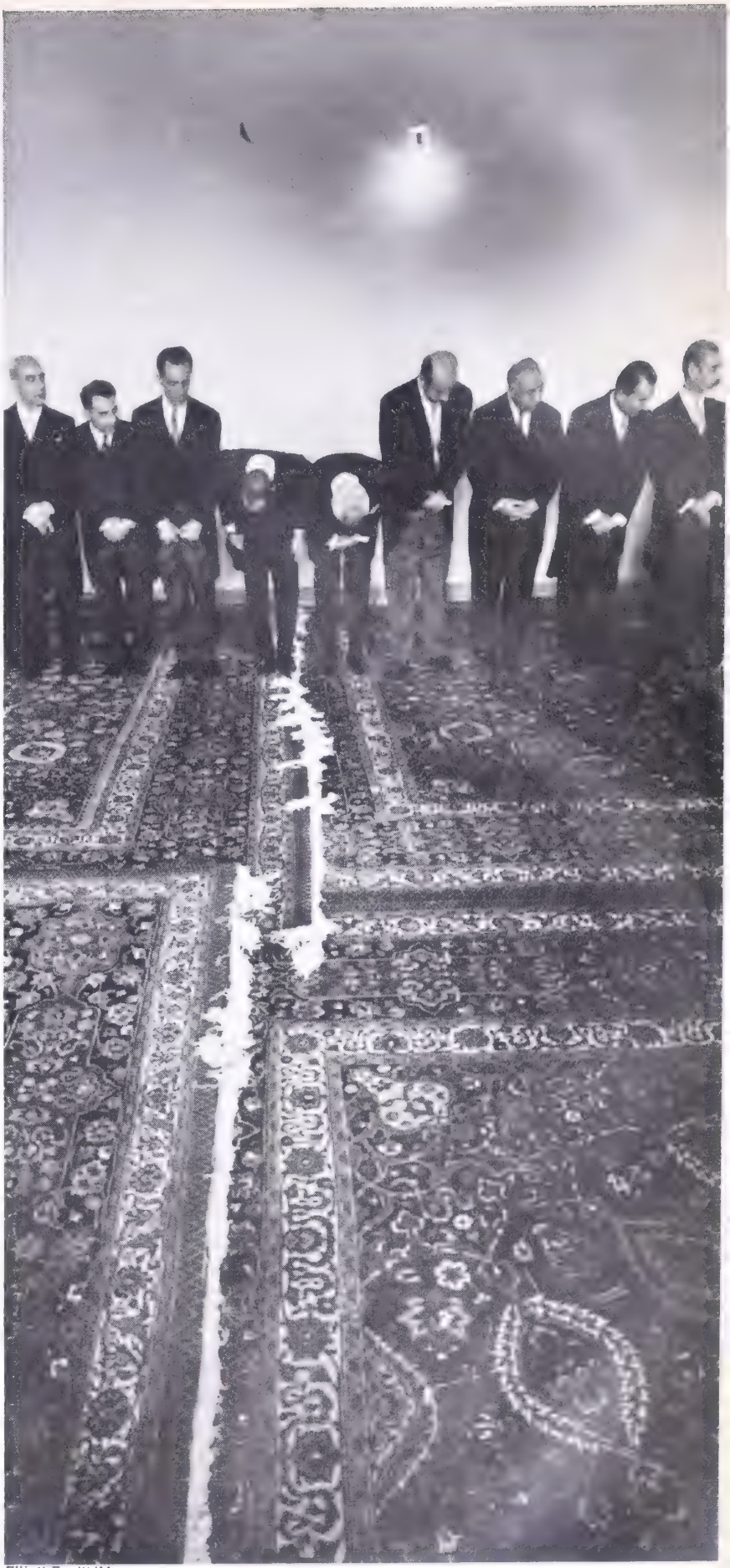
THIS YEAR THE SHAH SAYS—and his off repeat after him—"In the great era of lization that lies in front of our people will be at least two or three holidays a . . . It must come with the automation of i try and increasing population, it must co And he says: "The per capita income of family will be so high that by the end o year we are probably going to reach $1,00 four years' time it will be over $1,800. I years' time it will be . . . more than most o advanced European countries have today."

As the Shah himself must know, the mea ment called "per capita income" is merel sum of the national wealth divided by the ber of the population and has nothing t with the way most people live. In Teheran thirds of all families have an income of than $200 per person per year. Dollar con isons may be misleading, but the living c tions are almost as bad as the sum indic In the rural areas, where 58 percent of the ulation still live, over a third of all fam earn less than $400 a year, while anothe percent earn less than $800, and the infl rate this year is 18 to 20 percent. The have not gotten poorer in twenty years, bu inequalities have become much greater. In countryside there is widespread malnutriti the average calorie intake in Iran is about same as India's—and the rural people s from all the diseases that come with such ditions. About 70 percent of Iranians are ill ate (the government Statistics Center say percent, and the Shah says 75 percent whe wants to emphasize the necessity for aut itarian rule). There are only 9,500 practi physicians in the country—or one for e 3,300 people. Nearly half of them live in heran, and a great percentage of these c only to the rich. This year, Iranian univ

graduated about 18,000 students (fewer than
, whose population is a fifth of Iran's) and
t 600 doctors. Each year half the medical-
ol graduates leave the country—there are
Iranian doctors in New York than there
in any city outside Teheran. The phrase
in drain" was coined in Iran. In other
s, despite its oil money and vaunted gov-
ent stability, Iran is basically worse off
a country like Syria that has had neither
d a war going on—for the past twenty-
years.

ie reason for all this is simply that the
has never made a serious attempt at de-
ment. The wealth of the country has gone
airports. (Teheran is just about to get a
d international airport, and Iran Air has
red 747s as well as the supersonic Con-
e.) It has gone into private cars rather
buses, into consumer goods rather than
ic health, and into the salaries of soldiers
policemen rather than those of teachers.
uption exists at every level of society, be-
ing with the Shah's own relatives, and, as
ery two-bit military dictatorship, military
rs take their cut from the customs and
ol business enterprises that are only dis-
y related to military affairs. With high tar-
arriers and tax incentives, the government
lone a good deal for some forms of private
stry. It has made some people extremely
producing consumer goods that the mass
ie population does not need or cannot af-
Because of the uncertainties of govern-
policy, businessmen tend to shy away from
uctive, long-term ventures to go into im-
export or similar quick-profit ventures.
the government-run industries—with the
ption of oil—are highly inefficient.

anian officials know all of this, but they
operate in a medium of propaganda that
become so dense over the years that it seems
to be a second reality. The White Revolu-
is the central event of official Iranian his-
and university students spend an entire
studying the twelve edicts. It doesn't seem
atter that most of them have never been im-
ented. The Shah says that workingmen re-
49 percent of the shares of the companies
work for. In fact, very few companies have
es, and even skilled workers cannot afford
uy them. Last winter the Shah promised
all school children would receive a glass of
and a piece of cake when they come to
ol in the morning. The cake may sound
niscent of Marie Antoinette, but it is the
(not to speak of the schools) that is lack-
"We'll buy powdered milk," one journalist
ironically, "and then the children can mix
th the polluted water of their villages." The
arity between what is supposed to happen
what actually happens does not result from



Elliott Erwitt/Magnum

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sheer bad faith, incompetence, or huge corruption—though all these exist. The Shah would like to see such reforms carried out—his vision of himself is that of Shah of all the people. He employs intelligent, dedicated men who believe these things should be done. Furthermore, money is appropriated, and schools and hospitals do get built. But there is a fundamental conflict between the Shah's desire for reform and a redistribution of wealth on the one hand and his desire for domination on the other.

The Shah and his Prime Minister have recently taken to complaining about the quality of education in Iran, calling university degrees "degrees of ignorance." They do not exaggerate, for, according to foreign professors, an Iranian university degree approximates a high-school degree in most developed countries. University students, say these professors, write papers according to formulas and seem incapable of independent thinking. Furthermore, there is widespread corruption: professors usually have more than one job, and the administrators lower course standards and change the grades of students as a regular practice. The cause of all of this is, however, not very difficult to identify, since the universities depend on the government and the Shah regards intellectuals with suspicion. Government interference in the universities is constant. Professors are fired or arrested for expressing independent views, and students are arrested or shot for demonstrating. The main task of university administrations is, in fact, to prevent any kind of disturbance. As a result, they ally themselves with the SAVAK and give in when students complain about the difficulty of exams. It is small wonder that Iranians with any money send their children abroad for education and equally small wonder that a high percentage of these students do not return.

THE CONFLICT BETWEEN the government's desire for development and its primary interest in maintaining its own control shows up not only in the sensitive area of education, but in every form of activity, including the basic work of production. After the land reform, the government proposed cooperatives as the answer to the inefficiency of the small farms. The cooperatives did not work—few of them ever existed except on paper—because the government would not allow the farmers to organize and pressure it for the basic credit facilities they needed in order to modernize. The inefficiency became a vicious circle, for, as with the universities, the government's only answer to failure was the further imposition of its own authority. More recently the government has set up a system of Agricultural Corporations, wherein the farmer exchanges the title to his land for shares in a communal farm run by a government official. Since the bureaucrat who kn something about farming, is not corrupt, can convince the peasants that he has thei terests at heart is rare indeed, the Corporat are less efficient than the cooperatives.

Ask any Iranian official what the main p lem of development is in Iran, and he wil variably reply "manpower." It is a word he learned from Americans, and to him it m the shortage of a group of engineers, tec cians, or middle-level administrators. But word *manpower* is not that restricted. It im an entire society. With over 30 million pe Iran has plenty of "manpower." It is just the masses do not constitute the society Shah and his bureaucrats want.

Most Iranians still live in a world apart the bureaucrats of Teheran. It is a question just of poverty but of culture. Many Iran are nomads who migrate across the moonsc of desert and high, hostile mountains. They Kurds, Turkomans, and Baluchis whose w en drink goat's milk and carry knives in folds of their red-and-gold skirts. They are smiths and potters and charcoal dealers. smoke hookahs and they bargain in the cu hole shops of seventeenth-century bazaars. are mullahs and dervishes and women veile the eyes. They are also peasants who liv mud-walled villages with flies and feroc dogs. There is a hatred between the two cult

The resistance of the country people is underground, for the tribesmen and the gious leaders lost their last battles to the S in the early Sixties. Since then the governi has taken its revenge. It has settled some o tribesmen forcibly. It has suppressed the T ish language in favor of Persian. In the re of Khuzestan, on the Iraqi border, it has new labor centers consisting of rows of hc without walls or gardens; and it has insisted for the purposes of assimilation the Arabs in alternate rows with the Iranians. There is such center where each house is painted a ferent color—red, green, yellow, blue—and totally deserted. "The officials dislike the t tional mud houses," one American conclu "They think they are uncivilized. So they l cinderblock housing that gets very hot in summer, very cold in the winter. And the hc are so small that the people have no roon their animals." The government's future d opment plans call for the building of many such centers. "There are 50,000 villages in I one official said, "and that's too many. A l them are inaccessible. We can't get to with schools or doctors, so we are plannin consolidate a number of them into what we 'poles.'" The peasants will not be consulte the move, and although the government to build these "poles" in areas that can b rigated, the example of the labor center

TABLISHED 1749



"1749. It was a very good year."

here was peace in Europe in 1749.

he American uprising had not yet begun.

he sounds of the Seven Years War were still t of earshot.

nd the thought of a French Revolution was nply ridiculous.

short, it was the perfect time to embark on an terprise devoted to the better things in life.

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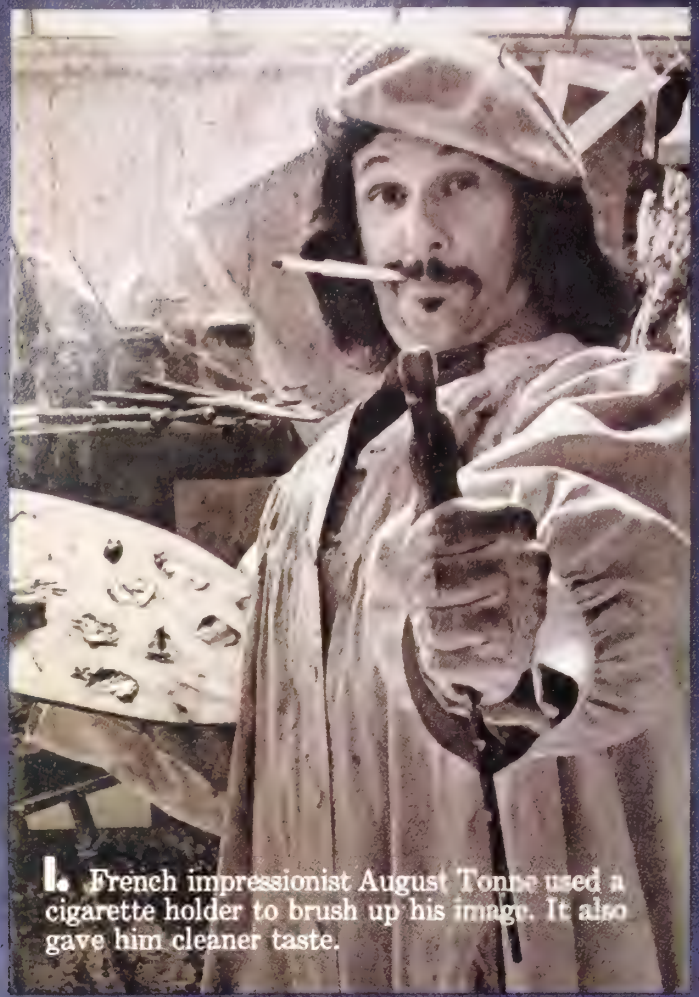


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18 mg. "tar," 1.2 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Mar. '74

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

estan raises the suspicion that agricultural ing is no better than it has ever been, and easants may have no means of supporting selves. But the Shah believes that Iran d be a "sophisticated country," and these s" will have all the modern conveniences.

Consume and destroy

HAT OFFICIALS ENVISAGE is the destruc- ion of rural society as it is today. Agri- e, presumably, will be mechanized and the roductive areas simply abandoned. In a ation, officials say, the rural population lrop from 58 percent to 25 percent of hole. This process of urbanization has, of e, been going on in most of the developed eveloping countries of the world; the per- ges are "modern." In Iran, however, it is all clear what these people will do, par- rly since the bureaucrats tend to see them rcentages and "manpower." But ultimate- whole society will be homogenized and ible to control from Teheran.

father was a clown among the clowns of n old king.
mother was of the Turkish gypsies
my sisters in brightly lit castles
the bedside of that sterile prince
nd and dream of the arms of powerful nountain men.
l my brothers, yes, my brothers,
eunuchs serving the new brides of a new ing.

° ° °

mother sang in the streets so long
voice went blind.
mother was of the Turkish gypsies,
at the end of her life no one understood er tongue.

verses are from a poem called "The Jun- d the City," by Reza Baraheni, the poet as forced to make his confession of errors evision.

results of this homogenization are visible y in Teheran—a city largely populated by nts and the sons of peasants. With its of- ildings and superhighways, the city might to any cosmopolitan country. Teheran history prior to the nineteenth century. wn the Qajars made their capital has long buried under concrete. Teheran has no ms to speak of and few monuments except built by the Shah to himself. It is wholly ercial. Lying on an inclined plane that rom the desert floor to the edge of the ain, it has no mixed neighborhood: its stratification rises with the hillside, as ere some geological formation. On those the drive for money is desperate. Men, metimes women, have two or three jobs. who make money are in a frenzy of acquisitiveness for space, for modern clothes, and for ton after ton of machinery and stuffed furniture. Teheran is, in many ways, a terrifying city to live in: the competition seems to have no rules, and there is no sense of community. "Our school is full of thieves. You have to be a thief to survive," sing the schoolboys walking down from the mountain. Teheranians point out the traffic as a sign of the underlying chaos of their controlled society. And they complain of the anonymity and the loss of values.

One Iranian has described his society this way: "The consumer society every day accepts more of the culture and values of the colonial West, and destroys its cultural bond with the people of Iran. This society cannot see the deprivation of the other society but looks down from its lofty throne at the deprived community without recognizing it. The technocratic values of the colonial West, with the old bureaucratic values, are the criteria and support of this society's existence. Profiteering, opportunism, isolation, individualism, and self-worship are the rules of life."

Another told me: "Our economic progress is a wonderful thing, but we are being swamped by you. No one cares for anything but money nowadays. We are overwhelmed by material goods, and we are losing our own values. Children don't respect their parents. Of course, there's nothing we can do about it. The modern world must come, and we are powerless. But what you have, is that really a way of life?"

The two Iranians cannot be so unrepresentative since the first is a guerrilla who was killed —probably tortured to death—by the government in 1971, and the second is a general and was the former head of the SAVAK. The general, interestingly enough, is the one who speaks of a loss of control.

Such sentiments are the underside of what has become a euphoria of money in Teheran. Hospitality is important in Persian tradition, but now it has reached such a pitch that slight acquaintances will offer you caviar, carpets, or islands. The extravagance of this giving, when it is directed to foreigners, seems almost an act of aggression. The same euphoria seems to have taken hold of the entire government. In planning what to do with the windfall billions of dollars it has made this year, the Shah thus far seems resolved not to take the conservative approach of investing them in bonds or treasury notes. This summer he bought a quarter of the Krupp's steelworks at a huge premium through a new issue of stock and loaned $1.2 billion to the British government. What Iran will buy in the United States has not yet been decided, but the consideration clearly gives Persian officials, if not the Shah himself, a good deal of pleasure. An Iranian just returned from a semiofficial trip to the United States told me casually, "Well,

"The foreign ministers, industrialists, and bankers formed a procession much like that on the friezes of Persepolis showing emissaries bearing tribute to the ancient emperors of Persia."

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GIVING THE SHAH EVERYTHING HE WANTS

I don't think we want ranches, do you? It's the Arabs who buy real estate. And besides, I don't think your ranches are very profitable. Perhaps it'll be a television station or the Hughes Tool Company." As it happens, Hughes Tool is not on the market, and American television stations, like American defense contractors, cannot sell stock to foreign countries. No doubt the Shah and his officials have a number of new ideas by now. One official told me, only partly in jest, "If you don't write a favorable piece, we'll buy *Harper's*."

ON DOMESTIC MATTERS, the Shah speaks of creating what he calls The Great Civilization. What this means is rather obscure. ("It's one of those phrases that gets used so often it loses meaning," says the modest Queen Farah. "We hope that Iranians will have an acceptable standard of living in ten or fifteen years. That's my point of view, but perhaps my husband has something else in mind.") There are now programs for the enlargement and improvement of almost everything in Iran from oil refineries to hospitals. Officials talk of solving the teacher shortage by sending up a television satellite that will beam educational programs into schools and solving the doctor shortage with electronic equipment that will transmit medical reports for analysis into a central hospital. As officials see it, schools can be built, technology can be bought, and the manpower shortage filled with money. "What do we care if Iranian students don't want to come back here?" the Prime Minister told me. "We can buy their talents. We can get foreigners."

Foreigners have always been important to Iranian development projects. Foreigners built the oil fields, the dams, and the railroads. The Morrison-Knudsen Company drew up the basic development program for the country in 1947, and the Shah had an American adviser when he made the oil consortium agreement. And now the Iranian government has decided to bring foreigners deeper into the fabric of the society instead of replacing them with Iranians. Over the past few years, the government has leased hundreds of thousands of acres of productive land to multinational agribusiness. In the Khuzestan region, just above the oil fields, Shellcott, Hawaiian Agronomics, and other multinationals have taken over huge tracts of newly irrigated land to develop with foreign technicians and modern farming machinery imported tax free. The productivity of these businesses, which have displaced some 17,000 Iranians from their land, is far lower than predicted (according to one expert, it is lower than that of medium-size Iranian farms in irrigated areas), but it is easier for the government to rent land to foreigners than to help out its own small farmers. The government is hoping to attract more agrib nesses. The great majority of its new indust projects are joint ventures in which the fore company imports the capital, technology, management in return for a share in the pro In the field of education, the government proposes to ask prestigious Western universi to set up entire campuses and research in tutes in Iran. As with the Harvard Busi School affiliate, the government would pay entire cost of the operation while the fore university would provide teachers and exer joint control over the administration. (Whet the universities could do without the large lection of books that are banned in Iran rema to be seen.) There are now 13,000 Americ in Iran, most of them technicians living in similes of American suburbs around the ci and managing factories or instructing Irani in military technology. There are also siza populations of other nationals doing techn jobs. The doctors in the rural areas of Iran for instance, largely Pakistanis.

Educated Iranians tend to resent this wh sale importation of foreigners. They see m of it as unnecessary, humiliating to themsel and a perpetuation of the old dependency the West. It is, however, official governm policy for the reason that it is politically c venient—indeed, perhaps necessary—for Shah. Foreigners make no demands except money, and if they cause trouble, they can ways be shipped back home. "It's like a ja sary system," one American resident conclud "We are protecting the government from h ing to deal with its own people." As it happe the system is also convenient for certain Am ican businessmen and for parts of the Americ government. The old consortium pact still ists, though in a different form, and it ha great deal to do with the continuing amica relations between the United States and Ira

Last summer the Secretary of the Treasu William E. Simon, was quoted as saying that would bypass Iran on his trip around the M dle East because, among other things, "T Shah is a nut." Mr. Simon's contretemps w the Shah goes back to last winter when the Sh became the most aggressive exponent of creased oil prices. Mr. Simon is, however, t American official principally concerned with t price of oil to the American consumer. St Department and Pentagon officials have oth considerations, mainly the traditional ones global military strategy. Assistant Secretary State Joseph Sisco told a Congressional comm tee last year that Iran was one of the two "m jor elements of stability" in the Middle Ea and that it was "destined" to play a major ro in the continued flow of oil to consumer cou tries. Whether or not Mr. Sisco is correct his reading, the Shah has certainly contribut

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a good deal to the American balance of payments in the pursuit of that destiny. He may force up oil prices, as Mr. Simon fears. But the United States buys very little oil from Iran and sells goods worth much more. Last year Iran bought $600 million worth of nonmilitary goods from the United States and about $2 billion worth of military equipment. Pentagon officials do not expect a future sale to Iran comparable to the one this year of $5 billion, but they do expect the Shah to continue to "modernize and upgrade his armed forces on a long-term basis." In other words, European, Asian, African, and, to some extent, American oil consumers will be subsidizing American defense industries for some years to come.

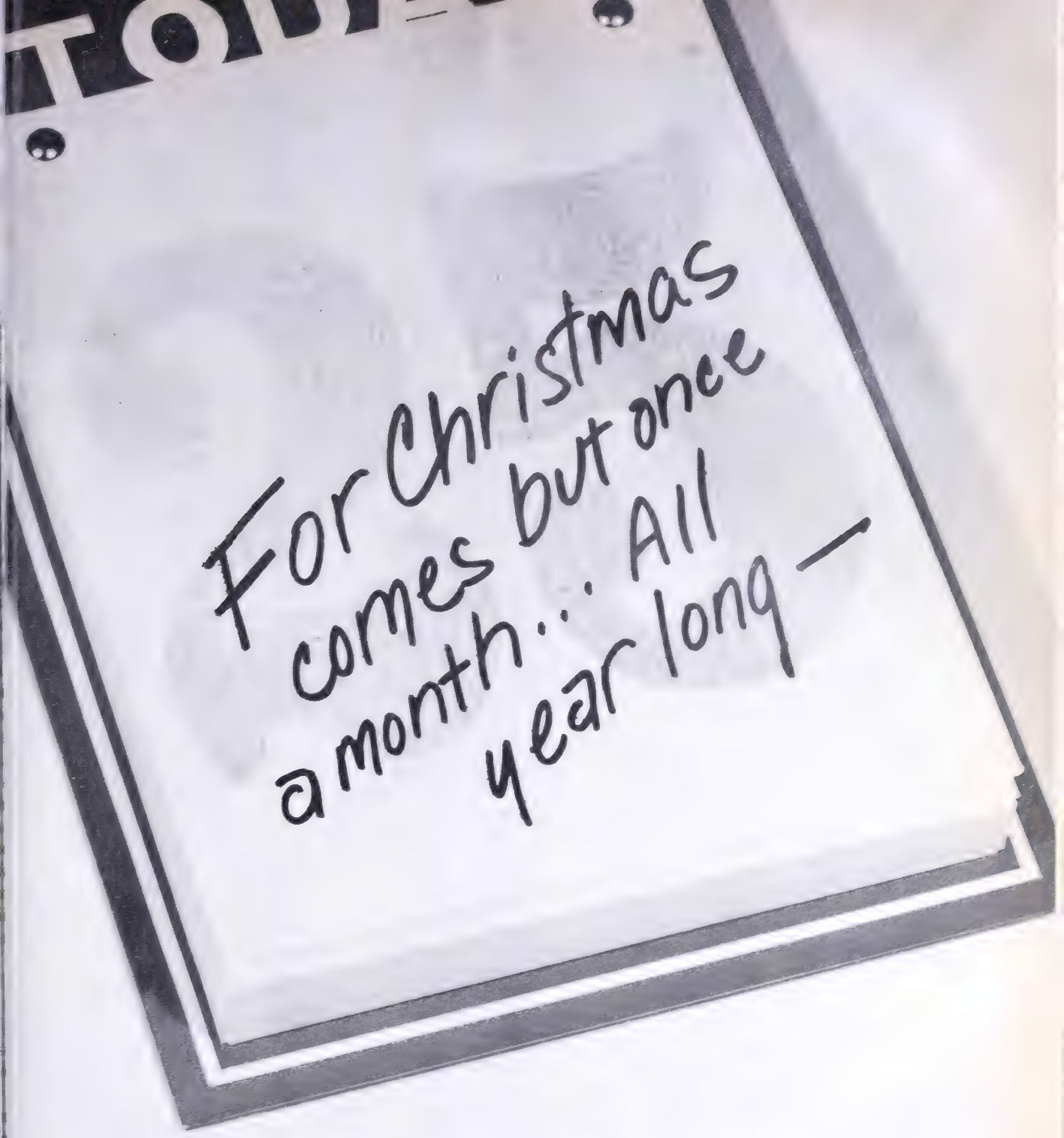
The reason for this enormous new investment the Shah is making in his armed forces is rather a mystery. The total sum for this year is unknown, but, including domestic expenditures and purchases made in countries other than the United States, it will surely go far above that $5 billion, even counting the deferred payments. Asked what the purpose of this investment is, the Shah usually responds that it is to provide security for the passage of Iranian oil through the Persian Gulf. For anyone in the Shah's position, such a concern would seem reasonable enough. Iranian-Iraqi relations have never been good, and the small Arab sheikdoms on the other side of the Gulf are politically unpredictable. Right now the Shah has a regiment or more in Dhofar helping the Sultan of Muscat and Oman fight a small insurgency movement. Security for the oil lanes does not, however, explain the [illegible] strength of the Shah's new arsenal even if it were to mean Iranian domination of the Persian Gulf and a strong Iranian presence in the Indian Ocean.

The relations of Iran with its other neighbors give no further clue. For some years Iran has been on fairly cordial terms with the Soviet Union. A natural-gas pipeline connects the two countries; in exchange for gas, the Soviet Union has built Iran a steel mill. (It is not a very good steel mill, but for many years the Shah had asked the United States for one in vain.) Afghanistan, Pakistan, India, Saudi Arabia, and Egypt present no threats. Iran is giving aid to all of them except Saudi Arabia, and India is so desperate for oil that Mrs. Gandhi had to give tacit approval to the Iranian buildup in the Indian Ocean. Pressed for further explanation, the Shah tends to become rather vague. He has spoken of the possibility of war with the Soviet Union without retaliation by the United States. "I have friends," he told one interviewer, "but we cannot depend only on our alliances. Sometimes we could be let down." He has also talked of an attack by the Soviet Union with American retaliation and the very great possibility of a third world war developing over Iran because Iran is "the key, or one of the keys, of the world." Beyond that he is not specific, except that he seems to contemplate war with one or more of his smaller neighbors. "After all," he has said, "we have nothing but enemies on our frontiers." He also speaks of enemies within and has prepared for a good many more of them than exist in those enemies' wildest dreams by increasing sharply the budgets of the gendarmerie and SAVAK.

Military spending is never completely rational—except in the sense that all of it is completely so. But there are degrees. Given the current placidity in and about Iran, the Shah's military buildup, and his view of the world seem to confirm Mr. Simon's reported judgment—or at least to invite psychoanalytic explanation. For those who are interested, there is rich material in the Shah's background.

THE SHAH'S FATHER was a physically strong, emotionally domineering man. In his autobiography the Shah never mentions his mother's name, but speaks at length and with great reverence about his father, who was an orphan. This reverence is, of course, partly political. Still, for political reasons, the Shah would like to present his father as one of those stern but gentle men, but even in this ghostwritten autobiography he does not succeed. He explains that his father relied on punishment rather than on rewards and tells a number of stories from which it is clear that his father humiliated him. He was weak as a child, he says, given to severe illnesses and visions in which he was saved from death by the powerful figures of two dead leaders of the Shiite sect of Islam. In his recent interviews the Shah has spoken of these visions and of his conviction that he lived and succeeded only because God was helping him. As a young man the Shah went in for horses, fast cars, airplanes, and numbers of women. At the same time he never challenged his father. Until the 1960s his reputation was for indecisiveness and even cowardice. In 1951, he helped to bring about the oil crisis by dithering while the British were on the point of agreeing to Persian terms and three years later he fled from Iran during the coup that was mounted for him.

The Shah was never a sociable man. He is even less so today. Like many Persians, he seems to feel that other people are generally hostile and cannot be dealt with except on the basis of a superior-inferior relationship. In his autobiography the Shah mentions the names of only four male Persian contemporaries. Two of them are his worst enemies, and the other two are incidental figures—not his close associates or his great supporters, such as General Zahedi. In his interviews he often seems unnecessarily defensive. Under attack by Mike Wallace



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television interview, he sat ramrod-backed, hardly able to speak, his eyes widened with rage.

But it is not necessary to go into psychoanalytic explanations to find reasons for the military buildup. The Shah is, after all, a soldier and the son of a soldier, and he reads specialized military magazines the way rural Americans used to read the Sears Roebuck catalogue. The armed forces were always his domestic power base. As Americans know, the attempt to keep generals happy is a never-ending process, accelerated when there is little or no civilian counterpoise. The Shah is a prisoner to his generals, but at the same time he can control his armed forces the way he cannot control the rest of his society—or, by extension, the rest of the world. The Shah's ambition to make Iran the fifth most-important power in the world is not so extraordinary considering, as an Iranian who knows him said, "how deeply he has been humiliated by the Western powers." But he cannot gain a hold on the economy of any developed country—the Europeans, Americans, and Japanese have much more experience at the game—and at home he faces the finally irreducible problem of "manpower." The armed forces remain his only strength and his only means of defense against the outside world.

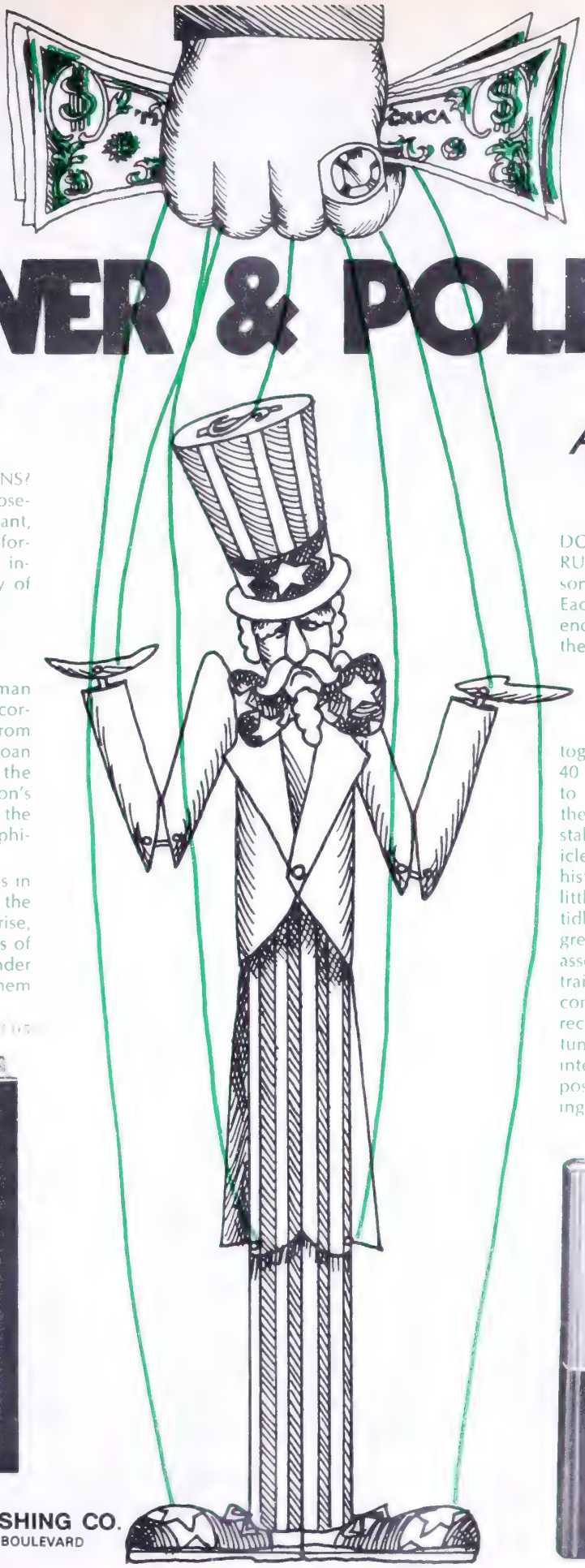
The real question is what the Shah will do with his new military power, or what will be done with it. American State Department officials now express confidence that the Shah will protect American interests, that in accord with the Nixon Doctrine his armed forces will act as surrogates for the American troops, which, since Vietnam, cannot be sent to small and distant countries. They may be right. The Shah may continue to insure stability by threats of violence in the Persian Gulf while reserving the bulk of his forces to act as counters in all the various American military "scenarios" for the Middle East. On the other hand, the Shah may eventually tire of the spectacle of his troops parading and his $30 million fighter-bombers flying empty overhead. The invasion of another country may seem to him the solution to trouble at home, the answer to one of his perceived threats, or simply the fulfillment of his desire for grandeur. As an Iranian said with mixed feelings, "The puppet always ends by controlling his master." There is also the possibility that the very quantity of the Shah's purchases may alarm the Soviet Union and/or any of his other neighbors into taking steps against what they see as a major new military threat in the region. The Shah's fears of a third world war breaking out over Iran may not be so exaggerated—though, if it happens, it will be a self-fulfilled prophecy. Finally, there remains the certainty that the Shah will one day die and his bombers and nuclear reactors will pass on to an unknown.

The Shah says: "One can't foretell the f
obviously, but I'm persuaded that the mo
in Iran will last longer than your regim
maybe I ought to say that your regime w
last and mine will." He says, "I am su
right when I say that permissive society
the downfall of civilization." And then,
dom of thought, freedom of thought! I
racy, democracy! With five-year-olds go
strike parading the street. Is that what y
democracy? Freedom? . . . It's all you
can keep it, don't you see? Your wo
democracy. You'll see in a few years wha
democracy leads to."

In Iran there is no organized opposit
any consequence to the Shah, and it is h
conceive of the development of any do
group strong enough to take on his arm
police. Still, the opposition is everywher
den, as it were, on the opposite side of
coin. The Shah has made his own servan
opportunists, and it is always possible
one man. The Shah may have better odd
an American President, but the odds turn
ways, for in his defensiveness the Shah h
weapons in the hands of more than a quar
a million of his countrymen. Furthermo
his drive for absolute power he has built h
a system that is absolutely vulnerable. H
two sons (the elder is now fourteen), but
the Queen, his regent, says that what wil
pen to them depends on how the Shah
his country when he dies. What happens
he dies is now, as always, the major po
question in Teheran. "I ask myself that
tion a great deal," one businessman sai
think about it when I look around at thes
houses we live in. Because we are all tai
and he has left us no way out."

The Shah's legacy to his country is Teh
that perfect map of the system he has cre
with his own palace and the houses of the
backing onto the mountains with no exi
previous centuries the fall of a dynasty aff
very few people, for most of the society
hidden and ordered behind the walls of
villages. Now that the walls are broken d
there is no security for anyone. The great
ilies may simply turn around, accommo
themselves, and serve any new regime as
served the Qajars and the Pahlavis. But
that regime will be is uncertain. All Ira
voices have been suppressed for so long th
is impossible to predict what will turn up. C
munism? Fascism? A true constitutional r
archy or a republican regime? The last two
improbable because the Shah has built his ar
forces to dominate the country.

Iranians know, and the Shah himself r
know, that there is a colonel—there is alwa
colonel—waiting, like the Shah's own fathe
the wings.



POWER & POLITICS

JL MELLON

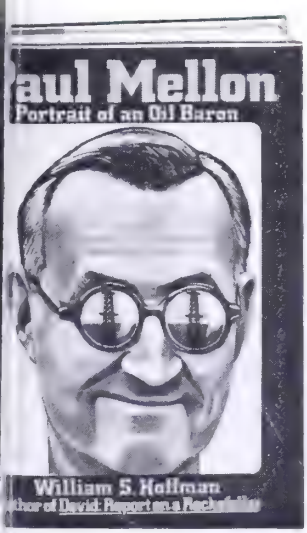
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'illiam S. Hoffman

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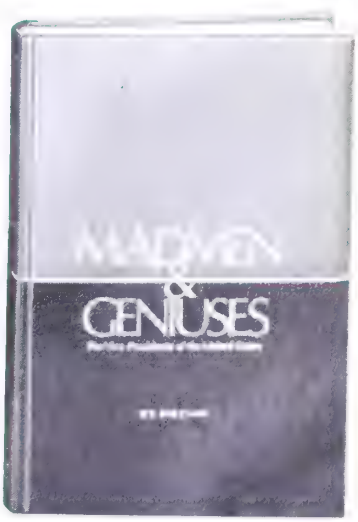
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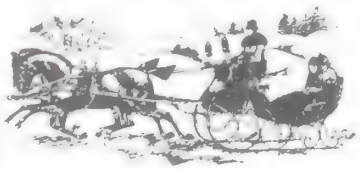
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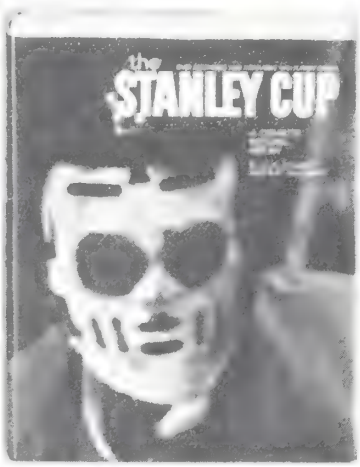
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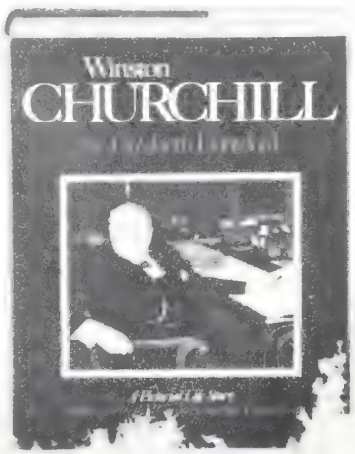














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Many otherwise patriotic Americans oppose bribery in the mistaken belief that corruption profits a few at the expense of the many. Nothing could be further from the truth. In the case of the much-publicized "Milk Fund," profits from the price increase were immediately passed on to the workers in improved working conditions.



)MMENTARY

IE
ADHWA
ROPOSAL

se for legalized bribery

ese are dark and parlous indeed for the American blic. What with Watergate, achment, energy crises, ollar drain, Wednesday-night all, and the rest, there are ubt many thoughtful icans, *Washington Post* rs in the fore, who are about to resign their citizenship. orbear a moment, please: ve recently come across looks to be one of the truly ative ideas of the twentieth ry, a major contribution litical philosophy that just t hold the answer to this ry's troubles.

seems—according to an AP tch in the *New York Times* cember 1973—that a fellow e name of B. D. Wadhwa, nber of the municipal il of New Delhi, formally osed to his comrades the idea galizing bribery. His ution, potentially a modern a Carta, holds that since ting legal as well as nistrative measures have ably failed to curb corruption," the city should simply decree "that corruption and bribery be legalized, and suitable limits be fixed for different levels and for different kinds of work."

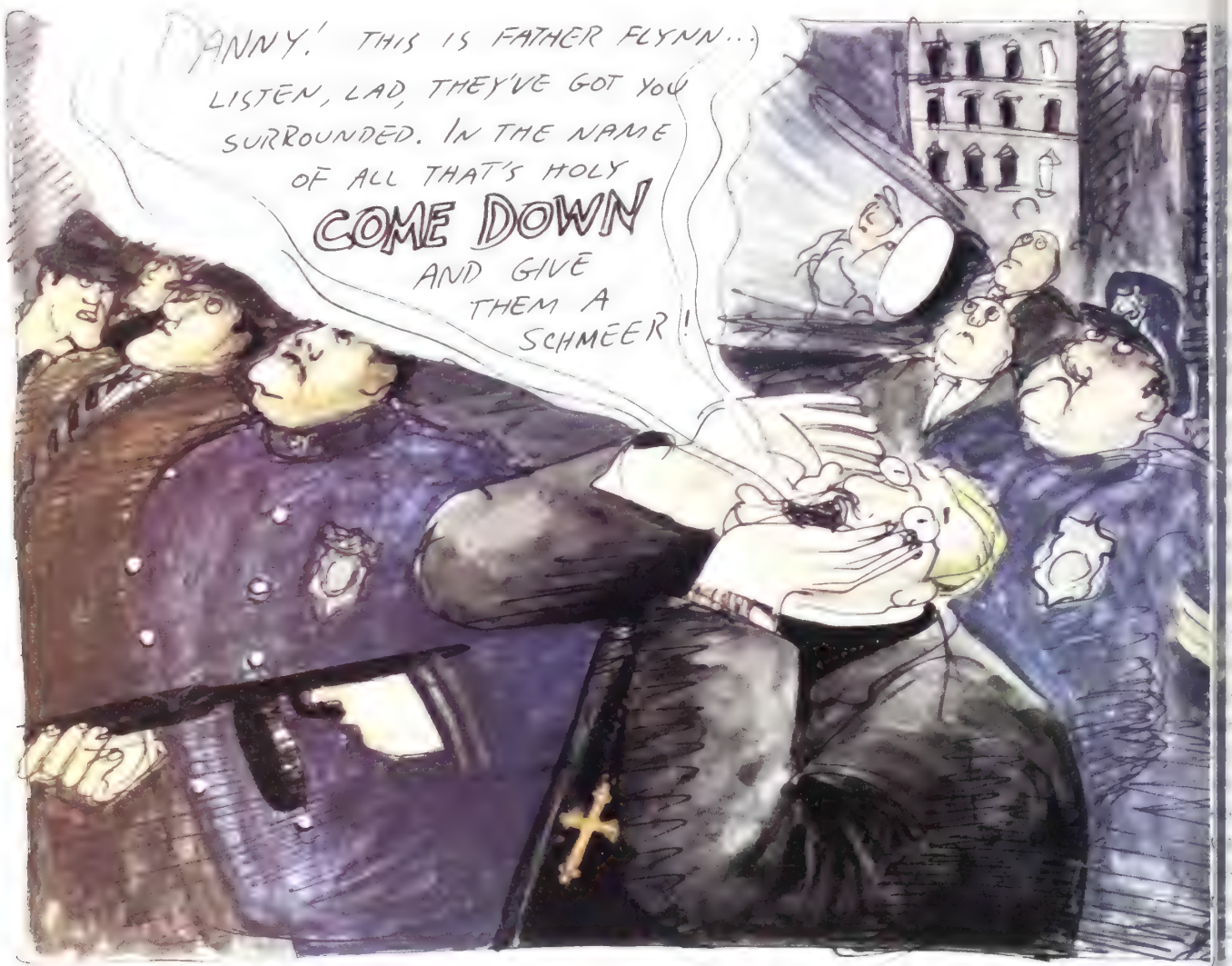
A master stroke. Legalized bribery: just contemplate it. Oh, yes, there are sure to be a few people who will cavil at first, those last remaining Puritans who will feel that bribery, however hallowed by tradition, is somewhat, well, undecorous, something that all the best families do, don't you know, but nothing they want to talk about very much. But surely the majority of the American public can be expected nowadays to show the same enlightened attitude toward it all as one of our former Vice-Presidents. Surely most citizens would not spurn the moral leadership exhibited by—to take just a few random groups—the judges of New York City, the elected officials of Chicago, the tax accountants of Los Angeles, the bankers of Texas, and the Senators of Florida.

But it is one thing to accept the idea of a little bribery here, a little bribery there, and quite another to perceive the extensive benefits that would accrue to the body politic were it to become commonplace and acceptable. To suggest just a few of the most obvious. To wit:

1. *Increased efficiency.* As any building contractor can tell you, the single most effective way to cut through red tape and insure speedy and polite service is through the age-old institution of the bribe. With legalized bribery, we could expect all civil servants to be friendly, elevator operators to be cooperative, clothing salesmen to fit suits properly, bus drivers to stop somewhere near the curb, plumbers to come with the right wrench the first time, and politicians to include *all* of us in their pork-barrel bills.

2. *Increased democracy.* Under this new system, no longer would bribery be the exclusive privilege of the rich and the powerful; anyone could bribe, and no sum

Bribery, by permitting a felon to escape incarceration and make a new start in life, has saved the American taxpayer millions. Bribes also enable many highly qualified city employees to continue to work for the low salaries paid by municipal government. Without graft to subsidize these workers, many would be forced to work for the private sector and/or enter a life of crime.



would be too insignificant, thus assuring the kind of leveling this great democracy has been too long in providing.

3. *Fiscal improvement.* Think of all those billions of dollars that now pass under the table, undeclared and untaxed, and think what a robust budget we would have if all that were brought into the open and taxed at the present exorbitant rate.

4. *Public enlightenment.* At present too many of our citizens obviously feel that legislatures, from city councils to the U.S. Congress, behave in foolish and irrational ways. This tends to create a sullen and resentful, even revolutionary, mood in the land. But with bribery made legal, the populace would be able to see exactly why legislators behave the way they do, and its faith in the sanctity of our institutions would once again be restored.

5. *Increased morality.* Perhaps we wouldn't be in our Watergate troubles right now if the public at large didn't think that it was always going to get something for nothing—roads, Social Security, clean air, et cetera. Legalized bribery, it seems to would establish the contrary principle that if you want something, you have to pay fo it; that in this world you just don't get any free rides. Very quickly, we feel, the citizens w stop being, as Nixon rightly characterized them, pampered children, and would learn tha the only handouts in this coun will be their own.

6. *Penal reform.* If the gre majority of criminals were abl

be their way out of the
and jails, instead of just
w like Jimmy Hoffa, who
ow permitted that luxury,
he prisons would
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lerable saving to the state),
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Increased mental health. Like
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ue to approve it—in their
it is called tithing—
why should the average
scourge himself with guilt?
Improved capitalism. The
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any time either.
Renewed patriotism. Which
us to our final point: in
eriod when America's power
mporarily declined, and
s foreigners—Arabs,
mese, liberals—think they
alk right over us, we need



something to make Americans proud again, to help us assert our rightful place in the world. Would not the legalization of bribery, a concept which implies the very essence of equality, which represents the most advanced political thinking since our Revolution, achieve exactly that?

We need not belabor the point. By now most far-seeing Americans can surely appreciate the brilliance of the Wadhwa proposal, can recognize exactly how it is fully consistent with the American way and the tradition of Christian charity. Indeed, we feel certain—and this seems to us conclusive—that most of our fellow citizens will see it as fulfilling the cardinal principle of Richard Nixon's most recent Inaugural address:

"Ask not what my government will do for me; ask what I can do for myself."

—Kirkpatrick Sale
and Edward Sorel
New York, N.Y.

James Willwerth

PORTRAIT OF A MUGGER

A descent into the inferno south of Houston Street





James Willwerth is a reporter for Time *magazine and author of* Eye in the Last Storm, *an account of his stay in Vietnam. This article is adapted from* Jones: Portrait of a Mugger, *published this fall by M. Evans. Copyright © James Willwerth, 1974.*

The source of every crime is some defect of the understanding, or some error in reasoning; or some sudden force of the passions. —Thomas Hobbes
Leviathan

IN THE SPRING a year ago, I was assigned to write part of a national-magazine roundup on "crime in America." As an aspect of the assignment, I suggested an interview with a mugger. My editors agreed to this, and I talked at length to a Harlem teen-ager—recently retired from street life—who had run with a street gang for five years. After the article appeared, I got a call from an editor who thought it could be expanded into a book, but with a major change in the point of view. He asked me to write about a "working mugger"—not a convert to good citizenship but someone who could convey more of a sense of his skirmishing with society. If I looked beyond the stereotyped images of street life, I might also find a man who would be able to make his world comprehensible—and perhaps, through revealing his own pain and confusion, I could put in perspective the fears so many others in our cities feel at night. I was intrigued by the possibilities.

I searched a long time for the right connection and finally a meeting was arranged with a man I call "Jones"—he would be Vergil to my Dante. I never knew exactly why he agreed to this intrusion; perhaps vanity, the flattery of someone's pervasive interest in him; perhaps loneliness, for I was a sympathetic listener, and he was clearly a troubled man. Perhaps it was simply that our relationship developed into a habit; for although we kept some distance between ourselves by using the pseudonyms "Jones" and "Sam," we soon became
It was impossible not to be drawn to J
only for his need to cling to some mea
respectability. During his worst days as a
addict, he proudly refused to mug wo
elderly people. Neither does he terror
victims. He had debts, relatives, a
mother, an argumentative father, a d
problem, children on the way, and
in need of housebreaking. He had
street fighter, heroin addict, burglar, con
man, prison inmate, and possibly—th
don't fully believe him—a murderer. We
great deal to learn from each other.
coveted my stability, my career; a p
part of me envied his criminality. In th
we spent four months together, meeting
average of three times per week. I quick
came enmeshed in his world.

His world is small, a whirlpool of low
York street corners, tense friendships,
problems, small-change business deals,
without last names—and sudden violence
an insular world where "uptown" means
friend's apartment north of Houston Stre
"the Bronx" is your brother's apartme
287th Street. When it suited him, Jones
at his parents' home, a tiny shelter in
projects," and when it didn't he stayed
one of his women.

Each of our meetings had an unpredi
life of its own, ending when I filled a not
or simply became too exhausted or frigh
to continue. Many of them took place
cramped, smelly flat on Clinton Street
Carol, one of two women pregnant by him,
for a while. It was a depressing scene, r
raw by the whimpering of Carol's three

y by another man and the sputtering of a
n-down television set. Sitting with his feet
offee table and wondering what it would
e to have anything he wanted, Jones de-
d his fantasy of wealth.
ow, I'd like to be richer than the Rocke-
! I'd have a Cadillac and a chauffeur. I
go the whole route, and get a Rolls-
, too. I would have a diamond ring for
lay of the week. I would change clothes
times a day, and I'd have a whole lotta

have a beach house, and I'd have a boat.
the same thing the rich people do—fuck
n! The world isn't ready for the change
king everyone equal, or treating every-
ike a *man*, so, fuck it, I would live as well
ould. There are people so rich in this
that they have somebody do their *worry-*
· them. I would live like that.
would have the best drugs, man. Smoke
uld hardly stand, it would get you off so
And coke—wow, Jack, I would have
g but the finest crystal. I would be big
erybody would be looking to see what I
nna do next. I'd have a penthouse for
and so many clothes that I would have
an extra penthouse just to store them."
iat about a private airplane?"
, yeah, man. One of those, too."
eality, when Jones works regularly, he
e makes more than $100 a day. Perhaps
thousand dollars a month, perhaps
0 a year. It is tax free. Let's assume he is
ng—that he makes only half that amount;
ill making 10,000 tax-free dollars a year.
oesn't make him a Rockefeller but he is
etter than most of New York City's office
s, deliverymen, cops, and firemen.
he is constantly broke. He takes money
is women, borrows from his parents, and
e up practically every time we get togeth-
l always pays me back). He dresses well
es expensive drugs—but they can't pos-
ccount for all the money he spends. Yet
l the drugs and clothes, he lives like a
recipient. *Why?*
thousand-dollar rip-off means you can
or a while, right?"
no! I go through it in three or four days.
lothes, I go out, I get high. I get shoes,
it, or slacks—I get a lot of things I don't
You just live while the money's there;
he rule of the street. That's one thing
id—it made me live for the day. When
t money I don't sleep for three or four
you're just *buying* something all the time.
get the money that easy and that fast,
n't have any value."
s doesn't entirely believe this, of course.
s trapped by street life—somehow heroin
ed his life in more than chemical ways.
He sees cars and nice apartments and legitimate money around him, and he tells himself he should save his resources and buy things that last. But at night, when he is alone and thinking about his life, he sees two images. One reaches out, gently saying work and save, become stable.

The other says that nothing matters: get it *now*. And he knows that this vision—and he hates himself for knowing it—has more strength than its cautious, thoughtful twin.

"You have a car and cash in the bank," he says to me in gloomy moments. "You *have* things. And I have a yellow sheet [police record] and a hole in my arm. Wow, what *happened?*"

In the Tombs

PART OF WHAT HAPPENED was that Jones got caught. He spent time in the Tombs and a year in a New York State prison. He did not adapt easily to jail. He kept to himself, maintaining silently whatever individualism and dignity he could muster in the ancient upstate prison. He was intensely proud of his manhood, so he had problems with the prison's homosexuals. He was stubborn and opinionated; arguments with other inmates were difficult to avoid.

The prison sweltered in summer and froze in winter. It was a world unto itself, riven with racial tension and driven to near-rebellion by the dictatorial power of rural-raised white guards and administrators.

"They would beat a guy bloody, then take him to sick call and wrap him in bandages, then bring him back and beat the bandages *off*. I saw this happen. They'd try to break your spirit—they couldn't break mine. Moms and Pops came to see me every month. That meant the hacks couldn't beat on me; it would show. Without my parents, I wouldn't have got out of there."

For a moment, silence. He is thinking back. "Compared to the Tombs, you know, it was okay. The Tombs is *really* fucked up. Every time I went there dudes in the receiving line would be sick. They are barfing on the floor, they are moaning. There was so many dudes in the 'A' pen once that I couldn't sit down. Some of them getting sick on the floor; the dude next to me was moaning about his bust. The hack came to the bars and called out my name. I was supposed to hurry over to him—but I couldn't because I had to get over all those bodies. He fucked with me for that.

"You are coming off the street, and they take your keys and money, and you stand naked in line. The hack says get up on the bench and run your hands through your hair. You do that. Open your mouth. You do that. Lift up your balls. He looks underneath them. Turn around. You do that. Spread your legs. You do that. Lift







Peter Simon

your feet, you do that. Bend over and spread your cheeks wide. You feel like a pig being sold. Then you see the doctor. This is a hard-to-take dude. He feels you are trash. He doesn't want to touch you."

One day we decided to play a rather serious game: we would pretend to be muggers.

"I don't know all the rules and answers, but the ones I know I'm sure of," Jones is saying as we begin my guided tour of victimland. "Rule number one is that everything's okay as long as you don't get caught." He is pointing out areas of interest along the way—you and your wallet, for example.

I see a jowly, middle-aged man with wavy hair carrying a grocery bag toward a car. We are about fifty yards from him.

Jones sees the man but does not turn. His eyes seem to be aimed at the pavement.

"Yeah, he'd be good. He's got his hands full. You let him get in the car, and you get in with him before he can close the door. You are right on top of him, and you show him the knife. He'll slide over and go along with it."

"After that?"

"If you think he's gonna chase you, you can put him in the trunk."

We turn toward a cluster of buildings. I see a man in a black suburban coat. He is taller and younger.

"Not him," Jones says, again without looking directly at him. "He looks hard. You could take him off in a hallway, but he would give you trouble in the street."

On to bigger things. We walk through one of the project parks. I have a *sense* of us. As a kid I tried to look tough walking with friends —chest out, dour expression. Watch out. I might *do* something. Any moment now. I have this sense today.

An elderly woman sees us. She abruptly changes direction; my paranoia index jumps.

"Did she do that because of us?"

"It doesn't matter. You either hit her or you don't."



WE WALK TO SECOND AVENUE, moving among crowds of shoppers—sad faces, tired arms filled with packages, coats, purses, flat hip-pocket wallets in the sunny afternoon . . . so much *money* in this speckled fool's gold afternoon.

We are inside a bank. A dozen people stand in line before the paying/receiving window. Jones takes a withdrawal slip at a back counter and begins writing on it. I look around nervously, scanning people in the line, wondering if the bank guard sees anything funny about us. Again, Jones seems to be watching no one. He writes "$48" on the slip.

"What do you see?" I whisper.

"That dude in the striped pants."

I see a short, nervous man in his mi who waits while the cashier helps the ahead of him in line.

Middle-class money.

He gives the teller some small slips check; the teller gives him a big bill, smaller ones, and several pieces of pap

"He's making a drop," Jones says looking up from the bank slip. "You receipts. If I wanted to do a thing, I follow him to his store. Then I'd watc few days to see the times he goes to th I'd get him on a Monday. Then you money he made on Friday night, Saturd Monday. Maybe Sunday, too, depending type of store."

The man counts his money. He glanc his shoulder—at us?—and starts tow door.

Now I see a tall man in suede boots raincoat in the line; he holds a psyche seems to be irritated at the delay.

"Him?"

"Uh-*uh*—he don't look right. Today's There's a precinct house a couple of away—cops get paid today."

I look again—I can't tell a thing. T is tall and his face is hard.

"Let's go out," Jones says, "I'll sh something else."

We stand before a bakery display pretending to look at strawberry cake nods toward the first man, who is half away, walking north.

"You can watch him in the reflection him get a little ahead; then you follow h

"How do you watch him so closely bank?"

"You learn how to look like you ar something else. There's a line on the wit paper, you know? You can keep writin and look around without being conspi

Jones moves his hand slightly as if h writing and swivels his head. As I wat my eyes fall naturally to his hand.

"You look around. Then you put yo down and think about what you've see you look up, but your hand is still writ it looks like you are doing business. Yo to blend in, be another face. The bett look, the less they think about you. Yo to look like a workingman—like, my go is a good thing to play on, it looks like money, so nobody thinks I am a mugge

He chuckles at the wordplay he is a make.

"Or that they will be a *muggee*. You g ful like this, because you are doing wro you know people are out to get you for

He looks across the street.

"There's a precinct house on that blo

a thing place near it is a good place to
e. Nobody thinks a dude would have the
to do it so close to a cop station; so no-
watches it very closely."

walk into a grimy side street between
d Second Avenues and stop across from
ldrout. The red-and-blue sign—Checks
Money Orders Filled—is ringed with
bbs, and the windows are covered with
d protective devices. Half a block away,
ecinct house has patrol cars clustered in
Brawny plainclothes detectives pass by
ew minutes.

looks at my watch and sees that it is
ven.

a little early now. Pretty soon, this place
doin' business." We lean against a store
and wait.

nudges me. "That dude's got cash
him."

the street. I see a tall man with snow-
air. He walks confidently, head erect,
a black cashmere coat. In profile he
striking resemblance to the late Chief
Earl Warren, the same bright eyes, broad
prominent cheekbones. I mention this
who laughs, only vaguely familiar
e Warren court.

street sense is astounding. The man
moved directly toward the store, only
off the curb. He could be headed any-
the block.

says he will cash a check.

across the storefront, then stops, steps
ed, and disappears into the doorway.

being careful. That means he's got

and plenty."

minutes later, the man emerges and
walking down the block.

the way he walks. I think he knows

ck."

way he moves. He looks like he knows
e's going. He's afraid to move too fast,
looks like he knows where he wants to

ance finishes the sentence. The tall old
ns on one foot and walks into a brown-
tenement building.

would you guess?"

ast until he gets through the door. The
is old, so the second door won't lock
you time it right, the lock won't stop

drags on the cigarette he is holding.
he is there now. I'd let him start climb-
stairs. Then I'd take him."

the old man, who looks like a store-owner
on a bad block, would have something
ial Security check? A stock dividend?
His life? I have this crazy vision of Earl Warren scurrying along this grimy block, flowing robes trailing in the gutter, clutching his law-books and stealing glances behind him. He is followed by a mob of street people. They will follow him into the doorway now and beat him, stripping all over his robes, searching his books for dollar bills between the pages, screaming and kicking at him when he tries to talk. What are you to *me*, they are yelling—another rich bastard who thinks he knows about poor people!

Two detectives drive by. They look at us carefully.

"Let's move," Jones says.

We walk farther down the block, past the fourteenth precinct building. Its flag juts out like an arm in a plaster cast.

"These cops think they're slick," Jones is saying in low tones. "There used to be a guy dealing a lot of dope in this building here"—he points to a tenement next to the precinct house—"and they think I don't know there are three of them behind me now."

Suddenly I am aware of three men in step with us. They seem to be walking aimlessly. One mentions a card game, another says something about an "easy mark." But they don't look like cops. Is Jones paranoid?

"'Mark' is an old word," Jones is saying. "Cops give themselves away by their language. Nobody in the streets uses that word anymore. They probably wondered what we were doing hanging around."

We turn at the next block and walk toward a group of projects several blocks away. The tour is over.

"When Jones works regularly, he says he makes more than $100 a day."

That was one of the lighter times. Jones's mood was good, and the street he can run away from himself, get involved with his craft. But I remember a gray, drizzling day when the sky was falling upon the city streets, and the corner where we'd meet was nearly flooded. Jones is hunched over in the drizzle, sucking sullenly on a wet cigarette. We turn and walk south. He wants cocaine before we do anything else. He wants it so badly he does not mind walking through the rain.

"I've got to get out of Carol's apartment. It's gettin' too hot with her. She's makin' too many demands. I just can't deal with it. This is on my mind all the time. It's getting hard to live."

"Maybe it's the rain."

He brightens. "Yeah." But the smile fades. "No, I went to bed feeling like this. *Everything* is fucked up. I'm gettin' high too much—but I have to. I can be an unpredictable enemy. I don't show happiness or disappointment."

He turns and looks at me savagely.

"And I know where that leads. When I am



buying coke rather than clothes, when I put a quarter down on coke first, then dig it, something is happening. I'm not goin' back to dope, but this is how it could happen."

A bus pulls up, splashing water at us. We go inside. Jones talks in a low, angry whine.

"I don't know . . . if . . . I should . . . talk . . . about this . . . maybe it's too deep." He plays with his hands in his lap.

"But . . . when that baby is born . . . I hope it is . . . *dead*."

The air is still. The bus rumbles noisily through the traffic. There is nothing to say.

"I don't want her to have it—she wants it to keep me." The chunky hands start to move. .

"Wow . . . I don't even know if it's *mine*. Carol is hot-blooded, and she was seeing some other dudes when we started up. I don't . . . *want* that baby."

He falls back into the seat, relieved at having said it.

TONIGHT HE IS DEPRESSED and desperate. He is slumped next to me, saying little, as we drive to the hospital to visit his other girlfriend, Jo-Anne, who has recently given birth to a baby girl. It is his first child.

"I love my daughter, you can dig it, right?"

I'm harassed by erratic traffic moving around me in jerky patterns. Jones is a silhouette in the corner of my eye.

"Right."

"I loved her the first time I saw her. I would fight the world for her."

I make a minimal response.

"I have talked to the Families. I want them to set me up in drugs, but they won't do it. I have got to have five good years. I've got to do it right so my girl can live her life with the things she needs."

He sits up.

"What do you think?"

I am stopped stone-still by the question. Jones is selfish, destructive, and ruthless. But the problem is what to do about it. And, now, tonight, what do I say?

"Look," I begin, "I can only be straight with you.

"I have to turn you on to one thing which is missing—money won't matter to the little girl. Love is what matters, and if you have to do time, love won't be there. She won't have love because she won't have you."

He lights a cigarette and drags deeply on it.

"I can dig that, yeah. But there's another thing." He stops to let his thoughts fall into a comfortable cadence.

"When I was small, you know, Pops was out of work and I had to go to school without the right clothes. I didn't have enough lunch money either. I felt bad about this. I don't want my daughter to feel this way. She's my *ow*

"Yeah, but if you stay in crime yo to jail, it's inevitable."

"Fathers are a dime a dozen, you It is even harder than normal to tal

"It's the mother that counts, and sh there to give love. If I do things right, have what she needs to raise my daught

"It's important to have a father ar house to play with, you know, some will really get down with you when t things to learn the mother can't teacl

"Yeah . . . yeah . . . yeah, I dig."

But he puts his head in his hands as i away the information.

"Yeah . . . what the fuck."

NEARLY MIDNIGHT NOW, a hot summ filled with poor people. We sit in th car near the project, finishing a bottle

"There's one thing I haven't told yo says, cupping his hands around a cig don't know if it should be in the story.

I hold the bottle in my lap and wait

"I've done some hits—you know, a It was right after I got out of priso needed some bread."

I believed all along—and I still wa lieve—that Jones hurts his victims o last resort. Murder!

Silence: a stillness in the air sn sound.

"Tell me about it."

Jones shifts in the seat. He starts sl was . . . up in the Bronx. I was known people up there . . . I had the rep tha come down heavy if there was a fight night I'm high on smoke, and I walk bar. I see a dude named Cuba. He is island, you dig it, and he is into num he does some things in drugs.

"We started rapping, and after a was telling me he had some business asked how much it paid. He said four t and I said, wow, I'll do that thing! okay. He would give me half before I d the other half afterward. I was high o you know? I didn't really know whethe do it, but the money looked good. I figu be I would beat him for it.

"Anyway, I said I'd do this thing. B ly figured I would beat him for the t sand. He gives me the money and down to this place to get a weapon. everything there except tanks! He gave and told me to throw it away if I us bring it back if I didn't."

Jones is loosening up now.

"I had this gun and I was still go him, but then I remembered somet uncle said. He said you don't take mo

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the Family unless you do the job. Or you don't get to spend it."

I nod.

"So I went to this street where these two dudes lived. They were black dudes and they had done wrong, I guess. I laid for them one at a time. I caught the first one in a hallway, and I cut his throat. It was very fast."

I am numb. Here is the man Hobbes talked about: he can remove all civilized restraints when he wishes; all the spiritual and legal codes intended to keep people from tearing each other to pieces mean nothing to him.

He stops. He doesn't like talking about this, and I am not taking notes.

"What about the other dude?"

He is finishing the wine and offers me a last chance at it before he takes the final swill.

"I laid for the second one the same way. I caught him from behind in a hallway and did the job with a hammer. I left fast. I don't even remember seeing him hit the ground."

"What did you do with the gun?"

"I took it back. I didn't use it because I figured I could do the jobs better with my hands. It's safer to do things quietly."

Jones throws his head back, finishing the bottle with a long pull.

"The man was impressed, real impressed that I didn't use it. He asked if I wanted to do other jobs. I said no. I didn't want to be a hit man. I didn't feel there was any future in it."

He throws the bottle out the window.

"Besides, I had enough money to keep me going for a while."

Silence. I can't think of a thing to say.

I'VE SEEN JONES SEVERAL TIMES since that night. Almost a year has passed, and his life has changed in some important ways.

Jo-Anne has left him. She took the baby to Arizona to live with her mother and sister. It caught him completely by surprise. They'd fought and made up several times during the summer—sometimes over the hospital bill Jones didn't pay, most often over their future. For a while, she refused to let him see the baby. Then he took a job, insisting this meant steady money and a good future. He asked her to marry him; she said yes, but when she learned that he was still living with Carol she withdrew altogether from his life.

Jones was still living with Carol when we last talked. Carol had now given birth to the baby whose arrival he so feared, and between her semimonthly welfare checks and his job they seemed to be doing pretty well.

It was Christmas Eve, and he took me to his parents' place: a tinfoil Christmas tree laden with blinking blue lights and candy canes stood in one corner of the living room. Moms served pot roast, and we all crowded around t kitchen table to get at the rolls Pops was out of a small toaster-oven. As far as tell, Jones was supporting himself legiti He'd tried dealing marijuana for a whi that didn't work out. He hadn't mugge one for a long time, he said—and pr wouldn't as long as he was employed.

He had little else to say. His life see have stabilized, although Pops (who is but who had always angrily preferred Jo who is white, over Carol) kept saying he his son out of "that nigger's house." Ev asked about the book. I said I was still w on it; and I warned them that it would n anything. They nodded and accepted thi

Once that night, I felt I saw Jones's for the first time. I hadn't realized how they loved each other, despite all that ha pened. Pops told me that he and Jon fought bitterly the previous night, and bo had cried afterward. They talked agai again of their love for each other. Jones r as his father talked and Moms smoke rettes. And Jerry, Jones's brother, stood the table and agreed with all that was sai

For several days after that, I carried ture in my head of this besieged family impossible, indeed foolish, to conclud Jones is merely a product of his enviro It says too little about him, or the nat our common interest. Jones is a failed being—a sociopath—one of millions amo He is trying to die. The schools, therapist prisons in his life have not changed tha middle-class family he might have caused ble in less frightening ways: drag racing vandalism. But he grew up in a ghetto. He his friends on street corners; he beca junkie, then a mugger. In a more pros community, he might have chosen a cor president or politician as his predator-he

In theory, then, it would be easy to r cities of people like Jones. First we could ish ghettos. As long as they exist, we will what they spawn: police technology change that. Secondly, we could develop to deal more positively with troubled beings. For now, therapy is available wealthy; the poor go to prison. And last could stop heaping cultural approval on ators . . . successful gangsters, ruthless bus men, violent Hollywood stereotypes.

In reality such solutions are remote. think mostly of Jones standing on the that night with Christmas lights behind h we said goodbye, and I am reduced to wo ing how good and evil exist so easily with same person. I've stopped looking for answers. I only know that each of us mus tinue to look at the other without tu away.

CONSPIRACY 'GOOD TASTE

homas Powers

End of Intelligent Writing, ichard Kostelanetz. Sheed and , $12.95.

ER A SOLID WEEK of reading Richard Kostelanetz's long book literary politicking, I got a t idea of how to proceed with eview: I would start by describ- the New York literary mob," amiliar oracles of *Commentary* 'he New York Review of Books. ld list (per Kostelanetz) their d abuses of literary power— lling, back-scratching, puffing, g, "white-collar mugging." I would consider whether there are interlocking literary estab- ents that control writers' grants, vships, academic appointments, uding that the answer had to be nd no—"yes," there are constel- is of writers and critics with ar attitudes and interests who for and about each other, but ' this likemindedness is neither pt nor conspiratorial.

t in any case, I would ask, what lly at stake? Which writers does elanetz think have been frozen f the literary marketplace?

d then I would quote something he following passage from Toby ennan's "I Walked out of 2 and ot it," which Kostelanetz cites s originality:

e was bombarded by various emories. An A and an Of, the e of a shoe, a half of an apple. at night as he sat down for din- r, a stone dropped out of his r.

, perhaps, the following passage Armand Schwerner's poem, Tablets," which Kostelanetz ad- s for its musical qualities:

in-na-ne-ne Dingir En-lil-ra

as Powers is a free-lance journalist and story writer.



mun-na-nob-gi-gi
uzu-mu-a-ki dur-an-ki-ge
Dingir nagar Dingir nagar
im-man-tag-en-zen
mu-mud-e-ne nam-lu-galu
mu-mu-e-ed

And then I would express amazed disbelief: This is the new literature Kostelanetz is worried about? This is what the New York literary mob is suppressing? This is what "our children will study with respect"?

The trouble with this approach, so appealing for low reasons, is that it unfairly ignores Kostelanetz's fine passion for writing, the strength of his case for the existence of a cultural conservatism very like (if in the end not) a conspiracy, and the problem of what to make of the work of Toby MacLennan and Armand Schwerner. His defense of their experimentalism is really the heart of his book; it's what makes the first 300 pages of socio-politico-literary polemic worth paying attention to. What Kostelanetz likes and defends is elusive to say the least, but it ought not to be dismissed out of hand.

In one of his many illuminating asides, he points out the way established critics make fun of experimental writers as if they, the critics, were the neglected, mistreated minority, when of course it is quite the other way around. Toby MacLennan, Armand Schwerner, and their colleagues are out there on a sort of frontier, all but entirely alone, and all but certainly doomed to spend their whole lives in creative solitude, unrecognized, unrewarded, and unread. It was of their dismal situation, if not of their work, that Doctor Johnson was thinking when he wrote:

Yet think what ills the scholar's life assail—
Greed, envy, want, the patron and the jail.

MacLennan and Schwerner don't need ridicule on top of their creative problems and Kostelanetz's defense of them deserves something better than a white-collar mugging. Still, I can't help feeling grateful that *Commentary* and *The New York Review* are at the gates, defending future generations of college freshmen from one-hour essay questions on stone symbolism in "I Walked out of 2." Kostelanetz cites 836 poets, playwrights, essayists, and "fictioners," all born since 1937, whom he considers to be the embryonic giants of the age. This makes me feel, as it does the New York literary mob, that the dams are about to burst, that literature of the heart and mind is about to be drowned by a formalist, experimental, manufactured literature of the head. So Kostelanetz is right, and something of importance is at stake.

The New York literary mob's conspiracy to keep "the young and the new" unknown and neglected is described by Kostelanetz as being of the informal sort in which no one has to mention the rules to guarantee that no one breaks them. The mob members, despite the occasional family squabble, share a common ground in their interests and intellectual style. They are passionate about politics and are well-grounded in Marx and Freud. They hold important professorial posts in and around New York; frequently publish their books with Random House, Pantheon, or Alfred Knopf; can be fiercely polemical when they see Western civilization in the balance, which is often; fight dirty; defend each other against "outsiders"; distribute such patronage as they have to their "own"; admire Saul Bellow, Robert Lowell, and Philip Roth; think modernism shot its bolt by the second world war, and are getting old.

From their positions of power as professors, editors, publishers, and writers they exert a broad if informal influence over the life of literature in America, inflating the reputations of their friends and freezing out strangers. The result, Kostelanetz says, is that the "channels of communication" between writers and readers are "clogged" and "corrupted." Old writers are overpraised and new writers ignored. Tired styles and stale controversies linger on after their time. Second-raters get promoted by their patrons and intellectual lassitude settles over literature as the giants of one age mistake their own inevitable decay for a general decline.

There is much truth in this. It is too hard for young writers to get published, and the fate of their work is too arbitrary. Reviewing is brutal and capricious. Good books get lost and bad books get more notice than they deserve. Big names get too much attention and newcomers too little. The protégés of established writers, and especially of established writers who are members of established groups, coteries, and movements, get preferential treatment. Alan Lelchuk could not have made so much money from *American Mischief* without friends in high places, one of them Philip Roth.

(As it happened Lelchuk's book was panned, which no doubt hurt at the time, but it is a given in writing that it is better to be attacked than ignored and Lelchuk has been "noticed," the hardest thing for a young writer to achieve. The rest is now up to him. Being ignored, the common fate, is like oxygen starvation, making a writer erratic, uncertain, and quick to tire; he wonders if he is wasting his life. He may get through this and write well anyway, but it is more probable that he will not. Knowing that someone is paying attention is the richest food for talent.)

Perhaps Kostelanetz is right and the young writers he admires don't get into anthologies, or get reviewed, or receive academic appointments, or win grants because of the New York lit mob's indifference or opposition. The mobsters are, after all, an influential group. Kostelanetz is right to call all that politicking, right to think it is unfair, but wrong to think it much matters. The only thing outside a writer's control that makes a real difference is primary publication; all



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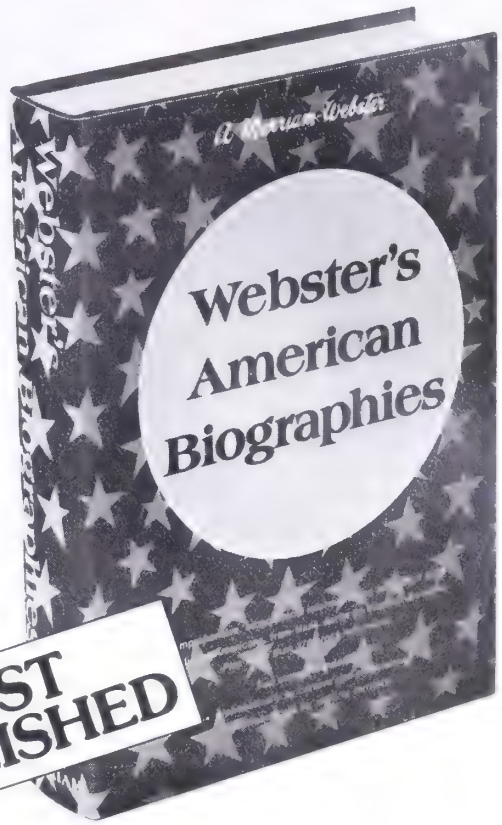
est is hurt feelings. To prove a piracy that matters Kostelanetz demonstrate that the mob is de- young writers publication, and e does not do.

at he does instead is to argue "puffing," "touting," and poli- g account for Saul Bellow's lit- reputation. A certain shrillness s his voice whenever he men- Bellow, which is often. Bellow ed twenty-four times in the in- more often than any other writ- xcept Irving Howe (thirty-two) and Norman Podhoretz ty-six), both of whom are criti- *pos* in the mob. "The process of ng his [Bellow's] reputation, e shall see, reflected not rare al judgment but the more com- techniques of American adver- and publicity." But we do not r at least I don't.

stelanetz cites all the favorable ws of Bellow's early novels, the st in his career taken by certain critics (e.g., Lionel Trilling), is sudden promotion to Major ican Novelist with the publica- of *The Adventures of Augie h*. He finds it vaguely sinister Bellow should write about s of especial interest to his au- e (as if that proved he were ring), and that he should pub- ot only in *Partisan Review* and *nentary*, but also in *Esquire* and *New Yorker* (as if that proved onspiracy were far-reaching). lks about everything, in fact, t Bellow as a writer. He search- a hidden explanation of Bel- success and ignores the one that st obvious.

y are some writers "puffed" touted"? Kostelanetz does not ine this question, which seems to be at the root of the inter- ctedness that alarms him. Ac- , it is the same as asking why James admired (and "tout- Flaubert; or Fitzgerald, Hem- y; or Roth, Lelchuk. These af- s are at the heart of literature. rs should not have to divest elves of their intellectual and ic allegiances, like a banker g his stocks into a blind trust e accepting a public appoint- If people did not have common sts, were not concerned with ion questions, did not pursue ion inquiries, or experiment common styles, there would be int in writing, or reading. Why

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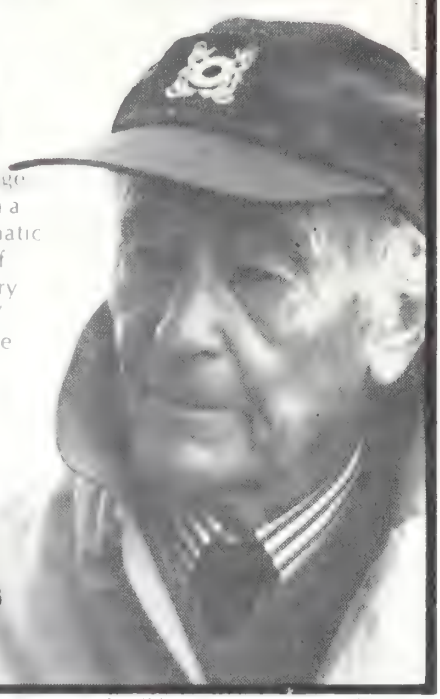
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does the New York literar
"tout" Saul Bellow? *Becau*
mobsters think he's a good w

Kostelanetz apparently do
What we have here is a differ
critical opinion, not a politica
gle. There is a literary wor
takes Bellow seriously, and t
another, whose case Kostelar
gues, that pursues entirely d
perceptions. Bellow's worl
not like Kostelanetz's post-mo
experimentalism for the be
most innocent of reasons: it
to their experience, their sen
their whole intellectual style. N
spiracy is necessary to unite t
opposition; they do it instin
It's clear that Bellow is not
neer like Proust or Joyce, but
tues are still real, and they
own. This sort of argumen
makes Kostelanetz impatient.
literature begins to look like
thing he's already seen he w
chuck it out and bring in th
champions, with their weird
ments and strange music. He
a Joyce every decade, a Renai
twice a century, "unending i
tion," a constant literary f
something like Trotsky's perr
revolution. In effect, he wants
to last forever. He loves the ne
the different for their own sak
does not seem at all inclined
what it all adds up to.

This brings us back to Toby
Lennan, Armand Schwerner,
good many other writers whon
telanetz considers to be the c
pioneers of literature. He takes
piciously long time to examine
in any detail, and when at last
troduces us to "the young ar
new" we are hurried by page
page of names and titles with
the briefest halts to describe a
here, a "fiction" there.

The experiments described b
telanetz are endless: "novels" p
on unnumbered and interchang
pages, "stories" that are suppo
be cut out and pasted tog
"poems" that consist of a single
endlessly repeated, or the nam
national parks, or sentences in
verbs and nouns are intercha
Kostelanetz's appetite for the
ventiveness (which strikes me a
vous and distracted, the restle
of minds out of touch with thei
experience) is unlimited: he has
thousands of such works and
to admire them all, which is

generous to a fault, but not ex-
what we expect from a critic.
is failed to explain to me what
hat these people are doing or
ought to make it part of my
id care about it.
s all sounds more negative than
. Kostelanetz is a witty, com-
l, engaging writer. He is not
pirited (except where Bellow
ncerned). He is tireless, in-
d, and often perceptive. He
to further the cause of litera-
nd encourage all those young
s who live a long way from and
know how to approach the cen-
literary power. It seems to me
nyone interested in literature,
he practical business of writing,
the creative crisis of artists to
nothing is forbidden, ought to
is book. In *Catcher in the Rye*,
n Caulfield says he doesn't
like a book unless it makes him
ke calling up the author. That's
y I feel about Kostelanetz; I'd
spend all night talking with
f I were insistent enough per-
hen he would tell me what the
menters are doing. But until
es I will think he has missed
art of literature. □

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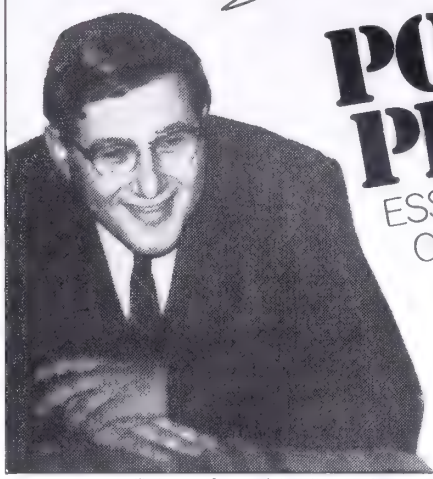
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the Kennedy holdovers in the Johnson White House, only O'Brien went on to independent national political prominence, as Johnson's Postmaster General and as Chairman of the Democratic National Committee for two separate terms.

There are reported to be diehard Camelot types who are offended by this track record, since it smacks of disloyalty to the memory of JFK for one of the nearest and dearest of the Kennedy entourage to be up and doing for a usurper from Texas what he had heretofore done in behalf of the New Frontier. Loyal as O'Brien was to the Kennedys, however, he was even more loyal to the Democratic party. He has preserved the vital distinction between the team player, which he has always been in politics, and the coat-holder, which he has never been.

Some of the most interesting stories in *No Final Victories* are those in which O'Brien tries to make that distinction clear to John Kennedy, Robert Kennedy, Joseph Kennedy, and Lyndon Johnson, all of whom initially pegged him a notch lower than his considerable self-respect permitted him to accept. It would be misleading in the extreme, however, for me to imply that this book is packed with interesting stories. Although it chronicles the career of one of America's foremost political men, we can infer from these pages that O'Brien has made his way in part by overlooking the human stuff of which good stories are made.

Like a few fortunate Americans, for example, O'Brien has conferred on matters of state in LBJ's bedroom. From this heady experience, however, comes a narrative that isn't even good gossip, as the rollicking punch line discloses: " 'No thank you, Mr. President,' I said, for I, too, was dieting, and pralines weren't one of my weaknesses."

Nearly everybody agrees that Larry O'Brien is an authentic political genius. So it is only natural for a reader to look to the man's autobiography for hints of a genius at work. How does he do it? Where are the profound insights, the flashes of brilliance that we usually associate with genius in any field?

They are not in this book. This may mean that such qualities are unnecessary to political success in this country, or indeed that they are harmful, and so a wise politician suppresses them in his a raphy. Either way, this bo give evidence of Mr. O'Brie siderable virtues—and they be virtues, I daresay, in nea field requiring cooperation large numbers of people: me attention to detail, orderli abhorrence of wasted ener motion, thorough preparation vance planning.

It is fair to say that som O'Brien formula for political —codified in a handbook he out to campaign workers—w possible by the large amo money available to the K But the result depended o thing more: O'Brien brought itics certain old-fashioned that in the recent past have ways been associated with ciency that big money bu fact that O'Brien is a dec fair-minded man who und the rules of the game, and scrupulously by them, has m valuable to ally and adversa They have not had to was and energy worrying about er O'Brien would keep his ments, or whether he would more than he could deliver.

It could have come as no to veterans of the Washingto for example, when at the 197 cratic National Convention, man O'Brien ruled against h Hubert Humphrey and in f the McGovern forces on the of the California delegation. otherwise would have been t a good-faith prior agreement already been worked out wit party. Within a few days McGovern prevailed upon O' remain as Chairman of the cratic National Committee a der pressure from his own s neged on his offer. O'Brien n less accepted an honorific bu position in the McGovern ca and did what he could to st defeat.

O'Brien's iron sense of d has clearly been more useful as an active politician than of humor or an eye for the re detail would have been. But memoirist, these priorities wrong, and as a result we ar given enough description to learn what went on in O'Brie to-day management of such th the Kennedy-Johnson Congre



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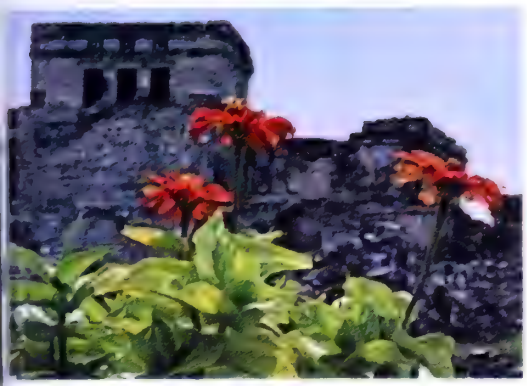
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office. The fact that this of- t off to a rocky start was not clusively to the malevolence of ngressional conservative coali- r was it? What about the day ntioned in the book) when one ien's eager beavers called up erable Congressman Francis to urge him to support the Amendment, and Walter, in- us, replied, "Why are you me, son?" What about the nen President Kennedy's pig- unwillingness to delay a vote until after the Alabama ssional primary cost the Ad- ation the support of the chair- f the relevant subcommittee Rains of Alabama), and l the bill creating a Depart- f Urban Affairs?

ater on, what about the prob- decision-making at the tradi- powerless Democratic Na- Committee? How and why did n decide to enforce the Mc- guidelines at the state delega- lection stage in the way he ow did he get away with it? here differing opinions about ment? What forces had to be d out on the committee, with- staff, and in the party? On all natters we learn as little as G. Liddy apparently did.

n reasonably be said that it is n for O'Brien to tell all; but is so then perhaps it was on to write this book. As erim document, *No Final es* has some merits; it re- number of shrewd judgments n and events. It recounts a achievement and integrity. loes so blandly. No doubt this face that O'Brien wishes to the world. In part, I suppose also the homogenizing effect rick Anderson's skilled as- e in the writing. Anderson ritten an informative book his own name about Presi- assistants, and much of ne says in that book about O'Brien appears in O'Brien's ords in *No Final Victories*. also, Anderson ghostwrote agruder's much less admir- utobiography. The idea of ich disparate figures of re- merican history speaking au- aphically in the identical eems to me somehow to tres- on the essence of the genre. is autobiography if it is not written in the protagonist's own idiom? It can, I suppose, be a more impersonal account of some of the subject's memories. But as the number of ghostwritten autobiographies increases, readers are bound more and more to agree with the graffiti artist who inscribed: "Nostalgia isn't what it used to be." □

WHERE CHUTZPAH RULED

by Louis Berg

Hollywood, by Garson Kanin. Viking, $8.95.

HORTENSE POWDERMAKER, a social scientist of repute, once conducted a study of Hollywood, applying to it the approved methods of anthropology, quite as if she were describing life among the savages of a Papuan jungle. As a tongue-in-cheek approach the method might have had merit, but Miss Powdermaker was deadly in earnest—to her Wilshire Boulevard was the road to Dobudura.

Garson Kanin's entertaining memoir of his experiences in the Hollywood jungle is better anthropology. On the surface it is a collection of anecdotes, some very funny, others rather frightening in their implications, but they tell more about the mores and the social habits of the movie colony than Miss Powdermaker's unintended satire. He is content for the most part to let his stories speak for themselves, and they are devastating. When he permits himself a generalization it is neat, if not necessarily original. For example: ". . . the trouble with motion pictures was (and is) that it is too much an industry; and the trouble with the motion picture industry is that it is too much an art. It is out of this basic contradiction that most of the ills of the form arise."

Some years back, during a period of decline, Hollywood sought to stim-

Louis Berg is a free-lance writer who, as movie publicist and publicity man, covered the Hollywood scene for a quarter of a century.



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ulate box office with an all-industry promotion campaign, using the slogan: *Movies Are Your Best Entertainment.* Rather belatedly, it was discovered that the initials spelled out: MAYBE. More accurate would have been *Movies Are Your Cheapest Entertainment.* A can of film, though it might contain a lavish spectacle, the building of the pyramids, the Battle of Gettysburg, or a Roman orgy, could be cheaply reproduced and easily transported (100 prints blanketing the world). Moviemakers used supermarket methods and prices to reach the largest possible audiences and the lowest common denominator. Enormous film factories sprang up, grinding out hotdog glamour, regardless of the fat and gristle content, or mouse droppings, for that matter. The golden flow was overwhelming; like Arab oil money today, the profits seemed inexhaustible. Soon, Hollywood overwhelmed all rivals, converting nomad peep-show operators into mighty captains of industry. It went to their heads. They built palaces rivaling Versailles, held court like sun kings, distributed favors and punishment out of sheer caprice. The rivalry within the industry was murderous, the competition pitiless, the double-dealing and chicanery beyond normal imagination.

In this they were perhaps little different from the Moguls of the Gilded Age, who milked the railroads, robbed the banks, and corrupted politicians; nor were they more overt in their greed and ostentation. Unfortunately, they were not dealing in basic needs and services, which could survive their manipulations, but with a supreme form of art, encompassing all others—literature, drama, music, the dance, and the sciences of sight and sound. They were not equipped to understand or appreciate it. To quote Kanin again:

> *Some are literate, sensitive, intelligent men* [name two, one is tempted to ask]. *Others are two-fisted, business-oriented politicians. Still others are lucky idiots.*

Also ignoramuses and megalomaniacs, he might have added, for power and lunacy are too often combined. The qualities that made them successful entrepreneurs—drive, cunning, and above all *chutzpah*—hardly qualified them to determine the nature of their product. They hired talent and despised it bec[ause] could hire it. Writers were [put] to cubby-holes and made [punch] time clocks. Directors who [knew] better were given demeani[ng] ments. The glamorous stars [were] ferred to as "flesh" and s[old] To be sure, occasionally g[reat] tures emerged, talent was [allowed] to exercise briefly—for good [money] —in limited space. Mostly, [they] the studios turned out *dreck*.

Kanin, who had a creati[ve] sweated and suffered under [the] of the despots. It was all [in] for him to recognize the gia[nts] industry as windmills, but [it] disastrous to tilt against the [no]ble, churning sails as again[st] mate titans. As soon as he [was] he left Hollywood for fields [fa]vorable to his creative impu[lse].

He is not bitter. He is the [only] to my knowledge to have [a] word for the late Harry Co[hn] of Columbia Pictures (*nil ni[si] b*[*onum*] can be carried too far). [He] bears no malice toward Sa[m] wyn, who brought him to Ho[l]lywood and bullied him mercilessly [in] guise of paternal concern.

Kanin had served his ap[pre]

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ship in the theater as an actor in minor roles, as director of a play that failed, and as assistant to the highly successful George Abbott. The prospect of being able to eat regularly lured him to Hollywood, and he dreamed of becoming a movie director. During his tenure at the Goldwyn studio, however, he was not permitted to approach the cameras. The truth was that Goldwyn, who had signed him to the usual one-way, seven-year contract, forgot why he had hired him, and hadn't the slightest notion of what to do with him.

Their first meeting gave rise to a genuine Goldwynism: "Sidney Howard," said Goldwyn, in his high-pitched, nasal voice, "tells me you are a very clever genius."

After months in the doldrums, Kanin pleaded to be allowed at least to direct screen tests.

Goldwyn exploded: "Here you are, getting the great opportunity, and you want to be a test director, f' Chrissakes."

"I don't want to be a test director," said Kanin. "I want to be a director."

"How can you be a director? You've never directed."

"Well," said Kanin, "there was a time when Willie Wyler and John Ford and Leo McCarey never directed."

"Don't you believe it," said Goldwyn gravely.

Kanin finally managed to direct a gem of a picture on his own, *A Man to Remember*, starring John Barrymore, who was already on the skids, but who gave a brilliant performance, surprising everyone but Kanin. Kanin was not prepared for Goldwyn's reaction to his "protégé's" success.

"You dirty little bastard. You dirty, double-crossing son-of-a-bitch. Why didn't you ever tell me you wanted to be a director?"

Memory, like facts, was blotted out in Goldwyn's mind when it threatened his divine omniscience. This, according to William Wyler, was the secret of his success. At that, Goldwyn was the best of a bad lot. Compare him with Harry Cohn, who made a virtue of his vulgarity. "Who needs class?" he snarled at Kanin, who accused him of lacking it. "I've got money. That's *better* than class."

Goldwyn worshipped class, or what he considered class, and backed it with his own money. He respected writers, and the roster of the literary

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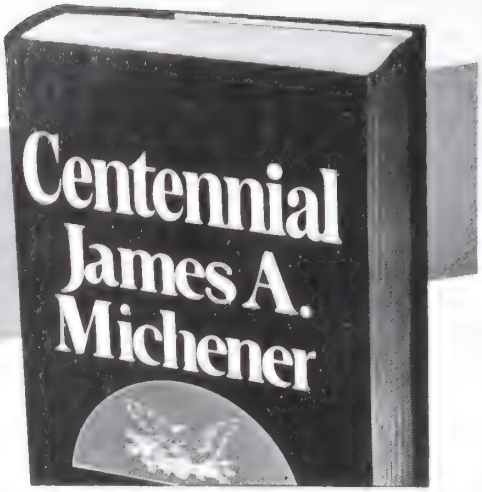
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figures he hired is impre
even approached Bernar
whose supposed response
come a legend: "The diff
Mr. Goldwyn, that you are i
only in art, while I am intere
in money." There was an el
truth in this. Goldwyn neve
picture that he did not co
work of art. Good taste wa
with him, but one is irresis
minded of the television com
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taste, it wants tuna that taste

Kanin's on-the-whole beni
oir is an antidote to the
nostalgia for the Hollyw
never-was.

HUMBLE PIE

by Michael Levenson

Swiftie the Magician, by
Gold. McGraw-Hill, $6.95.

Alinsky's Diamond, by T
Hale. Lippincott, $8.95.

IT IS AN AGE of sitting du
many fads and faddists, l
thodoxies, private mytholog
much utopianism, religiosit
placed seriousness, emotional
agance, such vulnerability to r
The temptation to satire i
whelming, and Herbert Go
one, has no inclination to res

But Gold, who has set out
vide a satiric chronicle of the
succumbs here to his subject
He shares the defects of the th
is assailing: writing about the
ficial and the frivolous, he wr
perficially, frivolously. The
outstanding characteristic of
the Magician is the inanity of
one in it—that they are intent
inane changes nothing. It ser
tle purpose to cast further ji
Orange County, the jet set, and
rock stars. The targets Gold l
over were already so moldy a
tering they would have fallen o
their own.

Swiftie the Magician is a
resque that moves not from pl

Michael Levenson is completing a n
fidelities.

ideal

ap Alaska's vast reserves
itally needed energy resources
le preserving its unique environment.



e real

ap Alaska's vast reserves
itally needed energy resources
le preserving its unique environment.

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place but from fashion to fashion. Frank Curtis is a writer/director/producer of television films who is swept westward in the wash of Sixties' enthusiasm. Through no great ambition but simply the sheer upward pressure of the decade, Curtis rises to the top of his profession. He finds glittering success in Southern California; falls painfully in love with a girl half his age; and agonizes over the betrayal of his artistic integrity.

Gold is more interested in the droppings of history than in history itself. He has a journalist's temperament, and the book is unrelievedly topical. Curtis wanders wide-eyed through a world of New Frontier exotics: amphetamine-injecting doctors, jargon-laden moguls, California girls and their kinky sex. The Swiftie of the title is a fashion designer, apostle to the Kennedy-Warhol-Beatles axis, an acquaintance of Curtis's who rises, falls, and dies in the course of the book and against whom he measures the ebb and flow of the cultural tide.

Curtis is a man of moderate ambitions and appetites, an ordinary man in extraordinary times, confronted on every side with passions out of all recognizable scale. Though Gold consistently makes the easy joke and retreats to smugness, it is in Curtis's bemusement turning to bewilderment that he strikes the single authentic note. Gold appears genuinely disturbed at the desperate energy of a nervous decade, the ceaseless flitting from one dogma to another, from one charismatic leader to the next. But he makes no attempt to understand these phenomena; he is content to reproduce them, making the book more a sociological than a literary specimen.

TOM MC HALE IS as *relaxed* a novelist as any we have, and that is a refreshing, though limited, virtue. It certainly makes for readability; *Alinsky's Diamond* flows along free from any narrative tics or stylistic self-consciousness, all surface casualness and poise.

McHale's hero is Francis Xavier Murphy, an American transplanted to southern France, who has married into the wealthy and distinguished de Rastignac line. His domestic life a shambles, Murphy agrees to spend a year on a Catholic crusade from Normandy to Jerusalem in the company of a London whore and her pimp, a credulous French priest, a skeptical abortionist, and a television crew hired to cover the proceedings. The crusade is a sham, a public relations device intended to stimulate flagging interest in the Church. Murphy, like the others, is well paid for his deception.

McHale's talent is for just such an absurdly extravagant conceit as a contemporary pilgrimage (in *Farragan's Retreat* it was a father sent to assassinate his draft-dodging son). Then, about a third of the way through the novel there is a sudden shift in focus. It turns out that the sham crusade is itself a front for the yet more devious intentions of one Meyer Alinsky, an Iowan Jewish Machiavel, who has set the whole affair in motion in order to smuggle a diamond (hidden in a crucifix) from France to Israel, as a gift to his wife who has lain comatose for twenty years.

The point of tension now becomes the relation of Murphy to Alinsky—the one passive, disillusioned, ineffectual; the other manipulative, amoral, obsessive. Alinsky is full of a passionate intensity (he murders, imprisons, corrupts); Murphy lacks all conviction. The process of the book is Murphy's moral rehabilitation accomplished through the negative example of Alinsky.

MC HALE'S MURPHY is of the same stuff as Gold's Curtis. They are victims/observers, playthings of the fates and fashions, witnesses to their own and the world's disintegration. Caught in a world of passionate excess, they are beset by the same dilemmas: how to be reasonable in the face of hysteria, how to feel compassion in the face of pervasive brutality, how to maintain coherence in the face of cultural chaos. Their philosophy, such as it is, is this: in a tidal wave, it is better to be a cork than a dam.

This is the new passivity. It is successor to the embattled innocence of the Fifties and early Sixties, Salinger's rants and Ginsberg's raves. It is part of a post-New Frontier, post-Vietnam, post-New Left exhaustion. There is a sense in these characters of having seen all things, felt all emotions, tested all beliefs, taken all drugs, loved all women. What remains is a tasteful self-deprecation and a distaste for extremists.

Ten, fifteen, or twenty ye
the arch literary nemesis
complacent technocrat. That
changed. The adversary is n
those who feel too little b
who feel too much—the Swif
Alinskys of the world. Not in
ity but hypersensitivity is the
not complacency but fanatici
low gave early expression
mood in the person of Sammle
and McHale, in their more
achievements, bring the attitu
ther up to date. In the wor
character in Gold's *Great A*
Jackpot:

> *Every religion, every ideal,*
> *mystical or rational belief ha*
> *to disaster and murder. Deep*
> *ings delude, they make m*
> *and pain. They are an exerci*
> *capacity beyond human capa*

And Sammler:

> *Once take a stand, once dr*
> *baseline, and contraries wil*
> *sail you. Declare for norm*
> *and you will be stormed by*
> *rancies. All postures are mo*
> *by their opposites.*

That statement reflects the
cultural schizophrenia that
books depend upon—a divis
the world into believers and
tics, junkies and straights, phi
and freaks, exhibitionists an
eurs (half the world *in flagra*
licto, the other half at the k
watching). Gold and McHale
themselves with the sober ma
and after all the trafficking in e
both books end in celebration
ple domestic virtues. The a
lence is striking: the fascinatio
things contemporary that ends
jecting them in the name of a
decency.

Swiftie the Magician and *Ali*
Diamond are the limited ac
ments of authors who acknow
their limitations, who are conc
not with pushing the novel t
new aesthetic frontiers but
getting on in the enterprise of
writing. They are not risk-t
they are well immersed in the
stream, and because of that, Gol
McHale probably reveal as mu
anyone the state of their art.
these new books point up is a g
drift toward cosmopolitanism,
tiousness, and casualness, towa
topical and the urban, the no
sustained flirtation with the wor

ETWORKS

ial section on Bicentennial celebrations

ardly surprising that Amer-rty is often a license for self-le and special interests. What sing is that so many unself-ricans are still willing to fight on, injustice, bigotry, profi- and all the other shoddy ef-runaway power in this coun-e purpose of Networks is connect such people so they ve to fight alone. This space letin board for anyone who pport, or can offer advice, in g any honorable effort to the quality of U.S. life— in politics, the arts, business, cation, or environment.

u send us a brief inquiry r report on such efforts, in-your own, we will post it here benefit of others across the If for some reason we are to use your letter, we will ut you in direct contact with who can help. Kindly limit ntribution to 200 words or not send propaganda or com- advertising. Please address respondence to Networks, s Magazine, Two Park Ave-w York, N.Y. 10016.

nonth, because preparations nation's 200th birthday are shift into high gear, we have eremy Rifkin of the People's nial Commission to be guest Networks. The PBC is a non-ublic organization founded in Rifkin and a few friends to timulate a renewed under- of, and commitment to, the tic ideals that shaped the America." The group was Rifkin explained, because ral government's own Amer-volution Bicentennial Com- seemed to be leading the ion away from the true rev- ry and democratic principles , and toward a financial coup andful of corporations. The collapsed after *The Progres-*nted an exposé co-written by f its pecuniary interests, and ately run, privately financed came the leading Bicenten-ganization.

, Rifkin describes what the PBC hopes to accomplish and what its national and local branches are doing. If you would like to get involved in it, or need help in setting up an organization of your own, write to the People's Bicentennial Commission, Suite 1010, 1346 Connecticut Ave., N.W., Washington, D.C. 20036.

Rifkin: The past ten years have left millions of us bewildered and confused. A disastrous war in Southeast Asia, race riots, political assassinations, environmental trauma, urban decay, political corruption, mushrooming inflation, and the resignation of a President have all badly affected the nation's psyche. Frankly, the future well-being of our country depends on how we define what America stands for. To do this, we ought to reach back to the origins of the Republic to see where we have come from.

It is fortunate, really, that this "identity crisis" comes at a time when we Americans are observing the two-year celebration (1974-76) of the founding of our country. The Bicentennial is a monumental opportunity to examine our aims and goals. We can use it to reclaim the democratic vision first set forth in the Declaration of Independence. We can repledge our lives, our fortunes, and our honor to the cause of freedom and equality.

The PBC operates on national and local levels. The national group prints newspapers and pamphlets, publishes books, provides speakers, produces radio and TV programs, and helps direct local protests and social action encounters. Local groups are encouraged to design their own programs, ranging from theater and art shows to pamphleteering and marching.

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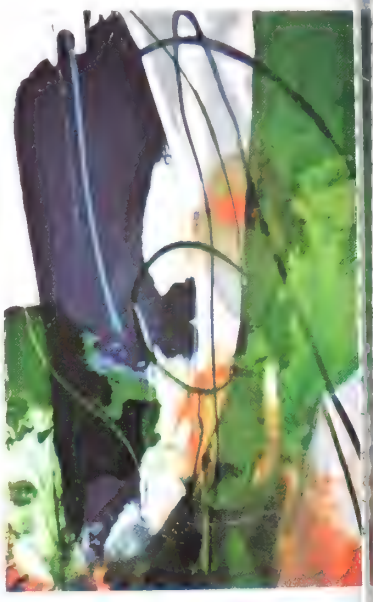
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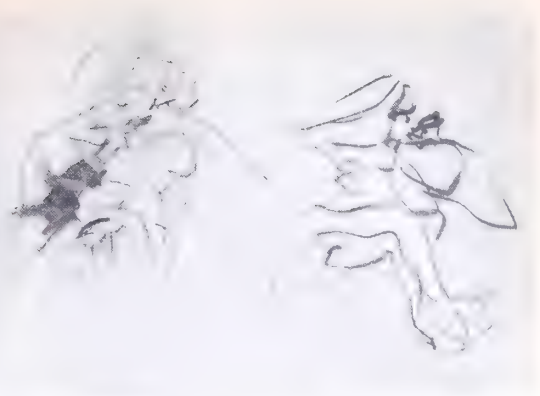
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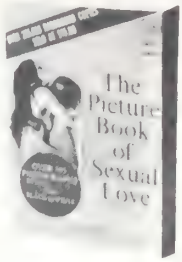
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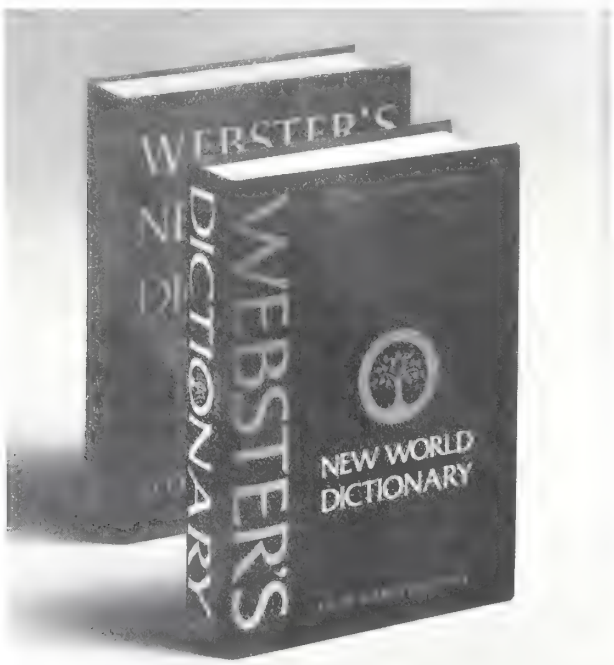


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COLLINS WORLD

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quest. By the end of 1975, have published nine books own (to be sold in bookstore stores, etc.), including a g citizen participation, a book tations from the Founding and Mothers, scholarly studie Revolution, and a manifesto concentration of economic p contemporary America.

The national PBC has prep kit that includes a source b "Community Programs for ple's Bicentennial;" special guides for both students and ers; a guide designed for youn our book of Revolutionary tions; a magazine of Americ tory; posters and buttons; year's subscription to our news *Common Sense*. The kit cost

A second kit, called "In the and Hearts of the People," de for libraries, schools, and adult groups contains eight large p based on Revolutionary sloga writings, thirty reproductions o olution-era engravings, a coll of headlines describing the events of the Revolution, and tensive syllabus and study guide piled by PBC senior historian Page Smith. This kit costs $20.

Local PBCs and indepe groups have sprung up acros country, almost competing with other in imaginative Bicentenni terprises. Our own activities inc

- In Boston, a rally of over 2 people on the 200th anniversa the Boston Tea Party, to p oil profiteering;
- In Philadelphia, meetings be labor union officials and members to devise ways of inc ing worker participation and ocratic, on-the-job decision- ing;
- In Detroit, production of sp feature programs for a local vision station;
- In Long Island, a fight over u rate increases;
- In Harrisburg, an arts fes based on a Bicentennial theme
- In Knoxville, Ky., a camp against the strip-mining pol of the major coal firms;
- In Champaign-Urbana, Ill., a study courses on America's R lutionary heritage;
- In Buffalo, collecting signat supporting the principles of Declaration of Independence.

In the true spirit of the first R

nen and women have every-
aken the initiative to start
n projects. Some of the enter-
e've heard about are:

ents of Biddeford, Maine, put
olay dramatizing the anguish
o real families—Tory and
ot—torn by having to choose
en loyalty to authority and
se of human rights.
ennsylvania, muralist Toni
dale is transforming the
sides of old buildings into
ssions of the neighborhood's
y and its hopes for the future.
rmont filmmaker named Jay
n is producing a documen-
on the state's most famous
utionary heroes, Ethan Allen
he Green Mountain Boys.
u're planning an art-related
ct, you might be able to get
ial backing for it from The
nal Endowment for the Arts,
has targeted money espe-
for Bicentennial efforts for
xt two years.

Education

sumption College in Worces-
lass., English professor Mi-
True has put together a slide
with commentary, on Ameri-
iterary radicals. It's called,
nas Jefferson to Allen Gins-
1776-1976."
William James Association in
Cruz, Calif., has established
nny University" (one-cent ad-
on fee) for the Bicentennial;
e past year, "PU" has con-
d over 125 sessions on the
ican Revolution, bringing to-
r over a thousand people.
ew York's Lower East Side, a
roots group, the Center on
-American History, is writ-

ing the story of the immigration and settlement of Orientals in America.

- An organization called Bicentennial Youth Debates has set up headquarters in Washington, D.C. (1625 Massachusetts Ave., N.W. 20036), to promote debates among college- and high-school-age people on contemporary issues, using the perspectives of 1776.

Religion

- The National Council of Churches' Ecumenical Task Force on the Bicentennial, and Project FORWARD '76 have come up with pamphlets, guides, and media materials designed to get the nation's churches and synagogues involved in the Bicentennial. The address of both groups is 475 Riverside Drive, New York, N.Y. 10027.

Special Groups

- The Smithsonian Institution has constructed several traveling exhibits featuring Revolutionary era art, artifacts, and documents. The displays are being shown across the country at museums, schools, and shopping centers. For a catalogue detailing the exhibits, fees, and schedules, write: Traveling Exhibition Service, Smithsonian Institution, Washington, D.C. 20560.
- The National Day Care and Child Development Council of America has launched a campaign called, "Child Care '76; Birthday Parties Are for Kids," aimed at formation of a lobby of American parents to press for nationally organized, but community controlled, child-care services by 1976. For information about this door-to-door effort, contact: Child Care '76, 1012 14th St., N.W., Washington, D.C. 20005.

For more information or addresses of the nearest PBC group, write to the headquarters in Washington. Copies of the PBC book, *America's Birthday: A Planning and Activity Guide for Citizens' Participation During the Bicentennial Years* (Simon and Schuster, 1974), can be purchased at bookstores or from Harper's Magazine for $3.95, plus 50 cents for postage and handling. Send your check or money order to Networks, Harper's Magazine, Two Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016.

WANTED

ıation on rapscallions, hood-
rs, creeps, jerks, grifters,
als, strong men, hit men, con
and bad men. Sweet people
adhere to principles arising
truth, beauty, and light need
ply. We want tales of villainy,
dness, deceit, duplicity, and
vity. We want the dirt from
ıady side of the street. We
the lowdown on the ins and
f evil: who are the ten worst
alive today? what are the
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VERSE

CHARLES CREEK, MARYLAND, 1953
by Lance Morrow

Charles, on Charles Creek,
and Captain Jack: that Negro summer
we planted prizes among the tobacco,
we played the numbers with pennies,
we rode the mare three miles
to Chink's Roadhouse and dreamed up
birthday combinations for the jackpot,
the three of us riding the slow pines
on her broad and stoic horseflesh.
Her hooves on the Chesapeake oyster-shell
roadbed clicked like a dreamy taxi's meter
past the lumbermill, abandoned, the scrub,
loblolly. Copperheads dozed in the ruins.
Drowsily raised their heads like cats.

We fetched crabs up to the skiff
by merely trailing a knotted cord
that they bit blindly, like a dog on an ankle.
Hauled them up: pale bluebellies,
succulent, licemonsters from the weeds.
Black smells: coal oil, flour, beans,
your tenant's shack; your sister took
the slops just after dawn to the cornfield.
Your father bucked the mare to breaking,
her wild helix of piss snapping
like a yellowsnake, you were so proud—
the wild horse's eye, her stout gray
bruteflesh storming like surf beneath
your father's drunk black mastery.

THEY MADE YOU AN OFFER
by Carol McCormmach

The night arrives. You won't be
stopped by searchlights planted in the jardinieres
or told of a telephone call that awaits you
in the farthest office. Watch your smile
and wind your watch, however; the moon
is a white, impartial fist, and palm trees torn
from their native languor lurch as proof
right under. In the ballroom
trumpets kiss the fluted
hem of Valentino and meander out of doors
where hired borzois circulate with trays of julep
and a lawn unfurls. Here the music
quickens, frays tuxedos angled at roulette,
grazes terrace after terrace and collapses in a swoo
against the voluptuous ankles of cupids eternally
drooling. In your pocket is the speech
they will persuade you to improvise
when every toast has made the rounds and eyes be
to cloud above the cliff's edge—wedged below,
a city fills its ragged lung and bellows.
They will count on you to reinstate cornets;
and when the first heads turn, should you refuse?
A sigh will spread, an appetite,
drawing with it all the artful
inclinations ripening in torchlight; and as the whit
perfumed arms flutter toward you, would it be far-f
to call them poignant? Burrow for an answer
while the fingers of the women refine their alarm
beneath a distraction of crystal. Burrow
while the wolfhounds defer,
one among them placing dogwood at your feet
and backing off, its growl a simple coincidence.
Looking up, you weigh the night in stone, in silk,
arch upon arch, a fortune in triangles. Each nose p
and trembles. Now is the moment. And now—
And now, your smile begins.





John D

INDOWRAPAROUNDOW

ıe Road

you've been standing
desolate highway for
or two or three, stick-
tired thumb out at the
; that pass you by.
some sympathetic soul
ıu snatch up your bags,
ıe open door, and hop
ınting thank you, thank
ık you, glory be.
ou have a choice. You
along in silence, ignor-
savior and looking out
ow, or you can talk.
ς a few questions, listen
d show that you care,
earn something you
learn from that closed
friends back home.
didn't hit the road last
h the express intention
ening my education. I
o get from Hanover,
mpshire, to Missoula,
, for free, and each
ıitched a ride with was
means to that end. But
ealized that the fellow
e was someone.
ah, been driving trucks
me?" I asked the first
/ho picked me up.
ah, twenty years. Driv-
'aising tropical fish."
)"
I got forty tanks of
fish. Raise 'em and

'as interesting, I had to
) I pursued it. "That
ke a tricky business,"

'es," the trucker agreed.
'ish are always dying
ınd some of them cost
y bucks apiece."
'abitch!"
yeah, if that water's
the kids stick their
ı or something, those
ight off. Matter of fact
:"—I looked over at
ıys look at your drivers
ılk—"one time I found
pissing in the tanks.
w what I did with that

no," I said, watching
his hands off the steer-
l to show me.
ıgled him with my bare

end of that ride I had
all I'll ever need to
out tropical fish, and
day I learned how to
stock-car races from
a 350-pound veteran
d hardly fit behind the wheel of his station wagon but had won races all over the country driving cars and rails (long, stripped-down contraptions that accelerate to 235 mph in 100 feet).

"You mean you haven't heard of me?" he asked.

"No. Well, you know, never followed racing much."

"I was big time before I quit," Big Bill told me. "I was winning $100,000 a year when I was twenty years old. Been on the covers of racing magazines."

"You must have been damn good," I said. Flattery never hurts.

"Oh, no. I just cheated."

"What?"

"Yeah, sure. I'd jerk forward before the starting gun, throw the other drivers off, shit like that. I was the villain. People would come to see me lose. They'd boo me all the way and then I'd win and they'd come back again just hoping."

One morning I hitched a ride from an ex-con turned hippie freak. He'd just finished a ten-year stint in a federal prison, he said, and after a while I mustered the courage to ask why.

"I was labeled 'incorrigible' at the age of twelve," he said. "They put me in a reform school. I ran away and they put me in another. When I was eighteen they threw me in jail."

"Just for running away?"

"Yeah, but by that time I'd pulled off sixty safe jobs, too."

"Oh, well, you don't look like a criminal now," I said, feeling stupid.

"Don't bet on it. If there was $1,000 lying in an open cash register, and I thought I could get away with it, I would."

"But why?" I sputtered. "You don't want to go back to jail, do you?"

"Of course not. But wouldn't you do the same, if you thought you wouldn't get caught?"

I grinned ruefully and nodded. He was right; some people just look for that chance more than others.

The closer I got to Montana, the more miraculous these people seemed. They trusted me, a stranger, and they opened themselves to me. Somehow an affinity developed during every ride, an affinity that grew because I was grateful for their kindness, and they were grateful for my concern with their lives. By the time the ride was over, I knew them well; the driver had become a friend. Usually we exchanged addresses.

The last night of the journey was the best. A young guy who had quit the Navy the week before picked me up in his van and took me from Blue Earth, Minnesota, to Gillette, Wyoming. He told me about submarines, how they work, and how he repaired them when they didn't work. On the way we picked up three beautiful girls hitching to Yellowstone, and that night we camped in the Badlands. It was raining, so we tied tarps together around a picnic table. The girls made pea soup for dinner, and we celebrated our fleeting friendship with Southern Comfort, feeling like a family headed west in a covered wagon. It didn't matter that we would never see each other again. It was enough that our lives had by chance merged for one good time.

Looking back on that night, I realized that I had hitched thirty rides since New Hampshire. And those had been thirty adventures, in six short days, for free. **—Michael Shnayerson**

Michael Shnayerson, a Dartmouth student, spent the summer working for a newspaper in Montana.

It has often been said—and though it is becoming platitudinous it is nonetheless true—that only through space-flight can mankind find a permanent outlet for its aggressive and pioneering instincts. The desire to reach the planets is only an extension of the desire to see what is over the next hill.

—Arthur C. Clarke
The Exploration of Space, 1952

Allons! We must not stop here!
However sweet these laid-up
stores—however convenient
this dwelling, we cannot
remain here,
However sheltered this port, and
however calm these waters,
we must not anchor here,
However welcome the
hospitality that surrounds us,
we are permitted to receive it
but a little while.

—Walt Whitman
"Poem of the Road"
Leaves of Grass, 1860

At age fifty I hitchhiked with my twenty-one-year-old son, Marc, from our suburban Detroit home to six Eastern cities. I was arrested, reviled, and scorned by the Establishment, but the cost to my middle-class dignity was small compared to what I received: I discovered my son as a first-rate human being.

Marc goaded me into the nine-day trip. It was during one of the few relaxed conversations we'd had since he'd left for college. "There are other worlds that you and your fat-cat friends know nothing about," he said. "Come find out what it's like to live on the fringe. You might learn something."

What I learned was not new in the sum of man's knowledge, I suppose, but it was new to me.

I learned that lower-class people are ingenuous souls who are treated shabbily and cheated at nearly every turn. Yet they are remarkably resilient, cheerful, and generous. And when misfortune comes to their disordered lives they accept it fatalistically, having known all along that it was inevitable.

I learned that it is easy to adapt psychologically to the role of the outsider and to shout obscenities at authoritarian figures so dedicated to upholding their concept of law and order that they care little about humanity.

I learned again to trust another person completely, as Marc and I stood alone in a hostile world. And in this instance—for the first time in our relationship—it was he who was strong and I who was weak as we moved through a nether land that he had conquered and that I feared.

Most of all, though, I learned that a man had emerged from the child I had nurtured. Along sunlight-bright highways, in dim taverns, and in cheerless hotel rooms we endlessly batted ideas back and forth, each exploring and challenging the mind of the other, as equals with different perspectives.

It has been two years since we took the trip, and Marc has been home for only three short visits. Nevertheless,. we have managed each time to pick up the feeling of closeness we had then. May the bonds forged on our journey remain. I think they will. **—Robert Matson**

Robert Matson teaches at the Cranbrook Schools.

OUND CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10

WRAPAROUNDWRAP





THE HUNT

It was of the men, not white nor black nor red but men, hunters, with the will and hardihood to endure and the humility and skill to survive, and the dogs and the bear and deer juxtaposed and reliefed against it, ordered and compelled by and within the wilderness in the ancient and unremitting contest according to the ancient and immitigable rules which voided all regrets and brooked no quarter;—the best game of all, the best of all breathing and forever the best of all listening, the voices quiet and weighty and deliberate for retrospection and recollection and exactitude among the concrete trophies—the racked guns and the heads and the skins. . . . There was always a bottle present, so that it would seem to him that those fine fierce instants of heart and brain and courage and wiliness and speed were concentrated and distilled into that brown liquor which not women, not boys and children, but only hunters drank, drinking not of the blood they spilled but some condensation of the wild immortal spirit, drinking it moderately, humbly even, not with the pagan's base and baseless hope of acquiring thereby the virtues of cunning and strength and speed but in salute to them.

—William Faulkner
"The Bear," 1942

Three Strikes and You're Out

My position as I stood with my legs wide apart, with my back, hands, and legs bleeding, and seeing everything of a ghastly red tinge; amidst the deafening, maddening noise of gong, drum, cymbals, and horn; insulted, spat upon by the crowd, and with Nerba holding me so tight by my hair as to tear handfuls of it from my scalp, was one in which I cannot wish even my bitterest enemies to find themselves. . . . A Lama strode toward me with slow, ponderous steps, swinging the shiny, sharp blade from side to side before him, with his bare arms outstretched. Nerba was told to make me bend my neck. I resisted with what little strength I had left, and, with the nervous courage of a doomed man, determined to keep my head erect and my forehead high. They might kill me, true enough, they might hack me to pieces if they chose, but never until I had lost my last atom of strength would these ruffians make me stoop before them. The executioner, now close to me, brought the sword down to my neck, which he touched with the blade, to measure the distance, as it were, for a clean effective stroke. Then drawing back a step, he quickly raised the sword again and struck a blow at me with all his might. The sword passed disagreeably close to my neck, but did not touch me. I would not flinch, nor speak, and my demeanor seemed to impress him almost to the point of frightening him. The Lamas near him gesticulated like madmen and urged him on again. Apparently against his will, the executioner went through the same kind of performance on the other side of my head. This time the blade passed so near that the point cannot have been more than half an inch or so from my neck. . . . It appears that this unpleasant sword exercise is sometimes gone through in Tibet previous to actually cutting off the head, so as to make the victim suffer more before the final blow is given. I was not aware of this at the time. It is usually at the third stroke that the victim is actually beheaded. The Lamas were still clamoring for my head, but the Pombo made a firm stand this time, and declined to go on with the execution.

—A. Henry Savage Landor
In the Forbidden Land, 1899

Knowing When to Stop

Kenya, August 1973

A beautiful, safe awakening, no elephant in sight. Standard bacon-and-egg breakfast, then a walk. Elephant tracks, fresher and fresher droppings, the fresh stream they drink from, scratching posts—trees worn smooth by their bodies—but no elephant in the flesh. All around exquisite black acacia, gnarled trees, and spiky brush. Pretty birds. Of course I was nervous, picked up a stick. We were quite off the open stretch that is roadlike, hemmed in by growth. Finally Tony turned us back, saying it was a "trifle dangerous." As we regained the safety of our campsite I realized how disappointed I was. —from my diary

Would I dare to face an elephant alone? Could I, New Jersey born and bred, stand fast on the mountain of Marsabit in northern Kenya, my powers of perception at the ready to assimilate the details of the enormous beast emerging, with a rustle and a shudder, from its blind of trees to survey me and protect her family? Would there be a point? And is there a point in doing it in a Toyota Land Cruiser, photographic roof hatch open for best possible viewing? Maybe the point is, is there any other way of doing it that will allow you to survive to tell about it?

While on safari, one hears stories of death and mutilation: if not of a relative, of a friend; if not by an elephant, by a lion or a buffalo. This danger effectively dampens the interest Africans might otherwise have in "game-viewing." Non-Africans persist in wanting to gambol with the lions, even though, beyond the familiar tourist haunts, Africa's animals are terrified of people and skittish and unreliable. A female elephant with baby—and there usually is a baby—is a fierce guardian and protector. When threatened, a herd of cows and "teen-agers" huddle, rears inward, around the youngest of the offspring, hiding it from view and nudging it into whatever cover is near while the leader of the herd—the largest and strongest and wise [illegible] and trumpets and [illegible] way into a mock charge [illegible] fense. She'll raise her [illegible] flap her ears, lift her [illegible] forward, rush back, turn [illegible] leave, then swing around [illegible] trumpet and flap and [illegible] may be sixty yards [illegible] but this is deceptive [illegible] space melts away before [illegible] that she is, and she could [illegible] the ground between you [illegible] time once she got going [illegible]

Actually, the size of [illegible] phant is not vividly [illegible] until you're within fear [illegible] it; you know when you [illegible] in fear range because [illegible] ness sets in. In animal [illegible] range is called flight [illegible] (an unknown who could [illegible] close will trigger escape [illegible] fight distance (an [illegible] close enough to become [illegible] capable threat will rather [illegible] tack). An elephant is relaxed [illegible] when it feels threatened [illegible] most tense and active—[illegible] distance. But I am not a [illegible] index to what that is. [illegible] that I think I am, I would [illegible] treat at the first glance [illegible] phant cast my way, [illegible] you, mighty sport, might [illegible] your welcome. Each of us [illegible] lose, though you would [illegible] more thrills and chills [illegible] course of your defeat. [illegible] be left thinking it had [illegible] a movie.

I want the elephant's [illegible] reality to break through [illegible] neyland mentality that [illegible] of nature an anthropo[illegible] amusement. I want to k[illegible] flight distance violated [illegible] do not want to have to [illegible] with the *elephant's* fig[illegible] tance. I want fear without [illegible] You in your recklessne[illegible] know anything of this. [illegible] inexperience don't know [illegible] to get what I want. The [illegible] of safari leaders is to kn[illegible] finely shaded area, to be [illegible] provoke an animal to e[illegible] of activity—and to quit [illegible] noying and get away [illegible] the bluff becomes a real [illegible] They have learned from [illegible] rience how far they can [illegible] I wouldn't do it without [illegible]

—Suzanne [illegible]

Suzanne Mantell went cam[illegible] Kenya with the Sierra Club

"The adventures of the spirit is a great deal more interesti[illegible] the adventures of the flesh. No man can do more'n abo[illegible] things with his flesh. But he can have a heap of fun with h[illegible] mortal soul."
—Sidney H[illegible]
They Knew What They Wanted

ns Down

der the Great may the world's first aqua- end has it that he once briefly to a depth of wearing a specially ass jar over his head reathing tube running irface. He was com- are told, by an ob- sire to see for him- lay beneath the blue

me desire lures thou- ay to don breathing nd slip beneath the but today's deep-sea aware, as Alexander of the dangers await- There is the possibil- equipment failure that off precious oxygen. ds—the painful and fatal release of bub- nitrogen gas into the m when a diver rises ly to the surface— careless. And those deeper than 200 feet court nitrogen narcosis, "the rapture of the deep," an intoxicating, euphoric state in which victims have been known to rip their breathing pieces from their mouths and drown.

Sylvia Earle Mead, a marine biologist, has known some perilous moments on dives. Four years ago—while she was the leader of the all-woman team of Tektite 2 that spent two weeks living in and working near a habitat set fifty feet deep in the waters of the U.S. Virgin Islands—Dr. Mead was suddenly left without air. She was studying plant life over 1,000 feet from the habitat. Switching from one tank of air to a second, she found its regulator valve jammed by sand. She made it to safety by sharing the air supply of her diving partner, Margaret Ann Lucas.

A wife and mother of six, Dr. Mead recognizes and accepts the dangers of diving, but it is a different sense of adventure that has sent her deep into the Caribbean Sea and the Atlantic, Pacific, and Indian Oceans, and that has carried her 250 feet below the surface. What draws her, she says, is "the excitement of discovery," the ageless urge to be where no human has ventured, to see what no human has seen.

Dr. Mead holds research appointments at Harvard University, the University of California at Berkeley, and the Los Angeles County Museum of Natural History. When she dives she studies marine life in its native environment along the ocean floor and among colorful coral reefs. "I would not set out to study the behavior of chimpanzees in Africa by dangling a television camera from an airplane, which is something like what some people have proposed for oceanography," she says. "You have to be there to see. There's no substitute."

—Patrick Young

Patrick Young is the science writer for The National Observer.

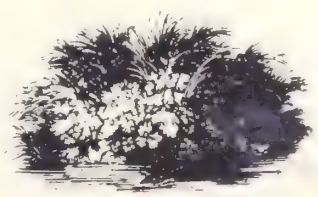
t of the Caves

cuse for going to ad- Erich von Däniken's his *Gold of the Gods*, ring some caves in hat contain "objects of ltural and historical mankind . . . the very of which was unsus- y mankind hitherto." cts, according to Dä- scattered in the depths aves in the Andes, and ainly of metal plates with what is assumed sumé of the history of ilization. According to Miloslav Stingl, whom describes as a leading n South America, "this gest archaeological sen- nce the discovery of Däniken's photos of facts are genuine. nately, Däniken has itted to the press (and erman newsmagazine *el* in particular) that ot been in the caves, he indulged in "liter- e" when he opened his n an emphatic, "To me most incredible, fan- ry of the century. It ily have come straight realms of Science Fic- nad not seen and pho- the incredible truth ."



While this made of Däniken a prevaricator to the public, he admitted to me in private that both the story and its denial are incorrect. He is fundamentally a truthful reporter, he told me, but he was obliged to cover up the *real* story in order to honor a contract with the man who acted as his guide and who now wants to keep secret the location of such a potential gold mine.

And so I am going to see for myself. My adventure may lead into the wildest jungles of the upper Amazon, into the heart of headhunter territory, into areas where sixty-foot boa constrictors, piranhas, and legendary flying snakes are the least of the daily hazards. The friend who has offered to lead me on this quest says that on his last trip into the caves his companion came out so terrified that half his hair turned white on the spot. They say they encountered a screaming, boulder-heaving monster, which, on the basis of what they saw and what the headhunting natives tell them, they assume to be some sort of yeti or sasquatch.



But the most treacherous beast on this planetary playing field may lurk in the jungle of politics—qualified in *Funk and Wagnalls* as "the art of pursuing one's ends with prudence rather than principle." Who stands to lose by revelation of the truth about the caves? Which are the financial and material interests bent on exploiting ignorance? Are there really "supernatural" and "extraterrestrial" powers guarding ancient secrets and treasures on this earth? Are they ethical, or ignorant and evil? Must one be pure in heart to stand the pace?

Happiness consists in the zestful overcoming of obstacles along the path to the answers.

—Peter Tompkins

Peter Tompkins is the author of Secrets of the Great Pyramid *and coauthor, with Christopher Bird, of* The Secret Life of Plants.

READERS

On my forty-fourth birthday my husband Jack took me to the mountains of Wyoming, hooked a thirty-pound pack over my shoulders, and led me up a mountain. After four hours of hiking, we were moving up more than forward and breathing more often than usual. My knees trembled, my feet burned, and I began to notice an unpleasant odor mingling with the piny smells. The exercise had overcome my deodorant.

"I love you ripe," my husband reassured me.

After eight hours of such fun, I was as near to death by exhaustion as I cared to be. I fell to the ground. I had collapsed among forget-me-nots, but when I opened my eyes to darkness I was lying, bagged out neatly, inside our wilderness tent. Jack, hands folded on his chest and moustache aquiver, lay beside me.

What had awakened us at midnight was a smashing noise just outside the tent. It sounded as though our cook pans were being tossed against boulders. We could hear an animal sniffing and shuffling.

Unable to look out because the tent entrance was tied against mountain storms, we tried to guess the animal's species by the sounds he made. A bear, I decided, just as the tent wall darkened and a sturdy muzzle pushed firmly into my armpit.

Around my neck there hung a police whistle, a relic of elementary-school playground duty, which was to have served as protection against bears. Do you blow a police whistle at what you think is a bear while it is sniffing your underarm? I thought not.

The animal took a deep whiff. Grunted. Sniffed. Poked. Sniffed a leisurely sniff all down my side. I was recalling my life for the third time when the nose and its adjoining body gave a final grunt and shuffled away.

We camped up on that mountain for a week, during which time the animal appropriated our margarine, fish, and camp-stove fuel. He never again showed an interest in me, and I was careful not to bathe.

—Elaine Magarrell
Iowa City, Iowa

SOURCES

The Princess Bride: S. Morgenstern's Classic Tale of True Love and High Adventure. The "good parts" version, abridged by William Goldman (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, $7.95). According to Goldman's father—a man in a good position to know—this book is about: "Fencing. Fighting. Torture. Poison. True love. Hate. Revenge. Giants. Hunters. Bad men. Good men. Beautifulest ladies. Snakes. Spiders. Beasts of all natures and descriptions. Pain. Death. Brave men. Coward men. Strongest men. Chases. Escapes. Lies. Truths. Passion. Miracles."

It's a fair enough description, but it leaves some things out. See for yourself.

Tales of Grandeur, Tales of Risk

People are private about their reading, selective and cautious. Your friends will do anything for you but the one thing you want them to do—read *One Hundred Years of Solitude.* People who don't mind filling their brains with gossip and news will nevertheless balk at reading any book that is not of their own choosing. And rightly so. Choosing a book from among all books—a book for this afternoon, for this evening—is a sweet freedom.

Nevertheless, I beg you to choose from among these books; they're the pick of eight years' reading. All are nonfiction. The first two are the *crème de la crème.*

MOSTLY SURVIVAL:

Endurance, by Alfred Lansing (now out of print but available in libraries). *Endurance* was the name of Sir Ernest Henry Shackleton's expedition ship. He planned to cross Antarctica; instead, pack ice beset the ship, and he and his men were stuck in drifting ice for ten months. Finally, ice crushed the *Endurance* and the expedition party had to get out of there—on ice floes.

Alone, by Richard E. Byrd (Putnam's, $6.50). Byrd set himself up in a shack on the South Pole, beyond all human aid in winter—and something went wrong. He was a gentleman, a hero, and he wrote well; I couldn't catch my breath for a week.

Alive: The Story of the Andes Survivors, by Piers Paul Read. (Lippincott, $10.) The boys who went with the Uruguayan rugby team were upper-class Catholics; now they are first-class mystics. The Read account is detailed and sober.

The Complete Walker (Alfred A. Knopf, $8.95) and *The Man Who Walked Through Time* (Random House, $1.95), by Colin Fletcher. Backpacking: an array of fascinating technological trivia and an account of walking the length of the Grand Canyon, by an idiosyncratic and witty Englishman.

Here to Stay, by John Hersey (Alfred A. Knopf, $6.95). Every one of these excellent journalistic essays concerns individual people who survived—a flood, a concentration camp, Hiroshima.

MOSTLY AUTOBIOGRAPHY:

Ring of Bright Water, by Gavin Maxwell (Fawcett, 95 cents). The ultimate in eat-your-heart-out living: a man, a dog, and a pet otter on the west Highland coast of Scotland.

Out of Africa, by Isak Dinesen (Random House, $2.95). Has anybody missed this? The Danish countess tells the story of her coffee plantation among the Kikuyus of Kenya in magnificent English prose.

Adventures in the Arctic: My Life in the Frozen North, by Peter Freuchen (Simon and Schuster, $4.95). Freuchen lived in the Greenland Arctic when it was all untouched. He spoke the language and lived the life, hunting seal and taking an Eskimo to wife.

Two Years Before the Mast, by Richard Henry Dana (Airmont, 75 cents). The old classic by a nineteenth-century Harvard boy who shipped to California (via Cape Horn) as an ordinary seaman.

My Family and Other Animals, by Gerald Durrell (Viking, $1.65). A great naturalist's childhood on Corfu with his family—including brother "Larry"—and the most beautifully written of all his hysterically funny books.

Wind, Sand, and Stars, by Antoine de Saint-Exupéry (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, $2.95). His life as a pilot over the Sahara in the early days of aviation. Lyricism, mysticism, courage: this is the book the astronauts read.

MOSTLY NATURAL HISTORY:

Spring on an Arctic Island, by Katharine Scherman (out of print; try your library). This fine writer and observer visits an island in the eastern Canadian Arctic and fills her personal tale with interesting lore. ("If you could take away the entire contents of the earth except nematodes there would still remain the shimmering outlines of everything, in nematodes.")

Open Horizons, The Lonely Land, and *Runes of the North,* by Sigurd F. Olson (Alfred A. Knopf, $5.95 each). Olson paddles a clean canoe on the glacial lakes of the North American spruce-fir forest, exploring, and following the wake of the fur-trapping *voyageurs.*

Desert Solitaire: A Season in the Wilderness, by Edward Abbey (Ballantine, 95 cents). A summer in Arches National Monument canyon country in southeast Utah, by an angry and eloquent writer.

North With the Spring, Journey into Summer, Autumn Across America, and *Wandering Through Winter,* by Edwin Way Teale (Apollo Editions, $2.50 each). A tour de force: the literary naturalist follows the seasons across the country. Read one each season and learn from the master where we live.

My First Summer in the Sierra (Greenwood Press, $15) and *Travels in Alaska* (AMS Press, $9.50), by John Muir. It is a pity that people remember John Muir only as a conservationist. He is one of the finest prose writers in English, and his spiritual energy is awesome and exhilarating. *Travels in Alaska* gave me beautiful nightmares.

The Outermost House, by Henry Beston (Ballantine, 95 cents). A great writer and naturalist lives alone on the tip of Cape Cod.

SOURCES

And to Think That I Saw It on Mulberry Street, by Dr. Seuss (Vanguard Press, $3.50). Now almost four decades old, this children's classic still makes a story that *no one* can beat. There may never be anything like the imagination as a setting for adventure.

To order books ment... this page, please follo... structions in Tools fo... adding 50 cents per ... postage and handling.

MOSTLY ANTHROPOLOGY:

Ishi in Two Worlds, ...odora Kroeber (Univ... California Press, $2.45 ... this for adventure? Y... sole survivor of an en... of Indians hiding ou... hills of twentieth-cent... ifornia. You wander ... into town, get thrown ... and no other human ... earth speaks your ... You end up living in a ... This is a wonderful st... by one of Ishi's many ... No one ever figured ... this gentle man burst o... ing every time he saw ... knob.

People of the Deer, b... Mowat (Pyramid, 95 ... The well-known Cana... thor visits primitive in... kimos and travels the ... with them.

The Harmless Peo... Elizabeth M. Thomas ... dom House, $1.95). L... the down-and-out foo... ers of the Kalahari Des...

Book of the Eskim... Peter Freuchen (Faw... cents). Everything abo... mo culture is fascinati... Freuchen tells anecdo... anecdote.

The Forest People ... and Schuster, $5.95) ... *Mountain People* (Sim... Schuster, $7.95) by C... Turnbull. Turnbull is a... engaging anthropologi... lived in Africa among ... Congo pygmies and ... mountain Ik; take your ...

It goes without sayi... all books are adventure ... I myself am biased ... grand and simple tales ... landscapes, a minimu... choices and a maxim... risks. Recently I read ... with the word "advent... its title that proved to b... living without income on... ical island. The fish ju... of the water, the fruit ... out of the trees, the gir... into the bushes. Fooey ... me a glacier-blocked ... jackknife, and a leng... twine. —**Annie**

Annie Dillard is the author ... grim at Tinker Creek (Harpe... azine Press).

'OOLS FOR LIVING

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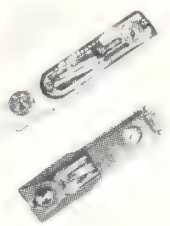
reader George Daniels s sculpting studio from k to Orselina, Switzerook along nearly thirty tools and supplies he manage without. He's s about two of his faoffbeat, useful tools arily found in a home . They make any job ter, better.

nists' needle: a long, steel needle, about a-half inches long, ta- both ends, with a ne end. The body of e is about one-eighth ameter. It is very use- variety of things: for prings, probing the in- machine where there gh room for a finger. e a thin finger exten- t mine from a book- achine mechanic who it to attach a new side the mechanism.



r: a hardened-steel tool p cutting edges and a dle. Very useful for ut holes (from one- ne-half inch) in wood removing burs from les in metal, counter- enlarging holes both and wood. Curiously is tool is unknown in t least, I haven't been nd it in Switzerland, or Italy. They don't w what it is). Lucky I with me. I use one T-bar reamer in my drill press (with the T-bar removed) to ream out or enlarge holes in metal. At very slow motion speed it works like a charm and saves muscle. I don't know what I would have done without it."

The machinists' needle is 95 cents, plus 35 cents postage and handling; the T-bar reamer is $3.95, plus 75 cents postage and handling.



FIT FOR SURVIVAL

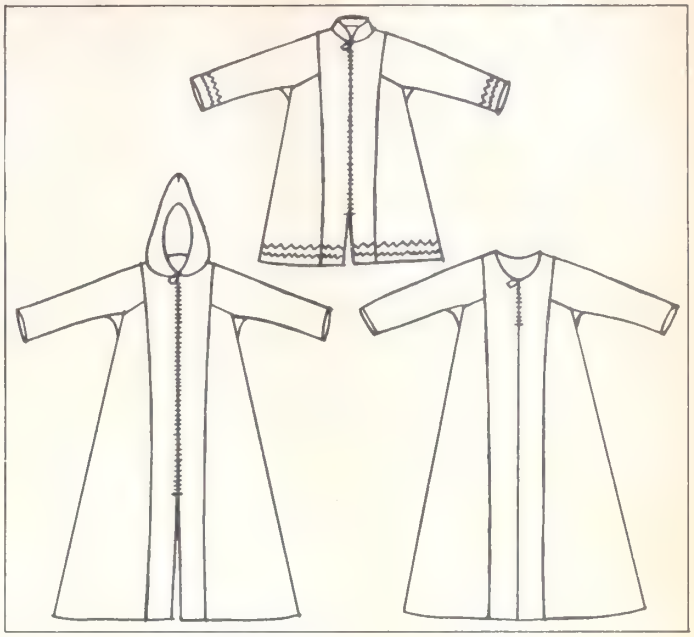
Imagine yourself lost in the wilderness—don't you wish you had a Survival Knife? You could be using the sharp knife blade for dressing game and cleaning fish, or the saw blade for cutting down saplings for shelter. You could check the compass, the level, the thermometer (for gauging the wind-chill factor), all of them built into the large handle. Cold? Hungry? The handle contains waterproof matches, a candle, even a couple of fishing hooks complete with line and sinker. The reverse of the knife blade is a whetstone; and this wonder (only six inches long) also features a bottle opener and a screwdriver.

We've got the Survival Knife for $9.95, plus 95 cents postage and handling.

CACE OF MIND: TOLL-FREE NUMBERS

le: (1) (800) 231-6946 Texas: (1) (800) 392-3352

f Mind is a hotline for runaways that operates twenty- s a day, seven days a week. By calling one of the num- e, runaways can relay comforting messages to their ithout revealing their whereabouts. This is the primary of the service, but it also can refer runaways to helpful ncies in their area.



WARDROBE IN ONE ENVELOPE

Moisha Kubinyi's T-shirt Pattern, featured in our March issue, was so successful that we asked her back to tell us about her coat pattern. The graceful, flowing caftan as adapted by the New Life Pattern Co. is the fastest and easiest coat to make. It has no lapels, buttonholes, or inner tailoring with canvas; sleeves don't have to be set in, and the lining is a duplicate of the coat itself. The cut of the pattern pieces is shaped to accommodate the female form and therefore fits better than its primitive counterpart in North Africa. The pattern comes with three neckline choices: a hood, a stand-up or mandarin collar, and a classic collar. It either zips up or is closed with frogs. You can make inseam pockets or patch them on. The caftan is ideal for maternity wear.

Whether you make a winter coat, a filmy beach cover-up, a bathrobe, or an evening gown depends upon your choice of fabric. Kubinyi suggests you try everything from fake fur to cut velvet or wool jersey.

When ordering the caftan coat pattern, be sure to specify size: petite (6-8), small (10-12), medium (14-16), or large (18-20). Price per pattern is $2.25, plus 30 cents postage and handling.

¡VIVA MEXICO!

One of our globetrotting friends cornered us recently. "You've *got* to tell everybody about the best guidebook to adventure in the whole world," she said. "It's *The People's Guide to Mexico* and it's *outrageous.* Mention that this book does not have road maps or lists of recommended hotels and restaurants. It just eases you into the lives of the people you meet. Here, *mira.*" Flipping open her dog-eared copy, she began reading aloud at random: a funny description of a tequila-doused adventure with parrots during a water balloon fiesta, an *aperçu* of small restaurants—how the menus often reflect what the owner would *like* to offer, not what's actually available.

"Tidbits of hilarious info for the gringo. How to learn Spanish in a flash and cheaply: hire a maid! The pictures! Recipes and mysterious foodstuffs identified! Why, we would have gone bananas on bananas if it hadn't been for this book. Anybody *really* interested in understanding the people, the culture, the land of Mexico should read this. It will tell you what to do if you have an accident with your car, how to wash your clothes in the jungle, how to trade things with people living in the middle of nowhere. It will rescue you from dozens of hassles and catastrophes. So, *hasta luego. ¡Viva México!*"

The People's Guide to Mexico (John Muir Publications) is $4, plus 50 cents postage and handling.

INFORMATION UNL

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Enjoy a new vacation experience—where you choose—rent-free. Write Viking Home Exchange, Box 3007, St. Paul, Minn. 55165.

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Collect military medals. List 50¢. Vernon, Box 387A, Baldwin, N.Y. 11510.

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS

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Kits! Build dulcimers, guitars, balalaikas, thumb pianos, harps. From $2.95. Finished dulcimers from $19.95. 8665 West 13th Avenue, HM, Denver, Colo. 80215.

The Harpsichord quarterly. Definitive articles on buying, building, playing, tuning. Photographs. Drawings. Interviews. Letters. $8 annually (non-U.S. $9). Box 4323-H, Denver, Colo. 80204.

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Behavioral sciences tape library—Leading psychiatrists and psychologists discuss psychotherapy, schizophrenia, adolescents, drugs, human sexuality, etc. on cassettes. Free catalogue. Over 300 tapes for sale or rental. BSTL, Dept. 808, 240 Grand Ave., Leonia, N.J. 07605.

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RECORDS

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GAMES

Organized Crime—Adult Strategy/Psychology board game. Unconditional money-back guarantee. $10.95 ppd. (Mass. plus 3%) or free brochure. Koplow Games, Box 965-D, Hull, Mass. 02045.

Adult games. Backgammon. Jigsaw puzzles of road maps, subway maps, hex signs, Beatrix Potter characters, navigation charts, sports, movies, etc. Board games about words, colors, numbers, travel, politics. Catalogue of 70 unusual adult games 25¢. Gifts & Greetings, 2415 Colfax, Evanston, Ill. 60201.

COLOR SLIDES

Listings-samples, $1. Visuals D-20, 440 N.W. 130th St., Miami, Fla. 33168.

ART

Free brochure, drawings and graphics by Tony Norwood. Write P.O. Box 8494, Philadelphia, Pa. 19101.

Seaview selections—signed, limited editions. Prints, pottery, sculptures. Reasonably priced. 25¢ for photos. Seaview Selections. 582 Clifton Station, Marblehead, Me. 01945.

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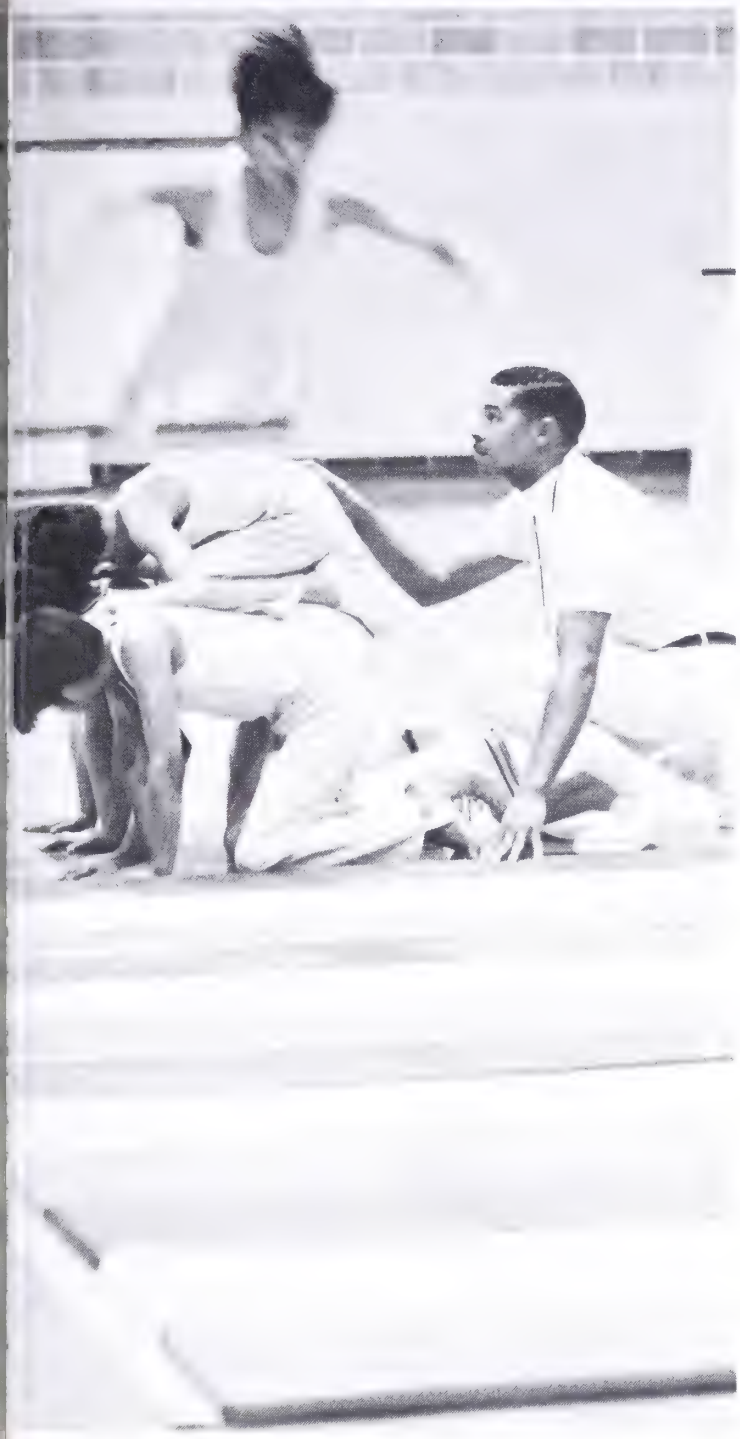
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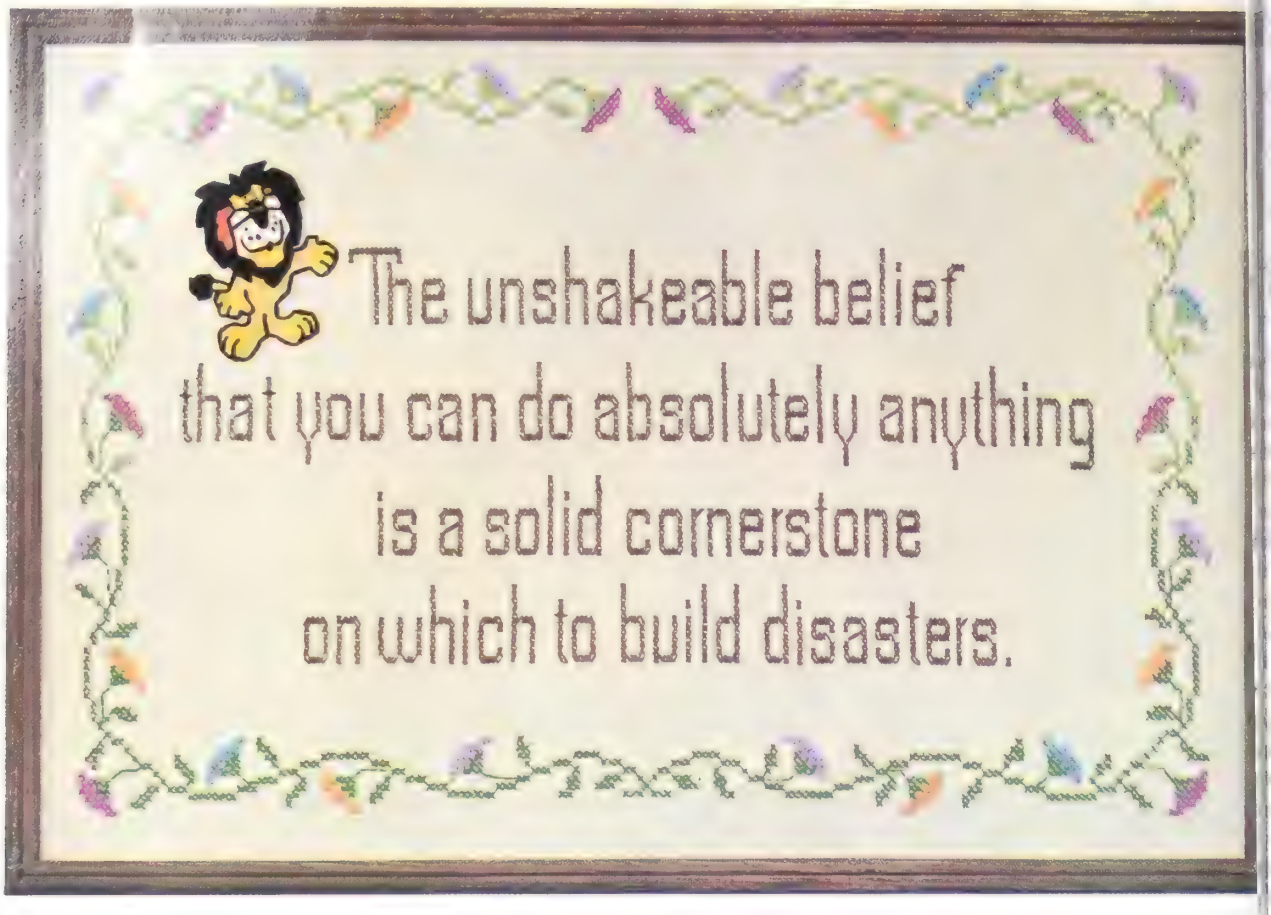
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LETTERS

Morality *v.* neomortality

ese ecology-minded days, what
e more commendable than to
the recyclers? In his article
esting the Dead," September]
llard Gaylin suggests that the
al for life after death is best
l here on earth. Not, of course,
:, conscious life but the end-
ıtinuation of respiration, cir-
ı, and vegetative function that
technology has made possi-
what used to be people. His
an fantasy is less fantastic
ymen might suppose. He is se-
echnology is serious. And the
orium is in part already with
commitment of medicine, in-
the nation, to anything scien-
apparently limitless.

with several thousand neo-
one could argue that hardly a
's distance of advancement in
derstanding or treatment of
ia would ensue. But this is ir-
t. No doubt there will come a
ıen scientists would give their
:ms(!) in exchange for a few
eomorts. But never mind the
Transplant banks of living
d bodies are a seductive
and, at least for periods of
are already a reality. So, the
ess of a neomortuary cannot
ounted.

many other physicians, I
ared for hopelessly brain-dead
(referred to by the less gen-
vegetables" or "gorks") who,
the tragedy of our technolog-
ıes, have been maintained by
es and nutritious solutions. A
ead but vegetating person con-
ıs with an emotional and psy-
cal dilemma that is badly re-
Either we go on mourning
of the person, the spirit-body,
atever it is we respond to in
or we cut our losses and call
getable, and treat it accord-
ingly. One cannot indefinitely treat a brain-dead person with the same respect one treats a person. Any nurse in a chronic-care facility will tell you that. But this is not a comfortable solution either. The mind (soul) does not sit in the body like a clam in its shell. The body, its form and heat and smells, are all inextricably part of being human.

We are being asked to exchange our deepest human responses to the living human form because the cost-benefit analysis promises that we can cure something, cheaply. We are being asked to detach our human feelings from what our minds tell us is technologically advanced (good). It is difficult enough to do autopsies. It requires the pathologist to dehumanize the body he works on. But he can do this because the body is cold, pale, and stiff. Even the simplest surgical procedure requires the surgeon to distance himself from the patient, but he can do this because of the immediate benefit he provides. We, however, are being asked to create, cultivate, and maintain a vegetable garden of living dead so that we can experiment at will. We will have to forget how human a warm foot is.

It is not a question of who is going to tend to the living, breathing mannequins in Dr. Gaylin's bioemporium, nor of how that person is going to keep his head together. I have no doubt there will be those who have very little difficulty isolating their work from their feelings. But do we want such a profound erosion of our humanity?

Mary E. Costanza, M.D.
Asst. Prof. of Medicine
Tufts University
Boston, Mass.

This is to congratulate you on the publication of "Harvesting the Dead." It is one of the most innovative, thoughtful, and deeply ethical articles I have ever read in this important field. Long after we are all dust, or "banked," Dr. Gaylin's pioneering efforts to make life out of the dead will be recognized.

Amitai Etzioni
Director and Professor of Sociology
Columbia University
New York, N.Y.

Literary query

I am writing a biography of Lyndon B. Johnson, 1908-1973, under contract with W.W. Norton, Inc., and I would appreciate receiving any memories, stories, or letters.

Ronnie Dugger
1017 West 31st Street
Austin, Texas 78705

Miller on Nixon

The convoluted niceties of Arthur Miller's psychoratiocination ["The Limited Hang-Out," September] notwithstanding, it is this reader's opinion that Mr. Nixon let the spools spin on because: (1) he remained sure, until about twelve hours before the Resignation-But speech, that he could continue to fool all the people all the time; (2) he could not bear for a single minute of his "great" administration to go unrecorded and thus deprive himself of any "Boy, *those*-were-the-days!" listening; (3) he would need mechanical total recall of every muddy moment in the Tattletale-Gray House for the series of books he would (and probably still will) publish in order to give Americans a five-foot shelf of overpriced Nixonia; thus continuing to bilk the pocketbooks and cloud the memories of a grateful and masochistic public.

Mrs. Irving Berler
Syosset, N.Y.

GAME

WHAT'S IN A NAME? by Lillian Koslover, Redondo Beach, Calif.

Is a person's name really just an acrostic for cryptic messages about his character or behavior? For instance:

Does Kissinger:	Did Picasso:	Did John Dean:
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Insisting	**P**aint	**D**eliver
Semites	**I**rrepressible	**E**vidence
Start	**C**anvasses	**A**ccusing
Indirect	**A**ntagonizing	**N**ixon?
Negotiations	**S**tandard	
Generating	**S**ocietal	
Essential	**O**rthodoxies?	
Rapprochement?		

This month readers are invited to devise their own acrostic analyses of famous characters from history, literature. Please limit your entries to readily identi personalities.

Send your entries on a postcard to "What's Name?" Harper's Magazine, Two Park Avenue, York, N.Y. 10016, no later than November 9. E become the property of *Harper's Magazine*. Wi entries will be published in the January issue. De of the editors is final.

First prize: *The Poster in History*, by Max (American Heritage Press).

Runners-up: *Simon and Garfunkel: Greatest* (Columbia Records).

Winners of "Lost and Found," the September game that asked readers to compose ads describing famous historical objects that might have gotten lost, are:

First Prize
(Sorry, no winner this month.)

Runners-up
A *Harper's* denim tote bag:

Reward: For information leading to recovery of approximately 160 pounds of salt, lost while traveling. Sentimental value. Ask for Lot at the first green tent in Segor Heights.

—John N. Koch
Madison, Wis.

Found: Real estate off Indian coast. Perfect for holiday getaway. Contact C. Columbus; cable: STMARIA.

—James C. Cusser
Washington, D.C.

Notice: On Tuesday last, my son vanished without a trace. Prior to this, he had been immersed in an ethical dilemma, but I'm optimistic that his disappearance was without his cognitive volition. If found, please ask him to think for just a moment about who he is and what his not being here means. Mrs. René Descartes, Sr., Paris.

—Marty Nelan
Chicago, Ill.

Lost: A large, red "A," of sentimental value only. Contact Hester Prynne, Salem.

—Frances Gibson
New Orleans, La.

Missing: Link between Homo sapiens and latest known predecessor. If found, contact Dr. Louis Leakey, Olduvai Gorge, Kenya.

—Dick Woodruff
Lansing, Mich.

Lost: One electoral mandate. Owner resigned to loss. If you know where it went, write: R.M.N., c/o Postmaster, San Clemente, Calif.

—Ellen Mutari
Hempstead, N.Y.

Found: Oversized child's hobby horse. Can be seen at Troy City Hall.

—Harry Roach
Brooklyn, N.Y.

Found: Large, dark bird, possibly a raven. Will go to person who can identify its one-word vocabulary. Contact E. A. Poe.

—Marie Berler
Syosset, N.Y.

Found: Twin baby boys near the banks of the Tiber River. Will parents please claim—boys are getting hungry. Write to Mrs. Canis Lupus.

—Willa Lane
Charleston, Ill.

Lost: Die cast around Rubicon area prior to Ides of March. Dyi their return. Send to Caesar's P Rome.

—Julia
Huntington, W

Lost: A manuscript, stained with dribblings and scorched with expl last seen in a Dublin pub. Plea turn in a plain wrapper to M Joyce, 3 Stephen's Green.

—Robert B. H
Resto

Notice: Thanks to all who calle cerning the item I had lost. It has regained. John Milton.

—Walter M
Alexandri

Found: 18½ minutes of histor significant tape recordings. Make Will go to highest bidder. Write M. Woods, Box F, Washington, D

—R. C. H
Newport Beach,

Lost: Important letter. Would embarrassing in wrong hands. Re Call Zimmerman, c/o German E sy, Washington, D.C.

—George Mc
Fort Lauderdale,

FUTURE GAMES: Readers are invited to submit their own suggestions for games. Those who invent games eventually published in the magazine will receive credit lines and prizes.

Next 10 Years: A Scenario by Walter Laqueur

Harper's Magazine

December 1974 $1.00

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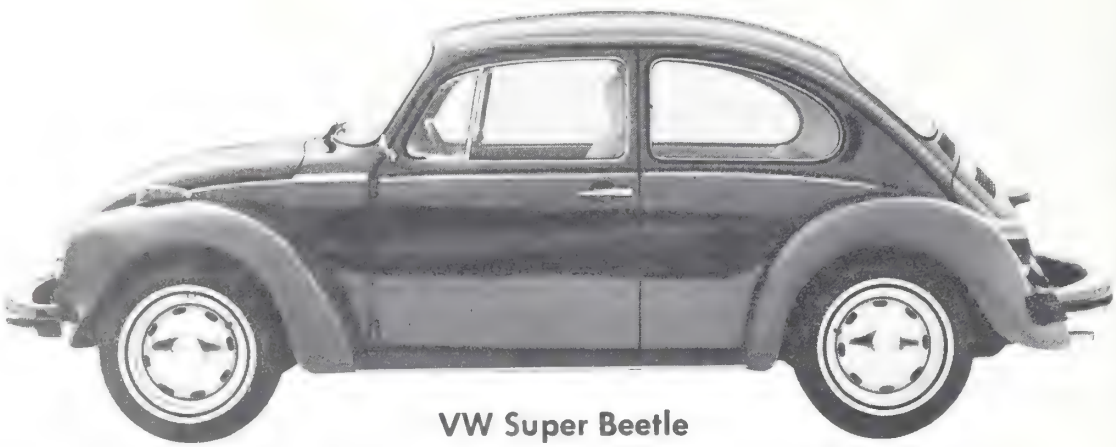
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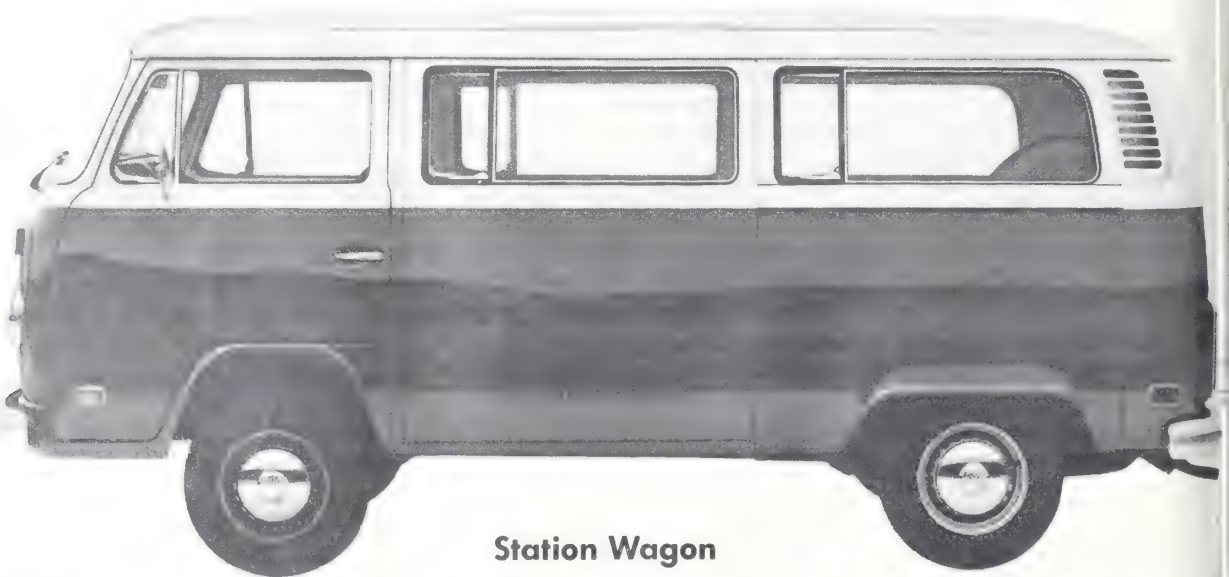
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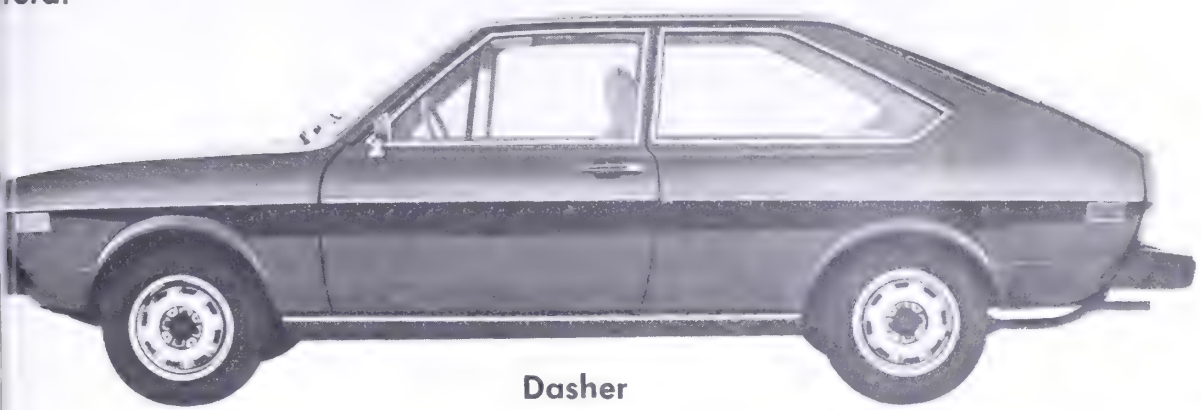
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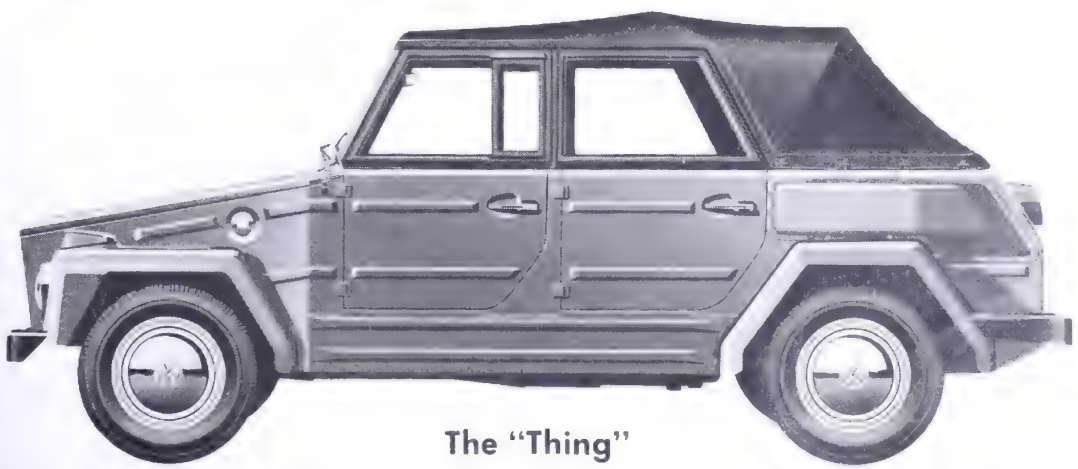
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Harper's

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WRAPAROUND

:EP AND DREAMS:
,ere Are You When The Lights Go Out?





e center lies the sleeper,
and private; content as
e can tell; restoring mind
ly through processes we
nly understand; disturb-
one. Ringed around him
ancing with various de-
stealth and menace is a
of merchants and scien-
ey want:
ll him a waterbed, a sleep
in electric blanket, bar-
s, designer sheets.
easure his brain waves,
movements, his reaction

ill his dreams for revela-
out personal problems,
chological phenomena,
liscovered states of con-
ess.
of them are after nothing
omplicated than money.
are engaged in disinter-
cholarship. Most fall be-
hese two extremes. But,
r their motives, they ex-
trait peculiar to our spe-
are incapable of letting
ough alone. Since Eve ate the apple, man- and womankind have pursued new knowledge and new avenues to power wherever they exist or can be created. Tinkering, experimenting, we have cars, cities, and consumer-action groups, machines that save men's backs and break their spirits.

It may be difficult, looking back across the centuries, to decide whether we are better off now than we were to begin with. But it is immediately obvious that we have been busy. Thus it should come as no surprise that what looks at first glance like the calm sea of sleep is in fact pulsing with energetic activity—and that myriad researchers are devoting all their waking hours to exploring the content, form, and meaning of sleep.

There's someone who'll show you how much sleep you'll get at each stage in your life. And someone who can point to the oddities produced in EEG waves by sleeping pills. Watching a baby, somebody wonders aloud why adults shouldn't use cribs, too (how awake do you have to be, anyway, to keep from falling out of a bed?).

Have you heard that telepathic communication is easier when you dream? That when you sleep you are periodically effectively paralyzed? That rapid eye movements follow the action of a dream as if it were a play? That even people who "never dream" dream several times a night?

How can they know what happens during sleep when they have to wake people up to find out?

This **WRAPAROUND** offers a selection of lore about the nighttime third of our lives. We've sampled the activities in and around sleep and dreams and we can report that they function beautifully as objects of scientific investigations, subjects of personal dramas, and pathways to the ultimately incommunicable rest that is silence.

—Judith Appelbaum

"A dream that is not interpreted is like a letter that is unread."
—The Talmud

WRAPAROUNDWRAP

"When they are asleep you cannot tell a good man from a bad one, whence the saying that for half their lives there is no difference between the happy and the miserable."
—Aristotle, 335 B.C.

"When a man's sleep is better than his waking it is better that he should die."
—Saadi of Shiraz (1184?-1291)

School for Sleeping

1. Sleep is not a soap bubble, but the image is useful.

2. Sleep is a crystal globe hanging from the bedroom ceiling. Inside the globe is a network of multicolored vanes. (Note the joints: uncemented, hard-edged mica points, obsidian wafers, razor-bladed leaves of chromium steel: precarious. Vanes that make a house of cards.) The globe . . . hangs. The glassblower left it there, suspended by that frozen shard.

3. Your job: lying flat, reach up, grasp the globe. No, much more subtly than that. If you jar it—snap the stem—all you have left is gritty powder in a bulb. Rather, wait. Body heat and wanting will melt the stem.

4. Then, pull it in. Creaking elbows. Bring the globe toward you. Quivering wrists. Balance, stability, nonchalance—*you* don't care. (Stealing string from underneath a sleeping bear.)

5. To your forehead. Balance it there. Now, if you've done it right—dissolved the umbilical shard, balanced the vibrating mica vanes, tilted neither right nor left, betrayed no sign of haste, the globe floating softly down, milkweed onto sea foam, no bump to puff crystalline lacework into dust, then

6. Sleep. You may contemplate the vanes. **—John Jerome**

John Jerome is now at work on a book entitled Truck.

"I used to enjoy being disturbed in my sleep in order to get a glimpse of it, and not allow it so senselessly to slip away." —Michel de Montaigne (1533-1592)

READERS

I am eighteen years old and I sleep with a teddy bear. Don't laugh. Just having something soft to wrap my arms around somehow makes me feel safer and more comfortable. Maybe if I were married I wouldn't need my teddy bear, but as it is, my bed is lonely. Why do teddy bears have a bad name among big people? How many kids have trouble sleeping?

—Susan O'Connor
Arlington, Va.

The longest medically supervised period of sleeplessness is 282 hours 55 minutes. Mrs. Bertha Van Der Merwe, a fifty-two-year-old housewife of Cape Town, South Africa, set the record in 1968.

If I Should Die

Sleep deprivation if carried out long enough results in death. Animal studies have reported death in young dogs after 4 to 6 days of sleep deprivation, in adult dogs after about 13 days.

—Ernest L. Hartmann
The Functions of Sleep, 1973

Turn and Face the Tiger

The Senoi of Malaysia, a tribe without any apparent neuroses or psychoses, are masters of the art of lucid dreaming, in which one is aware of himself and manipulates the activity in his dream. Dreaming is the most important aspect of Senoi life; the day is spent largely in dream-inspired activities.

In the Senoi system, the most important rule of dream control is what I call "Confront and conquer danger." Suppose that a Senoi child reports to his parents at breakfast: "I dreamed I was chased by a tiger last night, and I ran as fast as ever I could. He kept getting closer and closer. I woke up very frightened."

"It was good you had that dream, son, but you made a big mistake in it!" comments the father. "Unlike the jungle tigers, the tigers you see in your dreams can hurt you only if you run from them. They will continue to chase you only so long as you are afraid of them. The next time you must turn around and face the tiger. If it continues to attack, you must attack it."

"But what if it's too strong for me?"

"Call on your dream friends to help you, but fight alone until they get there. Always attack a dream image that attacks you."

The second rule of the Senoi is a parallel of the first: "Advance toward pleasure in a dream." The child is encouraged to have pleasurable sexual experiences in a dream, to enjoy them and extend them to the ultimate. He is also urged to enjoy the sensations o

The third rule is "A positive outcome." Sup child reports: "I dream falling from a great clif

The father or moth "That's a wonderful drea did you do?"

"I didn't do anythin fell. I woke up scared hit the ground."

"Oh, that was a mist earth spirits love you. Th calling you because th something to show you. Y stay asleep, even if you'r ened. Try to relax and l self land, to see what in things you will find. An fly, not just fall. Fly ar an interesting place."

Even being wounded in a dream is perceived a itive experience. The told that, if he is woun has reduced the power attacker by using up som attacker's strength. If he he has permanently ex the adversary's power, will immediately be rebo better form.

The dreamer should n his dream to end witho pleting a positive acti should fall or fly to a make love to orgasm, the death. The ultimat however, is to extract a b or useful gift from a dre age to share with the friends, and tribe in gen a dream enemy has bee fronted and conquered, it should be forced to gi dreamer something; if ne the dreamer may bargain tain it. If an amorphous must be dealt with, the d advances into the vague nous presence of, for ex smoke to find a gift. Th can be a poem, a story, a dance, a design, a pain some beautiful thing. Or be something useful—an tion or a solution to a pr The value of the gift sho such that the dreamer society's confirmation worth when he is awake.

—Patricia L. G

Patricia Garfield is the author o tive Dreaming *(Simon and Schust uary), from which this artic adapted.*

ping on the Job

ticipated in a sleep ex-
it once. Or, rather, I ap-
r the position and became
didate." The experiment
ng conducted in a men-
pital near Boston. They
y wanted good sleepers,
re willing to pay $15 a

doctor, who looked and
a good deal like Henry
er, said that they would
ng certain mild kinds of
pills eventually, but that
ey wanted all candidates
d a few nights sleeping
hospital so that their
aves could be tested for
lity." Most of the can-
were Harvard boys, but
sure what that had to
it.

irst night they glued elec-
on my head with globs
ber cement. The elec-
were attached up to a
sole that measured brain
My bed was a cot in a
ith another candidate. I
tisfactorily, but at about
a the morning I woke up
niddle of an orgasm. The
was unattached to any
It came without fore-
. It was not pleasurable.
mbarrassed because here
ese technicians with their
and they must have
it all. What kind of way
t to behave, come in for
experiment and have an
' I lay on my bed and
ed that nothing had hap-

technicians eventually
round with a solvent to
glue out of my hair, and
bbed my head roughly,
solvent didn't work very

second night I had an
again. Again it was close
ning. Again it was not
able. Again I was embar-
Two times in a row. *Two*
a row!
my cot I watched the
ading away from my head
onsole, and a technician
back toward me.
. when it was time for
ent, I made a big fuss about how it didn't work right.

I never went back to the experiment.

The following week I wrote a letter to the doctor saying that I was quitting because of the rubber cement. I'd had to get a haircut to get it out, I said. This was true. I told him to send me a check for two nights' work.

It is my belief that either I was weird or they were—take your choice.

But if this line of work ever tempts you, there's one thing you might keep in mind—namely, while you're asleep, *they're* awake.

—Jeff Lewis

Jeff Lewis is a roving reporter for The Real World.

THE QUANTUM LEAP

Perhaps the most intriguing event of the night is the passage from the last moment of wakefulness to the first moment of sleep. We think of going to sleep as a gradual process—a slow descent into oblivion through a kaleidoscopic reverie of half-formed images and undefined sensations. Yet, the onset of sleep is not "gradual." It happens in an instant. One second the organism is aware—the next second it is not. Awareness stops abruptly, as if 10 billion furiously communicating brain cells were suddenly placed on "standby" status.

—William C. Dement

Some Must Watch While Some Must Sleep, 1972

UNCOMMON SAWING

Snoring is certainly no respecter of wealth or position. Among the world's better-known snorers, according to Dr. [Marcus H.] Boulware's research, were Plutarch, Cato, Lord Chesterfield, Beau Brummel, Kings George II and IV, Winston Churchill, Mussolini and many United States Presidents.

"President Theodore Roosevelt once snored so loudly in a hospital," Dr. Boulware said, "that complaints were filed by almost every patient in the wing where he was recuperating."

—The *New York Times*
June 23, 1974



What the World Needs Is a Good Alarm Clock

I was walking along the Troitsky street and suddenly I saw that the man who was walking towards me was *asleep*. There could be no doubt whatever about this. Although his eyes were open, he was walking along obviously immersed in dreams which ran like clouds across his face. It entered my mind that if I could look at him long enough I should see his dreams, that is, I should understand what he was seeing in his dreams. But he passed on. After him came another also sleeping . . . Suddenly I found myself in the position of the prince in the "Sleeping Princess." Everyone around me was asleep. It was an indubitable and distinct sensation. I realized that it meant that many things could be *seen* with our eyes which we do not usually see. These sensations lasted for several minutes. Then they were repeated very weakly on the following day. But I at once made the discovery that *by trying to remember myself* I was able to intensify and prolong these sensations for so long as I had energy enough not to be diverted, that is, not to allow things and everything around me to attract my attention. When attention was diverted I ceased to see "sleeping people" because I had obviously gone to sleep myself.

—P. D. Ouspensky

In Search of the Miraculous, 1949



Erica Lennard

VAPAROUNDWRAPAR

SYNESTHESIA

Once in a dream I held in my hand a pearl. I have no memory-vision of a real pearl. The one I saw in my dream must, therefore, have been a creation of my imagination. It was a smooth, exquisitely molded crystal. As I gazed into its shimmering deeps, my soul was flooded with an ecstasy of tenderness, I was filled with wonder, as one who should for the first time look into the cool, sweet heart of a rose. My pearl was dew and fire, the velvety green of moss, the soft whiteness of lilies, and the distilled hues and sweetness of a thousand roses. It seemed to me the soul of beauty was dissolved in its crystal bosom.

—**Helen Keller** (1880-1968)

Anti-analysis

In the infinite series of ages, chance has produced many more extraordinary results in every kind of thing than it has in dreams; nor can anything be more uncertain than that conjectural interpretation of diviners, which admits not only of several, but often of absolutely contrary sense.

Let us reject, therefore, this divination of dreams, as well as all other kinds. For, to speak truly, that superstition has extended itself through all notions, and has oppressed the intellectual energies of all men, and has betrayed them into endless imbecilities. —**Cicero** (106-43 B.C.)



A STITCH IN TIME

A whole industry owes its livelihood to a dream that occurred to Elias Howe one night. His dreaming mind picked up his frustration at being unable to perfect the sewing machine. He dreamed that he had been captured by savages and dragged before a large assemblage. The king issued a royal ultimatum. If Howe did not produce a machine within twenty-four hours that could sew, he would die by the spear. As in life, Howe was unable to perform the frustrating task, and he saw the savages approaching to carry out the sentence. The spears slowly rose and then started to descend. Howe forgot his fear as he noticed that the spears all had eye-shaped holes in their tips. He awakened and realized that the eye of his sewing machine needle should be near the point, not at the top nor the middle. He rushed into his laboratory and fashioned a needle with a hole near the tip. It worked.

—**Montague Ullman, Stanley Krippner, and Alan Vaughan**
Dream Telepathy, 1973

Men dream more about male friends and acquaintances than they do about females, while women dream about equally of both sexes.

Clocking a Dream

Folklore has it that dreams occur instantaneously or that their duration is, at any rate, much briefer than that of the real-life events they purport to portray. Such contentions are not borne out by research on REM-period dreams. These periods are rarely less than ten minutes long and may last for an hour or more. That this time is devoted to dreaming one dream or one series of related episodes, rather than hundreds of "instantaneous" dreams, is suggested by several lines of evidence. —**David Foulkes**
The Psychology of Sleep, 1966

READERS

Last winter, for the first time in twenty-five years of frequent flying, I had a dream about travel by air. My usual dream about travel—an anxious dream—was about train trips: missed connections, lost luggage, not remembering where the hotel was. I last traveled intensively on trains in 1950-51 when I commuted from Boston to New York once a week to give a course.

Since I discovered cultural lag in dream travel, I have found that many of my contemporaries still dream about finding themselves in a college classroom, taking an examination in a course which they have not attended for some weeks, unsure what the subject is. I realized that I, too, had had this anxiety dream. But then last March, another breakthrough. I dreamed that I was giving a lecture, that I had lost my notes, that I did not know the title of what I was supposed to talk about.

On the basis of this evidence, I conclude it takes about twenty-five years for the subconscious to catch up with old anxieties and to substitute the new. Is there not some psychiatrist who can improve efficiency in this regard? —**C. P. Kindleberger**
Cambridge, Mass.

Once More, With F… Recurring Dreams

Which of my nightti… operas would you like … about?! I can assure … are *all* boring, each h… do with total, *federal*-c… ety! In the one I replay … often, I have been give… jor) part in a play of so… Usually, it isn't Broa… even off-Broadway, bu… high-school class play… isn't much time to l… lines, and sometimes a … pages of the script are … but I study and study a… and pester everybody … to rehearse with me. C… night of the performan… am a *total* disaster. I ca… remember a *line*, and c… they even came out ano… before the second act … gested I not go back *on*…

I would *love* not to *h*… dream anymore. . . . I … about twice a month!

—**Helen Gurle…**
Helen Gurley Brown is the … Cosmopolitan.

Because I began ball… late—when I was fi… brought to each class an … intensity. Shortly after … lessons I began to have … ring dream. I dreamed … was speaking to audi… was an actress; I addre… lies; I was an actor … Shakespeare. In all these … I expressed myself an… enced people through w…

Dancers are not intro… We spend too much tim… ing in front of a mirror … ing our mistakes to have … sure to indulge in psych…

Once upon a time, I, … Chou, dreamt I was a b… fluttering hither and thi… all intents and purposes … terfly. I was conscious … my happiness as a butter… aware that I was Chou. … awaked, and there I wa… tably myself again. No… not know whether I was … man dreaming I was a … fly, or whether I am no… terfly, dreaming I am a …

—**Chuang-Tze,** 4…

ies of newborn children own that they spend about cent of their sleeping time M sleep, while adults only about 20 percent of eeping time.

. So I never wondered dedicated as I was to a bal art, always dreamed essing myself in words. I enjoyed the dreams, and ften in times of discour- it they would come to They had a sustaining

n I became a professional I gained my initial repu- as a dramatic ballerina. vas not through choice. ow, whenever a choreog- wanted to do a dramatic e chose me, and the more ics responded to my dra- abilities, the more often graphers cast me in dra- roles.

most dancers, I never of my roles as a means ession. Dancers are con- with the movement and their bodies in relation music. We trust that the s we are creating in space, sed with music, will con- ballet's dramatic qualities. look for the motivation le; dancers seek phrasing e.

at the time I was danc- narily dramatic roles, my continued. I addressed es, acted and spoke roles, rangued groups almost

then I discovered Balan- or perhaps I should say ne mature enough as an o be ready for Balan- I experienced the pure, joy of allowing my body ompelled by the choreog- nd its relationship to the

ough I had been a pro- l dancer for many years, a new phase of technical ith Balanchine that lasted e day I retired. I wanted able to do any step or ent Balanchine could e because I thought that if ly limited his creativity I be the loser.

One night, dancing *Concerto Barocco*, a Balanchine work that epitomizes purity of movement and music, everything came together beautifully. My technique took over the steps; the orchestra was perfect; the tempos were inspired; the other dancers excelled themselves, and my partner and I worked together as one mind and body. I was not dancing. I was being transported, compelled to move by the music, and mystically moved by everything I had ever experienced and learned before, in my career and in my life. I have never been so exhilarated, exhausted, and fulfilled after a performance.

Months later I realized that I had not dreamed of speaking since that night. Soon after that, I decided to retire. There was no conscious connection. I just knew the right time had come.

I am now artist in residence at Skidmore College, where I teach ballet. I love the work, and all day long I speak, correct, exhort, criticize, and praise during class. I never stop talking, and I have to speak very loudly to be heard over the sound of music and movement in a crowded studio. I receive a great sense of achievement from teaching, but when I relax at home at the end of the day I am glad not to have the sound of my own voice ringing in my ears.

—Melissa Hayden

Melissa Hayden danced with the New York City Ballet for twenty-five years.

It is a satisfying dream. Even while dreaming, I recognize it as an old friend. I am lying on a cool tile floor in an airy white room with high, vaulted ceilings. There is no furniture. I am comfortable on the floor, and could easily snooze there. All windows and doors are open. I am there of my own accord.

Nobody else is around. I know, however, that if I should call out some friends and relatives would come. No strangers would come.

Absolutely certain of success, I then will my body to rise a few inches from the floor. This requires tremendous concentration. My muscles become as hard as cement. My attention is focused downward. My body throws off heat.

I rise.

I do not fly. I rise only an inch or two, only enough to prove that I am indeed capable of self-levitation. It is a tiny, almost ludicrous event with sensational implications.

I call out for witnesses. But my shouts weaken me, and I settle to the floor just as friends and relatives arrive. Chief among them is my brother Bernard, a physicist who is nine years my senior. It is he who can say with finality whether or not my powers are genuine. The others would believe anything.

The witnesses, including my brother, are not at all skeptical or disrespectful. They are as affectionate and supportive as they have been in real life.

I am lying on the floor, tired, and very aware of the force of gravity which flattens me against the tiles.

I say I will try again. Everyone is delighted and hopeful.

And I concentrate and concentrate, and I rise again.

—Kurt Vonnegut, Jr.

Kurt Vonnegut's latest book is Wampeters, Foma and Granfalloons *(Delacorte).*



Alexa Grace

"Dreaming permits each and every one of us to be quietly and safely insane every night of our lives."
—William C. Dement
Newsweek, 1959



Connections

On the night of February 17, 1964, Master Sergeant James Lee of Sheppard Air Force Base was reading in his home in Wichita Falls, Texas, when the telephone rang. It was his mother-in-law, Mrs. Rose Smith, calling from Clovis, New Mexico, about three hundred miles away. She told her son-in-law that she had just awakened from a nightmare in which she dreamed something terrible had happened to her daughter, his wife Selma Louise. Lee assured her that Selma Louise was well and that he would call her to the phone to prove it. When his wife failed to answer his call, he went looking for her and discovered the bathroom door locked. He forced his way in and found her dead.

—Elsie Sechrist

Dreams, Your Magic Mirror, 1968

PAROUNDOWRAPAROU

Two Swiss scientists have succeeded in analyzing the chemical structure of a natural sleep factor. When drawn from the blood of one sleeping animal it can induce sleep in another.

A Question of Conditions

We are determined, since you only go around once, to travel down the Nile by boat. The only boat in these parts goes from Wadi Halfa at the Sudan/Egypt border to Aswan, overnight. There is a cabin with beds, a shower to melt off layers of sweat and muck, and a binocular view of Abu Simbel. Worth it in retrospect, I suppose.

Lord Kitchener built a railroad from Khartoum to Wadi Halfa. No airplane. No bus. No roads. Reserved seats in first and second class are booked months ahead. So we go third class.

My companion says if he designed Hell it would be a third-class passage in a Third World country. We had met people coming the other way who claimed they rode on the roof, strapping themselves onto the metal rods on top of the train. We didn't really believe them.

The train leaves Khartoum at 6:40 A.M. and we are cleverly at the station, at the barricades, ready to press and shove our way aboard, by 5:30. It has to do with survival. We are near the head of the line.

But the train is full of uniformed men with guns, saving all the seats for their friends. The entire population of the Sudan is on this train. There is no room even to stand in the aisles. The roof is lined with squatters from engine to caboose.

We bluff our way to the dining car, for first-class passengers only. We take full, guilty advantage of our pale complexions. We order coffee, then tea, then a meal, tipping heavily, have another meal, and stay all day.

But it doesn't wash. The conductor shouts in Arabic and we understand his intent. We must shove back to third class. We elbow and push and nudge with a rudeness unknown in a New York subway at rush hour. The Sudanese beam at us, reveling in our downfall.

A compartment meant for 50 holds 200 people, jammed down on the rows of slatted seats, compressed into luggage racks, squashed on the floors, dangling out windows. Tempers fray, babies howl. The drinking water is thick brown mud, the temperature past 100, the stench miasmic.

By 10:00 at night I've squirmed a corner of the floor to myself at the latrine door. The odor here hums, but I'm sitting. My companion has a more sanitary spot but no supporting wall. Amazingly, we are able to sleep, sitting up askew, in a heap of bodies like a grainy photo of Auschwitz.

Next day the conductor ejects us from the dining car even earlier, even angrier.

The next night we fare no better. But before midnight word drifts back, somehow in English, too, that the train has stopped indefinitely because the desert is flooded, the tracks submerged. Workmen with shovels and baskets will come and dig it out, eventually.

The train doors open, the people rush out to the sand, stretch out and lie down. We stretch, too. There is a pale zephyr of breeze out here, a temperature at least twenty degrees cooler. Space to flail, if we want to. A glorious, deep, comfortable sleep.

Now, back in this country, I am irritated by a few grains of picnic sand between our king-size, no-iron, flowered sheets.

—Eileen Johnson

Eileen Johnson, a free-lance journalist, has just completed a two-year trip around the world.

"Slepinge longe is eek a greet norice to Lecherie."
–Chaucer
The Canterbury Tales
(c. 1387-1400)



THE EAST IS COZIER

According to the Simmons Company, the world's largest mattress manufacturer, 57 per cent of its mattress sales in the West are in the extra large king and queen sizes and only 23 per cent are the cozy, old-fashioned double size.

In the East, however, fully 35 per cent of Simmons' sales are double beds.

—The *New York Times*
April 21, 1974

Catnap

The most interesting
sleep to me is the catn
fall asleep for ten or fifte
utes, I have amazing drea
the state I find myself i
I awake is perhaps the
and yet most amazing
ever experienced.

I am unable to sense a
of my body. Somehow i
that my entire body is
but I am awake. I am aw
I am breathing, yet some
me sees that my nerves
making connections. The
ly the nerves seem to w
and my body becomes fill
warm tingling sensatio
same kind of sensatio
might experience when yo
or leg has "gone to sleep.

In the few seconds
takes to fully sense my b
seems that a lifetime has
I am oblivious to where
where I am going, and
have come from. I seem,
to be aware that I am ali

In states like these I
glimpse into what life
without the thoughts, f
and tensions that I or
carry around with me ar
I think necessary for m
tence. It has often seeme
if I did not have these th
and feelings, if I did no
this tension, I would die.

I remember one time a
from a catnap in a state of
I couldn't sense my bod
my breathing was shallo
rapid. I didn't know whe
was alive or dead. I wa
scared. After some time, t
sensations started to fill m
and I was able to relax a

This experience made
impression on me, and I t
remember what this pan
minded me of; then I th
this must be what it is like
a baby wakes up and r
that it is alone, scared, and
ing its mother. Or whe
realizes for the first time
one is alive, grown-up, and
in a world of 3 billion p

—Michael H. Gi

Michael H. Gibbons is sports ed
The Real World *and director of*
kinetic research at the Institute fo
ies in Ontological Nuclei in Cam
Massachusetts.

...re are cases recorded in ...nglish and American law ...it has been held that a ...dal act during the night ...mmitted during sleep and ...son charged has been ac... of murder." —Ian Ousald ...Dawn Wire

...PILLOW OF ...LITY

...t did it matter where you ...e you were dead? In a ...ave or in a marble tower ...on a high hill? You were ...ou were sleeping the big ...ou were not bothered by ...ave that OK and water ...e same as wood and air ...You just slept the big ...on coming about the nav... ...d how you died or where ...

—Raymond Chandler
The Big Sleep (1939)

...r of the Wolf

...e is no time more silent. ...If gray glass covered the ...muffling all the sounds ...time by, perhaps tell our... ...y. Night is gone and it ...yet dawn. It is the hour ...wolf. Psychologists say ...fenses are lowest at this ...ur egos most fragile. In ...s of dreams, nothing is ...ted, but now, awake, we ...r rhythm and are open to ...So the wolf who hunts ...and with cunning before ...t is an appropriate symbol ...rudimentary fears that ...our usual defenses at five ...in the morning.

...n I wake at this hour. ...ing stands still. I cannot ...be sleeping, who would ...ily comfort me. I cannot ...d it seems too frighten... ...go out. Wide-eyed I walk ...ily in my own haunted ...

...quite obviously a time ...through if one can man... Even coming home late ...dance, from a Staten ...erry ride, or into a for... ...port, the lull seems per... ...and cheerless. The hours ...n five and seven must be ...ngest of the day. With ...lief I watch the dawn.

—Valerie Brooks

...rooks is on the staff of Harper's.

How to Spend a Two-Dog Night

Almost everybody who knows as much about dogs as Lawrence Welk is aware that Three Dog Night is the name of a rock group. A more select minority knows that a three-dog night is colder than a two-dog night, although not so cold as a four-dog night in that part of Russia inhabited by people called Samoyeds.

In the interests of those other than Samoyeds, who seem to be too cold to care whom or how many they sleep with, I will address myself to rules for sleeping with two dogs. For the few who have already mastered this technique I will later add a cat, although I urge beginners to leave the cat out.

To achieve any sort of success, certain arbitrary conditions must be assumed, the first one being that you must have a king-size bed. There is no point in lying down in anything smaller. While the size or breed of dog is not important (people who sleep with dogs know that before the night is over everybody collects into a pile), the condition of the dogs may be. Very thin dogs, for instance, are lumpier. (You'll notice that the Samoyeds have developed comfortable dogs.)

I have selected the two-dog minimum because, as we shall see, it is the only way to stay in bed at all. The key word here is Leverage. All dogs spend the night pressed tightly against their human bedfellows, but no two dogs ever sleep on the same side. This is, in part, an expression of the Let Sleeping Dogs Lie principle. It is also to create Leverage.

Because the human is always in the middle, held tightly in place by the dogs and by his blanket (which the dogs are sleeping on top of), restlessness and recurring cramps are difficult to handle. Here is a tip: when you first lie down and before the dogs settle against each side of you, spread your legs three inches apart. Stiffen and hold out no matter how great the pressure. When the time comes to turn over, bring the legs together quickly under the now slightly slackened blanket and reverse before the dogs wake up. As soon as you have accustomed a new position, allow for three crucial three inches again. Otherwise you're a mummy for the rest of the night.

Never spread the legs more than three inches. A dog's favorite place to sleep is in the hollow created by legs too widely spread, and once settled he and you are frozen into position until morning. (There is a way out of this man, but it is difficult to describe without sliders.) Dogs who prefer to sleep on their backs must be given turning space three times the height of the dog at the shoulder. Dogs who like pillows may be accommodated if you sleep on your side with the legs scissored so that each dog has an ankle for a chin rest.

Above all, beware of curling. When the curl is reversed, both dogs are dislocated, resulting in low growls on both sides of you.

When you are ready to add a cat, position is all-important. (This is a trick the Samoyeds have long since mastered.) All cats prefer to sleep in hollows, but no cat will sleep on the same side as a dog. (Remember, you have only two sides.) You must therefore become a triangle. Do this by assuming a horizontal diver's crouch, thereby creating not only three more-or-less exclusive sides but two hollows as well. With one dog at your front and the other against your back, the cat can curl into the hollow at the back of your bent knees, separated from both dogs. All will then sleep soundly.

The Samoyeds have left no written instructions in any language we can decipher for coping with early-morning scratching, possibly because they are always awake early scratching themselves. They must also have solved the problem of pretending to sleep while being closely scrutinized by various animals, but again they tell us nothing.

Just as well. Too much to remember at once will keep you awake.

—Irving Townsend

Irving Townsend, author of the Less Expensive Spread, writes a weekly column for the Santa Barbara News-Press.

"Soft slumber set his aged spirit free."
—Science
Findings, 87 Lit.



ROUNDOWRAPAROUND

Great men and geniuses are often either very long or very short sleepers. Edison and Napoleon reputedly got four to six hours of sleep per day. Einstein was said to be a very long sleeper.

GOD TURNE US EVERY DREM TO GOODE

In the Eskimo language, there are a great many words for *snow*. It makes sense—any culture that has to pay close attention to something will detect in it fine distinctions and express them verbally. Now, suppose that the climate changed and Eskimo-land became semitropical. All those words for *snow* would become useless, and after a while everyone would forget what they meant. One word for *snow* would become sufficient, used perhaps when one Eskimo described his skiing holiday to friends.

Although the analogy does not fit perfectly, something like this has happened to the word *dream* in English. During the Middle Ages, when people spoke Middle English, we had at least a half-dozen words for *dream*. Today, not even scholars can figure out what they were meant to distinguish.

In the preface to his poem called "The House of Fame," Chaucer says that:

. . . hyt is wonder, be the roode,
To my wyt, what causeth swevenes
Eyther on mòrwes or on evenes;
And why the effect folweth of somme
And of somme hit shal never come;
Why that is an avisioun
And this a revelacioun,
Why this a drem, *why that a* sweven.
And noght to every man lyche even;
Why this a fantome, *why these* oracles,
I know not . . . (emphasis added)

Paraphrased, this means:

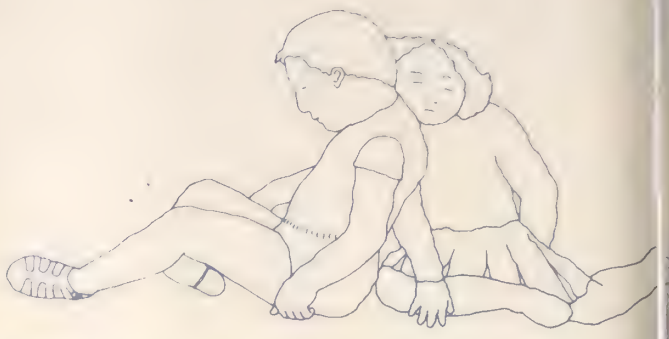
It is a mystery, by the (Holy) Rood,
To my understanding, what causes (dreams type one)
Of either the morning or evening varieties;
And why some foretell a reality
While others do not;
Why that one is a (dream type two)
And this a (dream type three)
Why this a (dream type four), and that a (dream type one),
And not every person has the same kind;
Why this a (dream type five), and these (dreams type six),
I know not . . .

This obviously loses something in translation, something our whole culture has lost in the last 700 years. There even used to be *genres* of *swevenes, avisiouns, revelaciouns, fantomes, oracles,* and *dremes,* a fact Chaucer mentions a little later. Today, all we have left are our *dremes*. And do not be misled: whatever Chaucer meant by *oracle,* for example, he did not mean *oracle* in the sense we now use the word. The above were all technical terms, used by *grete clerkys*.

The real significance of words like these is lost when the cosmology in which they operated is lost. Between Chaucer's time and our own lie such events as industrialization: we have more words for machines than he did. And along the way we have even picked up one word for dream that Chaucer never had occasion to use: nightmare.

—David McClelland

David McClelland writes frequently for WRAPAROUND.



Not Tonight, Deer

Among the Taoist teachings the following story is told:

A woodcutter, gathering fuel, came across a deer which had wandered from its usual haunts and was startled and lost. He, therefore, succeeded in killing it without much difficulty. While he was overjoyed with his good fortune, he was also afraid of being discovered, so he buried the animal with the intention of coming back the next day. When he returned, he could not find the place where he had buried the deer and finally became convinced that the whole thing was only a dream. As he walked home, he told the strange story to many passersby. One of these people recognized the place described by the woodcutter and decided to go look for the deer, which he, indeed, found. When he returned home, he told his wife:

"A woodcutter dreamed that he had killed a deer, but he could not find the deer in reality. I have, however, found the deer so clearly his dream was, in fact, reality."

The wife answered:

"No, dear husband, it is you who must have dreamed that you met a woodcutter who had caught a deer, because here is the deer and where is the woodcutter? Apparently it is your dream which has come true!"

Meanwhile, the woodcutter saw in a dream the place where he had hidden the deer and also the man who had taken it. In the morning he set off to find the man and to recover the deer which he felt was rightfully h... When he found the man, a ... argument ensued, and the ... ter was taken to the courts. ... judge made the following ... sion:

"You, sir," he said, turni... the woodcutter, "began by ... killing a deer, but you wr... took reality to be a dream. ... later you dreamed that you ... the deer and wrongly took ... dream to be reality, since ... deer now was in the posse... of someone else."

Turning to the other ge... man, he said, "And you beli... what you were told was a d... to be, in fact, reality.

"So, gentlemen, the w... matter is very confusing to ... and I think it is best to d... the whole deer between ... both."

The case, however, did ... rest there and was referred ... higher court to higher court ... ultimately to the Prince of ... State, who made the final ... sion:

"I am unable to disenta... the part that is dream from ... part that is reality. I stro... suspect that the judge may ... tually have dreamed the w... thing. If you do, however, ... to distinguish between d... and reality, you would hav... turn to either the Yellow ... peror or Confucius and, u... tunately, both of these ... sages are dead!"

—Katherine Koma...

Katherine Komaroff is a member o... Tyler Workshop for Contemp... Graphics. She is the author of Sky ... The Sun and the Moon in Art and ... *(Universe Books).*

WRAPAROUND CONTINUED ON PAGE ...



in the classic bottle 11.00 to 400., Spray Perfume 8.50, Eau de Toilette 7.00 to 20.00, Eau de Cologne 5.00 to 20.00, and Spray Cologne 7.00

Anthony Astrachan

A CITY THAT WORKS

Toronto as a model of an alternative future



JUST NORTH OF THE United States border, a morning's drive from Buffalo, is an exception to the world's endless nightmare procession of malfunctioning cities. Toronto has the lowest crime rate of any major city in North America. Its schools, public transport, and municipal government rank among the best on the continent. It is Canada's financial capital and one of its industrial strongholds, but the population of the central city has actually increased by 6 percent in the past twenty years. Toronto used to brag about its skyscraper boom; in 1971 it spent more per capita on construction than any other city in the world. But when citizens decided that they wanted to preserve a quality of life, they were able to elect a reform city council and mayor who have started to limit the number of high-rises, and consult neighborhoods about their development.

Toronto, in short, is a city that works. Arnold Amber, a television news editor who came here five years ago after living in cities on three continents, says he didn't like it at first. "Most newcomers don't. It seems to have no style, no flavor. But it grows on you." It started to grow on him one May 24, Queen Victoria's birthday, a fireworks day in Canada. A neighbor's child was injured when a firecracker went off while he was holding it. Amber, new in the neighborhood, called police to ask which hospital to take the boy to. As he drove up to the hospital's emergency entrance, an intern and two nurses ran out to take the child from him. The police, it turned out, had called and asked them to get ready, an unexpected touch that an American would think himself lucky to find in a small town.

Later that night, three celebrants staggered down Amber's street with a case of empty beer bottles, breaking them one at a time. Someone called the police, who arrived within minutes, soon enough to prevent at least one offender from getting away. The roadway was full of broken glass from the bottles. Amber called the City Works department at 7:00 A.M., was told not to worry, and saw a truck arrive within fifteen minutes.

Some of the things that make Toronto a functioning city can provide hints or even formulas for other places trying to escape approaching disaster. But it takes particular qualities as well as general efficiency to bring sanitation men out to clean up broken glass at 7:00 A.M.—or to decide that you don't have to demolish existing housing in order to accommodate new residents. Jane Jacobs, author of *The Death and Life of Great American Cities*, who came here from New York to dissociate herself from the Vietnam w stayed because the city respon so many of its people's need the essential quality "a sani you can't impose deliberately servative without being reacti Unlike the States, there's no c sion to keep repeating mistak

In Toronto that sanity is woven with a local version o might be called Canadian n character if Canadians were ways asking themselves wha national character is. Mayor Crombie speaks of "an insti order, not law and order the w U.S. media speak of them, but thing that makes people unea thing is not done in the proper

It may be Canadian, but it work the same way in Montr Vancouver. These intangibles at least in part from the loca centrations of Scottish Calvinis British merchants with their h of conscience and cricket. The tion made the city dour and dull old days. Immigration since War II from Italy, Greece, Po and other countries that are an but Wasp has cured those com and given Toronto a new col vitality. More than a third of th ple of metropolitan Toronto ar Wasp immigrants. So far they to fit the Canadian myth of r rather than melting pot—a patt order, of toleration through a

Anthony Astrachan, a veteran foreign correspondent, is writing a book about Canada and the United States.

d appreciating differences. The is different, however, and may rouble in the future.

IDEA OF ORDER among neigh-s is related to another Canadi-dition: fighting any concen- of power. The federal gov-nt in Ottawa is of course a izing force, but the Canadian ution gives the ten provinces eal power than the U.S. Con-n gives the fifty states. Can-probably the only federal state world where the provinces can assert themselves against the government, as Alberta and chewan did over oil resources the energy crisis earlier this Cities in Canada are creatures provinces much more than an cities are of the states. The on of decentralized power still ates downward to the way mu-government is organized.

doxically, the province of On-as often proved that tradition ervening in Toronto's affairs. st of these interventions dealt classic problem: the Toronto olitan area had become a bat-for warring jurisdictions that not shoulder postwar urban s individually. The central city one big amalgamation; the s said, "Never." Leslie Frost, e Ontario premier and a ge-compromise, issued a provin-der in 1953 to thirteen munici-, to come together and estab-miniature federation, a metro-supergovernment that would areawide responsibilities but considerable power to local ments. If it had been put to a dum, the idea probably would een defeated, as the voters of County in Florida defeated the metropolitan government for and its suburbs. As it was, the palities had to be dragged into kicking and screaming, but the vernment worked so well that as hardly a murmur in 1967 e thirteen municipalities were ized into six—the city of To-with a third of the total pop-) and five suburban boroughs. o handles public transit, po-lfare, ambulance services, and g for the elderly. Local gov-ts take care of many services, refighting to parking lots. two tiers share many key ser-



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vices. Local governments, for instance, collect sewage and garbage; Metro takes care of treatment and disposal. Streets and school systems are shared responsibilities. So are land use, development control, and city planning, but the city of Toronto has taken the initiative from Metro in these key areas.

The two-tier system means that burdens like welfare and police are shouldered by the whole of Metro instead of crippling any one component. It has also saved the central city by ensuring that if the mobile middle class moved to the suburbs, it would not be leaving the core to rot. It continued to pay for the core through property taxes, which impelled some people to stay in the center or move back to it, while others came to think of downtown as theirs, just as much as the neighborhood they lived in. (Each borough or city adds its own mill rate to the Metro mill rate, and the taxes paid by average homeowners for similarly priced houses in the central city and the farthest suburbs seldom differ by more than $30.) This, perhaps, is Metro's fundamental achievement—Toronto is still a city where neighborhoods mean something. A neighborhood in this sense is a district whose residents know at least some of their neighbors, help each other in emergencies, and organize part of their lives around common institutions like a school, a church, or a taxpayers' association. In Toronto there are at least fifty such neighborhoods, many with different ethnic or class orientations but hardly racial or economic ghettos.

It was in the neighborhoods that the first battles were fought to make Toronto respond to its citizens' desires, and the neighborhoods remain bases of political power. Fifty years ago, the taxpayers' association of the Annex, a center-city neighborhood, then entirely upper middle class, fought off a proposal to put a hospital in a place the homeowners didn't like. Most of the subsequent victories also went to neighborhoods where the bourgeoisie took command. In the 1960s, however, lower-middle-class and working-class neighborhoods began to fight city hall and the building-boom developers, struggling to keep existing houses instead of seeing them demolished to make room for high-rises the residents couldn't afford. They lost more battles than they won at first, b[ut] won some important ones [w]ith help of the Ontario Municipa[l] a tribunal with authority to se[t]tle disputes between citizens and mu[n]icipalities. They defeated a plan tha[t] would have redrawn the aldermani[c] districts of the city of Toronto into lo[ng] north-south strips whose [in]habitants would be dominated by upp[er] people living in the northern [part] of the city. With this and oth[er] successes, more and more peop[le] realized it was possible to fight c[ity] And, as neighborhood leaders [ran] into the city council, city ha[ll] became a magnet for bright[er] reformers.

In their successes and failu[res] some common themes other [cities] could try—a willingness to te[st] ideas regardless of ideologica[l] and a healthy skepticism abo[ut] conventional wisdom. They dislik[e] proliferation of high-rise office[s] ings and detest the Robert [Moses] concept of urban renewal, dest[roy] neighborhoods to put up an[d] towers and buzzing expres[sways]. The reformers' act that has al[so] the most controversy so far i[s] council vote last year to put [a] year moratorium on construct[ion] any building more than fo[ur] feet high (about five stories) [in] downtown area of about 400 [city] blocks. The construction in[dus]counters that such limits are r[es]sible for Toronto's housing sh[ort] and high housing prices. In[de]however, there is a housing sh[ort] all over Canada, even in cities [with] few building constraints, becau[se] rapid population growth and be[st] the cost of land per unit of ho[us] rose beyond any hope of mak[ing] profit in a free market.

LIMITING THE HEIGHT of buildi[ngs] hardly dramatic compare[d] some of the other ideas Toro[nto] city planners are trying. One is [re]banking: the city proposes to [buy] $30 million worth of land over [ten] years, 90 percent of it financed [by] loan from the federal governm[ent]. The city would assemble the land, hold it long enough to stabilize [the] land and housing prices. When h[ou]ing is built on the land with fe[der]and provincial financing, the p[ro]is expected to provide a much gr[eat]variety of sites than conventional [pri]vate or public housing. It has



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aged the development of new
of housing and of neighbor-
that will integrate low- and
-income people.
new wrinkle is low-rise hous-
t fills in existing backyards. It
n tried in a few U.S. cities but
ver been made the object of
lown policy. In Toronto it is
ed with architect Jack Dia-
His first "infill" project is a
ite for two twenty-four-story,
ed apartment towers that
ave demolished a block full of
ve period architecture. Dia-
ound he could preserve all the
houses on the street, build
six-story infill units in the
rds, leave enough open space
fy tenants, and still come up
e same number of homes as
vers. At the same time, he
mix low- and medium-income
, single-room boarders, and
s needing up to five bedrooms,
reserving much of the charac-
he block and creating an en-
ent that people would enjoy.
rm has not meant as many
s in transit as in housing be-
Metro has always been com-
to efficient mass transit. In
areas as well, however, new
ame into play, and the shift
dramatic to people who kept
the spread of cars and ex-
ays during the fast-growth era.
to actually has fewer high-
r its population and area than
merican cities.) Here, as in
city, passenger fares do not
the costs of mass transit. The
ouncilmen, mired in conven-
wisdom, thought their only
this year an increase of fares
roperty taxes, and were lean-
ard a raise in fares. Popular
made them stop and think.
U.S. citizens, many Canadians
that their roads are run at a
and are quite prepared to run
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icked up most of the Toronto
Commission losses (estimat-
6.2 million in 1972).
this kind of support, the TTC
e to reverse the trend in most
American cities: it carried
llion passengers last year, up
ion from 1972.
ard Soberman, a Toronto
rtation planner, says that one
the city supports public tran-
at its large immigrant popu-



Should you give Kodak's newest, best XL movie camera? Or Kodak's newest, best movie projector?

Or both? If choose you must, the new Kodak XL360 movie camera makes a fine gift. It lets you take exciting color movies without movie lights and comes with power zoom lens and range-finder. And with Kodak type G Ektachrome 160 movie film, you can take movies indoors or out without changing the filter.

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Kodak XL movie cameras/Kodak Moviedeck™ projectors
FOR YOUR FAMILY TREE

lation learned the virtues of subsi[illegible] systems in London, Hamburg, [illegible] and other European cities which people often mention at public meetings. That's just one of the many benefits Toronto has derived from postwar immigration. About 37 percent of the Metro population is foreign-born, and 37 percent is of ethnic descent (neither British nor French), but it's not the same 37 percent. The ethnics are the major reason the city is no longer "Toronto the Dull."

Middle-aged British ladies talk about the way the Italians have taught the Wasps how to use the city's lovely parks, and taught the police not to bother people who drink wine alfresco. Central Europeans and Jews play a disproportionate role in keeping theater, art, and music going, as they do in most American cities. (Toronto has at least three theaters up to off-Broadway standards and a dozen as good as off-off-Broadway.) Italians, Greeks, Chinese, Portuguese, and people of other nationalities have created an array of restaurants and cafés.

Beneath this surface happiness lies the most likely source of future trouble for the city that works. The social and financial elites are still heavily Wasp. Ethnics have been rising in politics, communications, labor, and some professions, but there is no doubt that the Establishment and the prevailing habits of thought are still heavily Scottish Calvinist and British bourgeois. The average Torontonian may not feel he need be aware of the minorities, but these people are very aware of themselves.

The first thing they want is the North American dream, a house and a car, which they can get without disturbing the myth of the ethnic mosaic. The next thing they want is an end to the psychological ghetto, which is Toronto's substitute for the physical ghetto and an inevitable consequence of the mosaic myth. Gloria Montero of the Center for Spanish-Speaking Peoples calls it "a subtle discrimination against anyone who doesn't seem to be of white European stock." Blacks note the readiness of police to suspect them if something untoward happens (though they admit that the police commissioner is trying to correct this) and the proportion of blacks in Toronto's jails—much higher than their 2.5 percent of the Metro population. Italians, Portuguese, Greeks protest the way the T[illegible] school system shunts their c[illegible] off to the lower tracks leading [illegible] vocational high schools, whic[illegible] been conveniently located in [illegible] borhoods with heavy ethnic c[illegible] trations. It's subtler than wha[illegible] pens to blacks in U.S. cities, [illegible] sounds painfully familiar.

The ethnics' complaints ma[illegible] a painful split through the T[illegible] community if they are not liste[illegible] The threat may be the strong[illegible] cause these groups have little [illegible] the reform that is such a r[illegible] force in Metro. Most of the r[illegible] ers are Wasps. Their constitue[illegible] either more middle-class tha[illegible] ethnics or less able to buy the [illegible] homes as a move up the soci[illegible] der. Many are construction w[illegible] whose jobs disappear when g[illegible] is limited, and even more as[illegible] their North American dream w[illegible] growth-minded developers who[illegible] reformers oppose. The city h[illegible] gun an attempt to change; the s[illegible] are beginning to respond to [illegible] demands, and the media are [illegible] ning to let them speak for them[illegible] Ethnic attitudes may also c[illegible] with time. But the Toronto Est[illegible] ment (like the federal governm[illegible] Pierre Trudeau) keeps ignori[illegible] important facts. These people [illegible] necessarily think the same wa[illegible] Establishment does and, in th[illegible] five years, they have played a [illegible] role in overturning Establis[illegible] governments in Canada's three[illegible] rie provinces. The Toronto m[illegible] ties have not ignored these t[illegible] They have convinced the mild[illegible] cialist New Democratic party[illegible] their votes are among its best [illegible] for gaining seats in the prov[illegible] parliament; if they mobilize, [illegible] may greatly influence what the[illegible] ince does for and to the city.

CLASS AS WELL AS RACIAL div[illegible] may also disturb the To[illegible] peace. Ethnics who can't escape[illegible] poverty are doubly alienated. T[illegible] to also has plenty of Wasp [illegible] many of them migrants from the[illegible] Atlantic provinces to Canada's[illegible] city. They can't live cheaply [illegible] town as easily as the poor do in[illegible] cities, because downtown is f[illegible] middle-class neighborhoods. I[illegible] opers and reformers are both[illegible] dominantly middle class, ar[illegible]



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e best kind of homes to build
n, and are only slowly begin-
help people who are forced to
cause they are too poor to
e down payment on a house.
nd ethnic and class tensions,
o's problems are the usual
adolescent cities. It may still
y to the diseases of growth.
oughs must find ways to over-
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nany areas look as though the
geles strain had infected them.
Crombie wants Metro to
nto one big city that will take
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other politicians swear they
it amalgamation and the con-
on of power it will produce.
Toronto needs to develop
balanced appreciation of its
tues. It is always looking to
t really belongs in the same
with New York, Chicago, and
al. If the city begins to prize
mth of its minorities instead
ario-izing" them, it may stop
old to strangers. As the city
p, people may stop complain-
it has no flavor. Some neigh-
ls are pleasantly reminiscent
klyn or Georgetown in the
and are the kind of place
an eight-year-old can walk
n blocks from a Cub Scout
, alone and safely, after dark.
one of the qualities which has
oronto a haven for more U.S.
than any other Canadian
a migration that has reversed
itional flow of people from
to the United States. (In
ore than 22,000 Americans
d to Canada; fewer than
Canadians went to the States.)
is, however, a slight irony
elcome Toronto gives these
nts. It was originally built
as a fort to prevent a U.S. in-
f Canada, and it is the main
of Canadian nationalism to-
e nationalists are bitter crit-
e extent of U.S. holdings in
—58 percent of manufactur-
most of the natural-resource
es—and want Canada to as-
rol of its own economy. The
ists and the Toronto reform-
something in common—the
construct what William Kil-
university professor, reform
n, and tory radical, calls "a
kind of American society,
rican alternative to what has
d in the United States." □



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Sam Pierson/Houston Chronicle

A visit to a transcendental boarding school

THE BABY HAS that "made in America" face that sells strained carrots and diapers. His striped T-shirt and corduroy pants are standard toddler wear. Yet Sudarshana (what kind of name is that for the kid next door?) stops traffic in the Chicago suburb of Evanston where he lives.

His fuzzy blond head is crowned by a wispy ponytail he'll touch delightedly if asked, "Where's your *sika*?" though he probably doesn't yet understand that it's there to help hoist him to heaven. A choker of beads replaces the usual fat baby's necklace of prickly heat. But it is his *tilaka*—twin white lines from hairline to nose—that most declares his distance from Sesame Street. This is Krishna's footprint, which, his parents believe, stakes a claim not only on the baby's brow, but on his eternal soul.

If Sudarshana sees a cockroach he crows, "*Jiva! Jiva!*" ("A fallen spirit!"). And when a German shepherd suddenly bounds into the playground, scattering other shrieking tots, Sudarshana drops his pail, puts hand to chest, and gasps hopefully, "Krishna heart!" "He knows that's where Krishna always is," says his freckle-faced mother, Srilekha. She used to be Stephanie, but, like most Krishna devotees, she has taken an Indian-style "spiritual name."

Sudarshana's days on Evanston's playgrounds are numbered. In a few years he will be sent to Dallas to join the other children of the faith at Gurukula, a "transcendental boarding school" run by the International Society for Krishna-Consciousness (popularly known as the Hare Krishna movement). He'll stay at Gurukula, which means "place of the spiritual master," until he's fifteen, unless he is transferred at ten to the society's farm in West Virginia. In either event, his parents will probably observe the suggested visiting arrangement—once a year.

Judith Wax, a free-lance writer, has contributed to several national magazines.

Like most Krishna parents shana's mother is gentle and with her son. How, I ask, bear giving him up?

"I'm not giving him up!" forcefully. "For the first few will be painful, maybe. I'll his little potty chair and [she anguish] moan, 'Oh, Sudar But it's not like I'm giving some strangers who live in These devotees are my godb and godsisters; their associati Krishna-consciousness are n and soul. It's like sending hin dear relatives!"

In 1935 the historian Will foresaw a day when the East, ful of its poverty, might deify at the very time that children West, weary of technological lash, would "forge for then another mystic faith to give courage in the face of hunger, ty, injustice and death." As I put it, "There is no humoris history."

y, while India venerates nu-
odhead, Maharishi Mahesh
awks transcendental medita-
irses to the Pentagon, Amer-
dents crowd seminars in East-
gions, and beaded gurus, boy
nd hairy-eared swamis criss-
ie States with mystical mes-

t years ago, a small, bald Ben-
s Divine Grace A. C. Bhakti-
Swami Prabhupada, intro-
he Hare Krishna movement to
a. As spiritual master, he is
st in what his disciples claim
of divine reincarnations that
ack 5,000 years to the first
appearance—as a supernat-
wherd boy with 16,000 wives
ord Krishna himself. The sev-
ht-year-old spiritual master is
Prabhupada ("at whose feet
sit") by the faithful, who are
beginning sentences, "Prab-
says." What he says re-
y is that Krishna, the "Su-
Personality of Godhead," re-
every spirit; and that by
concentration on his pres-
onstant chanting (1,728 times
of the Hare Krishna mantra,
ial of all material and "sense
ations," one can be liberated
he endless cycle of disease,
death, and rebirth and ele-
eternity with Lord Krishna
spiritual sky.
d in Bombay, Prabhupada
lowingly to his "nice children
the world" (Aubrey Menen
m the Baden-Powell of Indian
). Nearly 3,000 of them are
Americans in thirty U.S.
where they are seen daily
tizing, ecstatically jigging,
lling the books and incense
ana Makes the Best Scents")
tain them. Their lives, severe
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herence to the ancient Vedas
d Sanskrit writings several
nd years old—and their lyrical
he *Bhagavad-gita*. And those
tightly regulated marriages
Krishna kiddies will one day
hem off to Gurukulaland.

MER PARISHIONERS might be
led to see the Gurukula go-
in their big old church in east
Girls with faces like Mary-
and Lucys who once wor-
there now wear nose rings and
ells. Young boys, shorn of all



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KODAK EKTASOUND MOVIE CAMERAS AND PROJECTORS
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Of This Holiday Season
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trained for one of four Hindu-
d classes: *Brahmanas*, *Ksha-*
Vaisyas, and *Sudras* (priests
llectuals, administrators, mer-
and laborers), "according to
ropensities." Since an agrar-
iety is seen as the sole refuge
ıe coming world economic cri-
ny of the boys may be propen-
into what Dayananda calls
ow department."

iety is falling apart," he says,
se it's not following the nat-
visions—there's an attempt to
e classes. All *souls* are equal.
t the external body. To be-
equal would be to become
fools." The struggles of
women, and labor groups are
senseless convulsions against
destiny. (Later, a ten-year-
me that two girls in her class
black, one Puerto Rican—
lp care for the babies in the
"because of their skins." A
explains, "Negro women
ore propensity for child care:
even built differently for
aring.")

ukula doesn't destroy the
" says its headmaster. "Ac-
separation is very strengthen-
child here can see that he's
his family: they're all doing
ne thing. It's cultural, reli-
much stronger than physical
s like a dynasty in the Scrip-
r when, in British society, all
ng men went to Oxford and
lge and became members of
ent or something like that
erated together in a strong
nd the British Empire was
all over the world."

vanston, baby Sudarshana's
had told me that "the mother
edic culture should be very
ive to the demands of her
According to the headmaster,
l may be a little spoiled when
here, but if he's five or so,
s it's time to stop his non-
One boy said, 'I threw away
oys before I came.' A child
e lively, but he must learn to
uthority. Prabhupada says,
rst rascals make the best
."

adult devotees describe their
hna life as a painful search:
ter casting off schools and
others through drugs or
al living—a constant trying
w causes, life patterns, or re-
"Don't *you* think society is

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FOR YOUR FAMILY TREE

"You can really get involved."



Sponsors report from around the country . . .

Castalia, Ohio — Sandy Prout, speaking for the St. John's United Church High School Class: "You can really get involved. It's a person-to-person relationship."

Her class is sponsoring a needy 13-year-old boy in Taiwan.

Seeley, Wisconsin—Emily Kochalka writes about her women's club sponsorship of a boy in the Philippines: "Our little lad warms all our hearts and makes us feel so proud that we are helping him. The warmth one gets from knowing you are helping a child is indescribable. Corresponding with the boy has brought home to us club members that we have so much —and children in other countries have so little by comparison.

"When the club sent Nestor $5.00 for his birthday, we later got a reply stating that the $5.00 meant 'the very best birthday I have ever had in my life.' "

Carlisle, Kentucky—Joseph H. Conley, project chairman for the Jaycees, expresses it this way in writing about a 12-year-old boy in Ecuador: "His improvement in health, grades, personality, activities during the period of this sponsorship has been remarkable. This is most satisfying to us."

Castlewood, Virginia—William A. White writes: "God has been good to me. I think a person should appreciate this and share it."

Barre, Massachusetts—Glenn Stratton, American Problems Instructor at Quabbin Regional High School, feels the sponsorship by his class serves the dual purpose of helping the child and instructing the students: "Students realize that what we take for granted is considered luxury by others, and tend to appreciate their own situation more fully."

Byron, New York—Mrs. Fern Griffen, of the Presbyterian Women's Association, says this: "Satisfaction in knowing we are helping this girl (in Guatemala) and perhaps others in her family by lifting their burden a little. She is very thankful and that makes us glad to help. The letters we get from Norma are so friendly and loving it makes us feel we have a daughter just over the way and we love her."

Would you or your group like to share in this person-to-person way of helping a child? You can begin by filling out the coupon and sending it with your first monthly check for $15.00.

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hellish?" a young wife as
Though some leave the m
most exalt rapturous fulfil
service of their Lord. Per
rigors and structure, if not t
uality, have been salvation
vulnerable or troubled — mor
has always had its various
But though 4:00 A.M. rising,
ritual, and discipline may
bring the adults long-sought
and peace, aren't the hards
say nothing of six-day-a-week
and no vacations) too much
pose on a child?

"Austerity," says the head
"is a very positive thing."

A DEMON!" shrieks the fatt
He means me menac
Betty Crocker. Eight other
year-olds and a vociferous t
up the cry, bellies bulging
assortment of underpants, h
topknots, painted bodies and
("So when the Angel of Death
he will know we are dee-vote

Raised on tales of avatars
gods, and assorted monster
are clearly delighted that o
dropped in for a visit, an
whoop around me like Beast
in *Lord of the Flies*.

"They just want to know if
friend or foe," explains their
mother, Nandarani. "It isn't
someone comes to the hous
isn't a devotee. It's quite a sh
them."

Nandarani, a Titian in a sa
to think for a minute when
her age (twenty-six); Krishn
the operative birthday. She liv
all ten children and two wome
tiny house across from the t
rising at 3:00 A.M. to bathe an
her charges for morning dev
Her two young daughters sleep
ashram; her husband, Dayanan
headmaster, lives in the templ

"As the intelligence becomes
directed toward service—espe
preaching or temple care—
times the bodily desires are
doned. Sex life is a source of an
one can engage in it only fo
creation. At four and five, girl
begin understanding this.
they're older, instead of 'Yes, g
a boyfriend,' we teach: 'No,
study, plant your garden; lat
you'll have a husband. Let the
do their service, and use you
telligence to learn to serve them

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F

J & B J & B

Gm C7 F

Oh how good it is to get



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IBM Reports

How one company's people and products are helping find the answers to some of the world's probl



Janis Knight, a teacher at Boyd Elementary, checks the progress of Jerinda Lewis.

A typewriter is helping children learn new words

There's a muffled rush of typewriter keys. An attentive look on children's faces. They're learning words in a new way at Boyd Elementary School, a public school in Jackson, Mississippi.

First, pupils learn how to type. Then they learn words by hearing them over a headset and typing them out. Each child proceeds at his own pace, receiving lessons that have been pre-taped by the teacher.

While typing is a course usually reserved for high school students, the results of employing it to teach much younger children have been most impressive. Children in this class, which is made up of fifth and sixth year pupils, have shown marked improvement in writing, spelling, reading and other subjects as well. Almost incidentally, some fifth graders are typing 75 a minute.

"This isn't an elementary t course," says school principal Hollingsworth. "It's a class in guage Arts. When a child can he sound through the earphones, wh can see it on the page, and then he can touch and feel it with his h this breeds success . . ."

Test results have confirmed Hollingsworth's statement. Sp scores as measured by the Cali Achievement Tests show fifth Boyd School students making av gains of almost a year after just months in the typing program.

But there are other important fits that simply can't be measur tests. The children's creative w talents have been stimulated. Buc poets and short story writers emerged and flourished with new larged vocabularies and a new dence in their ability to use w

The children even publish a s newspaper, the "Boyd Bulletin," v they write and type up themselv serves as a showcase for a profusi brightly original stories and e and poems.

Handwriting Improved

You might think that, as ch dren relied more on the typ writer, their handwriting abili would decline. But that hasn been the case at Boyd School. fact, teachers have found th pupils' handwriting is improve after the typing course. "The get used to seeing the words ap pear neatly typed on the page says principal Betty Hollings worth, "and it makes them wan to write better."

How the students themselves about the program was made pl clear when it was announced that typing room would be kept open school hours for pupils who signed for it. The line of children waitin sign stretched so far down the hall that teachers thought the school b had stopped running.

›wer computation ›sts aid dairymen

ıny dairy herds in Pennsylvania oducing almost 25% more milk he national average, thanks in › an IBM computer at Penn State rsity. While the average cow de- 10,125 pounds of milk a year, ws in these herds are delivering 5 pounds. In consumer terms that ents about 5,000 additional 8- glasses of milk per cow.

ıis remarkable yield is a result of ve breeding, based on computer- ıted reports on milk production :h cow, and computer-calculated g and feeding guides for some)0 cows.

lled the Dairy Herd Improve- testing program, the service is ble to dairy farmers for an annual $9.50 per cow or less, depending plan selected.

.ch month the dairymen enrolled program supply the university exact figures on just how much ach of their cows consumes, her g record and a sample of her milk tter fat analysis. At the university ta is processed against the stored s for the appropriate cow.

ıring the 15 years the program en in effect, according to Larry of Penn State University's College iculture, ". . . the cost of nearly hing in the program has gone up one exception. Our estimated f a computer calculation is now ly much less than it was 16 years These reduced data processing ıave definitely helped keep this ım practical for the farmer."



Inventing floods to help control them

An IBM computer is assisting scientists to study the flooding of Italy's Arno River. It's showing them how the Arno would behave in flooding conditions that have not yet happened so that engineers can make plans to cope with them. The purpose of the project is to help prevent a repetition of the disaster which destroyed priceless art treasures in Florence in 1966.

Aids heart analysis

At any time of day or night heart patients in 23 Florida hospitals can now be linked telephonically to an IBM computer hundreds of miles away. After electrodes are connected from a sending unit to the patient, a special number is dialed. Within three to five minutes information leading to diagnosis will be returned directly to the attending physician. This permits hospitals to provide prompt professional treatment even when a cardiologist is not on the staff.

Located at the Shands Teaching Hospital at the University of Florida, this computer program is now in its fourth year. According to Dr. Lamar Crevasse, director of the project, the computer is capable of reading and analyzing electrocardiograms with a high degree of accuracy.





len Rearick and his prize Holstein, Gladell Governess Bess, who recently produced a record of almost 17 tons of milk in one year.

Wanted criminals found after arrest

Wanted criminals are finding out that New Orleans is no place for them to be. When they're arrested in that city, police can tell, almost instantly, if they're wanted for another offense either in New Orleans or in another part of the country. As law breakers are booked, identifying information is entered on a computer keyboard. If they're being sought, that fact is flashed on a video screen. Apprehension of wanted criminals has increased significantly since the computer booking procedure was begun. And citizens in New Orleans, and elsewhere, can breathe a little easier.

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"IT'S A SONY.

If my husband says, 'Can you
is?' and I say yes, that is hap-
s and satisfaction." Could Nan-
i and her husband hug or kiss
other to show affection? "Sure
laughs], but we wouldn't.
'e can hug and kiss the little
but we're not an especially
y people. The important thing
let them know they're wanted.
the boys turn five, we're a little
er. They're being raised to be
nacharis [celibate students],
re and staunch. The girls are
ow into kind, compassionate
and mothers, so we're always
ionate with them. Our lives are
e and austere, but we're not
re in the matter of love."
raw Brackasura!" commands a
ear-old, seeing me write. "He
big mouth and *eats* the cow-
" Another looks troubled as he
his hand in mine. "Where's
japa bag? You *need* it, so you
hant your beads!"
the time I leave for the day, I
lost my monster appeal. "*Hari*
the babies yell after me. It
s, "Chant God's name loud and
!"

ERY MORNING at 4:30 ("when
ie demonic vibrations are at a
num"), after the first of the
cold showers, the faithful gath-
the temple room. In newly
ped saris and apricot or peach-
dhotis, they honor as living
nces statues of a large flute-play-
Krishna and his eternal consort,
arani. I admire their majesties'
tuous costumes, plumed and
ed. "They're still in their paja-
' I am told.
e devotees chant, sing, prostrate
selves, and strew rose petals.
lren leap about with each other
their elders, letting off almost
le bursts of energy. Some, at
pink with sleep, take on mo-
um as the chanting is spurred
ecstasy by drum, finger cym-
and harmonium.
ıyananda spins by, a child on
arm. An infant in a baby walk-
ops his contraption drunkenly
ıgh the whirling throng, and lit-
irls go Krishna-round-the-rosy.
chanting becomes so hypnotic
even I risk transcendental take-
Suddenly a tiny boy peers up at
and mouths quietly, "Are you
ommy?"

Devotions and Scripture study continue until 8:30 breakfast, having peaked at 7:00 with the reappearance from behind lime velvet curtains of Krishna and Radharani, even more gorgeously arrayed to greet a Dallas dawn.

ABCDEFG," sing the four- and five-year-olds to the time-honored tune, ending with, "Now I never will forget/Krishna's English alphabet."

They seem to be running a special here on small pigtailed blondes in long skirts, who urge me to mark myself for Krishna. "If you don't have *tilaka* and neck beads," warns the towhead with the sequin on her nose, "Yamargja, the King of Death, might rip out your soul and make you drink your own blood!" Gap-toothed grinners surround me. (In the classroom next door, first-graders lie prostrate in front of "practice" doll altars, instructed to "pay obeisances to your deities." Minutes before, everyone had waved an affirming arm at the command, "Raise your hand if you're an eternal spirit soul.")

Krishna Kurmari, the teacher, leads the kindergarten through phonics and a quasi-math session involving three *dhotis*, peacock plumes, and the two lotus eyes of the Lord. "Tomorrow a *box* is coming," she exclaims, "with *teeny*, curly-haired wigs for the deities."

"Ooo," lisps a baby voice. "How relishable!"

In the garden outside I talked to Svarga, who was Suzanne when she went to college and worked with disturbed children. She tells me that in American society "we kill the cow, worship the dog, and forget about God. Cow urine and manure can be bathed in for their purifying effects; they can be used on cuts, stings, and rashes." Her authority is Vedic, but "even foolish scientists will confirm that."

A crying child displays a scraped finger. "Oh," says Svarga/Suzanne. "Mandrini thinks she's her finger. You know we are not our bodies!" Thank God there were no cows around.

THERE ARE NO Sunday classes, and although services begin as usual at 4:30, special events mark the day: a feast to which outsiders are invited, a blood-and-thunder play by the Intermediate Boys, and Krishna Bowl, inspired by the *College Bowl* TV program.

The Gurukula boys' Krishna Bowl team is pitted against the older devotees and hopes to compete with adults from other temples in the future. Challenge letters between the Los Angeles and Dallas adults combine elaborate spiritualities with, "How can we answer that with anything but a laugh?" and, "We consider your sample questions grossly inadequate."

Four seven- and eight-year-old boys hover over their buzzers. Clearly, their adult opponents will give no quarter. The boys writhe with anticipation. "You have to instruct them not to pound the table in ecstasy," their English teacher tells the moderator. "Are we going to have false ego attacks? Are we going to lose sense control?" the squirming boys are asked.

Questions such as, "What did the Goddess Durga hold in each of her eight hands?" are based on Scripture. Buzzers offend the incensed air; cheering reaches Super Bowl intensity. "Toss-up question," says the moderator. 'What were the two most auspicious influences . . ." Like talmudic scholars, they agonize exactitudes of meaning.

"The answer *is*," yells a seven-year-old pundit, grabbing at himself in excitement, "SHE WAS TIRED FROM THE LABOR OF CHILDBIRTH AND DIDN'T KNOW IF IT WAS A BOY OR GIRL!"

Later, though, the Vedic quiz kids crumble. One sobs, one stalks out. An eight-year-old, congratulated as "staunch," holds his ground, but another pounds his head on the floor. "There are penalties for throwing fits," they are warned.

The Krishna Bowl moderator—its organizer—is disconsolate. "At this rate, we can't even *consider* taking on L.A.!" he says, fingering his prayer beads.

After dinner I talked to Subhardra ("When I first came out of the womb, I had another name"), a spirited seven-year-old I had seen making faces at a handsome male devotee. "Ladies are always supposed to be chaste," she tells me. "That means they wear their hair back [mine—loose—alarms even the babies] and wear saris." She eyes my jeans shyly. "They don't wear pants in the temple because it's not Vedic.

"When ladies first get married they put a red line in their hair . . ."

"And the lady follows her husband's instructions," interrupts a sturdy boy her age who has been writing Sanskrit characters nearby. "It's all right for devotees to have illicit sex," he expounds further, "but only to make devotee children."

"*Not* illicit sex," corrects Subhardra. "Illicit sex is more than you *need* to do. But you can do sex to make more children for Gurukula."

"What *is* sex?" I ask her.

"I've been a devotee all my life," she says sweetly, "so I don't know what it means. I just heard about it."

The Sanskrit writer turns the talk to politics, perhaps inspired by the fact that Krishna candidates have been seeking elective office in several cities. "One of the Presidents of the United States is a devotee," he declares. "And also in twelve years the President—I think it's Kamjiatra's father—is gonna make 'em stop killing cows and become devotees the whole society! The king wouldn't do it."

Despite the constraints of their lives, Gurukula children are far from automatons. Release, for many, obviously comes with the running and leaping that is part of worship. Most are open, friendly, and appealingly unselfconscious. Their alertness (although some show fatigue) and often startling beauty are—say their elders—signs of Karmic favor. The less attractive "took bad bodies or their parents used to eat meat."

Chores are accepted as a matter of course but not servilely. A jaunty floor sweeper of about eight crosses his eyes at a teasing devotee and does a Groucho Marx glide with his broom. Though many say they like the school, there are also tears. One child gives me a message of homesickness for a distant mother. (The mother says, "Attachment to bodies is illusory.")

"NO, A WOMAN COULD NEVER be temple president," answers president/headmaster Dayananda and laughs as he sees me struggle to control my features. This, he says, is not only dictated by *dharma*—the traditional duties of one's caste, but by the fact that "women need guidance, just like children. They're innocent and have to be protected. That is generally expressed by those who are in charge of morals. Girls are inclined toward cooking and sewing [again he laughs at my expression], but we don't want to stifle any inclinations. If a girl has an inclination toward intelligence, she should be married to an intelligent man to develop it." Marriages are frequently arranged by the temple president as surrogate for the spiritual master.

Later I watch the headmaster teach Sanskrit to nine girls in the "advanced" group, age ten and eleven. In his white saronglike *dhoti* he looks like a towel-wrapped diving champ. The girls had dreamed through the previous class. Now they bloom, partly because of his aura as a natural teacher and partly—I sense—because of his essential maleness.

"The sober-minded person is not bewildered," they translate. A red-haired Lolita twists her pink sari and blushes at the applause that greets her recitation. Aniruddha, small and brainy, wants no one on her intellectual turf and pouts, "*I* want to do Vishnu!" They burst into song, wipe the sweat of scholarship with their saris. ("I wear a sari so men won't get attracted to my body," a gentle-eyed ten-year-old has explained.)

I see the last line of a girl's letter to her father. "I beg to remain your most humble servant." *His* envelope had mystified her; it read, "S.W.A.K."

The girls are pretty and lively. Despite their class-time prayers and prostrate reverences to God and teacher, they giggle, whisper, sulk, and charm like standard preadolescents. But their futures, dictated by ideas thousands of years old, will set them as far apart from their peers in other American classrooms as their little gold nose rings do now.

"I teach them to be Vedic ladies," says Kalindi, a woman of thirty-one who calls herself their guidance counselor. Her husband is in *sannyasa*, a respected state of renouncement from family ties. "Prabhupada says all girls should marry; he recently informed us the ideal age is fifteen, and the girl could be betrothed at twelve or thirteen." The ideal groom, I am informed, is a twenty-five-year-old celibate student. The oldest girl in the society, now twelve, is being trained to be "expert in many things so she can serve her future husband well. When a girl reaches puberty," says Kalindi, "she's going through her bodily changes; she might be thinking of sex life," a distraction from godhead.

"What if the bride-to-be objects?" I ask a pregnant devotee who fi saw her husband the day of their a ranged marriage. "A Krishna-co sciousness girl is completely subm sive," she answers placidly. "S wouldn't object."

I WAIT FOR MY PLANE with the tal pleasant devotee who is seeing n off. It is hard not to become attache to some of these gentle zealots, eve if you don't buy the message. Wh is sexist and racist from my vantag point is Vedic-Brahmanic orthodox of caste and Karma to them. A ma in a cowboy hat strolls by with woman in straining slacks. "If min sass me," she tells him, "I hit 'e right in the mouth." "Karmis!" catch myself judging contemptuous ly and am ashamed; it's a word dev otees use for "those engaged in ma terial pursuits."

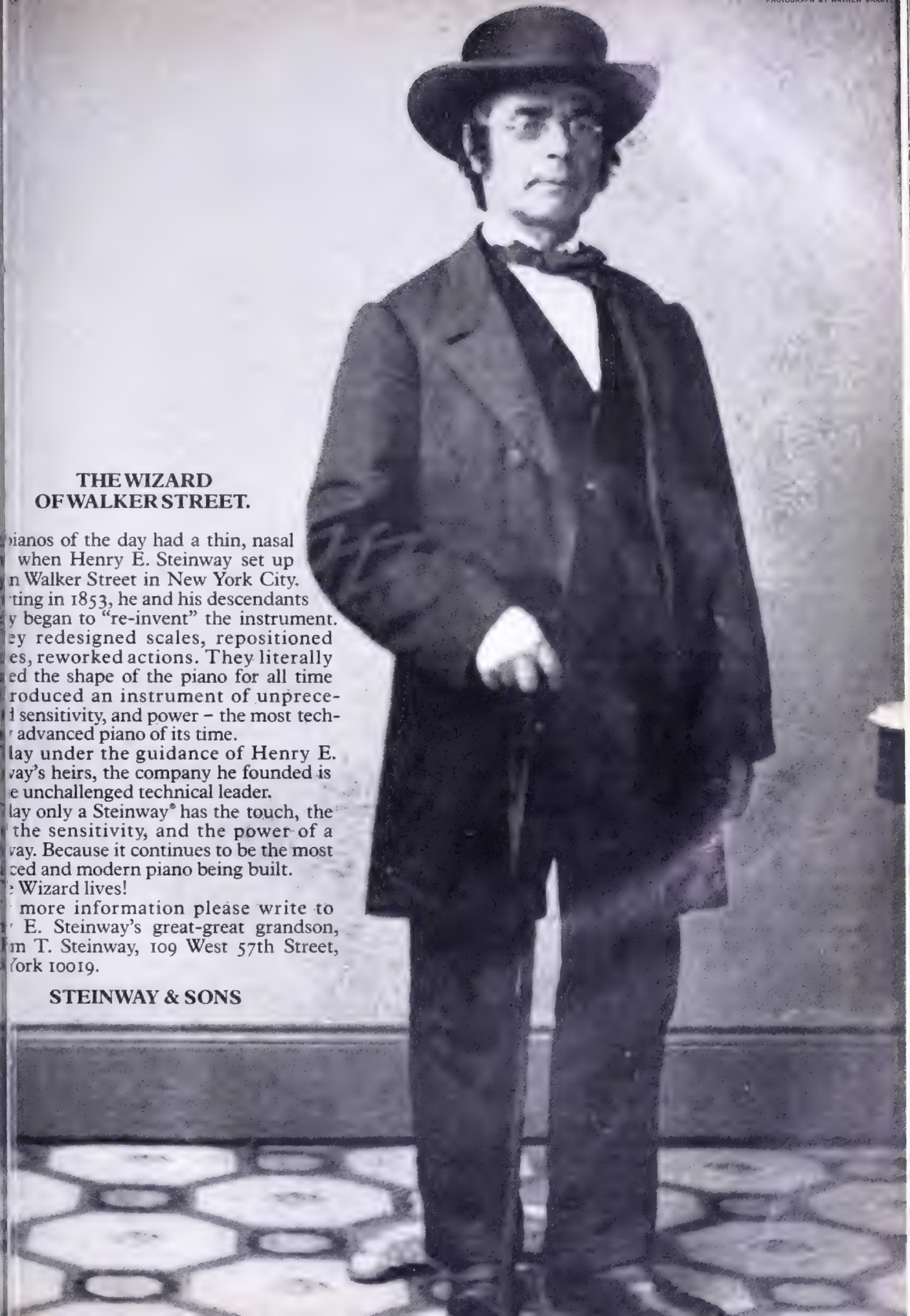
On board, I recoil again, this tim at the stewardess's too-blue eye shad ow and realize I had automatically checked her part for the red line tha indicates marriage. The gravied bee lies on my tray in clotted rebuke.

If I, lifelong materialist and "sense gratifier," can experience reentry shock after three days, what woul life outside the walls look like to chil dren long cloistered? What if they chose to leave some day, or if the movement died out? How could they, who view "karmi" life and schools with such horror, ever be reabsorbed into the mainstream?

"If you quit Krishna-consciousness, you'll never have another chance in this world," said a ten-year-old girl. The youngest, steeped in ancient Hindu doctrine, are little aware that another world exists. No child I met, happy or homesick, questioned his future as a devotee. "Yes, we are indoctrinating them in a sense," says the headmaster, "but we see it as a positive thing."

Back in Evanston, baby Sudarshana's mother has finished her temple duties and rushes home to the little apartment nearby. Mother and child play and make funny noises at each other as she changes his diapers. "Gurukula is a transcendental education leading to freedom from all the anxieties of the material world," says the society's magazine. But Dallas is many miles and several years away.

"Who," she coos, "is Krishna's blissful baby?" □



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QUIETY MEETS REBANANA IN BROOKLYN

A few words (all in the dictionary) about Scrabble by Annette Grant

AXIL, ADZE, PELF, LAZULI. Commonplace weapons all—for literate and informed Scrabble players. But how about *aalii, unau, giaour, woorali, zebeck, xylyl, retiary, quipu?* These exotica don't even *look* like words, but they're at the fingertips of the Scrabble pros, a curious elite that has memorized dictionaries, and occasionally even knows what a word means. And make no mistake about it: the pro, whether literate or simply gifted with total recall, can demolish any good living-room player (one who scores in the 300s). Every time. There is considerably more to it than knowing that *A, I, O, U,* and *M* can be used to make *miaou.*

As yet there has been no official play-off among pros to determine the Bobby Fischer of Scrabble, but the smart money says it's Mike Senkiewicz. Mike, a twenty-nine-year-old wizard who graduated with highest marks in English from Iona College, is one of the few pros who knows—or cares—about language beyond its scoring potential. Many of the others, one suspects, see small numerals at the lower right of every letter when they read; they can often be heard mumbling to themselves during a conversation: "I must remember that word—it's worth eighteen points!"

I met Mike last spring at a tournament in Brooklyn sponsored by Selchow & Righter, manufacturer of the Scrabble Crossword Game. The game was invented during the depression by Alfred A. Butts, an out-of-work architect. Selchow & Righter now sells about 2 million sets a year.

The tournament was a homespun event that drew some 500 local Scrabble freaks during the course of four Sundays. The players ranged from secretaries to skydivers, and included two brothers (ten and twelve) who had come to cheer on their father, and one innocent who had wandered in seeking nothing more cerebral than a men's room.

As Selchow & Righter's house pro, Mike didn't compete, but acted as final court of appeals for challenges. (The loser of a challenge forfeits a turn.) But he wasn't needed to restrain the player who, remembering that *re-* was a common prefix, attached it dashingly to *banana.* ("The man's either a mystic or an idiot," commented one kibitzer.) And he only shook his head sadly at hearing that *quiety* had slipped through unchallenged. The lowest score was a spectacular 53, the highest a 477, only average for Mike, whose record is 680. (A few years ago he witnessed a game in which the high was 735.)

Between floor tours and somewhat acrimonious consultations, Mike, who is also a chess master and a crack backgammon player, talked about winning techniques. First, invest $6.50 in a *Funk & Wagnalls Standard College Dictionary,* the Scrabble bible. Then start memorizing, beginning with two-letter words, then three-letter ones, and so on. Mike knows all 150,000 but says dismissively that only 90,000 or so are usable.

I asked why the Funk & Wagnalls dictionary had received the Scrabble imprimatur, and not, say, the Random House or *Webster's Collegiate,* and learned that F & W is preferred because it's a junky book with lots of possibilities. "It has a large sublist of words," explained Mike, "such as prefix words using *over-* and *under-.* It has more adjective comparisons than other dictionaries, and more agent nouns like *squinter* and *screamer.* A real democratic book. Very hospitable."

Annette Grant, an editor at Seventeen *magazine, confines her Scrabble playing to the living room.*

Mike started playing Scrabble seve or eight years ago, often putting i four to five hours a day at Manhat tan's best-known learning ground the Chess and Checker Club of Ne York—a.k.a. the Flea House—o West Forty-second Street. While i college he made as much as $100 week there on Scrabble and chess "The only way to learn to be a reall decent player is to get out of you living room and into a club."

To be a first-rate player, you mus be able to "recognize the character istics of a board and the possibilitie of any hand instantaneously." An that comes from experience, fro seeing the same situations come u over and over again. But, above all be flexible. Mike's definition of flex ibility is necessarily complex, but baldly summarized, it is: "If you ca play in only one place, brother you're in trouble."

Getting scores in the 400- to 500 point range depends on bingo play (Scrabblese for putting down al seven letters—also known as Scrab bling out—and worth fifty bonus points.) Two or three bingos a game are standard for experts. Mike once made five, a bonus of 250 points.

Three words with colossal bingo potential are *bezique, mezquite,* and *quetzals.* The last, ideally distributed, nets 374 points. However, most bingos are made with more homely letters. "A perfect potential bonus rank has the letters in the word *satire.* If your seventh letter is any one of seventeen out of twenty-six possible tiles, you can make a seven play. With a *B,* make *baiters; C—raciest; D—tirader, staired,* or *astride; F—fairest; G—gaiters, stagier; H—hastier*—and so on." It's this kind of "flexibility" that lets Mike spot opponents 200 points—and once 400—and still win. (He couldn't stand the pretensions of the latter opponent,

oped to persuade him to aban-
he game forever.)
ce's highest score on a single
vas 284 (compared to the high-
ay I saw at the tournament:
His word: *quartzes*, played
gh an already existing *R* to
two triple-word squares; he
l a blank for the *U*. Blanks and
e particularly valuable, since
astly increase the chances for
go. A blank is worth thirty to
points to a good player. And
one reason why pros average
y-three to thirty-five points per
while buffs get about fourteen.
ccasional player probably aver-
only about ten, though Mike,
his empyrean, refused even to
ate.

D SCRABBLE PLAYERS need a
ne sense of spatial possibilities.
a neophyte will play only off
eginnings or ends of words, a
player will drive through words
ke multiple combinations that
oth vertical and horizontal
. Anyone who can look at seven
and see several words has a
potential: anagrams and cross-
puzzles demand the same fa-
at permutations.
watch Mike at even a casual
was an alarming experience
conservative and defensive
. Why was he throwing away a
ounter? Or using a *P* when he
n't even double it? Why did he
ve tiles for twenty-three points
he could have dropped two for
-six? Why did he pass up three
openings in favor of extending
ard in a new direction?
apparent fecklessness was part
game's basic strategy. "Always
for a good mix of vowels and
ants. Get rid of repeating con-
s like *NN*, *LL*, even *RR*, and
for good combinations like
R, and common prefixes like
CON, *PRE*, *SUB*, and *SUR*.
is the worst pair you can have.)
a bad letter to draw since it
s you until you get a *U*, but *C*
are good prophylactics, since
o-letter combinations can be
off of them.
y down a lot of tiles in the be-
g to open the board and to
se your chances of picking up
k. Your chances of getting a
are 12 percent greater if you've
l thirty tiles than if you've

Marquisat Beaujolais Villages.

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But a great Beaujolais Villages.

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SOLE IMPORTER U.S.A. MUNSON SHAW CO. N.Y.

played eighteen. Get a good action board, go after a bingo right away, within the first four to six plays (remember, we're talking about a game of twelve to eighteen plays in all). Then close up the board, which will force your opponent to open it because he has to play catch-up. Try to get a big lead from the start. That's important psychologically—and because you're getting a bigger turnover. Then go for another bingo in the last four plays."

Defense is not the name of the game. Plays that do nothing but block holes and close the board are rarely high scoring, and will not stop an opponent really determined to turn over his hand. (Yes, pros do play defensively, but you never catch them at it. To be obvious is a sign of desperation.)

I asked Mike what he thought of single-letter plays. "Great, if it's an *X* doubled both ways, or if you have a better rack without that letter." I could see, however, that he thought the idea pretty amateurish. "Good scores can sometimes be made with *XI, JO,* and *KA*. But a dropped letter is usually a sucker play—a tip-off that you're fishing for a particular tile on the next draw. That is a beginner's tactic—or a symptom of a player who hasn't been punished properly." Presumably by losing to someone like Mike.

And finally, watching Mike at work—hardly at play—I realized that it isn't memory or experience that makes a great player. It's the will to win. Like most Scrabblers at the tournament, I play with friends for amusement. We allow extra time on moves (officially the limit is two minutes, with fifty-two minutes for a game), look up spellings in advance, and correct mistakes without a penalty. None of that nonsense for the pros. No mercy. There are no gentlemen among winners.

If you're a Scrabble freak, you might play Mike some day. In order to find a challenger for him, Selchow & Righter hopes to set up Scrabble clubs, modeled on chess clubs, across the country. (Its organization is World Association of Scrabble Players—will their acronym be WASP?) Through tournament play, the clubs project a stable of 200,000 seeded players within three years. But whoever sits down across a board from Mike, be warned. Like Bobby Fischer, he is a killer. □

I.Q. of 145 And Can't Remember?

A noted publisher in Chicago reports there is a simple technique for acquiring a powerful memory which can pay you real dividends in both business and social advancement and works like magic to give you added poise, necessary self-confidence and greater popularity.

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you wanted to invent the perfect Christmas present, this would be it.

John Fischer

THE EASY CHAIR

THE Christmas HONORS LIST

OUR ANNUAL WASSAIL awards to a few under-appreciated people, whose endeavors have ranged from the spiritually superb to the downright ridiculous:

1. *To Sister Theopane Collins, spiritual director of a new 150-bed hospital in County Clare, Ireland, for the most imaginative act of compassion that has come to my attention during the past year.*

She and a few other nuns are successfully managing the first hospital bar in Ireland—or, so far as I know, anywhere. They keep prices low, so that even the poorest patients can enjoy a glass of medicinal and spiritual succor. The bar's purpose is "to relate conditions to . . . outside life as closely as possible," according to Sister Theopane. Her order is the Sisters of Charity of the Incarnate Word, which sounds just right for such a venture; I hope they may soon be incarnating cheerful words in the aseptic gloom of many an American hospital.

2. *To W.S. Howard of Millington, Tennessee, who raises nervous goats.*

Howard's goats look like any others, but they all suffer from a hereditary nervous disorder. Any unexpected noise—a thunderclap, a shout, the rattle of a feed bucket—makes them keel over in a dead faint. Sometimes they go into catatonic shock, becoming as rigid as goats carved out of wood. When they recover, in half an hour or so, they seem no worse for the experience.

Goats with this trait, or talent, were first described in a 1904 *Memphis Commercial Appeal* article by George R. White, a Nashville veterinarian. He found them in Maury County, and animals of the same strain later turned up in several localities in Middle Tennessee—but apparently nowhere else. More recently they were studied by three Nashville doctors—Sam L. Clark, Frank H. Luton, and Jessie T. Cuttler—who reported their findings in the *Journal of Nervous and Mental Disease.* Neither they nor anyone else has found an explanation for the goats' behavior, although Dr. W. F. Moss of Vanderbilt University has pointed out that their malady seems similar to myotonia congenita, a hereditary disease that causes muscle spasms in human beings.

Mr. Howard keeps his flock simply because he is fond of nervous goats. "They are not good for anything," he says, "but they are pretty weird."

3. *Half a continent away, Russell Arundel, Prince of Princes of the Principality of Outer Baldonia, deserves a special Christmas remembrance for his cherishing of Nova Scotia birds and wild sheep.*

In 1949 Mr. Arundel was fishing south of Wedgeport, Nova Scotia, when a squall drove him to take refuge on a treeless island inhabited only by sheep and nesting terns. He liked the place, which was marked on charts as Outer Bald Island; and since he, like Mr. Howard, is endowed with more spirit of play than most of us, he bought it, proclaimed a Declaration of Independence, and drafted a constitution for the Principality of Outer Baldonia. He issued letters patent to a couple of dozen of his tuna-fishing friends to make them princes of the realm, and commissioned several local guides as eight-star Admirals of the Baldonian navy. In due course he designed passports, postage stamps, a currency based on the "tunar," and he built a twenty-by-thirty-foot castle, where he flew the royal Baldonian flag.

His constitution—authenticated with the great seal and the signature "Russell Rex"—contained a Bill of Rights claiming for all his fishermen "the right to lie and be believed, the right of freedom from questions, nagging, interruption, women, taxes, politics, war, monologues, cant and inhibitions, the right to sleep all day and stay up all night."

The government of Nova Scotia never recognized the principality formally but never bothered it either. And it did get international recognition, of sorts, when the *Moscow Literary Gazette* denounced Arundel as a Western imperialist who had basely exempted his subjects from the moral and ethical laws of mankind. Outer Baldonia sent a protest to Moscow but never got an answer.

As he grew older, the prince grew more interested in birds than in tuna. Last year he deeded the island to the Nature Conservancy, one of the leading organizations dedicated to the saving of wild places and their inhabitants. It has acquired thousands of acres, by gift and purchase, but Outer Baldonia is its first principality. It is now being administered as a bird sanctuary, and the castle has been

John Fischer is an associate editor of this magazine.

y name is Tony Jones. I just quit my job ; Associate Editor of Harper's Magazine ;cause I had an offer I couldn't refuse.

ee, for some time now I've been hoping to start an ly new kind of publication. Now the opportunity is *if* I can persuade you to help me make the most of

ɔt by subscribing. I need writers. Researchers. Editors.

irements: You are on your own.

ɔy you, I mean *you*. The new publication I'm asking ɔ help get started will be produced by its readers. u, I hope.

natter of fact, the whole idea hinges on whether or ɔu contribute. Let me give you some background:

proud to work on Harper's Magazine, and I worked on it, but Harper's and other top magazines are iitted to publishing the "best" writers in the world. s understandable. And I agree we need this kind of

nis policy locks out communication of another, and opinion just as necessary, sort—different, honest, endent messages from the great numbers of intelli- ınd involved men and women who don't happen to iters who know editors.

ıt to offer a variety of communications from real e about just about anything. Short and pithy. Or r if it plays that way. I'd have more by-lines than ther publication in the world. *If* my readers really ɔntribute.

eal sense, this communication would be a collection nts of view. A swatch of our consciousness. An on- biopsy of our civilization.

I announced my intention to Russell Barnard, the sher of Harper's, he pledged that if I could actually ɔp the kind of magazine I wanted, he would pub-

e decided to revive the famous HARPER'S WEEK- national newspaper that flourished concurrently he monthly Harper's Magazine from 1857 to 1916.

ɔeople who ran that old weekly had the temerity to t "a journal of civilization." Well, that is exactly I have in mind for the new Harper's Weekly.

t *you*, its reader, to write for it. I want you to write your point of view from where you are. If you are inessman and you want to talk about business, go l. If you are a housewife and you want to write about ffects of permissiveness on children, I think you are qualified. If you are a doctor who wants to pick pen and write a piece on your secret desire to be- a hod carrier, I think it would be interesting.

ɔu see it? A magazine containing people's thoughts houts. A kind of extended variant of the Op-Ed of The New York Times, the letters to the editors of nes, hubbubby, and reflective of our civilization.

lly, many "experts" say Harper's Weekly doesn't a chance. Reason? That you won't believe that I really mean what I say about *you* writing for it or researching for it.

Friend, I not only mean it, I mean it so much that *my* main worry about this enterprise is that you *won't* contribute.

I believe we need more exchange. We need more men and women of letters. People who can sit down and think something through and then write about it—not necessarily for posterity but to get the rest of us *thinking*.

Look, I'm also going to go out and buttonhole a person I think we should hear from who may not be a subscriber. And ask him to write. And I'm thinking of challenging some young artists to see if they can do as well with cartoons as old Thomas Nast did. I reserve rights like that. But once again, reader friend, the nub of the magazine will be your contributions, clips, original writing, or responses to other writing.

I've always felt it was a distinctly American trait that we *had* something to say. All of us. And that we couldn't be scared off or even bored off from saying it.

That when it came right down to it, we stood up and spoke our minds and left it at: "That's my opinion, bub."

I believe this is still true. And I love it about us. As for the reading, I believe we have a genuine and unfulfilled hunger to talk to each other.

O.K. If you're interested, you can help us in any of 3 ways.

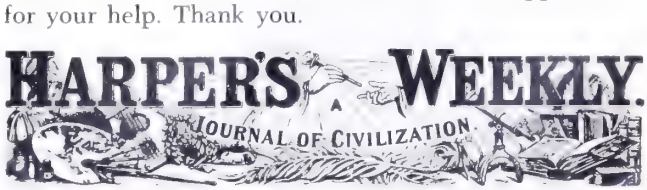
1. *Do research for us.* As an active reader, you no doubt scan a wide variety of publications such as your local newspaper, specialized newsletters, professional, literary and political journals. Clip and send us items you think deserve attention. For each item we use, you'll receive a credit line and a research fee of $10.

2. *Write for us,* especially about things in your immediate experience that deserve sharing. Published contributions will carry your name and hometown, and you will receive an honorarium of $25.

3. *Support Harper's Weekly.* Take a subscription. Twelve issues for $3. Try to get all your friends to do the same.

Harper's Weekly. "A Journal of Civilization." Or an inquiry into whether or not *personal accountability* is still a real force in us.

As I have said (perhaps ad nauseam) it all depends on you. We really need your opinion (and your pledge to work with us). It will have a vital effect on our future or non-future. Please respond. Whether you subscribe or not, please return the card to us with your name and address so that we can send you a token of our appreciation for your help. Thank you.



come a winter shelter for the sheep.

4. *To Doris Duke, of all people, for her efforts to revive Old Newport.*

All Newport, Rhode Island, is divided into three parts: the modern town, of no particular distinction; the middle-aged mansions, built by socialite millionaires around the turn of the century, which are notable mainly for their ostentatious bad taste; and the Old Town, which until recently was mostly slums and a run-down business district.

Many of the Old Town buildings were put up in the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries as homes for sea captains, ship chandlers, and merchants. They were designed with the grace and justness of proportion that apparently were instinctive with the builders of that period, but have since been rare in American architecture. Over the decades these houses had deteriorated into seedy rooming houses, secondhand stores, and slightly sinister waterfront bars.

Seven years ago Doris Duke established the Newport Restoration Foundation, and through it has spent millions to buy up and restore historic but dilapidated houses. The foundation rents its refurbished homes—about forty of them so far—at modest rates to tenants who promise to keep them in pristine condition. The rentals cover taxes and operating costs but do not begin to repay the foundation's capital investment.

Complementary efforts are being carried on by two local organizations, Operation Clapboard and the Preservation Society. Both are buying up and restoring notable old houses. The Preservation Society properties, thirteen of them, are open to the public for a small fee. The Operation Clapboard homes are being resold, rather than rented, to historic-minded purchasers. As a result of this triple undertaking, the district around the old wharves is rapidly becoming one of the most interesting urban landscapes on the East Coast—something like Colonial Williamsburg, but alive. The dollars Doris Duke has poured into Newport may be the best she has ever spent.

5. *To my Leete's Island neighbors, Mr. and Mrs. Richmond Curtiss, who spent their vacation last summer by walking 145 miles from Guilford, Connecticut, to Albany, New York. They are only sixty-seven years old.*

Carrying light knapsacks averaged fifteen to twenty day on a carefully planned r way of back roads and small They spent nine days on the t ting to know some of the p country in New England mo mately than a motorist ever

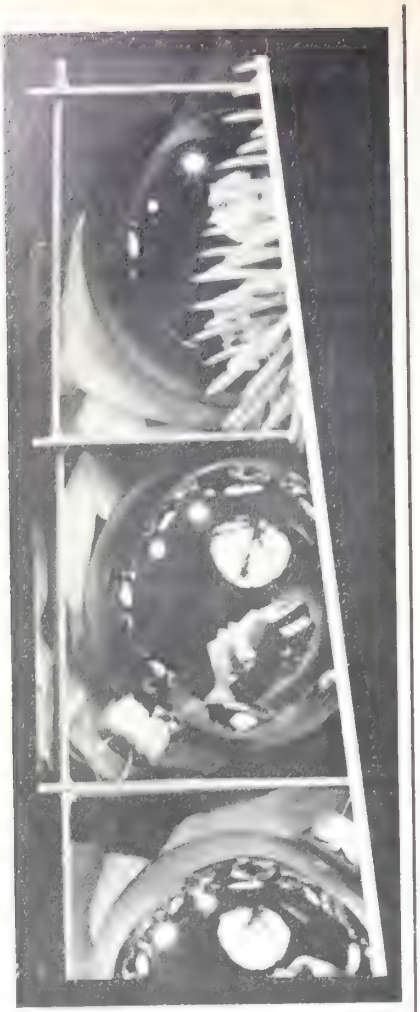
6. *To Paul E. Weaver, foun president, and James K. H editor, of a unique publishin prise: the Northland Press staff, Arizona.*

In a mere ten years they ha what may be the most distin of our regional presses, rem both for the quality of its bo and the high standard of its raphy, design, and press wor have specialized in books ab West, Indians, local history, and some of their titles are t in their field. Examples: *Ka A Hopi Artist's Documentary Dictionary of Prehistoric Indi facts of the American So* (paper, $7.95), *1877: Plains Sketch Books of Zo-Tom an ing Wolf* ($35), *Horse Co tion: As to Soundness and mance* ($6.95), a classic by mous horse trader, Ben K. whose other books have be lished by Knopf, and *Casas G* a three-volume, 1,400-page ological report ($75). Colle fine books can get a comple logue by writing to the press Box N, Flagstaff, Arizona 8

7. *To the Minnesota Mini Manufacturing Company, fo genious experiment in mass for its employees.*

The company's system is t one I know of that picks up sengers on their own doorste morning, provides them r seats in a comfortable vehicl ers them to the offices and f where they work, and then them to their own homes in ning.

The vehicles are twelve-pa minibuses. They are owned company, which also mainta insures them. They are dri volunteers from the firm's wor The driver rides free; other gers on his route pay fares from $20 to $30 a month, de on the distance traveled. The also has the use of his bus nings and weekends, and as a



A cartridge in a pear tree.

A gift of the **Shure V-15 Type III** stereo phono cartridge will earn you the eternal endearment of the discriminating audiophile. It has the ability to extract the real sound of pipers piping, drummers drumming, rings ringing, etc., etc. In test reports that express more superlatives than a Christmas dinner, the V-15 Type III has been described: "... Sound is as neutral and uncolored as can be desired." Make a hi-fi enthusiast deliriously happy. (If you'd like to receive it yourself, keep your fingers crossed!)

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keep the vehicle full, he gets
p the fares from the ninth,
and eleventh riders. The com-
elps the driver and passengers
anize routes so that each bus
ck up riders in a single neigh-
d with a minimum of wasted
e.

early this year the system was
ing forty-one buses carrying
450 people a day, and was
panding to serve the 500 em-
s on waiting lists. Unlike most
transportation systems, this
self-supporting. The fares cover
rating costs, and will amortize
pital investment within four
Since it has taken more than
rivate cars off the streets, the
s in gasoline, air pollution, and
g costs are substantial. The 3M
see no reason why their ex-
can't be followed by other big
nies throughout the country.

peaking of ingenuity, I can at
fely express my affectionate
for a diamond smuggler—
that transatlantic passenger
are practically extinct.

et him during World War II
I worked for an agency that
gaged in, among other things,
ling jeweled bearings out of
land. They were essential for
t instruments, and at the time
nade nowhere else—although
ally we smuggled out both
technicians and their delicate
nents to establish a jeweled
industry in this country. The
I knew him by—almost cer-
false—was Jacques; and the
ques he and others used for
ing out the Swiss diamonds
elatively crude, involving the
diplomatic pouches and the
of border guards.

before the war he was a fa-
rivate practitioner, known to
dy who was anybody. The
p diamond merchants knew
smuggling. So did the Amer-
stoms service, which had been
off by its Dutch informants.
the officers of the steamers on
he made frequent trips be-
New York and Europe, be-
Customs had asked them to
eye on him. So did the Amer-
holesale jewelers, to whom
s sold a parcel of choice gems
few weeks. But nobody was
prove that the diamonds were
ed; nor did anyone ever dis-
cover how he moved them from Holland to New York, in spite of many months of surveillance and searches that included X rays of his abdomen.

How he did it was really quite simple, like most works of genius. Jacques would buy a small handful of diamonds more or less openly on the Antwerp market, and then board a ship for America with them in his pocket. Usually he used a Dutch liner, because passengers were not searched when they left the country. But sometimes he took a ship from France or England, confident that tourists would not be frisked when they crossed from one country to the other; he never was.

In his luggage he carried two unusual items: a brace-and-bit and a tube of plastic wood. Soon after the ship was at sea, Jacques would lock his cabin door and remove one of the wooden drawers from the dresser. (He never traveled on the S.S. *United States* because its cabin drawers were metal.) Once he had upended the drawer on the floor, he would drill a hole in one of its side pieces, which generally was about three-quarters-of-an-inch thick. It took him only a few minutes to do this, drop his diamonds into the hole, seal it with plastic wood, and replace the drawer. Later that night, when the decks were nearly deserted, he would drop the tube, the wood crumbs, and the drill overboard.

He left the gems in place when he landed in New York. After the frustrated Customs men had searched him once again, he went to the steamship office and booked a passage to Europe on the same ship—sometimes on the return voyage, sometimes on the next, depending on when he could reserve the same cabin. "I found it so comfortable and homey," he would explain.

For the outward-bound trip he always held a small sailing party in his cabin, with champagne. The last guest to leave was always a business associate, and he always carried with him the diamonds, which he and Jacques had whisked out of their hiding place a moment earlier. Nobody ever searched a guest leaving a sailing party. Neither did any ship maintenance men ever think to look for holes in the back of a drawer siding.

If he is still alive, I wish him a merry and prosperous Christmas, and hope he is not smuggling anything worse than diamonds. □

WINE TALK

by Austin, Nichols

Château Figeac takes its name from St-Emilion but its breed is Pomerol.

Breed. The unique taste characteristics that mark a great wine. For Château Figeac, it means a claret that's closer to Pomerol than St-Emilion.

Located on a gravelly strip of land that extends into Pomerol, its excellent drainage and mineral content give Figeac a tremendous balance and breed. The Figeac vineyard—with its large proportion of Cabernet-Sauvignon grapes—produces a dark, ruby-black claret that is unique to St-Emilion.

Recognizing and assessing the breed of a wine takes the ability of an expert. Perhaps a more convenient way is to recognize the mark of Austin, Nichols.



COMMENTARY

DIVORCE, WITH LOVE

I have become a statistic and I resent it. Like a mugging victim or a woman humiliated by a rapist, or a quarterback who has just set a record for interceptions.

I am getting divorced, for the second time.

Early one morning my wife quietly got dressed, packed a bag, and moved out. Enter the lawyers, coolly efficient, blasé about it all, dealers in clauses and conditions, collectors of fees for essential services.

Put aside the grievances, the obsessions, the resentments. No dishes or punches were thrown, no degradation imposed. For all that, it is still a terrifying time.

Banal questions surface. "What went wrong?" "What happened?" Some answers are evident; others are elusive. It is an experience, a shock, a trauma that tests one's belief in affirmation. Like a mindless murder on a subway train, the inexplicable death of an infant, the immorality of politicians, or all wars, a divorce—even if it alters the lives of only two people—makes us think about all people.

"Love is a fool star," Carl Sandburg wrote at eighty-five, implying that the feeling does not die but that hope deteriorates with age.

I dissent.

We live in an absurd time. Take the eleven o'clock news seriously for once and try to deny that. Insist on being a liberal in an era filled with horror, and see if you can make sense of it. Read about good men killed by thieves. Who are those thieves? What did they want? How do they live? What do they need? Or bury that dead man and move on.

Mention love to some people and they cringe, move away, fearful of being vulnerable, unaccustomed to true intimacy. We cover our bets and our risks these days, because all around us a threatening sense of decay intimidates us.

To succumb to it for more than a few bad days is to join the enemy, to accept the statistics, to choose convenient generalizations over the feelings of individuals.

We must be more civilized and more compassionate in how we view each other. Our suspicions make us think too much of survival and too little of love. It is not enough, as William Faulkner once said, to "endure." We must, he added, "prevail."

That is what makes me think now, as the lawyers clutch their phones and mumble amiably, how important it is to *care*. My wife is gone, but there is still some love for her within me. More than that, I know that I must not relent. I must not cling to the rotted raft of failure. I must not retreat, to either fantasy or safety. The documents will be signed and the lawyers paid, and, in time, the events of the marriage will be seen through a fogged lens.

I will not feel sorry for myself. I will not play that debilitating game, star in that psychodrama. I will not settle for being that faceless number on some sociologist's list. The world has too many victims.

So for me, and for others, I hope, affirmation survives. There is no real success without it. Money, power, achievement are trifles. It is mo portant to love one other perso ly. If you can sustain that ki love, you can love many, incl some you've never met and nev meet. It is an emotion that fruitfully, on itself.

I am a relic. I talk about love, touching others and being to by them. I think well of people they persuade me to think them. I begin with the assum that I'm happy to be alive and even in New York, even in 19 is an assumption that links some of the retarded, to the cence of children, to the outs and unembittered libertarians, characters in predictable, ro novels.

I am closer to William Sar much maligned for being wide than I am to Philip Roth, who s and laughs self-mockingly and s some more.

I am sick of suffering as a fo conspicuous consumption. It sumes *us*. So if I am ready placed in the divorced male strive to reject that move. I a individual, strong at times, we times, desperate alone in a bed for two, hopeful and hopeless moods quaver. There is enoug about why we do not, or c love. Warped childhoods, unl parents, sibling rivalries, unw some affairs, rejections, alien We are adults, whether we are pared for the role or not, and w needed. To abdicate is to be a inal. The worst crime against is to retreat from love.

Henry Miller, at the age of ty-five, wrote, "The one thing w never get enough of is love. An one thing we never give enough love."

It is more than just desirable.

Don Gold is the author of Bellevue, *to be published in the spring by Harper & Row. Mark Huntington Wiseman is the author of several books about advertising. "Margaret Bennett" is the nom de plume of Barbara Toohey and June Biermann, librarians at Los Angeles Valley College in Van Nuys, California. Oliver Jensen is the editor of* American Heritage *magazine.*

Harper's *welcomes brief contributions from all of its readers who find themselves inspired to passionate statement. Please send entries, including stamped, self-addressed envelope, to "Commentary."*

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IT TAKES A LOT OF DUMMIES TO MA



AR FOR PEOPLE WHO THINK.



For years, we've employed dummies to help us plan our Volvos.

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But not all the things we do depend on a lot of dummies. Some simply require a little common sense.

All cars have head restraints. Volvo's have openings, so you can see behind you.

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VOLVO

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"Your Secret Self" The puzzle that puts you together



Discover your subconscious.



Solve a 500-piece "whodunit."



Penetrate this devilish labyrinth.



Crack thi double puz

Introducing a revolutionary concept in puzzles. A puzzle that lets you have fun discovering your subconscious thru the use of colors. The way you put the colored pieces together reveals your secret self.

You may find that you're pragmatic. Or impulsive. Animated. Or reticent. Just remember, you are what you put together. So if you don't like yourself today, you can put yourself together again tomorrow!

"Your Secret Self" is just one of four exciting n puzzles you play games with. Three more inclu "The Mystery of the Musical Requiem," "The Amaz Maze" and "The World's Most Remarkable Cr word Puzzle." All make great gifts for the hard please puzzle lovers!

New from Springbok. Jigsaw puzzles you play games wit

responsibility. It is our contract.
Bellow's Mr. Sammler, on the
h of his friend, says of him that
willingly as possible and as well
was able . . . [he] was eager . . .
o what was required of him. He
aware that he must meet and he
meet—through all the confusion
degraded clowning of this life
igh which we are speeding—he
meet the terms of his contract,
erms which, in his inmost heart,
man knows."
hen the lawyers are done with
work and the documents are
erly filed and the memories are
less vivid and the pain only a
, occasional twinge, I will still
ve in that. I urge it on all others
have shared my grief and shared
iope.

—Don Gold
New York, N. Y.

OR FATHERS

y Sandra McPherson

he closest we came
as doing the thousand-
ece puzzle.
Vasting time
n that painting of the tower

as not as wasted as some years
were they building it
could all those characters
e bellringers,
d-bloused, grain-

ousered and humbly
ough all men).
xcept at the time
s painted
e picture matters

ss than our own people.
is children
terrupt the painter.
rgiveness almost becomes
impatient habit. "Paint

e a little picture!"
gs the son
d ever since
e inch-by-inch response
s hung in the home

e ruby-
roated hummingbird
ngs outside—
the iridescent fragments
d the fathers.

DEATH, WITH THANKS

Having reached the age of eighty-five, I was more than mildly interested in Willard Gaylin's lucid article, "Harvesting the Dead," in your September issue. Since I have given some thought to the matter, perhaps I can amplify Dr. Gaylin's comments about the disposition of one's body after death.

If all goes well—that is, if my body is reasonably intact and therefore useful as what he calls a "neomort"—it will be transported in a suitable vehicle to the mortuary of the Yale University Medical School. The signed card in my wallet says:

> *My body has been donated to the* YALE UNIVERSITY SCHOOL OF MEDICINE. *I request that immediately after my death and in compliance with Section 19-139a of the General Statutes of Connecticut, the State Department of Health be notified by telephone at Hartford, 566-3812 or 566-2335. (If no answer, as on a holiday or after hours, call the Yale-New Haven Medical Center, 436-4219 or 436-4380, and ask for Anatomy Mortician.)*

You may well ask why I have made this decision. My answer goes back to my long-held conviction that both life and death are human privileges. Unless we commit suicide, we live without volition. We are conceived by a physiological act involving the sexual organs of two parents whom we haven't chosen. We continue to exist almost as automatically as machines: whether or not we will it, our hearts beat, our blood circulates, our lungs function, our brains and nerves respond to stimuli. Unless these processes are obstructed, we give them no conscious thought. We blithely accept them as our right; but, like freedom of speech, they are actually privileges granted and tolerated by our social and physical environment.

If they are threatened, we have two choices: to fight to protect and preserve them, or to die. Death thus

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mes a privilege which we can ercise at will for any number of ons: because our mechanisms e ceased to function satisfactorily, or we are exhausted by the effort of living and have lost the desire to ntinue, or we are in acute pain, or we feel burdensome to our families.

The religionist, in his contemplation of death, must deal with sacerdotally imposed creeds, doctrines, and dogmas, which he has been taught to obey as a condition of being "saved." The concept of an omnipotent and immortal God requires him to maintain a filial relationship with this central figure, as in the phrases "Our Father," "my Maker," "our Judge," "made in His image." According to this formula, it would be inconceivable that such a father would sentence his children to death; so He promises them eternal life in another world—providing they obey his mandates and repent their "sins." The orthodox believer need not fear death, or its sting, in spite of physical appearances. Severed from his worldly goods, he will pass through the Pearly Gates to join the friends and relatives who have preceded him, with no thought of the morrows.

I can understand how comforting this prospect is to anyone who has never heard of Copernicus, Darwin, the moon-walkers, and the findings of the Mount Palomar astronomers. But what about the millions of so-called educated people who still believe, or act as if they believed, these primitive fictions? How do they reconcile the beautiful words and promises of the funeral service with the plain scientific facts of life and death?

They clutter countless acres of the good earth with cemeteries where they bury the useless "remains," often in costly coffins, knowing that these will soon disintegrate to no human purpose, thus denying the ceremonial promise that "the earth and sea shall give up their dead; and the corruptible bodies of those who sleep in Him shall be changed."

In the past, as Dr. Gaylin points out, there have been legal problems involving body donation: who legally owns the dead body and has the right to dispose of it? The answer used to be: the heirs. But this is no longer so since the passage by all fifty states of the Uniform Anatomical Gift Act, which permits the living perso "donate en masse 'all necessary gans and tissues' simply by fi out and mailing a small card," as Gaylin puts it.

Euthanasia—the process of " ing out" of life the terminally il his or her consent or by agreen based on the decision of the ph cian and family—has been gain adherents at a rapid rate. The Eu nasia Educational Council maint an office at 250 West Fifty-seve Street in New York City, and of advice on the preparation of a ing Will containing the wishes of living person.

I shall not welcome death; but can be spared the physical and n tal agonies that so often lead u it, I shall not resent it. In a w torn by wars, ravaged by fami and scourged by injustices, I h been blessed with good health, l of family and friends, and freed from serious worries. As I look b over my eighty-five years, my gr tude for these gifts is incalculabl can only partially express it by gift of my body for the purpose helping others stay alive.

—Mark Huntington Wisen
Westport, Co

How the English keep dry.



Gin Bloody Mary:
1½ ozs. Gordon's Gin, 3 ozs. tomato juice, juice of ⅓ lime wedge. Stir well over ice.



Gordon's® Gin. Largest seller in England, America, the world.

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GUILTY, NOT GUILTY, OR SUFFERED-ENUFF

Ever since our legal system beg we've been stuck with the same black-and-white sentences of gu and not guilty. Now, thanks to Pr dent Nixon's resignation and pard we have a new, beautiful gray s tence, a more compassionate s tence, one that any jury would f relaxed about giving, one that a defendant would accept with a sm of relief. I refer, of course, to "s feredenuff."

With sufferedenuff it is immater whether or not the person is guil All that matters is the extent of anguish over being accused and extent of his topple from wealth ar or power.

Sufferedenuff works this way: a person in a high position (say wealthy shipping executive) is cused of making illegal political c

itions, he is let off with a slap on vrist and a token fine because he clearly sufferedenuff. His prestige been terribly damaged. The poor has probably had snide remarks e behind his back—or even to ace—at the country club about olitical hanky-panky. His inno- children have no doubt been ked by their little prep-school finishing-school friends. His wife have been looked at askance in bridge group and at Junior ue meetings. (Note: it is very ult for a person without a "fine ly" to have sufferedenuff; suffer- is increased synergistically by lial association.)

contrast, take a case from the r end of the spectrum. Let us ider a skid-row bum—a wino, u will. A man without job, fam- dignity, reputation, or even a ge of clothes. Let us say that in of nocturnal thirst he slips a e of muscatel under his seedy without paying the liquor- proprietor. This man should ously have the book thrown at The law should punish him to ull extent of its powers, because as in no way sufferedenuff. He nothing to lose. He was already he gutter and could fall no ier.

hen it comes to the case of being led from the highest office in the —perhaps the highest office in world—there needs to be some of cherry on the top of the suf- lenuff sundae. Merely saying the has sufferedenuff and granting a pardon is hardly sufficient for psychic and financial nds of such magnitude. No, there ld be some form of recompense his suffering. A lump-sum pay- t with lifetime annual hurt mon- s only fitting for a man who has oroughly sufferedenuff.

s you can see, sufferedenuff is and right and definitely the plea ll seasons. As a matter of fact, something we all can avail our- s of. For instance, we could re- to pay our taxes next year. After these taxes combined with infla- have served to reduce every one s from relative affluence to near ry. No judge or jury could pos- convict us of tax evasion be- e, God knows, we have all suf- lenuff.

—Margaret Bennett
Apple Valley, Calif.

Your gift can go a long way this Christmas.

On the back roads of Mississippi, Alabama and other parts of the deep South, there are still many thousands of families facing slow starvation. Right now. Right here in the U.S.A.

Their diets are so inadequate that hunger and malnutrition have become part of their lives. Many children of tenant farmers and seasonal workers have actually never known what it is like *not* to be hungry.

The NAACP Emergency Relief Fund is now in its fourth year of collecting money to buy Food Stamps for the neediest of these families. Under the federally sponsored Food Stamp Plan, $1 buys as much as $40 or more in Food Stamps. Thus your $10—an amount that buys "just another Christmas gift" for more fortunate kids—can mean $400 worth of urgently needed nourishment to help a family survive.

To contribute to this fund, please send as little or as much as you can to the NAACP Emergency Relief Fund. Contributions are tax-deductible.

Thank you. And may your Christmas dinner be a little more enjoyable this year.



NAACP Emergency Relief Fund
Dept. A5, Box 121, Radio City Sta.
New York, N.Y. 10019

A project of the NAACP Special Contribution Fund—tax deductible arm of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People.

THEY'RE KEEPING IT HUSHED UP

Perhaps it was the firelight, or the hour, or our friendship of many years, but the astronaut began to fidget more and more as we discussed the mystery of the missing White House tapes. Finally he could stand it no longer.

"I don't know about the hanky-panky," he said, "but you'll never hear them all. It would blow the moon story."

I just stared at him.

"I suppose you think we really got there," he went on. "Got out, walked around, collected rocks, took a drive in the Moon Rover, all that Jules Verne stuff?" His eyes were burning.

"Of course we think so. We heard it, we read about it, we saw it on television."

"My God," exclaimed the astronaut. "The faith everyone has! That was the backup, all Hollywood special effects, all ready for broadcast in case we didn't make it."

"Very funny," I said.

"We were in California for months beforehand," he rushed on, ignoring me. "First the interiors, then the exterior shots. Wore those damn helium-inflated suits to make us float around. Three scientists and a brace of science-fiction dialogue writers on the script. A lot of stuff done in miniature. All top secret. Even so, there was hardly room for all of us at San Clemente."

"San Clemente? Oh, come on."

"How do you suppose they spent all that money? Landscaping? It was just the right budget for a really colossal movie. I heard there was more money around, too, just in case."

I couldn't stand it. "Didn't you go to the moon?"

"Well, after all those little flights around the Earth—not very far up, really—we thought we could make it. And it started all right," he said, making airman's gestures. "Then we hit the dark-blue stuff. It got thicker and thicker, like wool, and slowed us down until we hit something solid and stuck there. Unexpected. Rather upsetting. After sitting a while, I got into my space suit, took a flashli and crept along outside through gloom toward the front. We w clear, but we'd made a dent in w looked like a wall.

"Just as I got there, someth seemed to move—a pair of hands and I saw a strange sign, on wh some writing seemed to have b crossed out several times. Th were what I think were dim Heb and Greek letters, and maybe so thing in Latin, but I'm no class scholar. Over that was someth newer in German and Russian, it had been rubbed away to m room for . . ."

"There was never a word of on TV or anything," I interrupt half believing him. "Did you h radio contact? What happened b at NASA?"

"Naturally they were in a pa Everybody in Houston talking once. Wanted us to 'investiga Wanted us to break free. Wanted to go around it, whatever 'it' wa told them 'it' was the whole sky. Th called the White House. Talked somebody there, and it took an h to convince them. They even chec it out with Billy Graham.

"Anyway, there was a long w for instructions back in Hous while we just sat there. Guess th was quite a debate in the Oval fice. It all ought to be on some those tapes. Then the word ca back: follow Plan B."

"The cover-up? I mean, the ba up?" I asked.

"Affirmative."

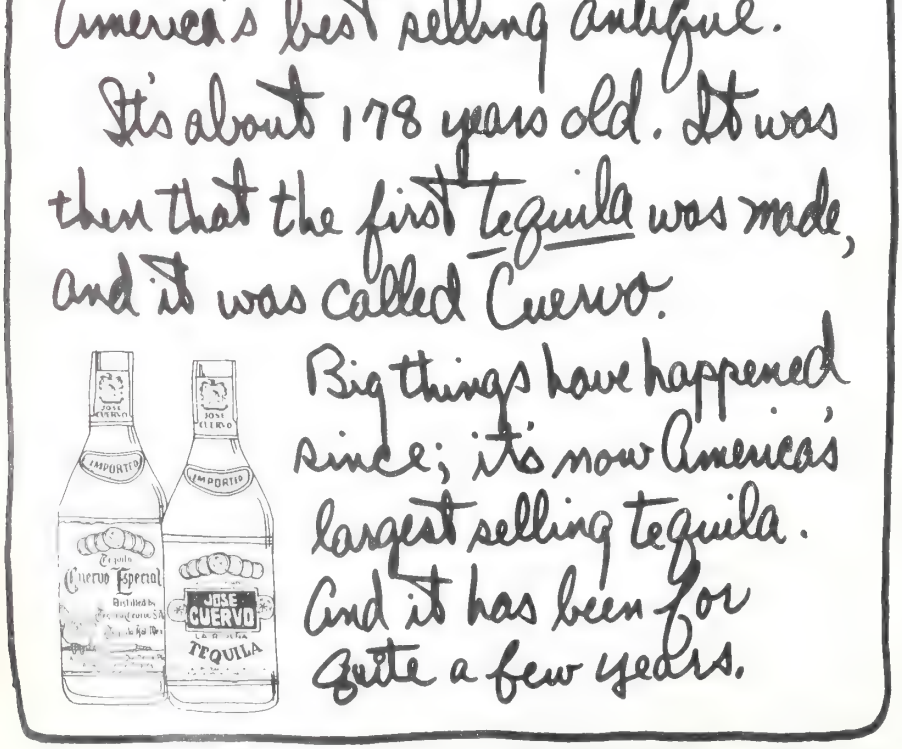
"What were you doing all the ti you were supposed to be on moon?"

"We just sat there reading the p pared script into the radio until was time to head back, and, let tell you, it was a nasty job blasti back out of that blue stuff. We some in a bottle, but it seemed evaporate as we returned to Ear and NASA buried the bottle anyw Wouldn't even show it to Billy G ham, and he was really curious. wanted to know if I'd seen 'anybo while I was crawling around the s face of the wall. I hated to disappo him, but I did tell him what the si said. You see, the new lettering w in English."

"What did it say?"

"'Call us not. We shall call thee

—Oliver Jens
New York, N



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The $4,975 Question.

Q. In times like these, can you reasonably expect to get $4975's worth of car for $4975? Well, let's talk fact.

First, the Audi 100LS hasn't risen one dollar in price this year. That puts you way ahead right there.

Second, the Germans build the Audi to last. Planned obsolescence isn't compatible with their thinking.

Third, consider the built-in luxuries: the comfort of legroom and headroom equal to some cars twice the price. And orthopedically-designed reclining seats.

Fourth, it's the only luxury car combining front-wheel drive, torsion crank rear axle, rack-and-pinion steering, and front disc brakes. It handles superbly.

Fifth, on top of everything else, it gets about 24 miles to the gallon.*

True, it's hard to find full value in any product today. But this isn't just any product, it's the Audi 100LS: $4975† worth of luxury car, without question.

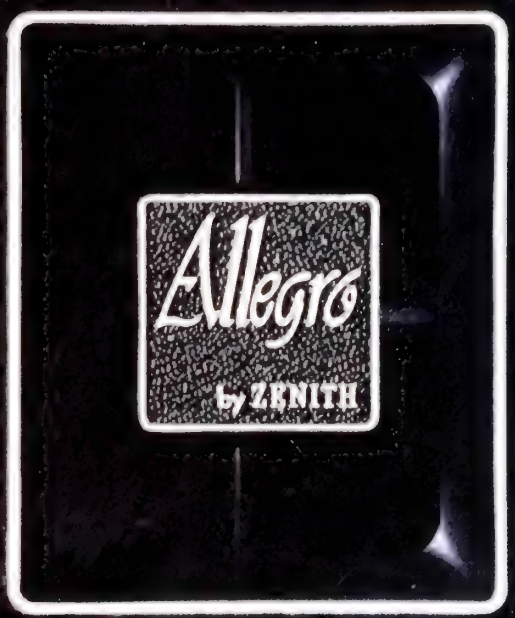
†Manufacturer's suggested retail price East Coast P.O.E. West Coast slightly higher. Local taxes and other dealer delivery charges, if any, additional.
*Based on German laboratory Standards DIN 70030.



The answer is Audi

There's a reason Zenith Allegro® gives you deeper, richer sound.

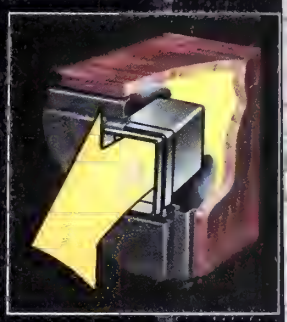
This tuned port.



Zenith Allegro is a sound system with a difference. The tuned port.*

Where a lot of speakers (even air-suspension types) trap deep, rich bass inside the speaker cabinet, Allegro's tuned port gives it a way out. So you hear more of what you're supposed to hear.

In fact, with a specially-designed woofer for solid bass and mid-range tones, plus a horn-type tweeter for crystal-clear high notes, Allegro beautifully reproduces the sound of the original performance. And does it so efficiently that even the popular air-suspension speaker systems need twice the power input in order to match the overall sound performance of comparable-size Allegro speakers.



*patent pending

But that's not all. Because besides this remarkable speaker system, Allegro brings you some equally remarkable componentry.

There are ten solid-state tuner/amplifier/control centers to choose from, with AM/FM/stereo FM, built-in or separate precision record changers, and cassette or 8-track tape players and recorders. (Shown at left: *The Prestwick*, model F594W.)

And of course Allegro also gives you a choice of complete 4-channel systems, each with a full range of matching options and accessories.

So, now that you know what Allegro is, and why, there's just one question left to ask yourself: Which.



The Prestwick, model F594W

For an illustrated booklet that helps you understand and compare speaker systems, write to the Advertising Dept., Zenith Radio Corporation, 1900 N. Austin Ave., Chicago, IL 60639.

The surprising sound of Zenith.

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The quality goes in before the name goes on®

Jim Hougan

A SURFEIT OF SPIES

The proliferation of private intelligence agencies has made civilian espionage a growth industry

WASHINGTON IS A PARANOID CITY these days; if one listens intently enough, it's to imagine the strains of *Danse Macabre* ing up from the living rooms of George- n and the CIA suburbs of Virginia.

usk delivers a sense of impending *Walpur- acht*, and the reason is clear: never before e there been so many "spooks" abroad in land, so many spies and counterspies, clan- ine analysts, secret movers, shakers, agents, atives, wiremen, and gumshoes. They come n the CIA, of course—but also from the , FBI, NSA, AEC, and State Department; n the intelligence sections of the Army, y, Air Force, IRS, and the Treasury Depart- t; from the Justice Department's Internal rity, Intelligence, and Organized Crime ke Force divisions; from the Secret Ser- , narcotics-control agencies, and metropoli- 'Red squads"; from the hundreds of "pro- taries," "conduits," and "covers" that some ese agencies have maintained.*

he "intelligence community," once a mere rb of government, has grown to the dimen- s of a metropolis, a secret Pittsburgh in our t. For the most part, it is a new community, stwar boomtown built upon the mining l manufacture) of information. Its internal nization owes less to coherent federal plan- than it does to the emergence of new per- ual hardware and techniques (e.g., satel- computers, and systems analysis) whose existence has transformed relationships be- n governments, industries, and people.

ere is no way to determine the exact size, lone the influence, of that community. Its gets are secret, its operations clandestine, its advice classified. At its fringes—where, nstance, the State Department and the CIA —an institutional osmosis takes place. Funds for one agency are concealed in the budget of another; military personnel are "sheep-dipped," or placed under cover, and loyalties of employees in one department are "turned" by operatives in a second.

It is difficult to accurately assess the number of intelligence workers, but Sen. William Proxmire estimated last year that the government employs at least 148,000 of them. That figure is low, however, since it encompasses only the "downtown district" of the community—the part concerned with "classic" intelligence objectives on a full-time basis. Specifically, Proxmire's number (the only one ever published by the government) includes only those employees of agencies seated on the U.S. Intelligence Advisory Board—CIA, NSA, DIA, Intelligence and Reports Bureau of the State Department, and the intelligence sections of the Army, Navy, Air Force, FBI, AEC, and Treasury Department. It does not include part-time operatives, subsidiary alien apparats,* businesses which exist by virtue of their contracts with the intelligence agencies,** and the vast number of de facto agents and investigators distributed throughout government in supposedly "open" entities such as the IRS and Justice Department.

Whatever its exact size may be, the intelligence community is huge and growing. At the very least, its wardrobe is large enough to accommodate 148,000 cloaks and perhaps an equal number of daggers. Its special skills (infiltration, subversion, surveillance, and espionage) are in increasing demand. While there are still many different sources of power in the United States, it is apparent that the nation's drift toward technocracy entails a more complete equivalence between data and power. More

ome CIA examples: Southern Air Transport prietary), the Kaplan Fund (conduit), and Rob- . Mullen & Company (cover).

* Gen. Reinhard Gehlen's former apparat is an example of this.

** Until recently, according to statements of its former president in the *Washington Post*, Psychological Assessments Associates, Inc., was one of these.

Jim Hougan, a journalist for many years, is writing a book on decadence and the apocalyptic sensibility.

Hougan

SURFEIT OF SPIES

than ever before, political and economic strength accrues to those who have special access to, or control over, lines of communication and information that are not accessible to the public. The spectacular growth of the federal intelligence community, however, has resulted in the spin-off of an invisible industry, a security-industrial perplex whose influence is more insidious for the fact that its activities are mostly unseen.

Spying for profit

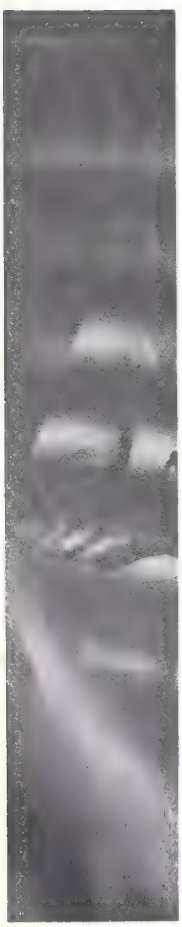
IN THE PAST DECADE, literally dozens of *private* intelligence agencies have been created, joining over 32,000 registered private eyes and 4,000-odd security firms. Staffed almost entirely by former government operatives, the mercenary apparats place their skills at the disposal of the rich and paranoid, or work for a single client. The proliferation of the private apparats is attributable to two causes. The first is that each year, hundreds of agents (fired, retired, or merely ambitious) leave government for private practice. Last year, for instance, the civilian work force absorbed the greatest number of CIA agents in its history. These were mostly middle-aged men who had been with the agency since its earliest days. Having risen to the upper echelons of the intelligence community, they found themselves (in their late forties and fifties) with ten or fifteen years remaining in their working lives—and with virtually no possibility of further advancement. Forced into retirement by the CIA, more than 1,000 executive spies joined thousands of other retired spooks in studying a new kind of classified material: the want ads. But under what job headings should they look? "Putsch Director"? "Interrogation Engineer"? "Propagandist"? Or, more likely, "Management Consultant," "Personnel Adviser," and "Public Relations Specialist." Of course, if they preferred to work for themselves, they could follow the lead of James McCord and others who had set up their own firms and independently marketed their strange expertise to industry.

A second reason for the emergence of the private apparats is the multinational phenomenon. Some multinationals have been described as "sovereign states." The metaphor is more than apt, and one consequence of its currency is that the federal intelligence community no longer automatically equates the national interest with the multinationals' investments. It is increasingly apparent that what's good for the multinationals is not necessarily good for America (as the Navy learned when, during the last Mideast crisis, its ships were refused fuel by a supposedly "American" oil company whose executives feared to offend their Arab partners and hosts).

Certainly, the long-term foreign policy g of the United States do not always coinc with the timetables of the multinationals, e when their interests are mutual. The CIA, ITT director John McCone found out when sought to sabotage the economy and manipul the elections of Chile, does not make its op tions contingent upon the availability of milli dollar grants from private industry.* Beca the CIA is not for hire, it cannot be trus

Whether it's guarding "proprietary infor tion" at home, encoding communications, i trating governments in the Middle East, or fu ing counterrevolutions in Latin America, multinationals would rather do it themselves. preserve their investments and increase t profits, corporate giants and paranoid tyco therefore shell out millions to develop their c intelligence services or to hire the expertise firms whose loyalties are for sale. The costs tax deductible. There is nothing wrong w this per se (as they say). Gunboat capitali has generally gone the way of gunboat dip macy: in big business, as in international p tics, a subtler strategy is required today t was ever necessary in the past. It is, howeve

* Actually, McCone should have known this si he is himself a former director of the CIA (1961-6





ally antidemocratic strategy in that it de-
s upon the surreptitious manipulation of
utions, information, and public opinion—
erational style inimical to, and destructive
n open society. The skills of the intelli-
e community are, after all, the skills of war.
multinationals' reliance on those skills sug-
that they recognize the sometimes martial
e of their relationship to other countries,
vernment regulation, and to the public.
ookery's spread to the private sector
fore poses two dangers. First, by applying
igence and counterintelligence tactics to
c opinion, it threatens to transform the
ty into a nation of "friendlies" whose or-
y activities are controlled by hidden per-
ers of which they know nothing. (In this
d one sees the oil companies' recent ad
aign for what it was: a propaganda fugue
ned to pacify a countryside of raped con-
rs.) The second danger is that commer-
intelligence activities threaten to compro-
the neutrality of government, and thereby
ten the security and rights of all. Agents
leave federal service for private employ-
often take with them not just their special
rtise but their "connections" as well. Fre-
tly, former agents retain informal access to
leged information, and it is obvious that some even retain an ability to influence the actions of their old agencies.

After years of probing organized crime, the Senate Permanent Subcommittee on Investigations (chaired by Sen. Henry Jackson) has begun an inquiry into precisely this area. Of particular concern are: the extent to which federal agents "moonlight"; former agents' continued access to secret or privileged data and dossiers; the ability of "retired" agents to inspire or otherwise influence federal investigations; "joint operations" between private apparats and federal agencies; and the suspicious transitions of some federal agents to extremely lucrative jobs with industry.

There is substantial evidence that all these practices take place and that, in fact, they may be rather common. In the area of "joint operations," for instance, one notes the extraordinary cooperation extended by Justice Department officials to Howard Hughes in his take-over of the Nevada gambling industry. As for "access to secret information," a government source recently complained to me that Exxon's Venezuelan subsidiary, Creole, Inc., has a larger intelligence budget than the local CIA station—and that, in recognition of this, the two organizations have consolidated their files: in Venezuela, at least, what's good for Creole is apparently good for America.

"The intelligence community's wardrobe is large enough to accommodate 148,000 cloaks and perhaps an equal number of daggers."



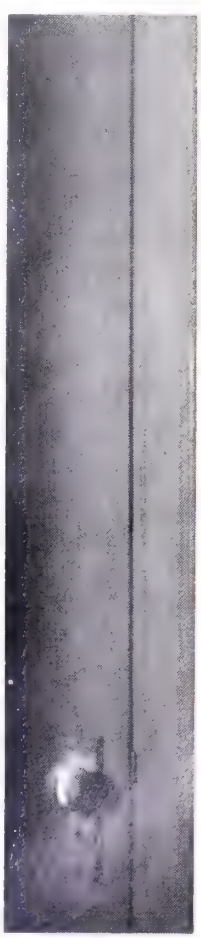
Terry Stevenson

ONE MIGHT GO ON, scoring a litany of instances in which the federal intelligence and investigative machinery seems to have been penetrated by, or come under the undue influence of, special interests. More helpful than such a list, however, would be to understand how a private intelligence apparat actually works, how it came to exist, and who its clients and employees are. With that knowledge it may be possible to do more than take note of past abuses.

The ideal firm to look at is one which places a comprehensive array of sophisticated intelligence skills at the disposal of clients whose business directly affects the public.

There are a number of such firms, though exactly how many is unknown. The private intelligence agencies carry their penchant for discretion to the verge of anonymity; they are, as they prefer to be, an invisible industry.

Still, one or another firm occasionally finds its way into the headlines. Thus, one learns of the Wackenhut Corporation's aggressive compilation of dossiers on Florida citizens, and of its secret analysis of "Communist penetration" in the Caribbean. Dektor Counterintelligence, hired by the White House to account for gaps in the Presidential tapes, has also received publicity. Maheu & Associates, reported to have organized two assassination attempts on Fidel



Castro, has come under scrutiny through its owner's contretemps with Howard Hughes and its dealing with the Greek shipowner Stavros Niarchos. McCord Associates has received attention from the press ever since its owner, James McCord, was nabbed at the Watergate.

The best example of a private apparat, however, is probably International Intelligence, Inc. (Intertel), a mysterious firm whose activities have impinged on the affairs of Howard Hughes, Robert Maheu, Robert Vesco, the Plumbers, ITT, Bebe Rebozo, and even the Mafia. Indeed, it has a particular contemporary relevance in that its very existence seems to have cast a shadow of paranoia over Richard Nixon—and, at least indirectly, contributed to the former President's political reversal.

In 1971 Jack Caulfield, a White House operative, was so concerned about Intertel—which he described as "an intelligence gun for hire"—that he recommended a counterintelligence campaign to neutralize the firm. Caulfield alleged that one Intertel agent was expert at "bag jobs" and warned that the firm "continued to have unauthorized access to sensitive government files in many areas." What alarmed Caulfield was the volatile mixture of political and economic associations that surrounded the firm. Like Democratic superpol Larry O'Brien, many Intertel agents in the employ of Howard Hughes had a deep affection for the Kennedy family. The controversial relationship between members of the Nixon family and Hughes, coupled with the political sympathies of O'Brien and agents at Intertel, suggested the possibility of revelations embarrassing to the President in an election year. Partly to combat the private apparat, Caulfield concocted Operation Sand Wedge, a scheme that included the establishment of what he described as "a Republican Intertel." This was to be an "independent" intelligence agency called Security Consulting Group, Inc. Unable to decide who should head the firm (Caulfield nominated himself while others insisted on Rose Mary Woods's brother), the White House expanded the activities of its internal "plumbing unit"—with known results.

Caulfield's proposal illustrates a corollary of the private apparats: they feed upon each other's paranoia. It also tends to confirm what many journalists have come to believe: taps on the telephones in the Watergate complex seem to have been an exercise in *counter*intelligence.

International Intelligence, Inc.

THERE ARE A NUMBER OF WAYS to describe Intertel, but the most delightful comes from the Senate Watergate Hearings. In them, a special counsel to President Nixon defined it as "a commercial firm specializing in the identification of typewriters." That droll summati akin to describing *Playboy* as a "Midwe little magazine." In fact, Intertel is a net of paladin agents whose collective expertis cludes specialties from within the fields o enforcement, intelligence gathering, econo data processing, accounting, systems engi ing, and the behavioral sciences. The firm its headquarters on the second floor of the Building in Washington, a few steps up Se teenth Street from the White House. It also branch offices in London, the Bahamas, To to, Detroit, New York, and Los Angeles. firm declines to provide a client list, but known to advise stock exchanges, investr bankers, newspapers, airports, insurance porations, pension funds, billionaires, gov ments, gambling joints, and multinational porations. Tom McKeon, Intertel's execu vice-president and general counsel, says that organization accepts foreign and domestic ents alike but that its primary marketing ta is the *Fortune* 1,000 group. Most of the fi services are provided to clients under oral ag ments, and the bulk of its revenues come f a handful of customers.

What Intertel does is protect proprietary formation (secrets) whether it's on tape, print, or in an employee's head; perform b ground investigations and "employee attit assessments"; establish industrial "intellige systems" and guard against corporate es nage; provide "defensive electronic surveys" learn if their client is being bugged; authe cate or discredit documents; undertake "c munications integrity analyses" to learn if t client needs scrambling or cryptographic eq ment; hermeticize the data in computers; s tize public images; shred red tape, monitor r vant government legislation, and lobby; adv on geopolitical "switch-trading opportunities identify stolen stocks and bonds; prevent theft of securities; and make "industrial site location surveys," a sort of sociopolitical e nomic analysis that will tell you, among otl things, whether the place you're moving to enough railroads or too many Reds. And l lots more, all of it couched in the most recond language imaginable.

What Intertel will *not* do is tell you if yo wife is cheating, though that might come up she's also stealing your money, selling your crets, blabbing to Jack Anderson, or conceali her links to the mob.

Intertel is, in other words, a "manageme consulting firm" that specializes in confidenti intelligence services. Lest anyone think that I tertel is just a group of depleted gumsho double-chinned cops cashing in on feet th

* Switch-trades are international deals in which t seller is paid, at least in part, by valuable conside ations other than exportable currency.

Not many people will get a bottle of Maker's Mark for the Holidays.

For a couple of reasons.

First, there simply aren't many bottles of Maker's Mark. Plenty of Kentucky whisky will be available (the state's several dozen distilleries produce some 11,000 barrels per day), but at our little distillery on Star Hill Farm, we're only making about 20.

We hope to increase this as the years go by, but not greatly. As a family business, we're never going to compete with the big mass-producers of the whisky industry.

But possible inadequate supply isn't the only reason not many people will get a bottle of Maker's Mark for the Holidays: It costs a little more.

Discriminating generosity.

If you were planning on giving, say, a hundred bottles of whisky, the bill for that much Maker's Mark would put a not inconsiderable dent in even the most abundantly stocked wallet. So, unless you are one of both exceptional affluence and generous nature, you may want to provide Maker's Mark for (as William Shakespeare has said) 'Those friends thou hast, and their adoption tried' and then make a more moderate gesture for acquaintances.



it tastes expensive
...and is.

Made from an original old style sour mash recipe by Bill Samuels, fourth generation Kentucky Distiller.

A valued gift.

The point is, Maker's Mark is not mass produced; it is made little at a time, slowly and thoughtfully, and is meant to be consumed in the same manner.

Supply and cost. Those are the reasons not many people will get a bottle of Maker's Mark for the Holidays. But for these same reasons, those who do receive a bottle will value it all the more.

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When you're in our neck of the woods, we cordially invite you to visit our little distillery on Star Hill Farm near Loretto. Meanwhile, if you have an interest in the history of whisky-making in the Bluegrass state, write for a free copy of our little booklet, "The Wonderful World of Kentucky Whisky."

Maker's Mark Distillery, Loretto, Ky.,
Ninety Proof–Fully Matured.

Jim Hougan

A SURFEIT OF SPIES

long ago went flat, the following is a selection of roles its agents have fulfilled: chief, Special Projects Section, National Security Agency; director, Intelligence and Internal Security Divisions, Internal Revenue Service; deputy director of security, National Security Agency; chief, Intelligence Division and Organized Crime Strike Forces, Bureau of Narcotics and Dangerous Drugs; deputy director of security, U.S. Department of State; supervisor of Intelligence Activities, Federal Bureau of Investigation; chairman, Criminal Intelligence Services (Ontario); commissioner of Scotland Yard; supervisor of Espionage and Internal Security Investigations, FBI; senior adviser, U.S. Department of State, Southeast Asia; coordinator of INTERPOL operations for the Royal Canadian Mounted Police; supervisor, Organized Crime and Intelligence Squads, Internal Revenue Service; chief, Justice Department's Organized Crime Strike Force; detective supervisor, Special Investigating Unit and Narcotics Squad, New York City Police Department; director of enforcement, U.S. Bureau of Customs; chief, Market Surveillance Section, Securities and Exchange Commission; and J. Edgar Hoover's only nephew. There are, in addition, more than fifty professionals and special agents from virtually every other precinct of government, and it should be noted that Intertel's director of intelligence operations is Edward M. Mullin, formerly of the FBI and the CIA.

CLEARLY, INTERTEL IS to most other management consultants as the CIA is to the Planned Parenthood Federation. The firm is nothing less than the legal incorporation of an old-boy network whose ganglia reach into virtually every nerve cell of the federal investigative/intelligence community. There is nothing "wrong" in that. Civil servants are not chattels of the state, and if they decide to sell their skills in the marketplace, so what? But some who are skeptical of the motives of, for instance, Howard Hughes and ITT may become concerned upon learning of the special talents and knowledge that their assets command. To this, Tom McKeon says, "We don't act as a shield or umbrella for anybody. We won't let ourselves be used that way."

And one would like to believe him. But the fact is that the firm is for hire; it does what it's paid to do, and its clients are secret. "No one likes to admit they've got a problem," McKeon explains, "but each of our clients has or else he wouldn't come to us. That's why we don't disclose their names."

It's not the motivation of Intertel that deserves to be questioned but that of its clients. A "communications integrity analysis" sounds fine (it's meant to), but what if the resulting scramblers, codes, and cryptanalysis eq ment are used to ruin the economy, or sub the political institutions of a foreign de racy? Are the "analysts" responsible?

"Document authentication" also sounds but what if the client twists the resulting i mation in order to deceive the public?

"Background" inquiries may also be of va but not if the private investigators are par an elaborate strategy involving federal ag and White House operatives acting in tan on behalf of very special interests. ITT, a cl of Intertel's, has tiptoed through all these ar and used the intelligence agency in at least of them.

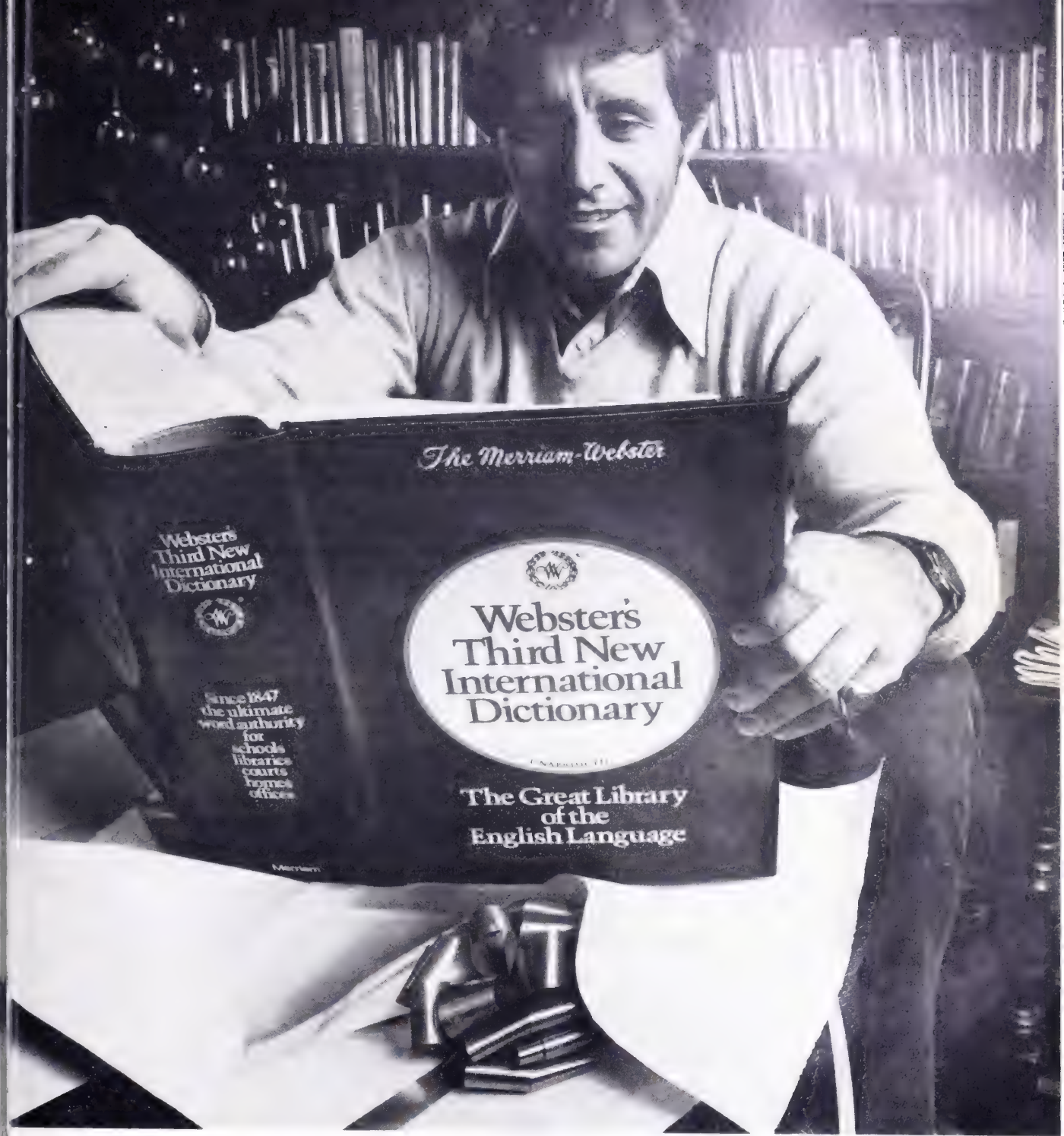
The *potentials* for abuse are many, and picion of the private apparats is only natu What makes Intertel of particular interest, h ever, is the notoriety of some of its known ents and the widely diverging views about motives.

Some instances: Caulfield was convinced Intertel was engaged in "black" operations. tertel denies it does this and, in fact, says it doesn't accept politicians as clients or eng in any political work at all. Huntington H ford, heir to the A&P fortune, is suing Intert parent firm for millions, charging that pr from a casino that Intertel oversees h been fraudulently reported. Intertel denies charge and points out that Hartford has yet produce any meaningful evidence of his as tion. Yet another view of Intertel is held Robert Maheu, former confidant of How Hughes. After Intertel took charge of the lionaire's Las Vegas casinos following Hugh flight to the Bahamas, Maheu thought that boss had been kidnapped. An attempt to " cue" Hughes was thwarted by Bahamian cials accompanied by Intertel agents.

Not everyone agrees that Intertel is a compared to Ian Fleming's SPECTRE. Some sist that the firm is better compared to the F tastic Four, and point out that it was organi for the express purpose of "crime preventio

One Senate investigator who became curi about Intertel left their offices scratching head. "It's surprising," he said. "The guy w owns the company is tight with Nixon and bozo, but almost all its operatives, from top on down, are old Bobby Kennedy m Really, they're plugged into all the good g in Washington."

A check with Sen. Edward Kennedy's st confirms that view. As one Kennedy aide sa "Intertel? They're our friends, man, that's w they are. I almost went to work for them m self." But, he hastens to add, Intertel's re tionship to the Kennedys is platonic rather th contractual. "They've never done any work us," he says. "In fact, my understanding is t they don't do any political work at all."



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Trouble in paradise

INTERTEL WAS NURTURED in the geopolitical humus of the Bahamas, an archipelago of more than 2,500 rocks and islands that fan out from the southern coast of Florida. It was rich soil for the emergence of a mission-impossible agency, a milieu peopled by hustlers, hoods, high rollers, playboys, pimps, billionaires, British colonials, and dirt-poor blacks. For most of their history, the Bahamas were controlled by a group of white merchants known as the Bay Street Boys, a power bloc that ran the islands.

One of the most powerful Boys was Sir Stafford Sands, an attorney whose private practice did not suffer for his public work as Minister of Finance and Tourism. One of his clients, an ex-con named Wallace Groves, paid the barrister-knight almost $2 million in "legal fees."

Groves could afford it. Thanks to legislation drafted by Sir Stafford, Groves was able to buy up 211 square miles of Grand Bahama Island for $2.50 an acre. It was as if a national fire sale had been held because, only a few years later, some of those same acres sold for $50,000 each. Sands was also responsible for obtaining the permissions needed to allow gambling at Freeport, a keystone of Groves's financial empire.

By 1964 Groves's holdings were worth many millions of dollars, and his power was immense. Through one of his firms, he even had the authority to deport "undesirables." In achieving this, Groves had considerable help, and not just from Sir Stafford. Help also came from a partner in Groves's Lucayan Beach Hotel—Lou Chesler, a Canadian financier who went to the banks for cash and to Meyer Lansky for advice.

It is unknown if Lansky, reputed comptroller of the mob, gave it—but he certainly had reason to. Ever since Castro nationalized mob assets in Cuba, organized crime had been seeking a new site for its offshore gambling facilities. The Bahamas were a reasonable alternative to Havana, and Lansky repeatedly sought to obtain influence there. Nevertheless, if he obtained that influence—as many believe he did—proof has so far eluded the courts.*

While these events were taking place at Freeport, Huntington Hartford was endeavoring to transform a dilapidated islet named Hog into the Monaco of the Caribbean. The eccentric grocery magnate renamed the island Paradise and poured millions into its development. But Paradise Island, located across the channel from Nassau, lacked two things that were essential to its success: a bridge to the mainland, and a permit for gambling. Hartford was un... to obtain either, possibly because his ca... would compete with the one owned by Gr... and possibly because he'd made the blund... contributing to the Progressive Liberal P... (PLP), the rival of the Bay Street Boys. ... save his position, Hartford sold all but a mi... ity share of his Paradise Island interests t... Mary Carter Paint Company—the firm ... would become Resorts International, the fo... er of Intertel. Hartford's new partner, Jame... Crosby, wasted no time in closing a deal ... Wally Groves, acquiring the services of Sir S... ford Sands, and, shortly thereafter, securing ... necessary permits to gamble and build a bri... The Paradise Island casino was not due to ... until January 1968, but already the facility ... drawn the attention of the man who would ... come the president of Intertel: Robert F... quin. At that time chief of the Justice Dep... ment's first Organized Crime Strike Force, P... quin had spent his entire career in the in... precincts of the intelligence community: a c... mander in Naval Intelligence, he later joi... the National Security Agency before moving ... to the Internal Security Division of the Jus... Department. One of the men most respons... for exposing, or popularizing, the concept ... national criminal conspiracy called La C... Nostra, Peloquin had this to say about the P... dise Island transactions: "The atmosph... seems ripe for a Lansky skim." *

A few months after making this notat... Peloquin received a visit at the Justice Dep... ment from James Crosby. Crosby asked P... quin's assistance with two problems. First, ... wanted the name of a firm capable of hand... security and checking personnel at his new... sino. Peloquin said he was unable to rec... mend any such firm. Second, Peloquin ... McKeon agreed that Crosby was "liter... scared to death" of a gambler named M... McLaney, who, along with others, wante... piece of the action on Paradise Island.

With this second problem Peloquin ... forthcoming and admits initiating an invest... tion on Crosby's behalf. Just what else Peloq... did for Crosby remains unclear. What is cer... is that a number of exposés appeared in ... American press (*The Wall Street Journal*, *L*... and *Look*) describing the influence of "o... nized crime" in the Bahamas. It has been alle... that Peloquin furnished information for at l... one of those exposés, the one that appeared ... *Life*.

Peloquin later admitted that he spent ... great amount of my time negotiating with ... government of the Bahamas to exclude" vari... persons from the island. He also provided s... tegic, if unofficial, assistance and informatio...

* Sir Stafford has testified that Lansky offered him $2 million for gambling concessions on the islands—and that he refused.

* This comment was contained in a Justice Dep... ment memo written in 1966.

yal Commission of Inquiry convened by
hamian government to study the local
ing industry, its links to the mob, and its
lly corrupt relationship with the Bay
Boys. The commission was headed by Sir
oh Bacon, a former head of Scotland
who was later to become a director of In-

August 1967 the commission's work was
done, and so was Peloquin's. The Jus-
epartment strategist retired from govern-
taking with him the department's annual
for outstanding service, conferred upon
or his Bahamian investigations.

W MONTHS AFTER LEAVING the Justice De-
artment, Peloquin was able to solve Cros-
her problem—taking charge of security at
ise Island and checking out the casino's
nnel. By then, the commission had accom-
d several objectives. In exposing the Bay
Boys, it destroyed their influence for-
A new government, headed by Lynden O.
ng, a black, had taken power amid the
waves of the gambling scandals. (Sir
rd, whose activities figured prominently in
ommission's inquiries, retired to Spain.)
ond result of the commission's probe was
in focusing on existing casino operations,
essarily preoccupied itself with Crosby's
etition. Hopelessly entangled in the affairs
Stafford, Groves withdrew from the ar-
ments he'd made with Crosby. Meanwhile,
y's nemesis, Mike McLaney, had unexpec-
fallen on hard times.
Laney is the former operator of a casino
ba, an ersatz socialite whose biggest long
seemed to have paid off with the election
ndling. Resentful of Sir Stafford and the
McLaney claims that he financed the
ing campaign almost single-handedly. The
ler insists that he would have helped Pind-
n any case, but adds that the aspiring pre-
promised to reward his largesse by na-
lizing the island's casinos and letting Mc-
y run them in return for a split of the
s.
ndling is said to have reneged on his prom-
after his election. Indeed, he went even
er and declared McLaney *persona non*
. That may seem harsh treatment for a sup-
r, but McLaney wasn't surprised. In testi-
before a Senate investigating committee,
aney alleged that his banishment was the
t of a conspiracy between Peloquin, agents
e IRS, and the owners of Paradise Island.

mong Intertel's other directors are men who are, ve been, president of the Dreyfus Corporation ublisher of *Life;* president of Carte Blanche; chairman of the Royal Bank of Canada Trust any; vice chairman of R. H. Macy; and director Prudential Life Insurance Company.

After strenuously denying any connection with Meyer Lansky, and offering to take a polygraph test on the subject, McLaney was asked if he thought "Lansky had anything to do with the reneging of the prime minister" and the gambler's subsequent eviction from the archipelago.

"No," McLaney answered, "I thought Intertel had something to do with it. Mr. Peloquin, from the Justice Department, and three special agents from [the Internal Revenue Service]—they are the ones that conspired to run me out of the Bahamas. . . . Those are the people responsible for getting me . . . eighty-three days of conviction [on a tax charge], and everyone works for the gambling interests in the Bahamas. Intertel was formed for them. When they got rid of me, $2 million was furnished them by Resorts International, and that formed a thing called Intertel."*

Asked, "Who is behind Resorts International?" McLaney said, "I don't know. It is misty, shadows."

RESORTS INTERNATIONAL is an offspring of the Mary Carter Paint Company. After the casino on Paradise Island was built, Crosby severed the Bahamas holdings from the rest of Mary Carter, sold off the latter, and established the new imprimatur. When the casino opened, the new corporation's prospects seemed grand. Peloquin left the Justice Department and set up the law firm of Hundley and Peloquin, which took on Resorts as a client. His partner, William Hundley, was a lawyer who shared Peloquin's investigative background, having been chief of the Smith Act Section in the Justice Department's Internal Security Division.

Peloquin and Hundley served on the casino's operating committee, supervising the work of its manager, Eddie Cellini. The choice of Cellini to manage the gambling joint was an odd one, however, since his brother Dino has been described as Lansky's "top aide" and "right arm."** Before long, Eddie became an embarrassment. "The publicity was awful," Peloquin explains. "Whenever someone mentioned the casino at Paradise Island, they said it was run by a brother of Lansky's top man. It was pure guilt by association. After all, Eddie's fifteen or twenty years younger than his brother, hasn't got a record, and, besides, our bottom line was higher than anybody's. If Eddie was skimming, I'd like to know how he did it! Frankly, he was the best manager we've ever had: he loved the place and took real pride in it. But one day

"Gambling, once a racket run by mobsters, became an industry administered by [illegible] bureaucrats. Pan Am. Hughes Tool, and ITT."

* Of the three IRS agents who probed into McLaney's affairs, two worked for Intertel while the third secured employment with the casino on Grand Bahama Island.

** Vincent Teresa, *My Life in the Mafia,* pp. 219 and 220.

Jimmy Crosby couldn't take the publicity anymore. He told me, 'Look, I don't care if he's Pope Paul—can him.' So I did. And you know what happened when I told Eddie he was fired? He burst into tears. Does that sound like Mafia to you? Christ, I still feel bad about it."

One might have expected more consideration from the chairman of Resorts International, but there was a lot at stake. The new company's stock had begun to take off, thanks in part to a $4 million purchase of unregistered "letter stock" by the fund-managers of Investors Overseas Services (IOS). By 1969 (a little more than a year after the casino opened), Resorts' stock had climbed more than 1,000 percent in value —from about $5 per share to $60. Things were going so well that Crosby began to give money away. A close friend and business associate of Bebe Rebozo's (it was Crosby whom Rebozo called for advice when the banker got stuck with a wad of stolen IBM stock), Crosby donated $100,000 to Richard Nixon's 1968 campaign only a few weeks after Rebozo introduced the two men.*

The meeting between Nixon and Crosby seemed to be a matter of love at first sight. Crosby even placed the company yacht at the candidate's disposal and later became an occasional guest at the White House. Six months after the election, Crosby hired James O. Golden, reportedly at Nixon's request.

Like Peloquin and Hundley, Golden was at home in the intelligence community. A former Secret Service agent who'd served in Russia, Central America, and the Bahamas, he'd been Richard Nixon's personal attaché during the Eisenhower administration and held the curious distinction of being an honorary agent of the Philippine National Bureau of Investigation (for services rendered there). Before he took charge of security at Nixon's headquarters in 1968, he had worked as the international representative of the Lockheed Corporation. In 1969, Golden became deputy director of security for Resorts International. After this, Golden went on to other positions: vice-president of Intertel (1970) and security chief for the Hughes Tool Company (1971). He is now chief of the Organized Crime Section of the Justice Department's Law Enforcement Assistance Administration (LEAA), a job whose responsibilities include setting up intelligence and strike-force teams throughout the country.**

Despite the credentials of its security team, the halcyon days of Resorts International have been few: today its stock is trading at ab per share. The decline can be traced to ber of circumstances. First, the Bahamian ment toward independence greatly dimi the demand for local real estate, and t maimed the earnings of an important s ary. Second, Premier Pindling announce all casinos will be nationalized by 1977. casino profits are hard hit by special Fourth, Resorts apparently blundered w sought, in 1969, to gain control of Pan can World Airways, whose subsidiaries several casinos and hotels in the Caribbea was as if Luxembourg had tried to anne gium: when the smoke cleared, Resorts only 3 percent of the airline's stock, having $27 million for shares that are now valu less than $4 million.)

The Hughes conne

AFTER YEARS OF DE FACTO existence, Int long gestation ended. In January 197 sorts provided the financing that allowe apparat to incorporate as a "consulting o zation created specifically to safeguard bus from the hidden risks of vulnerability to c nal elements and to assist the states and cit development of comprehensive crime cont Those in on the ground floor—Crosby, Pelo Hundley, and Golden—believed that the services could be successfully marketed, there was every reason to believe they right. During the 1960s, the United State derwent a moral upheaval that resulted in definition of many conventional views. M attention has been paid to the effective leg tion of pornography, but even more impor economically, was the new attitude toward bling. What had once been a racket ru mobsters became, by the decade's end, a dustry administered by government bureau and corporations such as Hughes Tool, Pan and ITT. The vacuum left by "known gambl was rapidly filled because no other busines lows its owner to literally name the percen of his profit. The man who pioneered the t over of mob turf by legitimate business Howard Hughes. With a $546 million c from his forced sale of Trans World Airli Hughes moved into Las Vegas under a guard in 1966 and began making offers no could refuse. Abetted to an embarrassing ex by federal bureaucrats and state politici Hughes quickly gained control of the st major industry. His acquisitions were so m and so swift that the Justice Department's o ion of him was divided: while one faction sisted that Hughes was in violation of antit laws, the Criminal Division applauded his vate war against the Mafia.

* The donation took the form of thirty-three checks for $3,000 each and one in the amount of $1,000.

** Oddly, Peloquin and McKeon deny that Golden worked for Intertel, even though at least one Intertel brochure associates Golden with the firm. For his part, Golden says that he was "in on the ground floor" and insists that Crosby made him a vice-president of the apparat.

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ALUMINUM

Conserving our resources and energy.

Hughes continued to look for new properties, and one of the places that interested him the most was the Bahamas. A secret study (entitled *Downhill Racer*) was commissioned prior to Hughes's move there. The report was anything but favorable, citing political instabilities, the likelihood of race riots, and the probability of an eventual social "cataclysm." Nevertheless, Hughes is now living in the Bahamas, acquiring property there, and issuing orders that his staff "wrap up" the government. What caused the billionaire to change his mind, or disregard the advice he'd commissioned, is unclear. What's certain about the move is that Intertel was deeply involved in his expatriation.

On Thanksgiving eve 1970, Hughes was scooped from his headquarters atop the Desert Inn and put aboard a plane bound for Paradise Island. Acting on orders from top executives of the Hughes Tool Company, Intertel took control of Hughes's casinos. Robert Maheu, the billionaire's longtime confidant and chargé d'affaires, was summarily fired, as were other trusted employees. Maheu charged that his boss was the victim of a "kidnapping," and marshaled "evidence" to back up the allegation. A physician who had seen Hughes a few weeks earlier claimed that the tycoon was too ill to have been safely moved, that he suffered from a heart condition, pneumonia, and anemia. He was, the doctor said, receiving blood transfusions and weighed less than 100 pounds. That Hughes should go to the Bahamas seemed—in view of the secret study, his illness, and his disaffection for blacks—eccentric in the extreme.

Tom McKeon, Intertel's general counsel, is still sensitive about the Hughes operation. Seated in his Washington office, feet propped on his desk, McKeon said, "The Hughes organization got in touch with us in the summer of 1970. A few months later, in August or so, Peloquin went to Los Angeles to discuss how the move should be made. Now, you see, we try to operate on the Five *P*s Principle: Proper planning prevents piss-poor performance. Well, we developed a plan, all right: it was about this thick. [His thumb and forefinger measured out a space that would hold *Gravity's Rainbow*.] While we were still preparing for D day—that's what we called it—the Hughes organization telephoned and said, in effect, 'Get every man you've got out here right away. We're moving tonight.' So there went the plan. I can understand why Maheu thought Mr. Hughes had been kidnapped; it was all so sudden."

The assignment to plan Hughes's exodus from Las Vegas was a large and sensitive one; that it should be entrusted to a firm which was only a few months old seemed extraordinary to many. A few, however, thought this was no accident, and speculated that perhaps Intertel was formed *expressly* for the purposes of "the Thanksgiving coup." McKeon denies that, pointing ou the firm's employees had proven their wo federal service and that, moreover, no personage than J. Edgar Hoover sometim ommended them for commercial assign Whatever the case, the Hughes contrac profitable and gave the fledgling apparat a tacular start and plenty of continuing bu

Sailing to Byzan

BY THE END OF INTERTEL'S first year, th was enmeshed in a tense, if sometimes cal, game of spy-versus-counterspy. While tel was investigating Maheu, and vice White House spy Jack Caulfield was inves ing Intertel, convinced that the firm was vate CIA working in behalf of the Kenne terests. What led Caulfield to that concl isn't hard to guess. In 1968, less than a r after Sen. Robert Kennedy was slain, H ordered Maheu to hire Larry O'Brien an "four or five key men in the Kennedy ca Maheu eventually succeeded, and O'Brien's was retained by Hughes for the sum of $1 per month. Exactly what O'Brien did for sum is unclear—"public-relations work" i catchall description. But, whatever it was, h it for less than two years. After the Thanksg coup of 1970, Hughes's relationship with O' ended, and the public-relations account transferred to Robert R. Mullen & Compan firm with strong links to the Republican and the CIA.

At this point, the situation became or Byzantine complexity, and secret agents b stacking up like lemmings at the seashor

While Caulfield and Maheu were trackin tertel, Intertel and the IRS were investig Maheu. (Intertel was also looking into Jack derson's affairs on behalf of ITT, and into ford Irving's affairs on behalf of Hugl At about the same time, E. Howard Hun employee of both Mullen and the White H (who may or may not have also been an u cover agent for the CIA) was planning to glarize the offices of a Las Vegas publi in order to purloin a sheaf of secret Hu memos. In these negotiations, Hunt confe with Hughes security agents—not Intertel, not Golden, but a third network headed fellow named Ralph Winte.

Who is Ralph Winte?

Frankly, this reporter doesn't know doesn't want to ask. Enough is, allegedly, eno

Or is it? While these events unfolded, yet other dimension was added to what had bec a virtual plenum of intrigue: Robert Vesc

Throughout 1972 Vesco was negotiating James Crosby to purchase most of the P dise Island assets, including the casino w

s had promised to nationalize. Vesco
lly offered $60 million for the properties,
sum in view of their special problems.
ime of the negotiations, Vesco was the
f a massive investigation by the Securi-
l Exchange Commission (SEC). As a
f that investigation, Vesco was accused
SEC of having organized one of the big-
uds in the history of money: an esti-
224 million was allegedly diverted from
's Overseas Services (IOS) into the
of Vesco and his cronies.*
e same time, Vesco was also under study
rtel. One of Intertel's main functions as
diary of Resorts International was to
management of their possible exposure
nized crime through companies with
. . they are considering business rela-
s." Considering the connections and ex-
at Intertel, one would assume that Cros-
n apparat would have advised against
l. In fact, however, Intertel raised no
tial objections. Asked how that could
ppened, McKeon says, "Well, at what
es a man become suspect?"
explanation, however, must be dismissed.
ure of Intertel's business is such that a
comes suspect very early. Moreover, In-
second director of operations is the
chief of the SEC's Branch of Market
ance; certainly *he* was not without ac-
information. And, if these were not
, Crosby himself ought to have known
sco deserved suspicion since no less an
ty on the subject than Bernie Cornfeld
n so. The founder and former head of
rnfeld is a sometime backgammon part-
Crosby's. In a conversation with Corn
e playboy-financier told me he had re
y warned Crosby that the SEC was about
crashing down on Vesco, and that the
uldn't go through. Crosby ignored that
Cornfeld said. (According to the SEC,
nsaction "came to a grinding halt" with
mencement of the SEC lawsuit.) By all
s, it would have been a very profitable
Crosby.

The dance goes on

NTRIGUES, OF COURSE, CONTINUE. While
o was under study by the SEC and In-
agents of the Bureau of Narcotics and
ous Drugs (BNDD) were hired by an
te of Vesco's to search the financier's
rsey headquarters for hidden bugging
. (That was in the fateful month of June
Vesco subsequently repaid the organizer
of the search with $3,000 in gambling chips at
a Bahamian casino.

Only a year after receiving assistance from
the BNDD agents, Vesco was himself alleged to
be the financier behind an international heroin
transaction. That allegation, unsupported by
other evidence, was repeatedly made in tape-
corded conversations between an important in-
formant and a big-time Canadian smuggler.

In an apparently unrelated set of events, In-
tertel was itself involved with narcotics agents
during the early part of 1973. BNDD officials
approached Intertel in February with a proposal
called Operation Silver Dollar. This was a plot
to nab an unwelcome guest of the Hughes-
owned Frontier Hotel—a guest who was thought
to be dealing drugs. The BNDD promised to in-
filtrate the man's milieu if Intertel would
prevail upon the Hughes organization to finance
the operation. Intertel agreed, and, as a result,
the Summa Corporation provided the under-
cover agents with a hefty bankroll. The agents
dutifully gambled the money away, but the tar-
get of the operation was unimpressed by the
flashing cash. No sale.

By this time the reader may be thoroughly,
if thoughtfully, confused. That's probably as it
should be, however. My purpose is not to make
sense of all these intrigues (the task would de-
feat an Aquinas), or even to imply anything
more than a coincidental relationship in the in-
tersecting paths of Hunt, Hughes, Intertel,
Vesco, and so forth. Rather, my intention is
to indicate the degree to which America has
haunted itself, and to describe some of the nodes
in what seems to be a maze of espionage.

As to what legislation might be proposed to
curb existing abuses, several possibilities come
to mind. Private intelligence agencies, no mat-
ter what euphemism they go by, should be de-
fined, identified, licensed, and regulated. At the
very least, client lists should be made public.
Moonlighting by employees of federal agencies
having intelligence-gathering or investigative
functions should be forbidden. Joint operations
between such agencies and profit-making orga-
nizations should also be proscribed by law. Fi-
nally, the transition of workers from govern-
ment to private industry should be closely ob-
served to detect instances in which it appears
that a former government worker retains influ-
ence over his old agency, or seems to have been
rewarded by private industry for tasks per-
formed in the federal service.

Of course, so long as there are skeletons in
the closet, there will be spooks by the door.
Walpurgisnacht is here to stay. While we can-
not expect legislative incantations to exorcise
the corridors of power, we may hope to conjure
light enough to see, and count, our shadows.
And that, at least, would make the *danse* a trifle
less *macabre*. □

"Intertel's activities have impinged on the affairs of Howard Hughes, Robert Vesco, ITT, and the Mafia. Intertel is also known to have been employed by Richard Nixon."

restingly, the SEC brief contends that an
d $150 million of this sum was "hot" money
invested in IOS by tax evaders and others.

Walter Laqueur

THE NEXT TEN YEARS

A review of history yet to be written

Things Fell Apart—1974-1981: Ten Years That Shook The World, by S. F. Richardson. United American Publishers, $99.50.

PROFESSOR RICHARDSON'S competent and unemotional survey of world affairs in our time —published, moreover, at a reasonable price— is most welcome. The author takes the year before the flood, 1974, as his starting point: the year of Watergate, the Cyprus conflict, the Indian nuclear bomb, *Watership Down*, and *Once Is Not Enough*. The storm clouds were fully visible to all but the blind, yet the general inclination was to look the other way. The author compares the helplessness of Western governments in 1974-75 with their behavior in 1929-30. Such historical parallels seem a little far-fetched. The Great Depression of the Thirties came almost like a bolt out of the blue, whereas the arrival of the crisis of the Seventies was anything but sudden. It is not so much the intellectual failure or the lack of foresight in 1975 that seems so startling in retrospect but the paralysis of will and the absence of leadership. There was a surfeit of Cassandras, but their speeches and articles did not have the slightest impact on the conduct of policy.

On the basis of a quantitative analysis of the language used in ten American daily newspapers in 1974-75, the author reaches the conclusion that whereas up to the fall of 1974 the words *Haldeman*, *Ehrlichman*, *plumbers*, and *tapes* were more frequently used than any others on the front pages and in the headlines, subsequently there was a sudden switch to *Eurodollars*, *Roosa bonds*, *roll-over loan contracts*, *wage-push inflation*, *cost inflation*, *over-depreciation of exchange rates*, *overheating*, and *underheating*. One suspects that Professor Richardson could have made similar observations by a less circuitous route. For many months there had been a feeling of gloom and helplessness vaguely comparable to the *grand peur* just befo French Revolution. At the same time ther widespread feeling that a miracle was son bound to happen—that, for instance, t prices would return to their old level for p economic reasons, without the applicati political or military pressure on the part consumers.

When the dramatic events of 1975 took hyperinflation had been in full swing in countries for more than a year; share pri New York, London, and elsewhere had more rapidly and extensively than in some banks had closed as far back as su 1974. It is difficult to point to any specific in the history of the world crisis compara Black Thursday in 1929, or to the colla the Kreditanstalt in May 1931. There w sudden, startling denouement, except pe the crash in the Eurodollar market which the temporary closing of the stock exch in the world's financial centers. But this had been expected for many months.

The crisis was precipitated by a combi of factors: violent fluctuations in world the collapse of the credit-worthiness of tries such as Britain and Italy, the decli commodity prices that came too late to ste tide, the spiraling rise in domestic wages a costs, the inability of the international ba system to absorb the oil producers' money there was not the slightest reason that the velopments, which could have been br under control, should also have caused a political crisis. Prior to 1975 it had bee custom to argue that 1929 could not po happen again because certain lessons and techniques had been mastered. But this wa really true. Instead of reflating, various ernments tried to "tighten their belts" Chancellor Brüning in Germany in 1930-3 with almost equally fatal results.

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failure to take effective action was not ic but political and psychological in er. Most Western governments were too or, to be precise, thought they were too to control costs and wages; some of uch as the American government, were of "creeping socialism": the public, it ued, would not stand for drastic mea- ut as inflation worsened, the public was willing to accept almost any action. In- ne Western governments pursued a beg- neighbor policy, exporting unemploy- each other by trying to boost their own while cutting down on imports. This led, I have been foreseen, to the rapid fall in ade in 1975, to the introduction of various siege economies, to a fall in the standard of living and to more unemployment.

The United States (and the Soviet Union) were less affected by these events than the countries of Europe and Japan because their dependence on the volume of foreign trade was not that extensive. Even so, America had to face its gravest crisis since the Great Depression. In the last section of his book, Professor Richardson describes in painstaking detail the gradual recovery in the late Seventies and early Eighties, the ROWT conferences (Revival of World Trade) with their agonizingly slow progress and the reestablishment of an international monetary system delayed for years by bickering and haggling.

"When the dramatic events of 1975 took place, hyperinflation had been in full swing for more than a year; share prices had fallen more rapidly than in 1929."



THE FULL BLAST of the political repercussions of the crisis was felt only in 1976. Dealing with the prehistory of the decade, Professor Richardson—rightly, in our view—mentions the Nixon scandal only in passing. It was predictable that a new school of revisionist historians would devote their energies to the rehabilitation of the thirty-seventh President, but their recent studies need hardly be discussed in this context. Watergate certainly played a negative role inasmuch as public attention was diverted from the coming crisis. On the other hand, it is not at all certain that but for Watergate there would have been more decisive action. Richardson's judgment on Kissinger is harsh and, everything considered, less than fair. The Secretary of State was exceedingly lucky, for when the edifice he had erected began to crumble he was no longer in office. Overpraised at the time, he has suffered of late from the regrettable tendency to write him off as little better than a humbug.

It should be recalled that what Richardson calls Kissinger's "great illusions" were shared by a majority of his compatriots and a great many people outside the United States. Furthermore, there is much reason to assume that the then Secretary of State was, in fact, more skeptical about the long-term prospects of his own policy than most latter-day historians tend to believe. Given the general trend of public opinion in the United States at the time, the disarray of the Atlantic Alliance, and other extenuating circumstances, Kissinger should be faulted not so much for what he did but for the great expectations he helped to raise. His memoirs, which passed almost unnoticed when published, should be read as a useful corrective to the hostile interpretations of his policy (of which *The Devil and Mr. Kissinger* is only the most recent example).

If Kissinger was not the greatest Secretary of State, as many thought at the time, he certainly was not the worst; if he does not rate higher than B–, what is one to say in retrospect about his successor, Mstislav Sceszinski, the brilliant political scientist who, in a series of articles during the Nixon administration, pioneered the custom of using college grades to rate the conduct of foreign policy? Sceszinski, who became Secretary of State after the victory of the Democrats in 1976, dazzled his subordinates with a superabundance of original ideas, approaches, and concepts—sometimes at the rate of two a day. Several were quite useful; others were correct but incompatible with each other. Unfortunately, he never quite understood that original ideas were about the last thing a Secretary of State needed.

Sceszinski was succeeded by Phil ("Military power never counts") Harmke, a profoundly decent man without guile or deception. Harmke had only one fault, albeit a fatal one: he failed to realize that not all other foreign ticians were equally truthful, altruistic peace-loving. Harmke persuaded the Pre to ban all covert activities on the part CIA, except those connected with environ studies. The experiment lasted for a yea although there is no saying how it would developed had it lasted longer, the new of the CIA sparked off a crisis in détente bassador Dobrynin, now in his twenty-thir in Washington, handed a protest note t President. In it the Soviet leaders argue there would be intelligence services and activities as long as there were nation- and that, since no one this side of a l asylum could possibly assume anything they must to their regret interpret th nounced changes in the character of the as a cynical, deliberate attempt to mislead public opinion, a step therefore detrimen U.S.-Soviet relations.

Mention has been made that America stood the storms of the Seventies better tha other countries of the West—much to th prise and chagrin of some prophets of The country was rent by internal strife o eve of the crisis, and the mood was one jection. But the United States had great serves, both material and moral, than E and Japan. The feeling of resignation ha affected America to the same degree; ther still far more dynamism and resolve. If i end America emerged stronger from the it was not due to the superior quality leadership during the years under review; from some memorable phrases in the Roo tradition concerning the danger of phobop ("The only thing we have to fear is fear itsel is difficult to think of any major contrib by its statesmen or politicians. They did however, hinder the process of American r ery, and this in itself has been their hist merit.

The second New Deal was originally sored by men of the right; the combinati right-of-center leaders and left-of-center po which de Gaulle had advocated for his n country found its reincarnation in Washin The idea of greater state intervention i economy went, of course, very much again American grain; it had to be introduced provisional basis and frequently through back door. If America now has a mixed nomic system, this has come about not a result of the pressure of the Left, but be more and more industrialists and bankers a the federal authorities for subsidies and indirectly, for state intervention. The pol leadership, with all its commitment to a la faire system and its aversion to bureauc action, realized that but for state interventi chance of reelection would be nonexistent.

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ot afford mass unemployment, the bank- of major firms, and chaos on the markets; old mechanisms ceased to function, the d to step in, irrespective of past experi- of its predilections and aversions. sis helped public opinion in the United o differentiate between major evils and shortcomings, between dangerous sick- ind passing hypochondria. It helped to y with some of the hysteria and the ss which had been a characteristic fea- the style of American politics for many rior to the crisis. The syndrome is, of familiar to psychiatrists: individuals ions facing real emergencies often tend naturely and responsibly—very much in to their past record. Americans no automatically blame their leaders for d every disaster in remote parts of the There is a little less parochialism, and perspectives have prevailed. Most of ural fads of the Sixties and early Seven- e gone out of fashion—largely due to n. There is still much criticism about the of political leadership, the inequities of an society, and the shortcomings of the of life. Measured by absolute standards, omplaints are only too justified; com- ith the state of most other countries. m almost trivial.

Neither Washington nor Moscow

O WOULD HAVE ANTICIPATED in 1974," writes Richardson, "that a freshman Sen- m the Middle West, a regional party y from Chelyabinsk, and a major in the People's Liberation Army would be ld's three most powerful men ten years The answer to this disingenuous ques- of course, "No one," for in a time of nknown men always arrive from no- even from Chelyabinsk. But if the emer- f these new men could not have been , the major international developments ast decade should not have come as a .

gards détente, we are now sadder and en. Much heralded in the early Seventies rld historical turning point, it was, of but simply another stage in East-West s. It prevented a major confrontation be- he two superpowers but did not deter et Union from expanding its sphere of e wherever it could. The heated debates meaning of détente, on SALT, and on st trade seem a little ridiculous in retro- curious mixture of exaggerated fears warranted expectations. If the United ad military superiority until, roughly, 1960s, there was "rough parity" from 1969 to 1979; since then the Soviet Union has had NDMS (nondecisive military superiority).

The last decade witnessed, as the author notes, some Soviet progress but not as much as the Communists hoped and the West had feared. From Moscow, it seemed that the "general crisis of capitalism," so often prematurely announced, had at last arrived. The immediate causes, to be sure, were not exactly those that had been predicted by Marx and Lenin; there was nothing in *Das Kapital* about hyperinflation, let alone about Saudi Arabia and Abu Dhabi. But the West seemed at the end of its tether, and it was assumed that the new Soviet leadership would establish the hegemony of its state and social system once and for all.

What then went wrong from the Soviet point of view? Events during the last decade have shown what should, of course, have been known long ago: that a grave crisis will not necessarily cause revolution but may lead to a state of anarchy (as in India), and that the political pendulum may swing to right-wing populism, formerly called national socialism. True, state intervention and a planned economy have prevailed almost everywhere, though not always within a Soviet-style political framework. The Soviet Union has reestablished control over Romania and Yugoslavia, but the reaction among West European Communists has been unfavorable. The Greek, Italian, Spanish, and Portuguese Communists—all now represented in their respective governments—have established a new political axis, and are critical of the Russians. Their slogan is, "*Washington y Moscu—ni la una ni la otra*"; Theodorakis has written an anthem for them. The Soviet Union has suppressed without undue difficulty the occasional stirrings of independence in Eastern Europe, but the feeling in Moscow is that not one of these countries can really be trusted—with the possible exception of East Germany. Even the faithful East Germans are not popular in the Soviet capital; their standard of living is now twice as high as that of the Soviet Union, but the Russians are tired of listening to the advice freely offered by Berlin ("If you would work only half as hard as we do . . .").

Inside the Soviet Union there has been economic progress and there is a good chance that per capita income will soon reach the Spanish level. Intellectual dissent, which at one time received so much attention, continues to exist but has been negligible as a political factor. Potentially more dangerous were the centrifugal tendencies among the non-Russian nationalities —which, taken together, now constitute the majority. U.N. old-timers vividly remember the day when the Soviet representative in the General Assembly fainted as he realized that the Ukrainian and Byelorussian representatives had not voted for his proposal.

"The President was persuaded to ban all covert activities on the part of the CIA, except those connected with environmental studies."

Turmoil in the East

IF THE SOVIET UNION has made some progress in Europe and the Middle East, its Asian experiences have been less rewarding. The Indians and the other South Asians are bitterly resentful and feel, justly or unjustly, that they were let down by the Russians. When they asked for $100 billion worth of wheat, computers, machinery, oil, phosphates, laser-guided bombs, bauxite, and general-purpose loans, Moscow referred them to Washington and Abu Dhabi. In the early Seventies the Soviet leadership had decided against a preemptive strike against China on the assumption (which seemed reasonable enough at the time) that Maoist rule was not nearly as firmly rooted as it appeared, and that, in the chaos that would ensue after Mao's death, support for separatist tendencies in Northern and Western China would result in the creation of a *cordon sanitaire* between the Soviet Union and China. The subsequent events are well known and need not be recapitulated in detail: we all remember how the Soviet Union was drawn into the Chinese conflict, how in the face of Russian intervention the warring Chinese factions rallied against the "state-capitalist white devils," how a halfhearted Soviet intervention almost ended in military disaster, how in the process the Soviet Union turned all Asian Communist parties against itself. The conflict in the Far East continues to this day, and its end is not in sight. The fact that South Vietnam, Laos, and Cambodia have become Communist hardly provided much consolation, for, as the Moscow political analysts have correctly —albeit somewhat belatedly—noted, "Asian Communism" constitutes a phenomenon that is *sui generis*, about as distant from Marxism-Leninism as laissez-faire capitalism. Asian Communism following the Chinese example has emerged as an independent force in world affairs. Nominally the Soviet camp still exists, but there has not been a Communist world conference for fifteen years.

The break-up of India (preceded by the civil war in Bangladesh) had been predicted for a long time, but the unfolding of the tragedy took longer than generally expected. The combined Indian-Afghan attack against Pakistan resulting in the division of that country caused a great patriotic upsurge in India, but the euphoria lasted only a few months—as in the case of Turkey after her victory over the Greek Cypriots. In the end, a series of bad harvests, famines, and epidemics led to the inevitable catastrophe. The writ of the central government no longer runs outside New Delhi and its vicinity. Uttar Pradesh is in a state of civil war; other states are ruled by warlords, pro-Chinese guerrillas, or former princes; some are not ruled at all.

Large stretches of Southeast Asia and
were swept by famine and disease; the l
tended by the industrialized countries,
domestic crises, was quite inadequate
with disasters of such magnitude. To c
sate for the losses in life, the World
tion Conference in Algiers in 1978 over
ingly passed a resolution calling on the
World countries to double their pop
growth rate; it argued that a massive eff
needed which more thinly populated co
would not be able to undertake.

Colonel Qaddafi bitterly attacked th
for its insufficient assistance to the hung
proudly pointed to the Libyan initiati
million copies of the Koran had been dist
in Asia and Africa. A few countries, s
Nigeria, escaped the general ruin; the
hermetically sealed themselves against th
fortunate neighbors.

Professor Richardson recalls that a m
years ago some prophets of doom predict
the new Armageddon would be in the
East; indeed, at that time the Arab-Israe
flict almost caused a world conflict, an
Cyprus provoked a major crisis. Bless
year that saw two half-bankrupt countrie
ing to blows because of some miserable v
near Larnaca, Famagusta, and Paphos, wh
one had heard of before or since. Hap
days when an American Secretary of Stat
spend four weeks shuttling between v
Middle Eastern capitals to help them
agreement on whether a few hills near a
named Al-Kuneitra should belong to one
the other. What better evidence that the
did not know real problems at the time?

A small Palestinian state came into
despite stubborn Israeli resistance, an
this (as the Palestinians had rightly fe
their movement lost its momentum. A st
for power in the new state ensued ove
was to be Mayor of Ramallah and post
in Nablus. Appeals for the continuation
Palestinian revolution were in vain, and
was regarded as the first stage in the bat
the destruction of Israel was also the last.
guerrilla warfare continued, but, in view
greater crises elsewhere, it no longer att
any publicity and petered out after a few

The Arab countries were more and mo
sorbed in the struggle between "moderates
"radicals," and other internal problems.
civil war on the Arabian peninsula aff
what was once Saudi Arabia, the two Ye
and Oman is now in its seventh year. The
sion of large quantities of arms led to mi
takeovers almost everywhere and to the
throw of the existing regimes.

The situation in Arabia is utterly confu
in the Southeast, Chinese-style guerrilla
running the country Aden has been taken

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by the Russians operating from Somalia, elsewhere Arab nationalist army units and various militant Muslim sects have established little republics.*

The United Arab Emirates, to no one's great surprise, have been divided between the Iraqi People's Democracy and Iran. Iraq, to all intents and purposes, is now a Soviet satellite, but it has received special dispensation to avoid the word *Marxism* in view of the unfortunate racial antecedents of the creator of "scientific socialism." In Iran, as in Turkey, Soviet influence is now paramount, though, like Afghanistan, the country still has some freedom of maneuver in domestic affairs. The ambition of the late and lamented Shah to bring prosperity and stability to his country was laudable, but the time at his disposal was insufficient and the political base of the regime too narrow.

It is now generally understood in the Middle East that the influx of great riches in 1974-76, far from being a great blessing, only hastened the loss of its independence. The Western decision, made in consultation with India and other Third World countries, to use force, if necessary, to bring down oil prices, encountered great resistance at first. The Western oil lobby conjured up the specter of a new world war and argued that the problem should be solved in a spirit of goodwill and close cooperation. It was only after friendly persuasion had failed and all negotiations had broken down that agreement about common action among consumers was reached. The Middle East oil producers countered by approaching the Soviet Union with a request for military aid in the event of a military attack. The Soviet leaders made it known that such help would be given unconditionally—provided, of course, the oil producers would cooperate in establishing a Soviet-Arab prosperity sphere in the Middle East. Realizing the implications of the Soviet offer, the oil producers split into factions: Iraq, Libya, Kuwait (ruled by a popular front government) favored accepting it, the others claimed that the game was, in the words of an old Arab proverb, no longer worth the kerosene lamp. Meanwhile, after some hard bargaining, the Soviet Union and the West decided to divide the Middle East into spheres of influence, an arrangement which has worked, so far, tolerably well. Oil production still continues, albeit on a considerably reduced scale; as the global slump spread, world consumption dwindled. Alternative sources of energy have come into use and the day seems near when once-prosperous places will be ghost towns—similar to the medieval caravan cities which fe disuse once the traditional overland route no longer frequented.

* The Saudi Arabian royal family is now comfortably settled in the state of Florida, most of which they managed to acquire before their overthrow. On a fine spring afternoon the royal princes, with their horses and falcons, can be seen hunting on the outskirts of Orlando and Sarasota.

The Old World gets

THE LESS SAID ABOUT EUROPE, the Unlike Asia, it has been spared the of war, famine, and pestilence, nor has physically occupied by foreign power most of Europe is now run by authorita gimes; some use left-wing populist others right-wing populist propaganda difference between the two is insignifica if by consensus, the countries of Euro opted for a profile so low that the old co has all but disappeared from view. T sign of hope for European unity was the gence of an anticolonialist, anti-imp movement in France, Britain, and Germ rected against the Arab and Iranian ta At one time oil producers acquired IC lever, Shell, Volkswagen, Montedison, a few private banks, the West End of Lond first and sixteenth arrondissements in Pa of Munich and Hamburg, the *London* and *Le Monde*. They were negotiating transfer to Dubai of Windsor Castle a Arc de Triomphe. The effort to repuls encroachments seems to have exhausted pean energies. The European press, rad television have adopted a system of self- ship which works very well. This in acc with the so-called Palme Doctrine ado most European countries: political an injustice may be condemned but only happen in small countries—or at a distan least 4,500 miles.

The military coup in Britain predic many in 1974-75 failed to take place could there be a coup in the absence army? As the Labor government convi argued in 1975, "In view of Britain's ec situation, there is no danger of invasi occupation." The abolition of the army the secession of oil-rich Scotland, under t leadership of Mrs. Margo MacDonald.

The sad story of Europe raises the q of what went wrong. There was not, as i tragedy, an inexorable fate driving he their destruction. There was only stupid ertia, and countless missed opportunities. Jean Monnet once wrote, are the great tors, and the experience of the years of custs may not have been in vain. But for time to come historians will look for p explanations for something that remain plicable—how people of not less than intelligence, fortified by past experience, a the dangers facing them, could have act so little wisdom and resolution. For all one the question may remain a mystery fore

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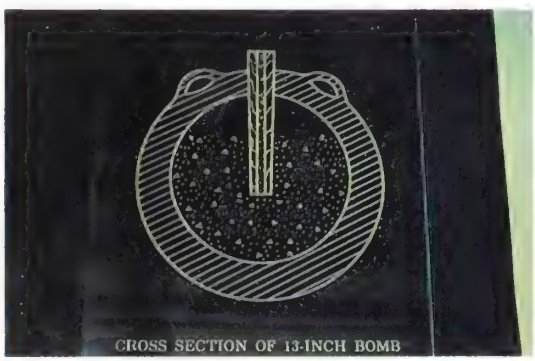
A recent poster for the American Museum of Natural History depicts four long faces, the heavy-browed statues of Easter Island, and proclaims:

"You'd have to travel 10,000 miles to see anything like it."

Or would you? Consider the forms pictured on these pages. They come from the products of our own culture. They are techno-genetic wonders, mutations of flesh and metal forged by unwitting celebrants of life and mystery. These Bosch-like characters were created by—and had to survive—myriad protocols o tensile strength and stress, of efficiency quotients and function, of planned obsolescenc of sine and cosine, of torque requirements, of heat and cold, of specifics of gravity and beatitudes of trajectory. Some of them indeed look weary. But here they are: masked performers in the industrial theater who crep in between the acts of form and function.

The rest is speculation. In a search for links one discovers, for example, that the form of a binocular stand, the type found a















ONKEYS

by Howard Noyes

overlooks, resembles a guardian spirit
rom the Mende tribes in Sierra Leone;
gap-toothed typewriter is the spit
age of a protective mask used to ward off
in Ceylon; that a car door lock is
's uncle to a Mayan hieroglyph. Masks
ndustrial cultures served to embellish
of passage, or safeguard a village, or
iate a form of justice. When chiefs
solemn ancestor masks, they were
ered to arbitrate conflicts and dispense
, being above criticism by virtue of abstract faces representing inherited office and precedent.

Perhaps these industrial forms become masks for performers in an endless ritual of progress when, after their creation, there is a reunion of man and machine. The ceremony then becomes the work they do together, the process that men and tools perform in concert —in a dance of cartwheels, celebrating their own power.

Howard Noyes is a free-lance writer and photographer.

















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ry by Bohumil Hrabal

AMOND EYES

slated by Michael Heim

: PASSENGER had already placed his foot
the first rung of the steps to the railroad
ıen somebody caught him by the arm. He
l around to see a middle-aged man stand-
ı the platform.
:cuse me, but are you going all the way to
e?" he asked.
hy, yes, I am," said the passenger.
ıen you wouldn't mind taking my daugh-
endulka with you? She'll be met at the
ı in Prague." He delivered a girl of about
ı into the passenger's hands.
· stationmaster blew his whistle, and the
ctor first helped the girl into the car, then
ed with his hand that the train was ready
The stationmaster gave the final signal,
ıe train was off.
· girl's father ran alongside the train yell-
Vendulka, we've got our fingers crossed.
s soon as you know, send us a telegram!
ou hear me?"
hear you," she called to him. "You want
send a telegram."
en the train had passed the ALL CLEAR
signal, the passenger opened the door
·d the girl into the corridor. He was still
ıg her by the hand, and had no idea what
with her.
ally!" began a monologue issuing from a
y compartment. "Once, even before we
married, she went to buy me a shirt, but
ouldn't buy anything, because she didn't
my size. She was nearly out the door when
ad an idea. 'When I go to choke him, I
s have my hands like this.' So the sales-
ook a tape measure and measured the cir-
rence of her hands and said, 'Sixteen.'
ee? The shirt fits like a glove."
e doors slid open, and out ran a bald-
d man doubled up with laughter. "No,
ust too much!" he cried, banging his fist
e wooden wall of the railroad car.
ce he had calmed down a bit, he went back
ıe compartment, where the same voice con-
l its story. "So I said to myself, if she
go out and get me that shirt, well, then
rprise her with a little hat for Christmas.
So I go to the high fashion *modes robes*, and I say, 'I'd like that pretty little hat you have there in the window.' And *modes robes* says to me, she says, 'What size would you like?' Well, at first I didn't know, but then I had an idea. Once, when we were having a quarrel, I gave my fiancée a little love tap like this. She had the feel of her head in my hand ever since and from that day to this I have the feel of her head in me. And *modes robes* brought me out hat after hat, and I tried each one of them under my palm until finally I yelled out, 'This is it!' And I put it under the tree, and it fit her like a bedpan fits a fanny."

Again the bald-headed man burst out of the compartment, pressing his handkerchief to his mouth, gasping for breath. He pushed the girl aside, stuck his head out the window, and again began beating his fist against the wall. "He's too much, that guy. Too much!" he said, wiping away his tears.

The passenger who had been entrusted with the girl—he was still holding her by the hand—followed the bald man resolutely into the compartment.

"Gentlemen," said the girl when she had gotten inside, "my name is Vendulka Kříštová and I am going to Prague!" She stretched out her hands and felt her way in front of her. The first thing she touched was the curly head of the storyteller. "My name is Emil Krása," he said in response.

"And I'm Václav Kohoutek," said the bald man.

The man leading the girl brushed up against the bald man's head while putting his briefcase in the luggage rack overhead.

"Can't you watch what you're doing, dammit?"

"Sorry."

"Did somebody hit somebody?" asked the girl. "That happens to me all the time. I'm the one who takes our letters to the mailbox, and I knew the way there and back like I know my own name. Then one day those damn mailmen switched it two buildings closer, and I rammed my forehead into the corner of the green mail-

Bohumil Hrabal, a Czechoslovak author, has written several books, including Closely Watched Trains. *Since the events of 1968, he has not been published in his own country.*

From the book The Death of Mr. Baltisberger *by Bohumil Hrabal. Copyright © 1974 by Doubleday & Company, Inc. To be published by Doubleday & Company, Inc.*

box and hurt myself. But I got even. All it took was a few whacks of the old white stick."

"Come sit over here by the window," said the bald man, wiping his eyes. "It'll give you a better view of the scenery."

The girl first felt around for the seat and then for the window. She held out her hand parallel to the ground, as if she were testing to see if it was raining. "How nicely the sun is shining," she said.

The passengers fell silent.

WAS THAT YOUR FATHER there at the station?" asked the man who had taken her from him.

"Yes, it was," she said. "What a character he is, though! Everyone is jealous of me. My father grows fruit for a living, and once he ran over our crippled neighbor with his delivery truck. And there was a trial, and all papa's enemies were as happy as could be. 'Serves him right,' they said. 'Now he'll either get thrown in the clink or have some steep fine slapped on him.' But who should come running crutchless into the courtroom, chipper as you pleas our neighbor, the one he'd run over couldn't get enough of kissing his hand thanking him for doing such a good jo could walk again, without the crutches. 'I you'd run me over thirty years ago,' she 'I might have found a husband.' "

"Sounds like a fine father you've got t said the curly-headed man.

"Don't I, though," she said laughing. S out her hand again, but just at that mome train went into a curve and moved the sun the compartment window to the corridor dow.

"Sun's gone down," she said.

The passengers looked at one another nodded.

"What does *your* father do?" she asked, ing her hand on the knee of the curly-he storyteller.

"He's been in retirement for the past fi years because he's got the biggest heart i Europe. His heart is as big as a bucket, a sits right in the middle of his chest."

"Sure, sure," said the bald-headed man.



John D

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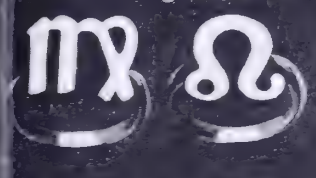


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"Why, that's wonderful!" cried Vendulka.

"I'll say," continued the curly-headed man. "Father has a contract with the university: when he dies, they get his heart. Some foreigners once offered him quite a pile, but he's a real patriot. He wouldn't give it to them for anything. Father's not allowed to go swimming or fly in an airplane or even ride an express train."

"I know why!" cried the girl. "So his heart doesn't burst or get lost. Right?" She felt around for the hand of the curly-headed storyteller and squeezed it. "Fathers like yours and mine are one of a kind!"

"That's right," he said with what looked very much like a blush. "Sometimes I go to the university with him. First they take all his clothes off, and then they draw blue and red lines all over him."

"Right! Right!" said Vendulka enthusiastically. "Because the red lines are arteries and the blue lines veins!"

"Right," said the man covering her hand with his own. "And then they take him into a big room, and the students crowd all around him and bend over him, and the professor points all over him like he was a map, and explains things. And then he hooks up a student's heart to a megaphone, and it sounds just like a toy drum or a soldier marching up and down the hall of a barracks. Then, when they hook up my father's heart . . ."

"It's like a thunderstorm in the distance!" cried the girl. "Like a splitting boulder! Like tons of potatoes pouring down into the cellar! Like Emil Gilels playing the piano!"

"Exactly," said the curly-headed man, surprised, and he loosened his collar.

"You can't imagine how happy I am to be here with you!" she exclaimed. "How nice it is to know that someone else has a famous father too!"

The train was running parallel to a paved road. It passed a billboard picturing a big, blue heart with two streams pouring out of it. The text read: FOR YOUR HEART, TRY THE WATERS AT PODĚBRADY SPA.

A feeling of mystery pervaded the compartment.

"The professor at the university just can't wait to dig into that strange heart with his scalpel."

"Of course he can't," said the girl. "And now another Czech heart will become famous."

"But who can measure up to *your* father?" said the bald man, taking down his briefcase.

"Oh, absolutely," she said. "But you have to see my father to believe him. You ought to watch him dance!" she cried, clapping her hands. "When we roll up the rug, there's always a circle around us. Papa does a great solo, too. Once, when he slipped the bandmaster a bill and was about to launch into his favorite song, a policeman came along and told him couldn't sing. Well, one thing led to ano until pow! Papa slammed him one on the n I should have told you right off the police had a crooked nose to begin with. Oh my, blood! And then Papa did his singing act. W all the neighbors were as happy as could 'Old man Křištová's gone and done it this ti they said to one another. But when the came up four months later, the handsome liceman swore he had asked for, even orde the punch in the nose. He had nothing for I but the most heartfelt thanks. You see, be Papa hit him, his nose had been bent ove the right. And Papa's punch straightened it so nicely that the daughter of a rich farmer in love with him and they got married. Ins of thank-you notes they send Papa a platte cakes and cookies every summer and in the ter some fresh pork every time they slaught

NOW, WHO WOULD HAVE THOUGHT tha punch in the nose could lay the basis a happy family," reflected the bald passer putting on his coat.

"What does your papa do?" asked Vend

"He has gone on to a better world," he "He was such a good father that it's taken until now—now that he's gone—to realiz He always worked the night shift, and Mama would hear the gate creaking in the m ing, she'd fill the tub with boiling water. Papa would leave his allotment in the c yard . . ."

"Allotment of what?" she asked.

"The coal that miners brought home huge pocket sewn into their coats. Then come upstairs and take off his clothes. M had already put on the coffeepot, and he'd up and sit and eat his bread and wash it with coffee. And while he ate and drank would take off his boots and put on his shoes and get dressed up. He always manage finish his coffee and put on his cap at the time. And then he'd go off to the Blue Sta cards with the boys, and at lunchtime I'd him his lunch, and he'd eat it while he pl At four he'd come home and lie down o floor—to give the old skeleton a chanc straighten itself out, as he used to say. when he'd had his sleep, he'd go back t mines. But one day, Mama filled the tub

The train had begun to slow down, an bald man gave Vendulka his hand. "Be luck. This is where I get off," he said o way out into the corridor.

The train came to a stop.

Vendulka felt along the window for the dle, pulled it down, and called out onto the form of the country station, "Mister! Mi Tell me how it ends! Tell me how it turns



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...mil Hrabal

...OND EYES

The bald man stepped up to the window and went on. "Mama filled the tub with boiling water, but Papa didn't come home. When the water had cooled off, she went out to look for him. In the doorway she stumbled over Papa's pipe . . ."

The train started moving, but the bald man trotted alongside to keep up. "And Mama picked up the pipe and burst into tears. She wrapped her shawl around her and ran over to the mines. . . . Papa had been crushed to death by a rock. . . . His friends had come to tell her. . . . But they just couldn't do it. . . . So they put the pipe up against the door and ran away. . . . You know, I never saw my mother asleep? . . . She was always up by the time I got up. . . . When I went to bed . . . she was always mending something. . . . It wasn't until later . . . that I saw her asleep. . . ." Finally he stopped and took a deep breath.

"Please forgive me, sir. Sir, please forgive me for having a father who is still alive! Forgive me, sir. Forgive me!" Vendulka cried out.

AFTER A SHORT SILENCE, the man who had been entrusted with the girl said, "My father was a tanner, and he had a disease they used to call old man's blight. Year after year they had to cut off more and more of his legs until in the end he went around on a little cart. He planted roses for a hobby. They covered the whole wall of the tannery. They were called tea roses and they were yellow. Papa knew exactly how many there were. He was the only one allowed to cut them, and he would only cut them for the church and for young ladies. Then one day they built a street through our wall, and that was the end of the tea roses. Father thought it would be the end of him, too, until he thought up another hobby. He'd ride out to a very dangerous curve in the road and direct traffic. First with his hands and later with a flag. From morning to night, even in the rain. I had to wire an umbrella to his cart. He kept it up for eight years, and when he died, there were hundreds of trucks at his funeral, and the curve where he had stood was covered with flowers. This high!"

"How high?" asked Vendulka.

"This high," he said, lifting the girl's hand to the proper level. "But when they started having accidents there again, they put up two large mirrors."

"My oh my, you have a famous father too," she said. "A father who changed into a mirror. Into two mirrors!"

The passengers first looked at one another and then out the window. The train was just coming into a town with two round mirrors, like a gigantic pince-nez, reflecting a blind curve.

A feeling of mystery pervaded the compartment.

The passenger escorting the girl cleared his throat and said, "Your father looked qu... there at the station."

"You should have seen him a year ago ... as a butterball. With cardiomyoliposis ... sorts of liver, stomach, and kidney ... thrown in. The doctor put him on a d... Papa was weak-willed; he liked to eat. T... day the herbwoman advised him that t... thing that would help him develop his w... er was to go say something very insultin... police. Well, it worked! They took hir... to the station, and Papa dictated his insu... the records and signed his name to the ... they gave him six months. And were his ... overjoyed! 'Thank God that bastard will ... of our hair for a while,' they said. Bu... Papa got out, he was as skinny as a rail, ... first thing he did was hold a press confer... the Garland, treat everyone to beers, a... 'Let me tell you. There's no diet anywher... as efficient as jail. And not only am I ha... hearty; I picked up 2,000 crowns to boo... he showed everybody how big his coat ... him, and all our beer-bellied neighbors ... admit there was no one quite like ol... Křištová. You know what would be nice... don't have anything against it? Why no... to one of our Thursday-evening dances ... could trip the light fantastic!"

"Dance?" asked the curly-headed man, ... ly taken aback.

"Why not? I'm grown-up enough, are... But let's hold off for another two months, ... The doctor told me that when I got to l... teen he'd operate on me, and my oper... set for this week! Then I'll have a chance ... this beautiful world, too. I'll see peopl... things and the countryside and my wor... sure those baskets I weave are beautifu... sure the whole world is beautiful!"

"You are?" asked the man she had got ... with, forcing a smile.

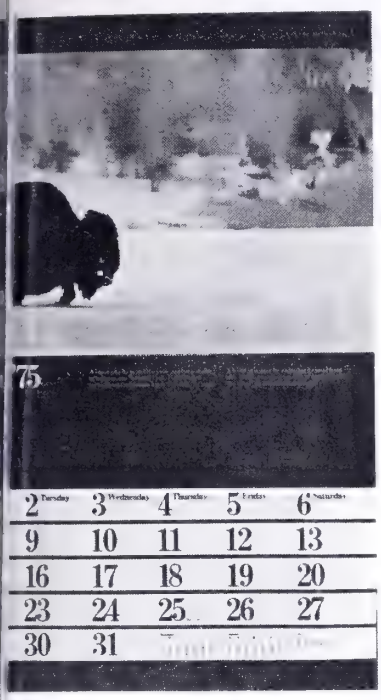
"Oh, and how! It's just got to be!" she ... "There's a man who works with me who h... unhappy love affair before he came to u... was so unhappy he kept scratching arou... der his eyelids with an indelible pencil. F... the doctor said to him, 'Look here,' he sa... you do that once more, you won't see any ... of this great big beautiful world.' And the ... said, 'I'm through with this great big bea... world!' And he went back to scratching a... under his eyelids with an indelible pencil. ... he's weaving baskets with me, and does he ... about how he misses the world. The world ... be beautiful, as beautiful as your father, ... changed into two mirrors. Oh, in two m... I'll be able to see! Will you do me the ... and come dance with me?"

The door slid open.

"Tickets, please," said the young condu... yawning with boredom.

Happy New Year!

On this page we are presenting you with a collection of some of the best calendars for '75. Calendars are one realm in which you don't have to limit yourself to just one. I must confess that one of those illustrated here has been my constant companion and reference helper for the past year, accompanying me to meetings and appointments daily. Right in front of me hangs another beautiful calendar for instant reference and visual delight. Splurge! Time flies, so get yourself a few. They make great gifts too. When ordering from us please follow the instructions given in Tools for Living on page 112.



opens to re- the same name. With
s worth of space for daily notes this
color nature wall—hanging calendar
of an un- (18x24 inches) is $5.95
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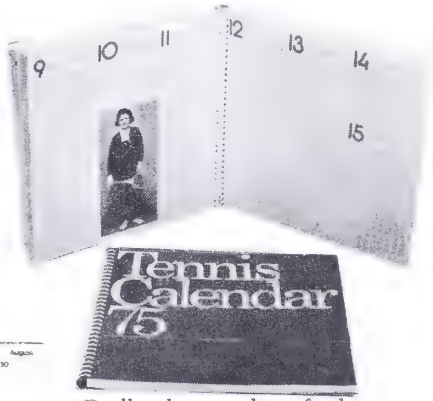


gantly bound book with 8x12-inch
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or appointments, notes, keeping
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The most intriguing feature of the book is the cover. A transparent acetate hourglass mounted against glossy black contains real sand which filters down revealing the title. "On Time" is $5.95 plus $.95 postage and handling.

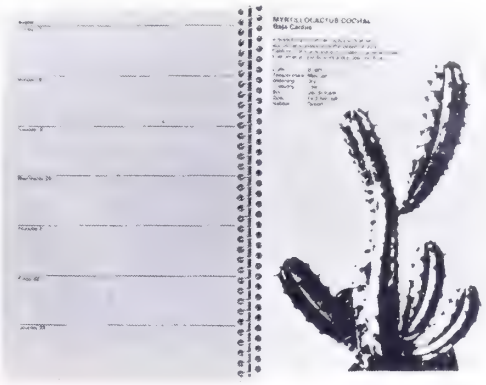
The Museum of Modern Art's appointment calendar for this new year contains 54 exquisitely reproduced photographs from their permanent collection illustrating "time." The 8x9 inch pages that make up the remainder of the book are for you to use as a calendaria.



Droll photographs of the greats of grass and clay in some outrageous moments liven up this book of days for tennis buffs. Besides providing a detailed diagram of the court and a brief glossary of terms of the game in the back, there is an enormous alphabetized directory in which you may list preferred partners for many matches to come. $6 plus $.85 postage and handling from us. Size when opened: 8½ in. x 17 in.



A dozen dazzling poster-sized graphics (19¼ in. x 23⅝ in.) you will want to frame the moment the month is over. Reproduced by an art press on heavy paper are striking full-color works by leading artists of today, including Blake, Franke, Magritte, Dine, Hockney, Ernst, Segal and Wesselmann. $15 plus $1.75 postage and handling.



Loaded with the most recent horticultural information for indoor gardeners this book also provides enough space to record your flora's activity as well as your own on its 6 in. x 9 in. pages. Species that do well indoors are discussed in great detail, as is lighting, doctoring and decorating—much of this illustrated in realistic color photographs. $4.95 plus $.75 postage and handling.

William C. Martin

GAME TIME IN CLOUD-CUCKOO-LAND

The furious sport of competitive birding



William C. Martin is a professor of sociology at Rice University. He is now writing a book about evangelists.

Among lovers of nonhuman organisms, I stand somewhat to the right of center. I would never go out of my way to run over a dog or step on a cat, nor would I torment birds in winter by setting out pieces of plastic bread. When I speak to plants I am invariably civil, though seldom genuinely warm. Still, I have avoided people who allow their cats to molest visitors or who send Christmas cards with the tag line, "And Foxie says, 'Me too!' " I was, then, rather surprised to discover that several of my acquaintances had a consuming interest in birds. Had they been straightforward with me, I could have written them off early, but the webs of interaction and affection had formed and I was stuck with them and their peculiar passion. At first, I teased them with gentle wit and ironic inquiry. But in time I developed genuine curiosity about why these vital, intelligent, and otherwise normal people would drive four hours to a sewer pond where a Red Phalarope was said to be feeding, or fly to the Yucatán on the off-chance of finding a Turquoise-browed Motmot perched in the Mayan ruins.

Many birders—"Don't call us birdwatchers" —trace their fascination with avian life to early childhood and admit to a certain nonrational quality about the whole enterprise. Ben Feltner, a Houstonian who serves as a professional guide for individual and group birding tours, is typical when he says, "I just like to see what birds are doing. My earliest memories were of birds. Watching birds has been the one consuming thing of my life. It is almost a disease."

When pressed, however, most veteran birders can provide plausible justifications for their odd pursuit. Victor Emanuel, a prominent Texas birder, recalls "standing on the edge of the Grand Canyon and having a strong urge to jump, to involve myself with the canyon. Just at that moment, a Clark's Nutcracker jumped out of its nest and flew into the canyon. How could anyone not envy that ability?" birds, of course, are strikingly beautifi just peacocks and parrots and cardin hundreds of species that good binocula transform from little gray blobs into st sharply delineated patterns of yellow a and blue and black. Others are intrinsic teresting to watch, evidence perhaps th not only exists but likes amusement park ing also offers an opportunity to relate environment at a level difficult for mo dwellers. A good birder notices what k bushes or trees are in an area, whether th is fresh or brackish, how fast the wind i ing, and what the weather is going to next day.

But for a growing number of intensely enthusiasts, freedom, aesthetics, and e ment run a poor second to sport. It has b sport-birders who have most resisted th "birdwatcher." Ben Feltner explains tha term has bad connotations. When you th birdwatching, you think of little old ladi ing and aahing over a Vermilion Flycat don't have anything against that, but that not what we are doing." What they are does, in fact, share a number of the en features of the more established sports. T of a predatory bent, birding offers all th sures of hunting—rising early, wading th swamps, sitting in bogs for long period fending off the attacks of insects and rep without the disadvantages of being restric a bag limit on a small number of species stigma attached to blood sport. Like ski scuba diving or canoeing, it can be gruelin sometimes dangerous; like golf, it can be on a variety of courses in a knockabout or ly disciplined manner. It can be done indiv ly or in teams. And like the crown je sports. (I mean baseball, of course), it boundless possibilities for keeping reco

The great bird count

ST-KNOWN EVENT in competitive bird- the annual Christmas Count, in which birders all over America enumerate all s they can find within a circle fifteen diameter. Although the Christmas hich in 1900 involved 26 persons, and ver 15,000, in more than 1,000 dif- ms) operate under the Audubon So- society has tended in recent years to ize the sporting aspects of birding in broader ecological concerns. Today, hot-blooded competitors have flocked e-year-old American Birding Associa- quartered in Austin, Texas.

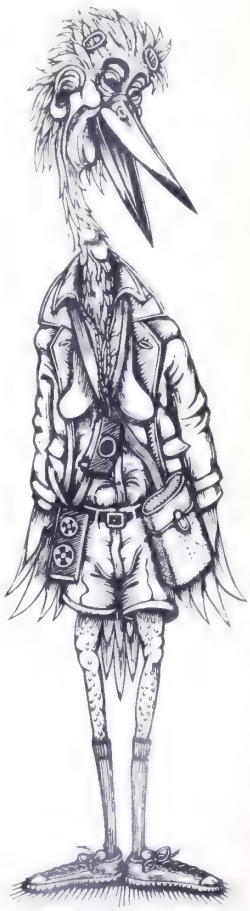
t birding, as encouraged by the ABA, lged by the size and quality of one's ually all birders keep a "life list" of cies they have ever seen. The best list ld belongs to Stuart Keith of the Amer- um of Natural History in New York has birded all the major areas of the seen over 5,000 of the approximately own species. Obviously, a list of this is possible only for the idle rich or se jobs involve extensive travel. Less tan birders concentrate more on the Ornithological Union (AOU) check- including the United States, Canada, ted islands) and regard 600 as a big- , or on individual states: a mark of t is required to merit a reputation for roughly birded a given state.

most people prefer games that end y do, life lists do not fully satisfy the ve drive of many birders. For them the encouraged other types of contests. he most exciting is the Big Day, in individual or party tries to see or hear birds as possible in a calendar day. cessful Big Day, a group must cover ge of habitats, arriving at each at the time of day. Dr. James Tucker, found- ecutive director of the ABA, and the a party that set the current American 229 species, explains that "it takes uild up a good route and a precise On the day we set the record [April , we started out at 3:45 A.M. in down- ston. We identified an Ovenbird by and it turned out to be the only one ll day. From there we went to some t of town for night birds, moved north louston, then down to the mud flats at and along the coast to Rockport, p birds we had spotted the week be- had a flat tire in Rockport, and we attendant if he could plug a tire while ll on. He said he could, put the plug it off, and we got away in less than five minutes. From Rockport we went on to Corpus Christi, south through the King Ranch, where we got some desert birds, then finally wound up in the Rio Grande Valley where we picked up several Mexican birds, and at 9:30 that night we ended with the barn owl. We had driven 551 miles in eighteen hours of solid, nonstop birding. We even did all our eating in the car while we were driving. It takes that kind of arduous experience to make a Big Day really work."

Even the most fanatical birders seldom attempt more than one or two of the rigorous Big Day runs a year, but Tucker, whose indefatigability is legend among his colleagues, has devised an even more killing form of competition: "A marathon is a number of Big Days back to back. I did them for several years in a row, but the last one in 1971 cured me. On five successive days we birded the Valley, the Rockport area, Houston, Austin, and finally wound up in Big Bend National Park in far West Texas, where we backpacked into the mountains. That night, after five days of all-out birding with no more than two or three hours' sleep a night, I was totally exhausted. Then, at 2:00 A.M., one of the other two guys had a kidney-stone attack. I hiked down the mountain with a flashlight and walked four miles to the nearest telephone and called a ranger. He and I walked back up and carried the guy down on our shoulders, trading off down the mountain. Then we drove 100 miles to the nearest hospital, and I drove on home to Austin, another 500 miles. It was the most grueling, exhausting experience I have ever had. That cured me." One suspects, however, Tucker has experienced not a cure but a temporary remission; in the next breath he revealed plans for an even more demanding exploit. Though he swore me to secrecy, I am permitted to reveal that "it would be great! It would be *unprecedented*!"

TUCKER'S BIG DAY notwithstanding, the biggest birding story of 1973 was the race between Kenn Kaufman and Floyd Murdoch to beat the American Big Year record of 626 species, set by Ted Parker in 1971. Parker himself had asserted that one could probably see at least 665 species in one year in the AOU checklist area. Members of the birding fraternity all over the country avidly followed the Kaufman-Murdoch contest, not only because of the intrinsic interest in seeing a record broken, but also because of the striking differences between Kaufman and Murdoch. Murdoch is a clean-shaven, short-haired college instructor from Tennessee, with ample resources to finance a Big Year run. Kaufman is a bearded, long-haired Kansas high-school dropout with no money. While Murdoch drove and flew about the

"Monkeys, dogs, and cats are too close to humans. And you can't really have any rapport with a plant. But birds are just right."



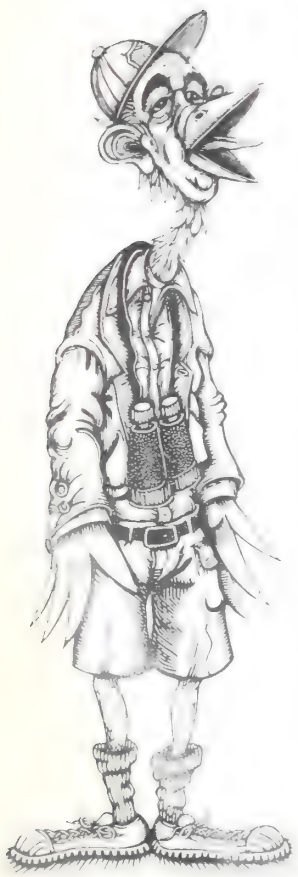
James Grashow

William C. Martin

SOME TIME IN CLOUD-CUCKOO-LAND

country in comparative comfort, Kaufman hitchhiked 80,000 miles and kept his total expenses for the year under $1,000, which he raised by borrowing, cashing in life insurance, working briefly as a fruit picker, and selling blood plasma. He gained basic nourishment by eating Friskies and other pet foods—"People laugh at that, but it's like laughing at Washington's troops going barefoot in the snow"—and sped himself along by drinking deeply of the bottomless cups of coffee available at twenty-four-hour restaurants. He was mugged, jailed for hitchhiking, and, while birding with Murdoch, trapped in a fierce storm in the Tortugas. Kaufman slept outdoors in sub-zero weather in Alaska, protecting himself from the cold by crawling in holes in the rocks and pulling his pack in on top of himself like a trap-door spider. Finally, on the Freeport, Texas, Christmas Count in December, he was swept off a jetty by a huge wave and came dangerously close to drowning.

Because of recent changes in the AOU checklist and slight differences in the areas allowable under AOU and ABA rules, the contest ended in perhaps as satisfying a denouement as possible. According to the ABA list, Murdoch was the winner with 670 species to Kaufman's 666, but the AOU area includes Baja California, where Kaufman found five species to run his AOU total to 671. Both Murdoch and Kaufman can, therefore, claim with some legitimacy to be the new American champion. Although both men approached their Big Year in the spirit of "anything worth doing is worth doing to excess," they admit they were pretty well burned out by October but kept going primarily because of the vicarious enjoyment others were getting from their struggle. Neither seems interested in repeating the feat; Murdoch flatly states he will never work on a big list again. Still, he notes that Peter Alden's single-year record of over 2,000 birds for the world would be quite a challenge—*if* he were interested in another Big Year.



As part of its attempt to gain recognition for birding as a legitimate sport, the ABA has established rules for the various types of competition. The basic rule is that, to be counted, a bird must be "wild and unrestrained"; one cannot pad one's list by making a tour through the birdhouse at the local zoo. Other rules govern territory and the conduct of specific types of competition. For example, a bird seen on the Mexican side of the Rio Grande cannot be counted unless it flies across into U.S. territory while being watched. A Big Day team should contain no more than six members, who must ride in a single vehicle and remain within conversational distance of one another.

Such rules, of course, are virtually impossible to enforce. "This is a real problem," Tucker admits. "There is no way to be absolutely sure. We have to rely on a kind of frate[rnal] ment that people will be honest. But ha[ve] controls. If a person claims he has seen a [bird] but can never show them to anybo[dy] if he cannot demonstrate his expertis[e] the company of people of known quali[ty], a reputation pretty fast for not rea[lly] seen the birds he claims." Ben Felt[on] "There is no way to certify birding re[al]ly you earn a reputation pretty soon. I [know] are doing it or you are not doing it, a[nd] seem to know."

This uncertainty vexes Noel Pet[tingell] Houston postal worker who ranks as [one] purists of the pure, but it has not di[sturbed] him. Pettingell is a man obsessed wit[h lists] of all sorts, a man whose ultimate desir[e is] "Birding" ensconced between "Billia[rds]" "Bobsledding" in the *Guinness Book* [of] *Records*. He is the unofficial statistici[an] ABA and publishes an occasional sur[vey] birding records called *The Pettingel[l]* He keeps track not only of new mar[ks] major categories of competition but o[f] formation as most species photogra[phed] North America (650), most species se[en] smallest area in a single day (112, s[ize] 100 square feet), and most species se[en] as distinguished from *in*, one's own [yard] (92). Pettingell admits he is a compuls[ive] but he defends his records with phil[o]seriousness. "Just as bowlers and go[lfers] their scorecards as a measure of ability [in] respective sports," he said, "having [the] totals published gives a birder a sense [of] vidual satisfaction, importance, and acc[om]ment as a competitor in a unique spo[rt] tivity that he or she may be unable to [find] in any other aspect of his or her life."

Giving t[he]

DESPITE ITS VITALITY, the ABA and [its] losophy are not without detractors. [Among] them is Dr. Sidney Gauthreaux, an ornit[hologist] in Clemson University's Department of Z[oology]. "I love birds for the mystery," he said [of] trying to gain a basic understanding of [how] nature works, by looking in through [a] started off as a lister, but I gave it up wh[en I] more concerned with finding things to ad[d to] list than with finding answers to question[s] birds. I resent people who make lists [of] many birds they have seen between th[e] and the barbershop or how many they ha[ve] on a wire. I actually knew a guy with a w[ife]. Before long, he will probably have a lis[t of] 'Birds Hovering Near Wires.' "

Resentment toward listers is perha[ps] where stronger than in England, where t[hey] known as twitchers for their habit of "tw[itching]

a bird. According to James Wolsten- ident who spent the first half of 1974 America before entering Cambridge l, most twitchers are "young people don who wear their hair tied back in idbands and walk around in bare feet. great antipathy between the pro- and ing factions. Some traditionalists go twenty miles to see a bird they en—*they* are not twitchers. The typi- birdwatcher, unlike the ABA people, er publish in a magazine that he be- he 600 Club. We are just not on to of thing. Some people think that if know your life list, you are not really cher but more of a stamp collector or ter, or something like that."

ncroft, who classifies himself as a cross the traditional birdwatcher and the admires the zeal of the latter but con- traditionalists have a legitimate com- seeing a new bird is so important to tchers that they sometimes charge lds and destroy them, so that in some farmers have signs up that say 'NO CHERS,' 'BIRDWATCHERS NOT WEL- TO HOME, BIRDWATCHERS'—that sort And the wardens at the reserves hate ause some of them will do anything bird, and that can become an ecologi- . Take the Swainson's Warbler, which Maryland, where it is quite scarce. ar it is driven out of its optimum ter- birders with tape recordings of the 's song. These people want to draw the but the birds hear all these other males inging so much and they move further the swamp, which is not the best hab- hem. The optimum habitat in that re- eld by tape recorders."

vision of birders into listers and non- traditionalists and twitchers is, of oo simple. The lure of the list may lead slight aesthetics and ornithological sci- avor of raw competition, but to become tent lister one must accumulate an s amount of information about birds inds appear where and when; how to n when they are there; how to recog- n at rest, in flight, or by their calls; to distinguish them from birds whose erence may be a slightly longer bill or eye ring or three tiny bars on the tail. ikely that anyone without an uncom- erest in birds would go to the trouble r such details simply for the sake of a

t, a dedicated lister may have little in- matching his list against that of any- Arlie McKay, who is Noel Pettingell's as peer at keeping meticulous records has spent much of the last seventy-six years looking at birds, has shown a remarkable lack of concern for competition. "That is just not my hobby," he explained. "My hobby is to keep a list for what has come to be known as the Cove area, the part of Chambers County west of the Trinity River. I commenced to keep records on September 5, 1934. Since then I have kept a daily record of every bird I have seen for forty years." McKay means *every* bird, *every* day. At regular intervals, he has summarized his records and transferred them onto a 1938 election tabulation form that he converted for the purpose. The master list stops in 1970 because the form had spaces for only thirty-two years. McKay had foreseen this and had picked up two of the poll lists, but "it takes a good bit of work to set one up, and I kept postponing it until it got to be too big a problem. Now my eyesight is so bad I probably never will fill it out." But just in case, he still faithfully records every bird he sees. "I have to. If I didn't write it down, I might not remember when I saw it and I couldn't fill it in on my big sheet. If you know why people collect stamps or things like that, why, you will understand."

FEW SERIOUS BIRDERS are as concerned with competition as Jim Tucker and Noel Pettingell or as unconcerned with the bird life beyond walking distance from their homes as Arlie McKay, but they hold a great deal in common. They have no secret handshakes, yet their sense of fraternity is real enough. Few things seem to please them more than sharing a bird with a friend. Their magazines publish the names of people all over the world who are willing to serve as unpaid guides for visiting birders. A new bird in town quickly becomes the subject of extensive telephone conversation, complete with details on how to find it that are accurate to a degree astounding to the neophyte who imagined the birds themselves had only the roughest notion as to how they would spend their day. When birders meet, they say things like, "I think this is the first time I've seen you since we got Ross's Goose at the Anahuac Refuge. No, I take that back. It was when we saw the last of the Brown Pelicans off Galveston."

Among Texas birders, the surest sign that one has been fully accepted into the inner circles is the taking of a bird name. Not a joke name like the Bleary-eyed Bald Ego or the Garbled Nitwit, but the name of an actual bird, assigned because of some real or imagined connection with its owner. Ben Feltner, for example, is the Blue Jay because jays are his favorite birds. Victor Emanuel is the Hooded Warbler because of his slight size and high metabolism. Noel Pettingell's repetitiveness has earned him the title of Whippoorwill. This practice was begun by Edgar Kincaid, an eccentric scholar who

"Serious birders have no secret handshakes, yet their sense of fraternity is real enough. Few things seem to please them more than sharing a bird with a friend."



William C. Martin

AME TIME IN LOUD-CUCKOO-LAND

roosts in the basement of the University of Texas Press, where he has finally completed the thirteen-year task of updating and editing Harry Church Oberholzer's 3.2-million-word manuscript for *The Bird Life of Texas.* Kincaid is a confirmed misanthrope who would prefer a world that resembled Aristophanes' Cloud-cuckoo-land, a utopia of, by, and for the birds. In such a world, his choice for Secretary of Law and Order would undoubtedly be his own namesake, the Great Cassowary. "Humans have killed off birds by the millions, even billions, either for food or just by poisoning them. That is all so one-sided. The cassowary has three toes, and the middle one is long and sharp like a dagger. In Australia some of the natives try to keep the birds as pets, and sometimes, if they get too familiar, the cassowary will jump forward and rake down with these sharp claws and rip open their bellies, and their intestines just plop out on the ground. It still doesn't even the score, but the cassowary at least gets back in a small way for the horrible crimes people have committed against birds."

Given his hostility to *Homo sapiens*, Kincaid's decision to bestow a bird name on an acquaintance ranks as a great compliment. "Birds are the highest form of life," he insisted. "They are the most alive. The normal temperature of a hummingbird or a swift is 103. If it gets excited, it runs up to 109 or 110. That's really living. Also, birds are just the right distance away from people, biologically. Monkeys, or even dogs or cats, are too close to us humans, with all our Watergates and our monstrous crimes. And even though it is growing and all that, you can't really have any rapport with a plant. But birds are just right."



AFTER TAGGING ALONG on a Christmas Count and spending several days of apprentice birding in the Yucatán, I managed to convince my friends that my interest was sincere, and wangled an invitation to attend the annual meeting of the Texas Ornithological Society, in Beaumont. Finally, I would get a good long look at birders in their natural habitat.

We gathered early in the morning at a local motel whose manager said he had seldom been host to a less raucous group of conventioneers. As we stood around squinting into the morning sun, I observed that most birders are not obsessed with style. In general—there were, of course, notable exceptions—their appearance ran to "sensible." The women wore rubber boots, blue sneakers with green socks, brown oxfords with thin white socks, shapeless jeans, forgettable shirts, and caps or large straw hats. Hairstyles were plain, with a preference among older women for the shingled look that goes with the watch turned to the inside of the wrist. The men seemed to favor khaki tr plaid shirts or jump suits—red jump jump suits, green jump suits, tan jum with pockets large enough to hold R Peterson's *Field Guide to the Birds* Most wore caps, but left the bills flat shape them the way a baseball play Still, they displayed an odd sort of a They were hardy men, built for the They did not walk with the smooth g who played conventional sports as y they looked as if they could walk for

On the first two mornings, we visite and mud flats in search of shorebirds. group split into two sections and one piled straightway into the water, I fa self to Sidney Gauthreaux, who h higher ground with the observation garded it a matter of skill to see wha find without getting wet. Gauthreau ideal companion. A natural teacher time to explain things to the intelli norant, he was not above turning aside path to avoid confrontation with an ing incompetent. "Stay away from p too many bird-club patches on thei he cautioned, "especially when they on their caps." He also introduced joys and ploys of birdmanship. At a el, birdmanship may amount to not than wandering off from a group an to have sighted a rare bird while looked at starlings and grackles. Mo ticated and gutsy birders sometimes fident assertions unlikely to be challe as distinguishing between the sounds flying overhead at night or, at the flock of several virtually identical s calling attention to "the Dunlin abo of the way from the front."

In the afternoon we went to Smith small patch of trees at High Island, a ty-five miles east of Galveston. The T ings had been timed to coincide with migration, a six-week period during v lions of birds migrate from as far South America all the way to the Mid tic states and New England. Smith one of the first patches of greenery see as they fly in from over the gul most fly farther inland, a small pro perhaps one-tenth of 1 percent—will s making High Island an excellent bir tion. On days when the migrants have tered rain or strong wind resistance a much higher percentage drop into t lands exhausted, to rest and bathe i small ponds before continuing the journ

Until they start to drop, the birds b seen flying overhead, even with the ai oculars, because they fly at heights in a mile. Professor Gauthreaux, a leadi

How many of these people ould you surprise with Cutty this Christmas?

Your barber, who doesn't talk you to death.

Your broker, who saved you a small fortune by saying "sell."

gas station guy who ou during the shortage.

The dentist who said, "No cavities this time."

The accountant who caught that $300 mistake — in your favor.

octor in town who makes house calls.

Your old teacher who never flunked anybody.

t golf pro red your slice.

That doorman who's nice the rest of the year, too.

he neighbor who ys returns the mower.

ilman who always our postage due.



And last but not least, one for good old #1: you.

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gulf migration, has demonstrated that
rents are a major factor in the distri-
small birds, and that they fly at such
ecause that is where they find the wind
that will take them where they want
Over the eons that warblers have been
g," he observes, "they have been tak-
path of least resistance. If you are a
weighing less than twenty-five grams
e to fly more than 2,000 miles, why
wind?" From time to time, Gauthreaux
eer into the sky with his binoculars,
le out a tiny dot plunging to earth like
ailstone. "It's a catbird, and it's going
in close to us." A few moments later,
would become a bird, and, as it braked
d landed in a nearby tree, the bird
come a catbird. I have finally learned
guish the silhouettes of a number of
rds, but I seriously doubt I shall ever
o determine the difference between the
catbird and the dot of an Indigo Bun-
,000 feet.
nal day was to have been the most ex-
nd would, I was certain, serve as the
ocus for my story. Victor Emanuel and
tingell had assembled a team whose oth-
ers were Fred Collins, Dan Hardy, and
cHenry, and we were going after Jim
Big Day record. But the high winds
us at 5:30 Sunday morning made it
did not have a chance. We saw some
ls, and Noel almost broke his one-day
cker record, but we fell fifty species
the mark Tucker's party had set.
ayed out the string, but, with the record
each, discipline broke down and a giddy
on set in. As we headed back to Houston
panions turned from talking about what
ave been to what yet may be. Some day,
ckoned, the major Christmas Counts
ie for the services of highly paid pro-
ls, and perhaps a team that finished last
year's count could draft a Kenn Kauf-
a Floyd Murdoch to help them the next
ore militant birders would become an-
n sportswriters called them by their giv-
es instead of the White-winged Dove or
mmon Potoo. Eventually, a special tele-
channel would be dedicated solely to
"When someone reported a bird," Vic-
asized, "the station would punch a but-
l a tape would come up, presenting a
ory of the bird, with all the details about
s sightings. By this time, a mobile crew
get to the site and interview people who
n the bird. Then the bird itself would
n live on the screen.
l," Noel exulted, "we could set up a cat-
f people who had seen the most species
on their TV screen without leaving their
irs. Wouldn't that be tremendous?" □

ON THE WAGON

by Patricia Goedicke

With the diffidence of a whip
Ill-used, or never
Or only against herself

Her voice is a beehive,
Her skin is made of rice paper
The color of sandy apricots.

Thin as a toothpick or a straw,
Having decided she was Evil

Painfully, at thirteen, she left home,
Then drilled around the world
Picking up whatever she could find,

But behind her whalebone family's back
She developed her own spine:

After hundreds of years on the bottle she stopped
Stone-cold, she climbed out of the mud
Entirely on her own, but now

Everything is too dry
She says to herself, dangerously

The whip coiled in the corner
Twitches secretly, in the dust

She feels like an empty cornhusk
Though she is not, ever:

With spices from the Orient, with red pepper
And salty nasturtiums at the core

She turns herself into a book:
Bitter as black coffee but brilliant,
Scribbled all over with fine print

Her hair is like dried honey,
Her children are plump as apples

And she broods over them
Like a squirrel

She feeds them rich blond raisins
From her store.



Today, just adding a few buttons won't meet the telephone needs of small business.

The people of the Bell System wanted to give small businesses a phone system with big business service, without making the treasurer cry.

Which meant more than adding a button or two on a business phone. So the people of Western Electric got together with Bell Labs to build a new family of economical key telephone systems.

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All of which resulted in some pretty useful features. For instance: now a person in a small business can set up conference calls at the touch of a button. Incoming calls can be announced through a speaker built into each desk phone, ev when that phone's being

If no one's there, a stays lit to indicate a wa message. Or someone paged through wall spe around the office. And v that's being done, the call hold can be listening to musi

Built for your Bell Teleph Company by the people of Western Electric, these key telephone systems are alread doing a lot to help small busi manage their business better

Western Electric

We make things that bring people closer.

BOOKS

THE VIRGIN AND THE DOLLAR

:OVERY OF SEA

ael M. Mooney

:overy of the Sea, by J. H. ial, $20.

opean Discovery of Amer-e Southern Voyages, by Eliot Morison. Oxford Uni- Press, $17.50; with **The n Voyages,** boxed, $35.

rteen hundred ninety-two,
o from Italie
up to the Queen of Spain,
sked for ships and tally.

ew the world was round-o,
hat it could be found-o.
avigating, fornicating,
f a bitch, Columb-o.

nt up to the Queen of Spain,
sked for ships and cargo.
'd, "I'll be a son of a bitch
don't bring back Chicago."

ew the world was round-o,
hat it could be found-o.
at)

—from a watch song,
best sung low
the long night of the trades

WATER OCEAN is well beyond each of law, beyond the cer- of orderly society, and those ture upon the sea soon learn energies are irrational. In certitude, therefore, custom dition are followed. Among itions of the sea are the un- lings that every voyage will, point, summon up profanity; the least, patience will be re- and that every voyage is both and sacred and, consequent- ve of the Virgin—or, in the idiom, anything virgin—will ssary.

Farmboys, ribbon clerks, barkeeps —all landlubbers—imagine, at first, they understand the necessity for profanity and patience; but they are likely to be confused by the Virgin —or virgins, if that is how they speak. The notion is too elusive, too subtle. Lacking experience of its practical effects, landlubbers shrug it off, just as they do other mysteries of the sea, and account for the distant look in the mariner's eye by some landmark he sees over the horizon. Fortunately, we have at hand two mature historians, Prof. J. H. Parry and Adm. Samuel Eliot Morison, to explain.

BOTH MORISON AND PARRY investigate the geography of the sea, but with different sensibilities. Both pursue the question of how discoveries are made, but each uses a different historical method. Both cross the extraordinary boundary between the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries with Columbus; both examine the implications of the world being round; and both trace Magellan's incredible voyage. Professor Parry concludes, "The discovery of the sea was among the most significant events in the history of the world."

Admiral Morison agrees, certainly, but casts off again immediately, laying down courses on the charts—to Bermuda, following Cabeza de Vaca to the river Plate, sailing with Drake past the entrance to San Francisco Bay, then buccaneering, then passing capes until Drake lighters off his gold in the Thames for Queen Elizabeth. Morison concludes: "To the people of this New World, pagans expecting short and brutish lives, void of hope for any future, had come the Christian vision of a merciful God and a glorious Heaven. And from the decks of ships traversing the two great oceans and exploring the distant verges of the earth, prayers arose like clouds of incense to the Holy Trinity and to Mary, Queen of the Sea." Morison wonders what made the discoverers do it, and says, "I wish I knew."

Professor Parry uses the methods of scientific history to trace the factors deductively necessary. "The enterprise demanded, obviously, immense optimism, determination and courage." He explains the need for a reliable ship, the cross-fertilization between Mediterranean and Northern hull designs and rigs, the growth in knowledge of pilotage, in compasses and charts, in the techniques of dead reckoning and latitude sailing. He examines in detail what the Arabs knew, and the Chinese; what the academicians understood and preserved; the effects of Ottoman trade, of Italian banking organization, of the invention of printing, and of the fall of Constantinople; he analyzes the patterns of the winds. Deductively, we can see how each factor was necessary. Parry delights precisely because his work is so careful, so orderly, so exact—like a pilot's instructions for entering Newport on a fair tide.

Michael M. Mooney estimates he has sailed 10,000 nautical miles over blue-water bottom. His book George Catlin and the North American Indians *will be published by Clarkson N. Potter in the spring.*

And yet, Isabella approved Columbus's project against the advice of her learned board of maritime commissioners. In fact, their estimates of the world's circumference were more accurate than those of Columbus, and if Columbus's destination was the Indies, he went the wrong way. When he arrived in the Bahamas, he misunderstood where he was. To get home he had to sail from where he was not. Then, despite storms that blew him off a course he had no means to calculate, he nevertheless made a perfect landfall at the Tagus. After giving thanks at a shrine to the Virgin, he reported to Isabella where he had not been, and she was grateful for the news, because it proved her sagacity. Columbus had appealed, she said, to her imagination. The certitudes of the city of Chicago, therefore, can be drawn back in one straight Mercator line to the foolishness of a queen and the errors of a navigator.

WE ARE LEFT WITH the impression that the deductions of scientific history leave something out of their objective account, as if we had been given a lesson in anatomy, and having dissected a virgin's corpse, were at a loss to imagine the rhythm of her movement.

But not with Morison. Each of his chapters is a saga of the sea. The anchor is weighed, land falls low on the horizon astern, the watches are set, the canvas strains, and 'fore the mast the crew falls into a discussion, from considerable evidence, of the captain's qualifications. Morison's method is to take each captain and follow his course right off the edge of the chart. Homer did no different.

Morison himself sails down Columbian rhumb lines and reports what not only Columbus, but a mariner today can see. Morison goes with Magellan through the terrible straits, identifies the flowers on the shore, fixes the latitudes exactly, to the minute, notes which bottoms will hold an anchor, and at what fathom, picks berries upland from the beach of a ghosted shore. Morison sails past San Francisco Bay, just as Drake did, showing that it is an easy bay for a navigator to miss. With Morison, as with Homer, we are filled with wonder at each adventure, and therefore we can more comfortably broach the difficulties the sea may pose. Fo... upon the dark green ocean ... discoverers of the West set ... continuous log of discover... Parry and Morison are us... more than their deep-water h...

We are now being taught ... analysts how our parlous ti... semble those troubled centuri... succeeded the medieval tr... We must admit there are simi... and the predictions of our Je... swell. They show us how th... nightmares of the Renaissa... cluded a vicious inflation, over... ing cynicism, morbid devo... folly, habitual despair, and ... matic crusades. We can learn... was thought in the West, i... days, that an inevitable inu... was expected from the ba... East. We can see that murder... commonplace of political m... that war, famine, and plagu... constants. And we can have an... at our convenience, how the ... rationalism of the scholastics l... generated into the lunacies ... ademic logic.

There are analysts of th... (and ours too, of course) w... demonstrate that it was epister... that had gone awry; that co... centered on the question of k... be certain about what was ... even certain at all that we can... that we know. If we accept... analogy to our own age, we ... have to agree that men of t... teenth century had seemingl... their ability to discover. It was ... ly at that historical moment th... lumbus brought home his pac... inaccuracies.

The mystery of the sea is ... requires a different kind of thi... than the comfortable patterns ... ual to landlubbers. There are, f... ample, the minor mysteries: m... ic north wanders about from ... to place and from year to year; ... real time—a hypothetical calcu... of navigators—bears little relati... fixed standard railway time z... Mercator's projections, on ... rhumb lines may be ruled str... across the chart to any port, an... curately, are useful precisely be... every other line on the chart s... be a curve, but is not.

Secure in the knowledge of ... they think they are, city men ge... by wondering where they are g... it is perfectly common for mar...



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) idea about where they are,
certain about where they
. Landlubbers come to de-
n signposts and landmarks.
re accustomed to the idea
n they have sailed down to
on there will be more hori-
no landmarks there either,
n sea.

EAS HAVE BEEN discovered.
nse that if some El Dorado
exist somewhere, the man-
Holiday Inn will have got-
first. How, then, can we
to discover? How can we be
what is true? How shall we
where there are neither
s nor signposts to guide?
profanity, and the Virgin
ie requirements, it is under-
complete the voyage. Pro-
rry's history and Admiral
s sagas explain how discov-
eeds. □

LOITATION THE SEA

othy Ferris

ip, by Noël Mostert. Alfred
f, $8.95.

MERCHANT PRINCES of the
their captains and crews,
cognize little in a supertank-
r time except the enormous
arried in its hold; one of
aricious descendants, Aris-
assis, reportedly netted $4
on a single voyage of one
ip. Everything else about
ssels would be scarcely be-
Twenty years ago, a tanker
0 tons dead weight was con-
something of a marvel; today
of 300,000 tons are unexcep-
and for tomorrow Japanese
ish yards are being modified
ships of a million tons or

l by a handful of men who
carpeted staterooms a quar-
from the bow, who sun them-
y a swimming pool when not

Ferris, a contributing editor of Roll-
is writing a book on the search
lge of the universe.

on watch, who navigate the ship by electronics, a typical supertanker seems as alien to the sea as the Fontainebleau Hotel. Some of the tankers are so enormous that few ports in the world—and none in the U.S.—can harbor them. Many are duplicates of one another, so that crewmen transferred by helicopter might be forgiven if occasionally they forget what ship they are on. The great vessels themselves are not even *called* ships but, in the case of tankers over 400,000 tons, ULCCs, for Ultra-Large Crude Carriers. One British company has taken to designating its ULCC captains "managers" and its navigation, engineering, and electrical officers "committees."

Whatever it is called, a supertanker is a ship and must sail upon the ancient sea. It may be so large that its captain requires a computer to inform him he is sinking, but to the sea a ULCC is just another bit of the jetsam of civilization; the dark super-hulks, settled on the bottom of the world's oceans, bear witness to that.

The tragedy Noël Mostert has written in this detailed and passionate book is not one of dollars lost, but of men and oceans imperiled by the "technological audacity" of engineers and the greed of modern merchants. Loaded, 80 percent of it below the waterline, a supertanker is relatively safe to its crew but dangerous to the sea. Empty, it shifts the risk to those aboard; stray fumes can turn its fuel tanks into gigantic bombs. In August 1972, off Cape Town, the 100,000-ton *Texanita* exploded and sank in four minutes; three 200,000-ton supertankers blew up within a twenty-day period in 1970. Insurance premiums, which may already account for most of the operating costs of a ULCC, jumped 25 percent.

ONE MIGHT THINK that, with that kind of power contained within a single hull, supertankers would conform to the highest standards of maritime safety. Mostert argues that the exact opposite is more nearly the case. Most of the 400-odd supertankers now in operation are equipped with only a single propeller. Many have only a single main boiler (the *Queen Mary*, smaller than a ULCC, had twenty-seven) and an inadequate auxiliary. Most unsettling, many supertankers now in service have only



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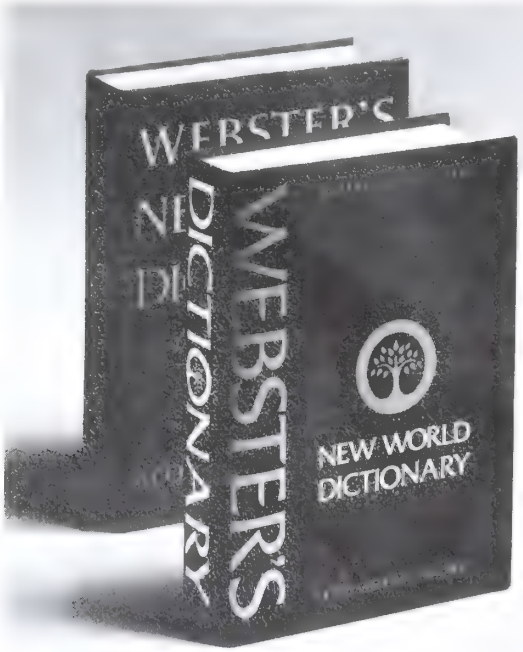
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COLLINS WORLD

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one bottom. Nothing sepa oil from the ocean but a skin; tests indicate that can corrode this skin halfw within a decade.

Confronted with these h the loss of the Suez Canal Inter-Governmental Mariti tative Organization (IMC obligingly relaxed its loa dards for tankers negotiati endarily brutal seas off th Good Hope. Mostert cata results: supertankers sink or limp battered into Sout ports like wounded from field. Sunken ships leak oi erations to come. Frighte tains, their overloaded tank in heavy weather, pump go into the sea in order to st The cumulative effect upon Atlantic (an ocean that M native of South Africa, beautifully in one of the mos parts of his book) can guessed at. The National Ac Sciences estimates that 1.4 tons of oil pollute the oce year, and Mostert writes, "T running out; as a resource it and always was. . . . The shan't replace."

Just when the oil will is a matter for debate; the ty is that enormous fortu meanwhile be made by the r ship it. Europe, the U.S., an with a little over a fifth of the population, consume three-qu its oil, and are prepared to pa Even before the Arabs hike profits for tanker operators alluring that an average su er is expected to return its inv within only ten years. That is to understanding why thes have been built in such a rus so little concern for safety or ity. Having paid for themselve can be sold at a profit to convenience operators, whose tries already account for such scenely disproportionate share aster at sea. The merchant may then retire to their ma while seamen of obscure nati pilot wheezing, rusting supe around the globe. It is an old —except that today, with sh such size, the question is, Wh bear the worst of maritime acci Will the heavier blows be de the sea to ships, or by the pois oil-laden ships to the sea?

was·sail



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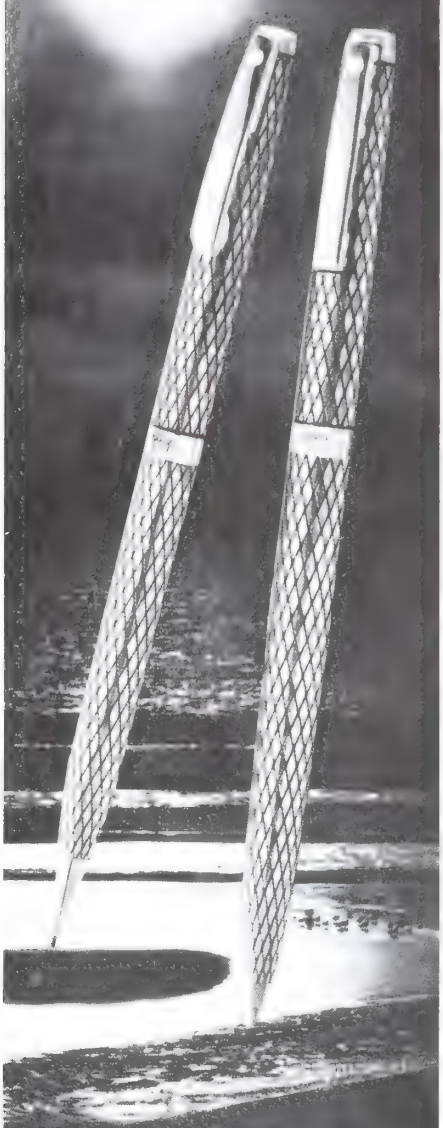
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THE JOINER

by Nelson W. Aldrich, Jr.

Undercover: Memoirs of an American Secret Agent, by E. Howard Hunt. Putnam, $8.95.

MORE THAN MOST MEN, E. Howard Hunt (alias Eduardo, alias Edward Hamilton, alias David St. John) managed to put his life at the service of his imagination. As such, his memoirs recommend him to our admiration as earnestly as, in the end, they solicit our pity. The attempt fails on both counts because the imagination he served was from the beginning a sorry thing, a miserable blend of juvenile fantasies and middle-class strivings, of dumb pluck and stupefying conventionality.

Such an imagination needs priming. Slow to learn to read, young Howard was placed in the hands of Alice Robbins, who had taught his father to read and who also happened to be the principal of the elementary school in the Buffalo suburb where the Hunts lived. Miss Robbins was the first of the highly placed figures called upon by the elder Hunt to intervene in his only child's career; through her he was "brought into the world of books, the world of imagination and adventure that was to occupy so large a portion of my later years." More substantive thrills were opened to him by another family connection in 1943. Languishing "at loose ends" as an Air Force officer in Florida, Hunt heard of an elite hush-hush outfit then being organized by Gen. "Wild Bill" Donovan, a Buffalo friend of his father's. Two calls —Orlando to Buffalo, Buffalo to Washington—and Howard found himself in the OSS.

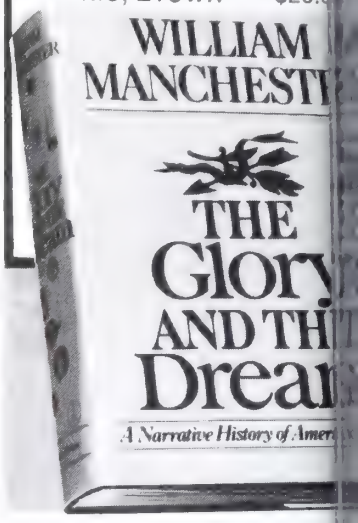
No inference should be drawn that the young man who thus began his "long association with the clandestine services of the United States" was actually a pampered *fils de papa* masquerading as a bold adventurer. Howard so successfully passed the initiation rites of the OSS that his fellow candidates figured him for a

Nelson W. Aldrich, Jr., is senior editor of Harper's.

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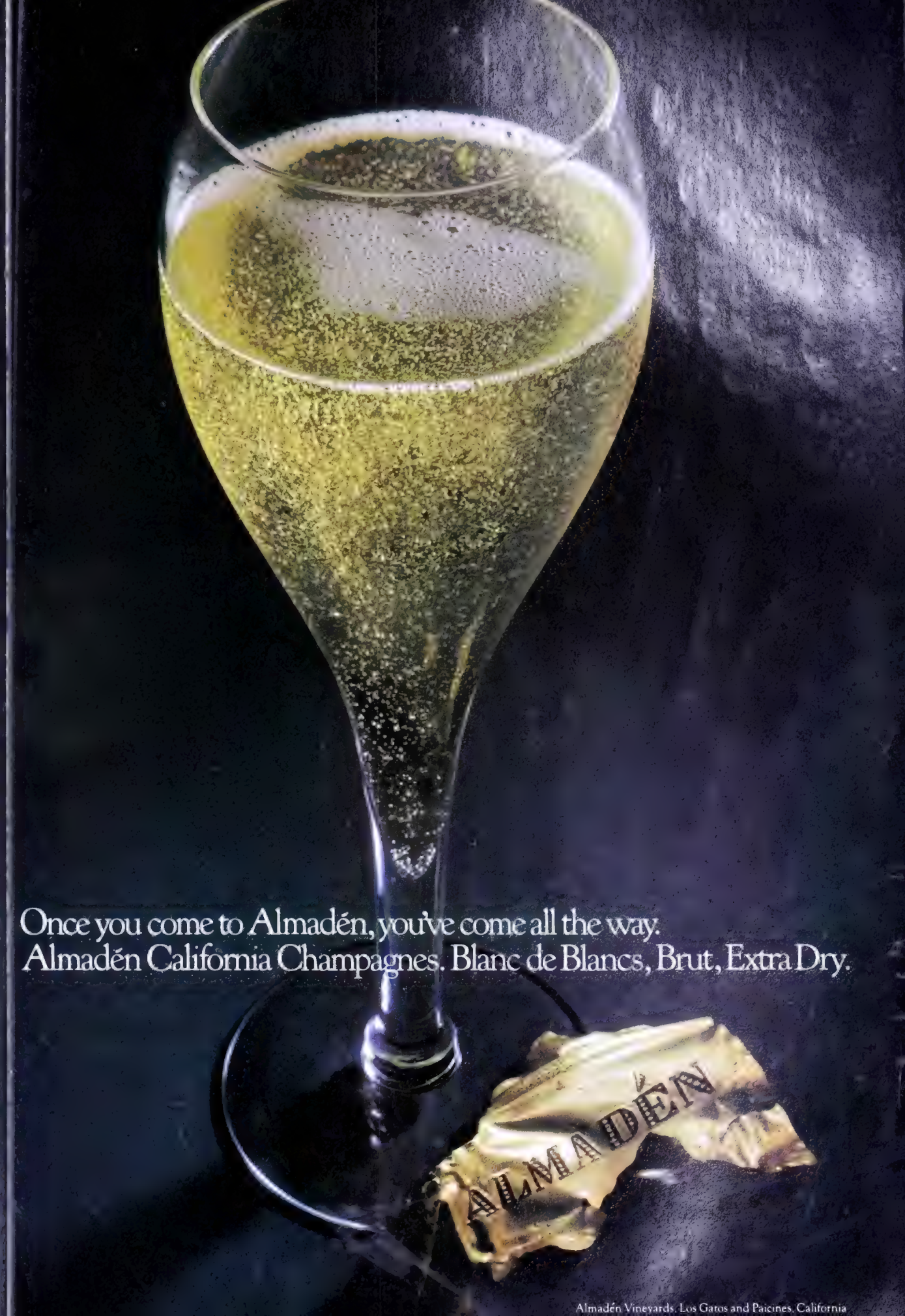
By J. Robert Evans



"A very interesting disclosure on what ails the intercollegiate world . . . Evans pulls no punches and comes out with cold, hard facts . . . You have to take him seriously." —*Daily Pantagraph,* Bloomington, Ill. "Remedies for ills that have long plague… collegiate sports."—*San Diego Union.*

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n any case, this papa's influ- his son's career was neces- ore moral than material. The unt seems to have been one of illions for whom the Great ion served at once to blast a f quick riches (in Miami real and to confirm a death grip pectability. His world (and 's) is that of John O'Hara's lle, a world of social distinc- important, and at the same fine, that whole melodramas steem hinge on an invitation a dip in the stock market, or with a Smith girl for the Sat- ance. His son wistfully notes sions on which wealth eluded ily: twice his father took a fee han shares in return for legal one for companies that later ed mightily, and then, just young Howard was to enter University, his grandfather erished in an automobile ac- hat also killed his second wife oon enough, however, to pre- ssage of the estate from the mily to heirs of the second

oirs recalled in the shadow of hese were, are bound to muse might-have-been. There's less here than one could expect, r, and not enough even to for- unt's father appears to have is reverses philosophically— same spirit, perhaps, that ixon may have thought about hat was found under the old farm after he sold it. But if Nixon sought to redeem his bad luck by leaving little to and nothing at all to the good his adversaries, E. Howard ems to have looked on for ore lightly. He recalls Brown ity with fondness and grat- ot for the satisfaction of hav- ked his way through as his lassmates did not have to, but oducing him to Ivy League : "button-down shirts, foulard he year is 1936] a Shetland jacket, gray flannel trousers ite bucks." He's grateful, too, smates through whom he "be- amiliar with and learned to ate the society and life-styles olulu, Beverly Hills, San Fran- Dallas, Milwaukee, and Chi- Suburban Buffalo is here be- to occupy the same place in imagination that Yorba Linda eady found in Nixon's.

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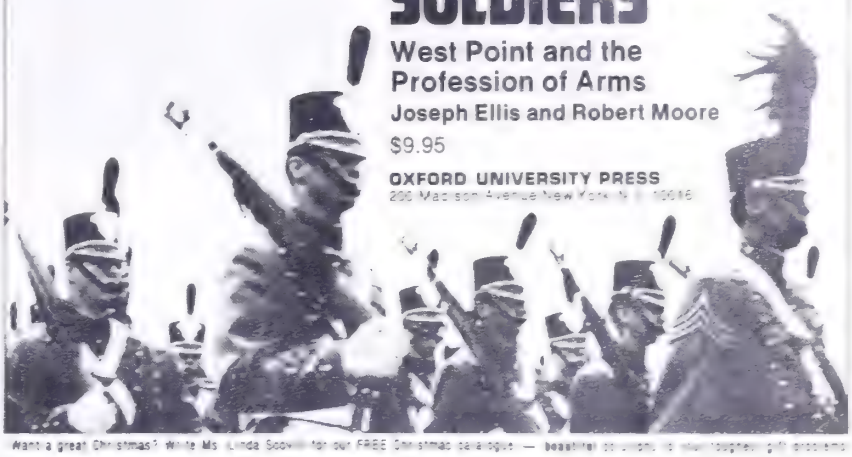
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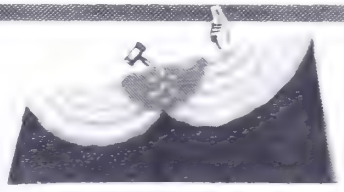
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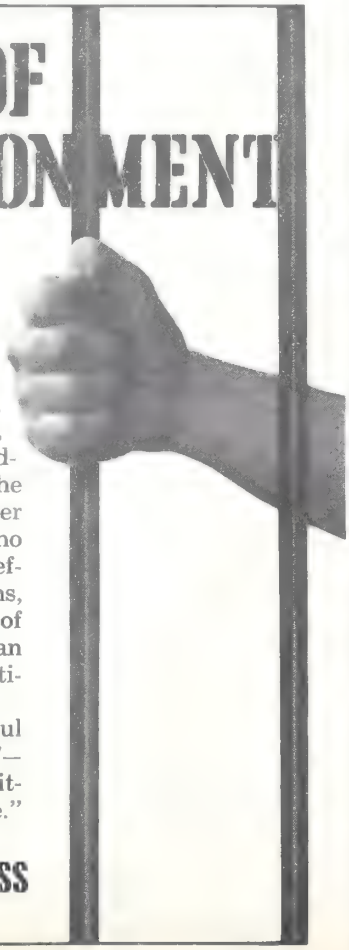
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An eminent criminologist offers ideas on imprisonment which will, he hopes, "help to carry discussion beyond the present polar dogmatisms of the punishers of crime, with their mindless reliance on the prison, and the curers of criminals, with their boundless confidence in the enforceability of the Sermon on the Mount." He urges a proper definition of who should go to prison and who should not. He discusses the corruptive effects of compulsory rehabilitative programs, the need to amend the present systems of parole and plea-bargaining. He outlines an operational design for a prison for repetitively violent criminals.

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But not quite. Back home Hunt is still a man if no stance, then assuredly of co will belong, in his lifetim fewer than thirteen clubs, a proudly lists them all: "Th Athletic Club ... New York's Chemical Club ... the Lak Club ... the Albany Country and so forth. Hunt does n how many clubs he himself to, and the only one he me name is the Brown Univers of Washington, D.C., whe consequences more fateful t attendant on his acquainta Miss Robbins and General I he became friendly with a able fellow alumnus, Charles Nevertheless, officers' clubs, clubs, and hunting clubs d predominantly in Hunt's nar his adventures. Whether he i officer in the North Atlantic war correspondent in the So cific, an Air Force officer, operative in China, a Marsh staff member* in postwar P Vienna, or a CIA officer in City, Tokyo, Uruguay, the l and various Florida staging wherever he is, there, too, agreeable and exclusive spot t he can repair, with drinks, or horses as effortless diversi

ONE CLUB THAT HUNT do tion by name, but for fails to characterize as a club Republican party. Members the GOP, however, seems t been as inheritable a fact of say, a taste for shooting bird political statement, its resona tends no farther than the unsh assumption that, just as all t people will naturally be Repub so others, like "those unfo townies who brown-bagged it up the hill [to Brown]," will n ly be Democrats. Political affi is a matter of shoes—"white l or "black leather."

This happy assumption e tered some empirical jostling Economic Cooperation Admi tion headquarters in Paris in t sons of Averell Harriman, Al F ly, Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., Kin

* "Through my father, I met Paul man.... Hoffman agreed to take and suggested that I join the staff European administrator in Paris, A sador Averell Harriman."

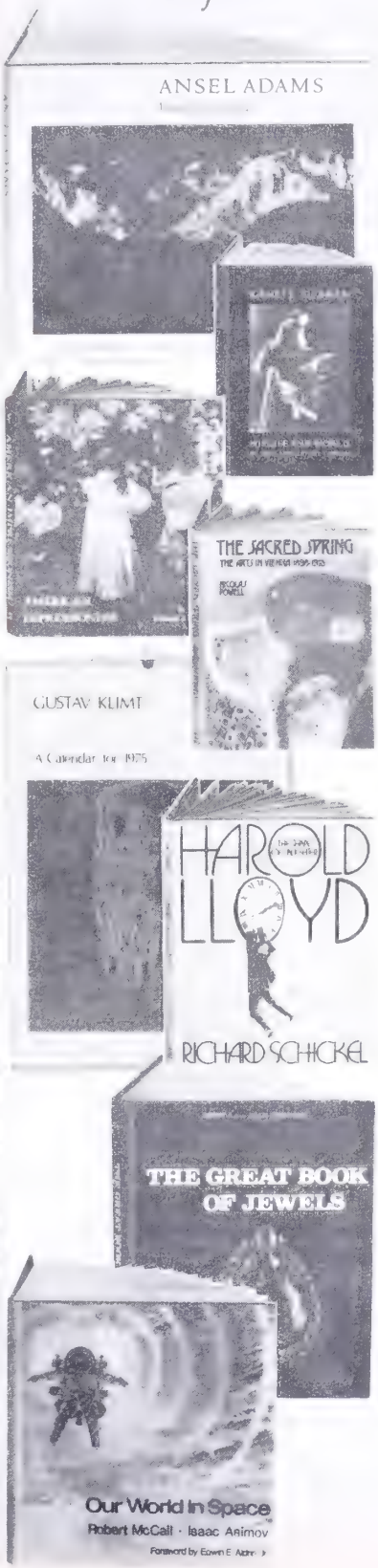
—a veritable "briar-patch of
n," as he later described it.
eaction, however, was not to
hese figures from the ranks
st people (almost all of them
r all, like him, attended an
gue school), but rather to
them as classmates who had
misfortune to be rushed by
itable, if possibly ascendant,
y. He credits the Hiss case
ving revealed to him "the
al line between [himself]
] ninety-five percent of Har-
staff" who were clearly mem-
he Hiss club.

as a CIA officer in Washing-
it would meet a more frater-
t in William F. Buckley, Jr.,
g Yale graduate" who, Hunt
, was seeking "the optimum
working against the Stalin-
pressed with Buckley, Hunt
to find a way to use his
strated and potential" talents.
for both of them, a way was
nd we next meet the sophis-
pair on assignment in Mexico
One by one, my outside agents
iving in Mexico, Bill Buckley
the first, with his pregnant
it. She and Dorothy [Hunt's
uickly became friends, as did
d I, frequently lunching at
s then the only good French
nt in Mexico City: La Nor-
"

's anti-Communism would al-
ve this touch of the *fin bec.*
ever of the merely useful sort
xon's and McCarthy's was:
instrument with which to beat
ats. It was more visceral,
mantic than that. In Vienna
ad seen the consequences of
beatings: "Karpe's murder,
as as vicious as Jordan's, and
both personally. From these
ated circumstances developed
viction that Soviet Commu-
as a bloody and implacable
ready to kill and destroy on
htest provocation—or even on
spicion."

t himself was later to commit
ber of illegal acts "on mere
on," but there is no evi-
in the memoirs that his CIA
involved him in anything more
rous than the (albeit success-
ugging of some Latin-Amer-
nbassies in Mexico City and
ideo, or anything more dan-
than the mobilization of "free-
ghters" for the attacks on Gua-

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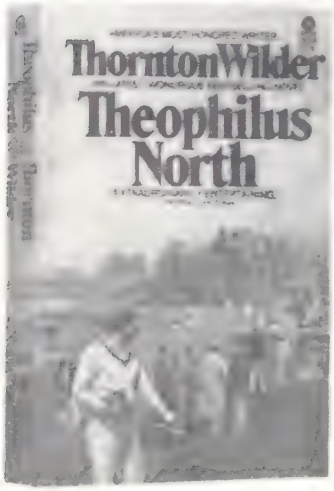
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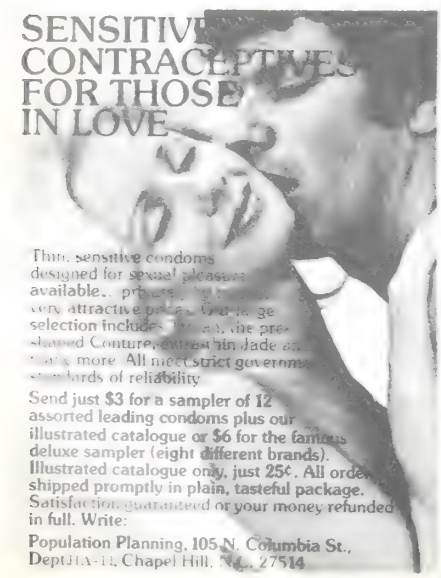
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temala and the Bay of Pigs. The "world of adventure and imagination" that Miss Robbins introduced him to in books seems to have been fully realized only in his own. Indeed, the suspicion is irrepressible that these novels (forty-five in all) functioned for their author, as for their audience, as an escape from the banal round of going to country-club dances and cocktail parties, choosing private schools for the kids, and ceaselessly relocating on company orders that made up his life, and theirs.

Hunt's company was, of course, "The Company," the CIA, but this account of service there makes it seem hardly distinguishable from service to, let us say, ARAMCO or Procter & Gamble. And the lessons it taught were the same—the same, in fact, that his father had taught him: it's not what you know, but whom you know; and if you know the right people, join the right clubs, then you will be looked after. There is far more truth than nonsense to that, of course, but it was Hunt's miscalculation to know Nixon and Colson. Perhaps by 1969 he had been too often out of the country to realize that the townies had taken over the hill, that white bucks had gone out of style, and that the black-leather types looked after their own only on sunny days. It would have been better to have joined the Hiss club.

To the student of character Hunt's memoirs have rueful charms: to the student of Watergate they offer both dross and gold, and the delights of sifting one from the other. Fully half the book is devoted to Hunt's droll escapades on behalf of Colson and Nixon, and his subsequent travails as witness and jailbird. Not that he finds anything amusing in these events; his narrative, unsurprisingly, fairly reeks of that solemnity which results when dignity struggles with humiliation, when the silk top hat is hit by the snowballs of unwashed urchins. One story he tells may be considered representative, if not actually a parable:

> *One morning [in the Executive Office Building] I was waiting to see Colson when in bounded King Timahoe, the Presidential Irish setter.... The dog approached me, sniffed, and began lifting his leg on mine. I roared a warning and shoved the dog away before he could stain my trousers. The incident caused great hilarity among the viewers, but left me feeling surly.* □

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B	Paid circulation	
	1. Sales through dealers, carriers, street vendors, and counter sales	36,019
	2. Mail subscriptions	303,184
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	1. Samples, complimentary, and other free copies	18,029
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E	Total distribution (sum of C & D)	403,065
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I certify that the statements made by m are correct and complete.

(Signature) Russell Barnard, P

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s of *Tristan und Isolde*
ıg Belgian telephone

Students of folklore were not surprised by the Minnetonka and Blonk Institute findings. The old Albanian fairy tale about the king who never let his courtiers sleep, for fear they would tell him their dreams, finds its counterpart in every culture and every age. And it was none other than one of the wits of the legendary Algonquin Round Table who, after hearing some monumental bore drone on and on about a particularly convoluted dream, leaned back in his chair, removed the cigar from his lips, and drawled, "Aw, shut up."

Alas, few of us possess the quickness of mind of that celebrated wag. Does this mean we are doomed to the excruciating psychological torture of auditing the scrambled kinescope of someone else's mental *Late Late Show* morning after morning for the rest of our lives? "Probably," asserts one eminent behaviorist. But another, just as eminent, is not so sure. "I am not so sure," he writes in a current issue of *Shrinking World*, the psychiatric journal. "I carry about with me a small blackboard slate, and whenever someone starts blabbing about their dreams, I just start running my fingernails over it. And if that doesn't work, I pull some blotting paper from my pocket and lick it. And if *that* fails, I use the ultimate weapon and tell them *my* dreams." But such drastic measures will appeal only to a brave minority. The rest of humankind, like Shakespeare's half-mad Prince Handsaw, must continue to "Suffer sunnily the mindless yawps that make even of a saint a perfect ass and a bore, till at last he is spent from his maundering that could make even a lover snore."

—Bruce McCall

Bruce McCall is a free-lance writer living in New York. The manuscript of his biography of Judge Crater has mysteriously disappeared.

I wish to interrupt an affair, I close the drawer which t, and open that which contains another. They do not mix and do not fatigue me nor inconvenience me. If I wish to ut up all the drawers, and I am asleep."

—Napoleon Bonaparte (1769-1821)

TEST YOUR DREAM DEPRAVITY QUOTIENT

In each group, pick the dream you have the most often and total the points; if none applies, select the one you'd like to have. If you score zero, it's because you never dream; try sleeping.

1. You dream that your lover has just gotten into bed with you. You:
   a. Make love.
   b. Criticize him/her for not taking his/her shoes off.
   c. Notice that there is a large object, or a sword, separating you from your lover.
   d. Reach for him/her but he/she disappears.
   e. Wake up in a sweat to discover that someone really has gotten into bed with you, but it isn't your lover.

2. You are creeping down an alley, and suddenly there's a gun in your hand. You:
   a. Change the gun into an orange.
   b. Check to see if it's loaded, then put it in your pocket.
   c. Begin chasing a dark stranger, gaining on him constantly.
   d. Empty the gun at the first thing that moves.
   e. Point it at your temple and squeeze the trigger, then wake up to find that you've crushed your alarm clock.

3. You dream that there is an object on the floor. Closer scrutiny reveals:
   a. It is a newspaper or a puppy.
   b. It belongs in somebody else's house.
   c. Nothing.
   d. It makes you despise yourself, even though you don't know what it is.
   e. It is your own body.

4. You have an uncanny feeling that you forgot to do something. You suspect that you:
   a. Forgot to say your prayers.
   b. Didn't satisfy your lover.
   c. Left the parachute back at the airport.
   d. Should have seen the doctor about that tumor.
   e. Should have stopped saying nasty things about God before dying.

5. A woman is beckoning you. She wants you to:
   a. Kiss her.
   b. Defend her against another person who emerges from the side.
   c. Give her something that you can't afford, and that would cheapen her, anyway.
   d. Be somebody else.
   e. Go away.

Scoring
a = 0
b = 10
c = 25
d = 50
e = 100

If you score 0-25, you are a very dull person; 30-50, you are well adjusted, but still dull; 55-125, you are a healthy, borderline schizophrenic; 130-250, you need a new psychiatrist, new pillow, or new bed-partner; 255-499, do nothing, you're beyond help; 500, call Fellini or Bergman and sell to the highest bidder.

UND CONTINUED FROM PAGE 12

Toimi Artturinpoika Silvo, a fifty-four-year-old Finn, reportedly stayed awake for thirty-two days and twelve hours in 1967 by walking seventeen miles a day.

The Dark Continent

There are some dark places where man should not go, and the realm of dreams may be such a place. Just as de-Latinization of the Mass has robbed it of much of its enchantment, so might investigation and classification of dreams strip away their magic.

A Zen poem says that the making of distinctions is the sickness of the mind. And it is sickness insofar as intellectualization and erection of rational boundaries keep us from hearing what Hesse called the whisperings of one's own blood.

We have discovered how to use music, alcohol, and drugs for sacramental purposes; perhaps we can approach dream research in a similar, sacramental way. Unless we can, we had best leave our electrodes off the human skull, and leave dream analysis and manipulation to witch doctors, seers, and shamans, or we may find only that we have ruined one of our freest forms of psychic play.

On the other hand, the lesson to be drawn may be from physics. Men have discovered that they cannot closely scrutinize the electron without changing its behavior. If we get close to dreams, they, too, may dissolve into impenetrability.

—Larry Dossey

Dr. Dossey practices internal medicine in Dallas, Texas.

"Good night. Sleep tight. Don't let the bedbugs bite."
—Jake Falstaff
Jacoby's Corners, 1938

On the Effects of Extensive Sleep Deprivation

Eighth Day (182 hours): Curious feeling of constriction in the frontal lobe, as if someone had forced a tiny cast-iron opera hat onto my head with a wooden mallet. Today, for the first time in our long association, Bucholtz made a witty remark. When I asked him if there were any telephone messages for me, he replied, "No, the phone hasn't rung all day." (!) He is unbearably funny; the juxtaposition of "all day"—i.e., the *entire day*—with the notion of the telephone *not ringing* was, I thought, a masterful stroke of ironic hyperbole, worthy of Goethe and especially remarkable in someone who still needs help dressing. When I finally caught my breath, I requested that he close the door, which he did in a similarly comical fashion, putting his hand on the knob and pushing the entire structure until it latched. Again I broke into gales of laughter (it was marvellous, really), which Bucholtz mocked (also amusingly) by looking at me directly *with both eyes!* He is quite a jolly fellow, this Bucholtz. **—Marshall Brickman**

"The Kentish Sleep Journal," 1974

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Sleeping in Your Native Soil

He has inherited his ancestors' fearsome canines. They have grown soft from canned food and yellow from filterless cigarettes; many are missing altogether, and those still intact are rotting from the inside out. He gargles with salt and lukewarm tap water. He awakens at dusk with flies stuck to the cold sores on his lips.

Vampires cast no reflection in mirrors, and are invisible to each other. Their high-school yearbook photos recede into foggish unreality before the first anniversary of their graduation. They are constantly bumping into people that they know from somewhere but that they assumed were long since dead, or married.

Their parents live forever. They wear protective crucifixes and are heavy on the garlic though not necessarily Italian. They do not sleep together. Some say that the vampire arises from the caky mildew of an unused bar of soap. Most agree that he was probably adopted.

The vampire's father works all day for a living and sleeps soundly all night. He sleeps all day for a living and travels only at dusk to the nearby McDonald's. He avoids his father by using the bedroom window instead of the front door. He will not hear you at first when you stop him on the street to ask directions, and when he finally does understand he will pretend that he doesn't.

Sometimes he will turn the volume down on his [illegible] listen to the night ou[illegible] window. He will in[illegible] scream coming as if [illegible] light of a star far ol[illegible] Earth. He will find him[illegible] ing painfully, unaccount[illegible] hiding his mouth with [illegible] as though someone we[illegible] to see him. He will [illegible] slowly in his native soil; [illegible] not change his sheets. [illegible] fall asleep toward morn[illegible] the TV talking softly t[illegible] sunrise sermonette.

His dreams are indiscr[illegible] He reads by the light of [illegible] and confuses what he [illegible] with what he sees and re[illegible] dreams of pudding, he [illegible] of steam shovels; at noo[illegible] the church bells ring th[illegible] he dreams of firecrack[illegible] skyrockets that he turns i[illegible] soars above the hushed [illegible] pectant crowd and kno[illegible] he will never have to touc[illegible] again, he does not explo[illegible] folds in and in upon hims[illegible] takes flight, a free dark t[illegible]

He takes the dollar t[illegible] mother has left for him [illegible] mailbox and clutches it a[illegible] protection against the nig[illegible] walks the back way to M[illegible] ald's. Dogs growl at him[illegible] under station wagons. He[illegible] animals. He cannot unde[illegible] why they are so afraid o[illegible]

—Gunnar Sch[illegible]

Gunnar Schonning, winner of t[illegible] Stegner Fellowship in fiction, [illegible] pleting a novel about a Darien y[illegible]

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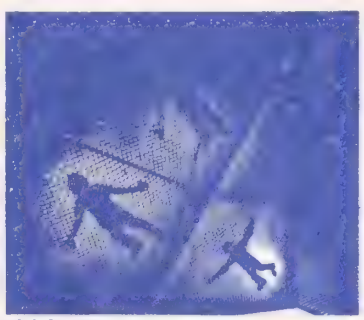
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go through your body, insights occur. If you have a high dream, the same sorts of things will happen.

Sometimes the high dream starts after a dream about taking a psychedelic drug, but it can also start directly. Interestingly, a few people who had read about high dreams in my *Altered States of Consciousness* wrote me that they had had high dreams even though they'd never taken any psychedelic drugs.

Lucid and high dreams are but two of many ASCs that invite us to widen our horizons. I am trying to build a large collection of them for analysis, and I'd be glad to get letters giving accounts of yours, and comments on just how they differ from your ordinary dreams. For high dreams, outline your experience with psychedelic drugs. All dreams will be held in strictest confidence. **—Charles T. Tart**

Dr. Tart teaches psychology at the University of California at Davis. His Consciousness: States, Studies, Speculations *will be published by Dutton in May.*





Dream Collector *by Arthur Tress and John Minahan*

HELP!

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—Dr. Ernest Hartmann,
Sleep and Dream Lab-
Boston State Hospital,
Massachusetts 02124.

"I'm putting together a book to demystify dreams, to give the average person help in exploring his own, to publish a lot of good short writing on dreams, to help people contact others working with dreams. I'd like to hear from people involved or interested in dreams, and to get contributions—stories, ideas, feedback of any kind—that might help with the book. All profits will go toward dream research or Whole Earth projects."—Dick McLeester, Whole Earth Learning Community, 817 East Johnson Street, Madison, Wisconsin 53703.

READERS

My great-grandfather, Marion G. Sadler, who homesteaded a farm in Jewell County, Kansas, always ate a sweet onion every night before going to bed, claiming it helped him sleep. I have no information, however, as to how this ritual affected great-grandma's sleep.

—Robert Schellenberg
Kalamazoo, Mich.

There's a way to sleep just long enough to feel truly rested: lie down on a couch or bed, or sit back in your favorite chair. Hold a cigarette lighter or ring of keys in your hand, and let the arm dangle loosely above the floor. When the lighter or keys jangle on the floor, you'll wake up to find you've had a nice, efficient rest. **—Arild Molstad**
Amsterdam, Netherlands

I consider myself a gourmet sleeper, and have a few suggestions that might help some people fall asleep more easily and become sounder sleepers.

First, try to improve your sex life: there's nothing like an orgasm for relaxing your mind and body for sleep.

Second, try to handle all your decisions and problems as soon as you possibly can. This prevents them from haunting you at night when you usually can't do anything about them anyway.

Third, if the above two methods are out of your realm of possibilities, try the following:

Put lots of cold water in a kettle and put the kettle on the stove on a low heat. Run a full tub of water using lots of Vitabath or Relax'n. Soak in the bath until you feel warm all over and are beginning to get quite wrinkled. Get out of the tub and dry off and put on something loose and warm. By now your water will be boiling on the stove. Make yourself one or two hot rums. Good luck and sweet dreams.

Western Canadian Hot Rum

Juice of ¼ lemon
Cinnamon stick
Slice of orange with four or five cloves stuck in it
1 teaspoon of honey (or sweeten to taste)
1½ ounces navy (dark) rum
Boiling water to fill mug

—Vickie Jo Morris
Vancouver, B.C.

When my mother sends me to bed when I'm not sleepy, I go upstairs and talk to my brother about dead people. Then I get drowsy and fall to sleep. The next thing that happens is my mother comes in to wake me up. She says, "Get up," and I say, "Okay," and I get up with the same drowsy feeling I had when I went to sleep.

—Terry Lewis, grade 5
Columbus, Ohio

Try nursing the baby at 2:00 A.M. and again at 6:00 A.M. Stay up and clean last night's dishes so you have time to get some breakfast into your husband, who can wake up neither fast nor cheerful. Miss your nap because baby's nap doesn't coincide with toddler's nap. At 11:00 P.M. tuck baby, who believes you need company in the evening, into bed. I defy you to stay awake any longer than it takes to find a reasonably comfortable spot. **—Carol Passmore**
Boulder, Colo.

TOOLS FOR LIVING

Most of us fall asleep at least once every twenty-four hours without giving much thought to it. No tools needed. Still, every once in a while we are plagued by the dread night creature, Insomnia. What to do? Try some of the ideas and products on these pages. Or read the latest scientific findings in *How to Avoid Insomnia* (Paperback Library, $1.25), by Gay Gaer Luce and Julius Segal, a nononsense study of sleep and its unspeakable antithesis.

—Mel Wathen

HELPFUL HERBS

In rural parts of the country, where the old ways are still popular, conjure folk will tell you that in the mountains and meadows, where herbs grow wild, nature has provided a cure for every ill of man. To procure sleep for the insomniac and prophetic dreams for the curious the harvester will start in early fall, visiting likely places by the light of the moon, armed with a silver cutting knife and a few charms.

Herbs are best gathered in dry weather and cured by hanging in a dry, airy place, heads down and roots up. Or they may be cured more quickly in a low oven, turned every few hours until they are brittle, then stored in earthenware jars. City dwellers can buy them in herb and health-food stores.

In the minds of our ancestors, sleep and death were closely allied, and dreams were commonly believed to take the sleeper into the realms of the dead. Herbs were used as aids or antidotes, creating a lore that has lately appealed to modern sophisticates as well as primitives.

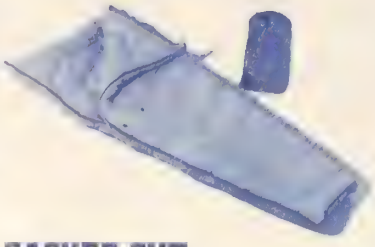
Used as amulets, mandrake and nightshade become charms of Narcos. In addition to its many other virtues, mandrake, a root, supposedly conveys the sleeper into dreams of prophecy, of secret enemies, and travels through other worlds. The nightshade, from which belladonna is extracted, is dried, sewn into a red flannel sack, and placed under the sleeper's pillow. Its magic brings the dreamer locations of hidden treasure and cures for disease. According to the Pennsylvania Dutch, garlic bulbs suspended from a child's bedstead ward off nightmares. Maidens in the Ozarks used to string buckeye root around their necks as a nocturnal talisman; they believed that this would allow a girl to see her future husband's face in a dream. To dream of lucky numbers, New Orleans gamblers still place high-john-the-conqueror roots under their pillows; an English spell advises unrequited lovers to secretly place a fresh sprig of rosemary under the place where the beloved sleeps.

Teas brewed from hyssop, thyme, camomile, bergamot, spearmint, or snakeweed are good soporifics. An herbal of 1856 suggests that the sleepless take a bath, "as hot as can be endured," the water sprinkled generously with lovage root, rosemary, and camomile.

The sopor of marijuana is known to many. Some people prefer to come down before sleeping, claiming that a high produces nightmares. But a favorite old wives' cure for insomnia used in the time of Lucrezia Borgia recommends a handful of poppy seeds, chewed up thoroughly before the night's rest.

—Helen Chappell

Helen Chappell's latest book is The Waxing Moon: A Gentle Guide to Magick. *She is currently working on a novel and a film script.*



SACKED OUT

One of our favorite photographers, John Diele, offers this restful advice:

"If you're out in the wild, cramped in the back seat of the family car, or crashing on a friend's kitchen floor, do not entrust your body to an uncomfortable sleeping bag. Get Sportline's Blue Mountain Backpack Bag.

"Everything about this bag is appealing," Diele claims: "It's a lightweight two-and-a-half pounds, very compactible into its own stuff bag. Its tapered thirty-four-by-seventy-six-inch form will easily fit and protect a six-footer, head and all. With a temperature rating as low as fifteen degrees Fahrenheit, it is practical and comfortable for most camping and crashing situations. Weather flaps retain precious body heat and keep out drafts. The fill is Du Pont Dacron Fiberfill II; the outer cover, water repellent and soil resistant; the lining, ripstop nylon, with a ninety-seven-inch nylon zipper and drawstring top for maximum temperature control.

"If you happen to be caught in the rain or to roll down a slight grade into a lake, you'll find that this bag has an amazingly fast drying time. It's hand or machine washable.

"The stuff bag can be used not only to carry and protect the sleeping bag, but also for collecting firewood, pine needles, rocks, and other items of interest, or it could be used to haul away a dozen or so apples liberated from an orchard."

Blue Mountain sleeping bag is economically priced at $35 (+$2.50) from us.

SOURCES

Some Must Watch Wh… Must Sleep, by Dr. Wi… Dement (W. H. F… $5.95), is a well-writte… ough introduction to bo… and dreams, from phys… and psychological points… A pioneer in dream stu… coined the term "REM… Dement brings original r… humor, and illustrations… casso to this exceptiona…

Sleep, by Ian Oswal… guin, $1.25), is also we… ten, done with a wry s… humor. It is predominan… cerned with sleep per se… than dreams. Good, und… able analysis.

The Functions of Sl… Dr. Ernest L. Hartmann… University Press, $2.95), … on laboratory work an… troencephalogram (EEG… ies but remains an intro… volume. It will be a usefu… to students of sleep and… looking for cross-referenc… further readings.

The Sleep Book, by … Motter Linde and Louis … ary (Harper & Row, $5.9… tures arresting, phantasi… cal photographs by Murr… that will lure you back ag… again. The text itself is … citing excursion into the … lore, fantasy, and myt… dreams. Some of the re… for insomnia might even …

The New World of D… an anthology edited by … L. Woods and Herbert B. … house (Macmillan, $12.9… the most extensive—and … the most stimulating—co… tions of dreams and their … yses we've seen. Transve… "creative college girls," … wives, the elderly, poets, … people, schizophrenics—… body tells all in this large, … ly written, well-edited book. … chapter becomes a colla… fears and hopes, of passions … and low.

Dreams and Nightmare… J. A. Hadfield (Penguin, $1… is a heady, fascinating synt… of Freud's sex-fulfillment … sies and Jung's search fo… chetypes, nicely counterpo… with the theories of mo… biology.

OUNDWRAPAROUND

by C. G. Jung, trans- R.F.C. Hull (Prince- sity Press, $3.95), pre- d's best pupil at his metaphysics and psy- is an awesome book, nely well illustrated, probably seem a bit l for most readers.

Telepathy, by Mon- an and Stanley Kripp- Alan Vaughan (Mac- 95), reports and spec- on work done at the boratory of Maimoni- al Center in Brooklyn. g blend of carefully data and eerie experi-

ok of Nightmares, by innell (Houghton Mif-)), is a long, tender, poem that exquisitely ife's horrors and sor- fruitless love as night- human experience. It Bergman's vision in *th Seal* into unforget- e.

Dreaming, by Dr. Garfield (Simon and $7.95), is scheduled ation in January. Or- ld be directed to the 1 West Thirty-ninth w York, N.Y. 10018. field has visited the Se- ns of Malaysia, who r children lucid dream- tinely as we teach ours the bed. Lucid dreams, one gains control of are accessible to ev- e author claims. This g book ambitiously ow you how.

UR HEAD PILLOW

und an herbal pillow h herbs, flowers, and oils—mixed according nteenth-century English hat will soothe and re- l encourage a sound s blend of lemon ver- eet marjoram, mint, , clove, orris root, als, lotus petals, sun- bergamot, and thyme ne printed cotton pil- that allows the ingre- release their fragrance. .50) from us.



TRAY CHIC: BREAKFAST IN BED

Ah, the charms of breakfast in bed. Steaming bowls of café au lait, buttery croissants, tart marmalade, the morning paper spread across the covers. Such a gentle way to greet the day, and so civilized.

What makes this vision a reality? Why, a proper breakfast tray. One with a large rimmed surface and strong legs that keep the tray anchored firmly over your knees, like the breakfast tray pictured here. You can get it from us for $16 (+$1.75) and treat yourself and someone you love to lazy mornings in bed. Trays also tranquilize children when they're sick abed with measles, mumps, or chicken pox.

Whazzat?

Consider sleep as a means of obstruction and of escaping from responsibility. At all levels of decision, the subtlest labors are deflating the other side's good idea, avoiding close identification with your own side's poor but necessary idea, or keeping out of prickly debates altogether. Some English lord chancellors, who fancied themselves eminent professional men rather than career politicians, were known to take ostentatious naps during the more painful Cabinet discussions in the hope that they might be held over if the Ministry collapsed. General Hadjianestis, the Greek commander in chief during the invasion of Turkey in 1922, went beyond this. Taking to his bed early in the campaign, he met all requests for instructions or advice with the pronouncement that he was dead. He was thus able to exercise a quite blameless command while his troops went on to annihilation before Ankara.

The best tactic is selective sleeping. Frank Crowninshield, who detested politics, would nap at the dinner table whenever the hated subject came up but would spring to life, not at the moment the subject changed, but at the first unwary generalization on a topic that interested him. Sleep is, of course, the classic deflation, though few people have used it so well as Lord North, who sat with his eyes closed through a string of opposition phillippics in the Commons. When he was accused not merely of perfidy and incompetence but also of being able to sleep through the demonstration of his inadequacies, he opened his eyes only long enough to say, "No, but I wish I were."

A few notes for the apprentice sleeper in committee or conference:

Someone should always be awake.

Check the balance of the chair; not falling involuntarily is important, but it is also worthwhile to pitch over at the crucial moment in order to emphasize the stupefying character of the matter put before one.

Wake up professionally; check watch with neighbors (*"That* long?" "I take it there's no need to ask for a summary?")

Always lean backward; the effect sought is that of Roman impassivity.

Do not drop more than three telling phrases under the pretense of talking in one's sleep. (Take as your model Salisbury's "I thought he was dead.")

Knock the water over only in emergencies.

—Timothy Dickinson

Timothy Dickinson is a contributing editor of Harper's.

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A TRILOGY ON PSYCHIC SPACE

The Somnambulist, Deja-Vu, and *Days at Sea,** published separately over the last four years by the photographer Ralph Gibson, make up a trilogy that occupies the same psychic space as dreams, mystical experiences, and psychedelic trips. It is difficult to describe the books precisely because the insights and understandings are visual, nonverbal, and intuitive. The images don't *tell* you what is happening. They bypass the rational mind, go through the eye straight to the gut, and make you *feel* what is happening.

An autobiographical thread runs through each of the books, although they are more about the separate reality that Gibson has perceived/conceived than about the specific subject matter that makes up the pictures (scenes near the ocean, bits and pieces of the human anatomy clothed and unclothed, beautiful women, cars, shop windows, details of buildings).

Gibson photographs the significant detail in a direct, spare, and often searing manner. His broad flat tonal areas and his economical but intense use of line make the perception of the depth in his photographs ambiguous, so that they have a mysterious, dreamlike quality.

Within each book, the relationships and juxtapositions between the tonal structure, treatment of space, texture, symbolic content, and subject matter of each individual image are related to other images in such a way as to create a rich, almost fugal, fabric. Each volume is greater than the sum of the images that make it up.

All three books are printed with a duotone process that most accurately retains the qualities of the original prints. Through his Lustrum imprint Ralph Gibson has redefined the photographic book as a form in itself, not just a collection of pictures. His books help one rediscover the magical spaces that exist in our own lives between the hard edges of an overly rational adult world. **—Wes Disney**

Wes Disney is a contributing editor of Camera 35 *and is currently teaching photography at the School of Visual Arts in New York.*

* The Somnambulist *and* Deja-Vu *are $6.95 each.* Days at Sea *is $9.95.*

NETWORKS

"You don't need a weatherman," wrote Bob Dylan, "to kn way the wind blows." This section of Harper's *is for Ameri refuse to accept corruption, injustice, incompetence, bigot teering, and all the other shoddy effects of runaway powe country, and take upon themselves the responsibility of them. The purpose of Networks is to help connect people don't have to fight alone. Anyone who needs support in, or advice about, trying to improve the quality of life in the politics, the arts, business, law, education, or the environ urged to use this space as a bulletin board.*

If you send us a brief inquiry or report about such effor own or others'—we will post it here for the benefit of peop the country. And if for some reason we are not able to letter, we will try to send you the name of someone who Do not send propaganda or commercial advertising. Please all correspondence to Networks, Harper's Magazine, T Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016.

Out to Win

A good many overprivileged Chicagoans wish that Commonwealth Edison had never asked for a rate increase back in the winter of 1970. When the utility requested more money, indignant citizens banded together and forced the Illinois Commerce Commission not only to lower the rate increase, but also to make it contingent on cutting pollution. Realizing that they had built an effective organization, the group kept it together, unleashing its machinery against steel companies, banks, highway projects, and the Cook County court system. Now called the Citizens Action Program, this working-class group, which finances its projects with bake sales, raffles, and Christmas cards, has become one of the country's most successful agents of change.

Among the CAP's projects:

□ Establishing a link between gross underassessment of many Chicago businesses with contributions made to the Cook County Democratic Party;

□ Stopping construction of a crosstown expressway after proving that it wouldn't substantially speed the flow of traffic, and would destroy thousands of homes;

□ Forcing four steel mills to cut their pollution by more than 90 percent;

□ Stopping banks an firms from systematicall ing applications for h provement loans in low neighborhoods, thus the further collapse of th borhood (the battle aga practice, called "redlini not yet been won);

□ Proving that the nu court continuances per case increases in propo the gravity of the offe that the likelihood of increases proportionately number of continuances;

□ Winning tax rebates f citizens paying more tha cent of their income on ty taxes and city services

There are four reason leaders say, why the o tion has been successf they limit themselves t most important to the and their neighborhood they maintain a full-tim and research staff, who a on time; (3) they conti expand their organizati train new leaders; and (are not afraid to win.

CAP wants to teach in other cities how to wr trol from insensitive po and self-serving big bus They'd also like to hea other groups are doing, e ly in combating "red Donations are much nee

ch with these people, r their monthly paper, olishes news and re- lings, write to Citizens rogram, 2200 North venue, Chicago, Illi- 4.

he Art in Art

e publishing houses l fiction, but it may hat the writers really give you. That's why riters have created a cooperative called the llective. According to lberg, writer and col- mber, the main prob- conventional publish- : it is a business, rath- art. Fiction has built- s and is usually a poor the best of novels al- r sell as well as the lashy kind, or even as moderately successful book. That is why 9 of the 26,868 new blished in 1972 were nd if a fiction writer oduce a best-seller, he ed by his publisher to the same style and subsequent novels. rs of the Fiction Col- l of whom have been published, read each anuscripts and vote on them should go to the Not a perfect arrange- haps, but the collective judgment by one's peers ble to the formulas of s manager. The manu- then edited by one of bers, and sent to a printer, who bills the r all costs. Spielberg's *um Twaddledum*, Jona- mbach's *Reruns*, and iedman's *Museum* are p's first three books, e distributed by George If they can sell 400 d editions at $7.95 and aperbacks at $3.95, eak even (sales of these ave already surpassed els). After the writer his investment, profits ed among the writer, ctive, and the distrib- der this arrangement, er is given maximum freedom of expression, and the reader is getting fiction that has not been screened by budget-conscious publishers.

The Fiction Collective cannot handle unsolicited manuscripts —for the time being, they have no staff and have had to beg an office from Brooklyn College— but they are interested in promoting similar ventures elsewhere. For any group thinking about trying, Spielberg offers the following advice: do it. But start with writers you know well and whose work you respect. Keep the group small (about six writers, at first). Expect disagreement, so set up rules to handle it. Multiply the time you think you'll spend by ten. Make an estimate of your expenses, and then double it. Do everything yourself. And don't talk the idea to death; it's better to act prematurely than to dissipate all your energy in procrastination.

To order the collective's first three books ($10 for the three paperbacks), or for more information, write to them at the English Department, Brooklyn College, Brooklyn, New York 11210.

Salvaging Lives

The 7th Step Foundation is looking for people who are willing to go into prisons, talk with convicts, and find out firsthand why a person became a felon and what he needs if he is to be "rehabilitated." The prisoner spills his guts about the fears and suffering and humiliation of imprisonment; you spill yours about the dignity of work, the joy and hassle of having a family, the satisfactions of being a free man or woman. You come to know each other, trust each other. Then, when he walks out of jail, you stand by him as he flinches from society's repeated rejections. You help him achieve the life you told him he could have when he was still behind bars.

It may seem ambitious, but that's how the 7th Step has operated since it was founded in 1963 by convicts at the Kansas State Penitentiary in Lansing. At first the only outside participants were ex-cons who had successfully made the transition into society and who could easily establish rapport with inmates. This "I did it and I'll help you do it, too" arrangement was immensely successful, but because there weren't enough former convicts to go around, the 7th Step reached out for the help of Square Johns and Janes (people who have never been in prison). Today the organization claims 50,000 members in forty-four prisons in eighteen states. Working together, these ordinary citizens and former convicts have lowered the recidivism rate among the parolees with whom they have worked from 80 percent to 25 percent.

Lou Torok, the organization's public-relations director, who spent twelve years in prison, says the 7th Step is anxious to extend its help to more prisoners. And it desperately needs volunteers to do this. If you'd like to join, attend a "rap session" with other volunteers, talk with prisoners, or receive the organization's quarterly bulletin, write to Torok at The 7th Step Foundation, Box 887, Golden, Colorado 80401. If you can't donate time, perhaps you can send a contribution.

Cellblock Sheepskins

Some twenty-five prisons have begun educational programs in which inmates can obtain a baccalaureate while they are still in jail. Prisoners write their own degree proposals, and nearby colleges help design courses to satisfy the "individualized, competency-based" requirements. The schools also supervise the course work. More information is available from The Union for Experimenting Colleges and Universities' Corrections Project, Antioch College, Yellow Springs, Ohio 45387.

Game Plans for Working Women

The National Congress of Neighborhood Women has been founded to help working-class women get the clout to do something for themselves. They can tell headquarters, located in Washington, about whatever they think should be changed, and learn the best way to achieve their goals from the experienced activist women who head the congress. Through a $28,000 study, financed by the Rockefeller Foundation, the congress is trying to find how community colleges can help working-class women get day-care centers, fair employment, education, and legal assistance. They'll be glad to share what they've learned. Address correspondence to: Women's Project, The National Center for Urban Ethnic Affairs, 4408 Eighth Street, NE, Washington, D.C. 20017.

AROUND GAMERA

And Now A Word From . . .

As a service to American art, culture, and sanity, *Harper's* is pleased to offer the Networks-Digby Butler Whitman-75-cent-television commercial desoundifier. Whitman—a kind of anti-Marconi from Wausau, Wisconsin, who is not impressed with the state of the art of television commercials—sent us plans for an incredibly simple way of knocking the sound out of them, while leaving the picture on. It will take anyone 30 seconds to understand how, and ten minutes to do it. We were duly skeptical at first, but we changed our minds after trying it. If you want to skip listening to commercials without missing the surrounding programs, write to us for a free copy of Whitman's plans and instructions (but please include 50 cents for postage and paper).

Indian Voices

Two white men each had a bucket of crabs. The first man's crabs kept clambering up over the edge. The other man's stayed quietly put. Annoyed, the first man asked the second why his crabs were so quiet. 'I've got Indian crabs,' he replied. 'Every time one gets to the top, two others pull him down.' "

Talking Leaf, the nation's oldest Indian newspaper, focuses sharply on the struggles of Indians in helping other Indians; as the example indicates, they do it with a sense of humor. The monthly tabloid contains news and analysis of the constantly changing Indian culture and the whites' relationship to it. Probably because the paper is published in California, the emphasis is on Western tribes. Subscriptions to the nonprofit enterprise are $5 per year, and can be obtained at 600 South New Hampshire Avenue, Los Angeles, California 90005.

What Are Schools For?

Students deserve the best education schools can provide; society deserves the best students schools can turn out. But what does "best" mean? Is "best" synonymous with "most useful"? A university professor might argue that a good education should expand a student's mind, while a corporate executive might say that it should prepare him for a career. These questions will be the focus of the Class of '76 Project, a nationwide effort to reexamine the role of schools in our society. Whitworth College in Spokane, Washington, has volunteered to coordinate the project, which is expected to evolve into a gigantic network of schools trading ideas with tape recordings, essays, films, and visits. The format of the dialogue, to include businessmen, civic leaders, and parents, will be up to the participants themselves. All levels of schools, from elementary through college, including trade schools and institutes may participate. By using a computer and a toll-free telephone, Whitworth College will keep track of all the local projects and keep an operator on call for eight hours a day to relay information to anyone requesting it. To find out how you or your school can get involved, write to Jeff Hanson, Whitworth College, Spokane, Washington 99251.

NAME CHAINS

by David R. Zukerman, Bronx, N.Y.

What does Clint Eastwood's movie persona have to do trumpet player and an Irish writer? Their names overlap, fo chain: Dirty Harry James Joyce. A more ambitious chai Harry James Joyce Brothers Karamazov. Other examples:

Alexander Pope John Dean Acheson Topeka & Santa Fe W

Queen Anne Frank Lloyd Wright Brothers Four Seasons

Charles Stuart Little Eva Marie Saint Peter Stuyvesant Fis

This month, readers are invited to compose their own c no more than fifteen names. Please provide identification; will be judged on the basis of originality and dexterity. Se entries on a postcard to "Name Chains," Harper's Magazi Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016. Entries must be pos no later than December 9 and become the property of H Winning entries will be published in the February issue. De the editors is final.

First Prize: *Photography in America* (Random House)

Runners-up: *Old Glory: A Pictorial Report on the Gras History Movement* (Warner Paperback Library)

Winners of "Time Machine," the October game that asked readers to thrust history's most famous people into direct confrontation with each other, are:

First Prize

200 Years—A Bicentennial Illustrated History of the United States (U.S. News & World Report):

Confucius to Gerald Ford: "A thousand pardons, but man who wraps possible conviction in strong convictions turns White House into sausage factory."

—George Mamunes
Ridgewood, N.J.

Runners-up

A Plug-Mate lamp:

Catherine the Great counsels Ivan the Terrible: "First of all, a good PR man is a must."

—Jean Ann Loftus
Cincinnati, Ohio

Boss Tweed to Luther Burbank: "You don't really understand grafting." —L. Clark
New Hope, Pa.

King George III wraps his arm around Richard Nixon, saying: "It seems we have both misjudged the determination of the American people to govern themselves."

—Diane Bada Antista
Colorado Springs, Colo.

Howard Cosell to Icarus did it feel at the precise the wax began to melt realized the flight was terminate sooner than planned?" —T. M Northbr

St. Peter to Gabriel, Jack Benny, who is wa the gate to heaven: "He only good thing he ever give a newsboy a two- twenty years ago." "Well, let's give him two cents and tell him hell." —Ronald Fort Fairfield

Marie Antoinette to Alan- span: "Another piece Alan?" —Meg Da New Orle

Bobby Fischer advising of England. "Now, if yo moved your bishop here —Gilbert Watertow

Walt Whitman corrects S "No, no, you don't und I said *celebrate* myself, ibate." —Lee Gr Mercer Island

Nero beckons to Presiden "Grab a fiddle and join the terrace—there's a ma view of the economy." —H. S. Alban



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4	Dec. 15 at 6:30 p.m.
5	Dec. 17 at 7:30 p.m.
6	Dec. 18 at 7:30 p.m.
7	Dec. 19 at 7:30 p.m.
8	Dec. 20 at 7:30 p.m.
9	Dec. 21 at 1:30 p.m.
10	Dec. 21 at 6:30 p.m.
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12	Dec. 22 at 6:30 p.m.

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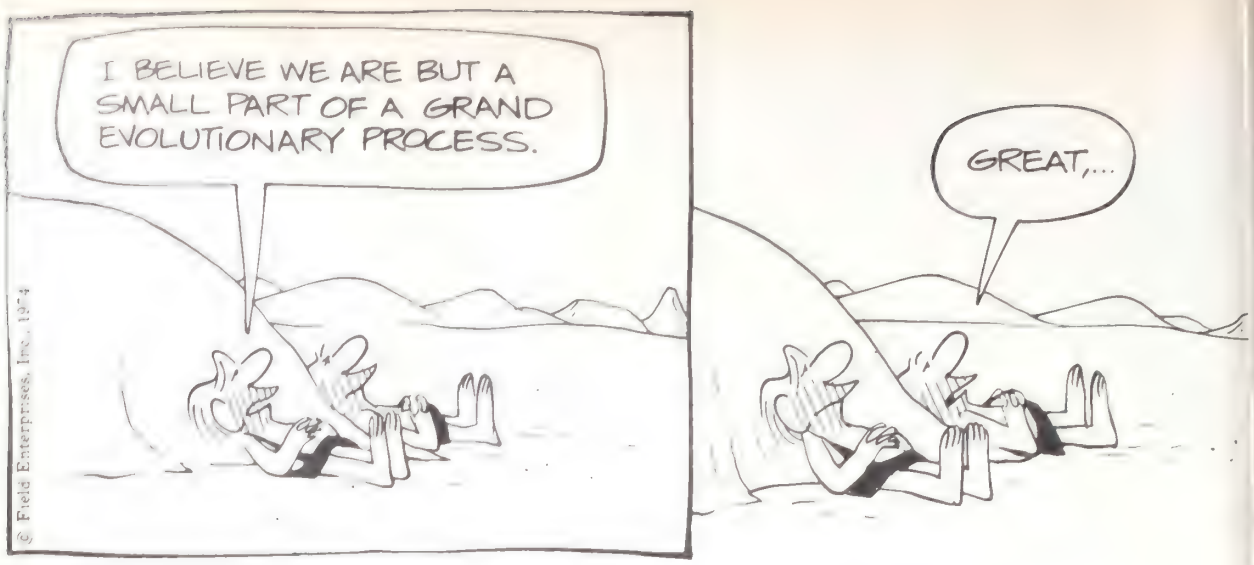
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LETTERS

·don Liddy's philosophy

·ddy, I regret that your loy-
·ed you in your present situ-
. Patriot Speaks," October],
. honesty, I question "blind"
Nevertheless, I greatly ap-
the things you said, and I
will keep saying them.

O. C. WALKER
South Fulton, Tenn.

you for making public cer-
our philosophical and great-
ae thoughts. Your letter is
.

MARY HOOS
New York, N. Y.

Liddy:
just read your article with
erest and approval. Your
luty and morality closely co-
ith mine, and your argu-
strong. My opinion of the
tion of Watergate break-in
nts for long terms is that it
ous miscarriage of justice
y the leftist press, judges,
ocratic partisans, who are,
in, of poor moral and men-

CLARKSON J. BEALL
Fulton, Md.

alty a virtue? I wonder.
. troubles may be a reflec-
ddy's own malady: a reluc-
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freedom by chauvinistic
ng.

FINNEGAN MARSH
Tulsa, Okla.

mind seems to be a collec-
toos, and they are the same tattoos that have lately gotten our country into so much trouble! Adulterated Social Darwinism. Longing for a Mythical Past. Winning at Any Cost. Liddy, you are no persecuted hero, to be freed in honor at some future time.

M. THOMAS HINKEMEYER
Flushing, N. Y.

We would like to tell you how much we both enjoyed reading Gordon Liddy's letter to his wife. Our immediate reaction was: we are glad he is behind bars.

J. RAM RAYAPROLU
CAROLINE RAYAPROLU
Chicago, Ill.

To my mind, Liddy's letter speaks even louder than Nixon's tapes of the real peril from which we have been delivered. Or have we been delivered? Not unless there is overwhelming rejection of the Nixon-Liddy-Haldeman-Ehrlichman mentality.

HERMAN F. REISSIG
Old Greenwich, Conn.

Gordon Liddy's letter, like his personality, is made of stern stuff. I agree that Americans are indeed plagued by deception and euphemism, but his concluding remarks about patriotism struck a sour chord with me—until I thought further. I realized that the sourness came from the American connotation of patriotism rather than from Liddy's espousal of its merits. To define as patriotic the categorical support of American actions is to promote the concept of patriotism in the most degenerate sense. I don't believe that Mr. Liddy had this sense in mind when he wrote his letter. I do believe, however, that in this country the concept of patriotism has been chewed up and spit out as a twisted wad, usurped of meaning. If somehow we could restore its true sense, perhaps it could, as he says, "come unbidden, freely from our hearts."

CHARLES B. GLENNON
Amherst, Mass.

Candor in the bunker

Garry Wills's article ["Piety in the Bunker," October] brings to mind an incident that occurred just after my article "White Ethnic" appeared in *Harper's* [September 1971]. I received a call from my friend Joe Dufey, former director of the ADA, asking me whether I could give at least a month to help Senator Muskie. I accepted. The next day a letter arrived in the mail from Pat Buchanan, President Nixon's speechwriter. He had read the article too, and assured me that he had showed it to the President and received his comments. He invited me to come to Washington to help. I wrote back that I had already decided to help the opposition, but that I'd like to meet Buchanan for friendship's sake. I offered my hopes that both the Democrats and the Republicans would compete on the behalf of white ethnics. Besides, I said, there are too few opportunities in American life for people on opposite ends of the political spectrum to sit down and talk.

I learned later that Buchanan enjoyed just such conversations. He plays a hard game of politics, but, to his credit, he argues his own point of view openly and with extraordinary vigor. His speech for Agnew on the media, his proposal for the establishment of conservative foundations, and many of his other shots made the

armor of his targets ring. I disagreed with him almost always, but Nixon might have followed Buchanan's open way rather than the secret way of Haldeman, Ehrlichman, and the [illegible].

By the way, Nixon did better on the Catholic vote than any Republican ever had; still, the Slavic vote, according to CBS analysis, went 53 percent for McGovern. (The white Protestant vote for McGovern was 28 percent.) Let's hope that in 1976 the Democrats get a candidate who will include white ethnic Americans, for that is where their base is.

MICHAEL NOVAK
Bayville, N.Y.

Boomerang values

Now whenever the Weathermen succeed in blowing up a piece of property and thereby endangering human life, we are assured that "ex-Weatherman" Bo Burlingham ["Paranoia in Power," October] will quietly cheer them on. He's a damn good writer, this Bo. Unfortunately, his values, no matter how well written, are indelibly warped, like a boomerang sticking out of the side of his head.

D. CARMEN SCHIMIZZI
Rochester, N.Y.

Editor's note: D. Carmen Schimizzi, a garbage collector, is currently writing his memoirs.

Kudos

The blunt, analytical articles on Watergate in your October issue were revealing watermarks in the flood of confusing, controversial reports issued ad nauseam by the news media. I feel that the true picture was drawn of relative "innocents" tragically sucked into the mess under the guise of just "doing a job" as ordered by their superiors with full consent from the One on Top!

ALLAN M. PITKANEN
Northridge, Calif.

The October issue is a superb job of planning, reporting, and analysis. Cheers for pinpointing the significance of Watergate after rejecting "instant analysis of history" and instead giving it careful reflection.

K. G. ROGERS
Washington, D.C.

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